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The Little Gardener.
Fashions for January, colored.
Homeless.
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Fashions for February, colored.
"Dear Mamma."
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The Little Pilferer.
Fashions for April, colored.
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Fashions for May, colored.
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COLORED ENGRAVINGS.

Design for Border for Curtain, or Stripe for Chair in Embroidery.
Art-School Design of Tulips.
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Design for Side-Board or Side-Table Scarf.

FULL-PAGE WOOD-ENGRAVINGS.

Snowflakes.
St. Valentine's Eve and Day.
"By Moonlight."
"Miss Nan."
The Rising Storm.
Baby's Luncheon.
"Her Hands Full of Blossoms."

WOOD-ENGRAVINGS.

January number, Fifty-seven Engravings.
February number, Forty-five Engravings.
March number, Sixty-one Engravings.
April number, Forty-four Engravings.
May number, Forty-six Engravings.
June number, Forty Engravings.

MUSIC.

"See-Saw."
Sing to Me.
Pretty Polly Oliver.
High and Low.
The Spring.
Silver Chimes.

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"SNOWFLAKES." [See the Story, "Wicked Miss Annesley."]

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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR JANUARY.

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CLOAK. WALKING-DRESS.

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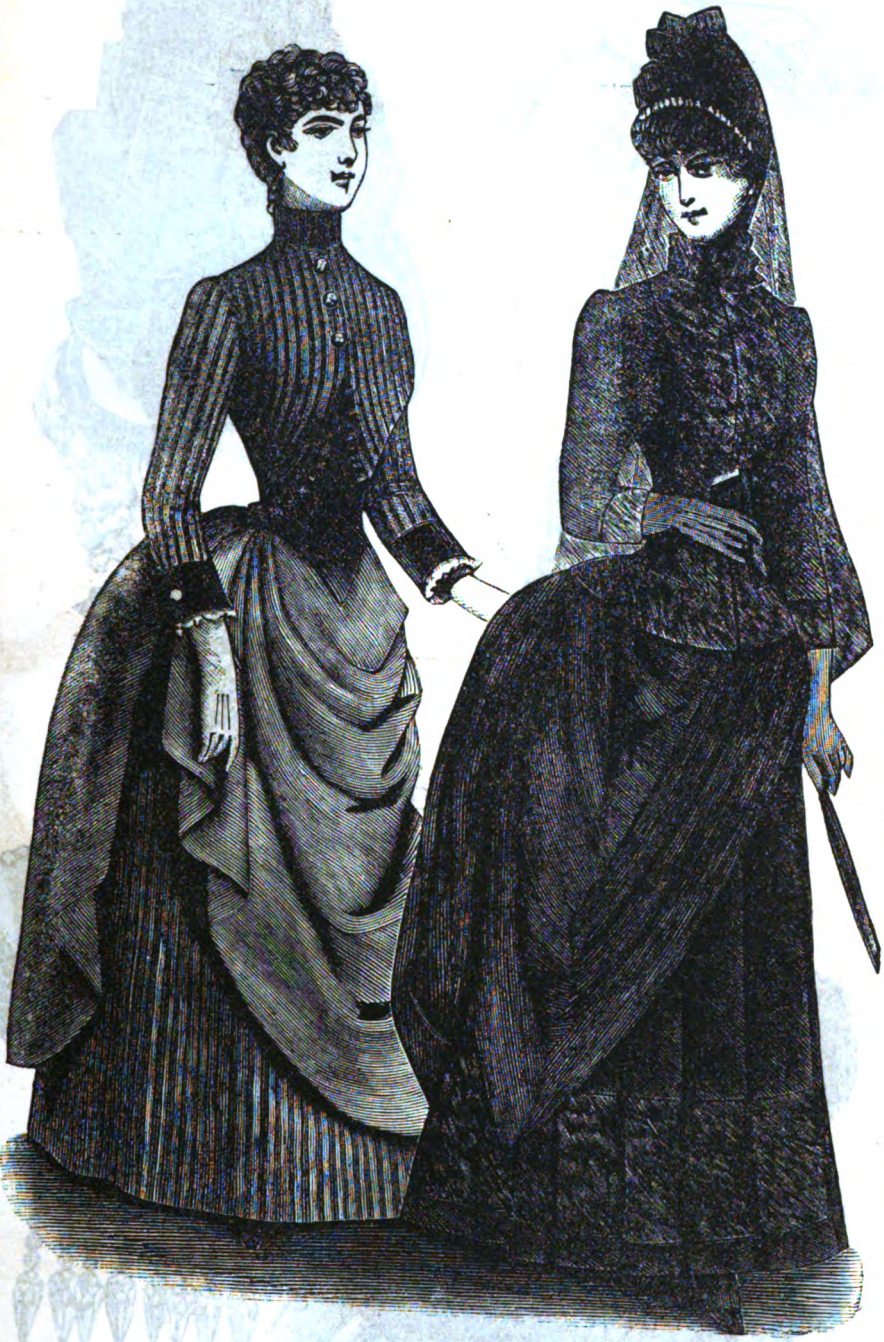

HOUSE-DRESS. MOURNING-DRESS.

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MANTLE. BONNET. SHOULDER-CAPE. JET NECKLACE.

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PLUSH MANTELET. HAT. HOOD FOR SLEIGHING. SLEEVE.

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CUSHION FOR CHAIR. DETAIL OF EMBROIDERED CHAIR-BACK.

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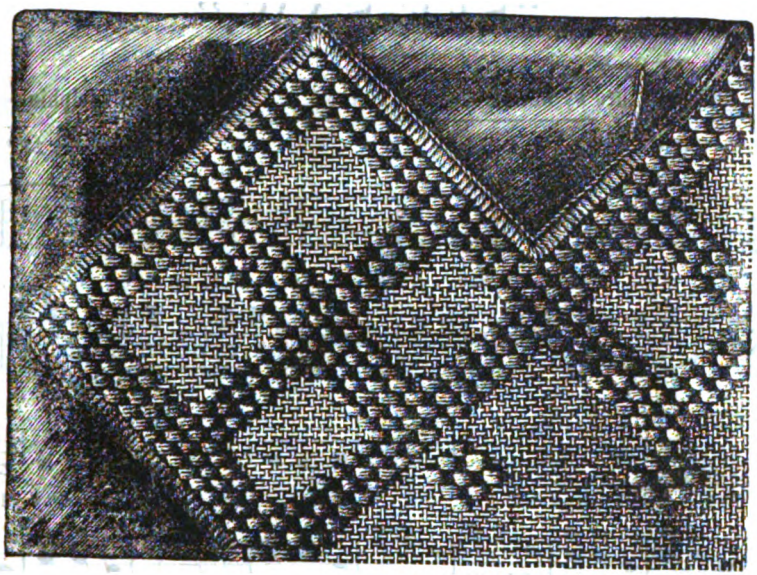

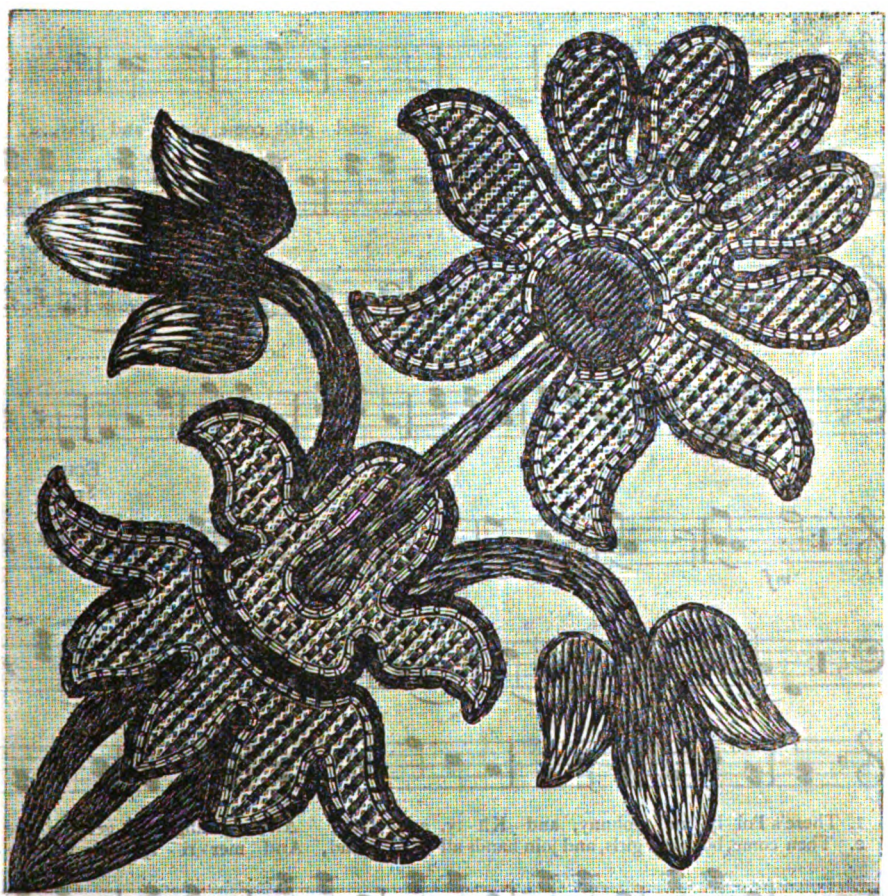

DETAIL OF CUSHION FOR CHAIR. CORNER OF EMBROIDERED CHAIR-BACK.

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"SEE-SAW."

WALTZ SONG.

As published by SEP. WINNER & SON, 545 N. Eighth St., Philadelphia.

Music by G. CROWE. **Arranged by SEP WINNER.**

Tempo di Valse.

See - saw, See - saw, now we're up or down,.....

See - saw, See - saw, now we're off to Lon - don Town,

See - saw, See - saw, Boys and girls come out and play,

FINE.

See - saw, See - saw, on this our hol - i - day.....

ECHO. 8va... ECHO. 8va...

mf

Cuck - oo! Cuck - oo!

1. There's Pol - ly, and Johnny, and Kit - ty, and Jane, All running to get on the
2. Then come, boys and girls, and join hands all a - round, And mer - ri - ly skip with de -

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See-saw a-gain, But Bob-by and Sal-ly al-read-y are there, And swinging the light o'er the ground, Such frol-ic-some games ne'er before have been seen, As we have to-

1 2 *f*

See-saw high up in the air, day on the old vil-lage green, Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, What

fun! ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, What fun! ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, What

fun! ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, what fun! Hear our mer-ry

voi-ces ring Thro' wood and mead-ow as we sing, Life's bright

D.C.

sun-shine o'er us beams, Our world is a land of dreams.....

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JACKET FOR RECEPTIONS.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXXIX. PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY, 1886. No. 1.

FROM JERUSALEM TO DAMASCUS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A WEEK IN JERUSALEM."

GIRL OF DAMASCUS.

IT was at Jerusalem that I resolved to go to Damascus. "And I will go as Saint Paul went," I said: "through Samaria and Galilee, and past the Sea of Tiberias, and across the Anti-Lebanon."

So, one morning, I and my party passed through the Via Dolorosa once again, the veritable street, which Christ had trod, according to tradition, on His way to Calvary. Thence we went on to the northern gate of the city, called appropriately the Gate of Damascus, and, from there, struck into the stony highway which for centuries has been traversed by pilgrims going to the ancient city.

There was hardly an hour of our journey that we did not pass some hill, or plain, or old ruin, recalling the mighty days of Israel. Far to the left, between us and the Mediterranean, we saw where the hosts of Sennacherib had been smitten by the angel of the Lord. Yonder was the mountain where Elijah sacrificed. Here was where Saul went up to battle. From these valleys the captives of Babylon had been torn away.

So long as we remained in Palestine proper, we found the fields still green, especially in the great plain of Esdraelon; but, when we had left the Jordan behind us, we entered on the dreary uplands which stretch along the base of Anti-Libanus. All around us were rocky hills or arid plains, nearly destitute of vegetation. We had our own convoy of Arabs, acting as guides and

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VIA DOLOROSA, JERUSALEM.

protectors; and we encamped nightly in tents, just as Abraham had done on the same journey; and, every day, we came upon parties of Bedouins, with their wives and children, traveling across the desert: it was the Old Testament being acted over again, hourly, before our eyes.

All this while, the sky was like a furnace, by day; while, at night, the stars shone with a lustre indescribable. At last, we reached an eminence from which the waters flowed eastward, instead of westward; and, looking before us, we saw a vast plain, like the ocean; and, far away, in the midst of it, a glitter of white buildings, buried in green trees, with minarets and mosques. "Lo!" cried our dragoman, "Damascus!"

There is a well-known legend that the city stands on a portion of the site of Paradise. It was ancient, even in the time of Abraham, and is believed to be the oldest inhabited town in the world. Two rivers, the Pharpar and Abana, perenially fed by the snows of Libanus, flow near and by it. As they approach the city, they are diverted into numerous channels, which wind in and out, nourishing the gardens, or rather groves, for which Damascus is so celebrated. We recalled the words of an eloquent traveler, as we looked off toward the ancient town: "The desert is a fortification around Damascus," he wrote, "and the rivers its life." We did not wonder at the tradition which said that Mahomet stopped, two miles short of the city, and exclaimed: "I will go no further. There is but one Paradise designed for man, and I will not take mine in this world."

Damascus is about two miles long, and nearly a mile broad, with a population of two hundred thousand souls. But most of its picturesque features disappear as you enter it: for you find its streets long and narrow, and coarsely paved with basalt. Directly through the centre, runs "the street that is called Straight," as the Acts of the Apostles called it, still the chief thoroughfare of the place, and leading from the principal gate to the palace of the Pasha. As we traversed it, we thought of Saint Paul, who had followed the same narrow path, on his way to the house of Judas. We had noticed, as we entered the town, the lofty brick walls, with windows in them, here and there, just as in the time of the Apostle; and had thought it not impossible that some one of them may have been the very window from which, after he had been cured of his blindness, he was let down, to escape from the fury of his enemies.

The houses on either side of the way were of unburned brick below, stuccoed, and of wood above. They looked ruinous and dirty. All of them, large or small, follow one general design. You enter from the street by a small door, to find yourself in a court-yard, generally paved with marble, with a fountain in the middle, which is constantly playing. Opening into this court-yard, on one side, in ordinary dwellings, is the principal room. On the other, is an arcade, a little raised above the level of the court, and furnished with carpets and cushions. In the houses of the Pashas, and other wealthy men, in addition, just within the door, there is an outer court, which is occupied by the porter and other domestic servants. From this, on one side, an entrance leads to the harem, which has another court, exclusively appropriated to itself. On the opposite side, a second entrance conducts to the principal court, with its fountains, and arcade, and often evergreen trees and shrubs.

In large houses, the principal apartment, of which we have spoken, and which looks into this main court, is a very imposing room; it also has

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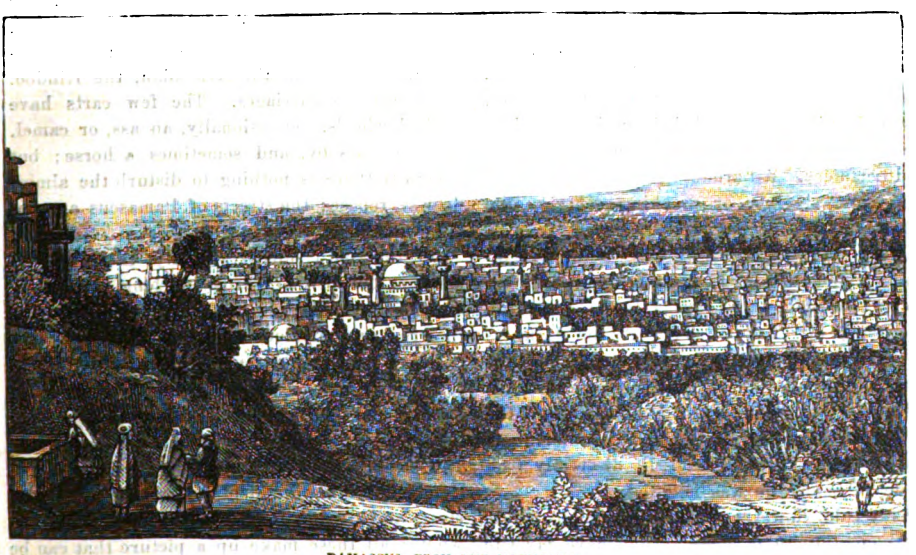
ENCAMPMENT OF ARABS.

its fountain, and is furnished, at the further end, with divans for visitors: while the walls are niched, or provided with shelves, on which are displayed plates, jars, basins, and bowls of the best days of Oriental art. Here it is that the stranger is welcomed on his first introduction. Afterwards, as he grows more intimate, his reception takes place in the large arcades, of which also we have spoken, that open directly into the court. These arcades, in truth, are more comfortable than the inner room; for they have a freer circulation of air; while the light is not less softened, being kept down by the shade of the evergreens. It will be seen that houses, thus constructed, with but one narrow street-door, can easily be turned into a fortification: a very important thing in a half-lawless community, like that at Damascus. They have also the advantage of the greatest privacy.

But the gardens are the chief attraction of Damascus, and we never tired of visiting them. They lie principally in the northern suburb.



DAMASCUS, FROM THE MOUNTAINS.

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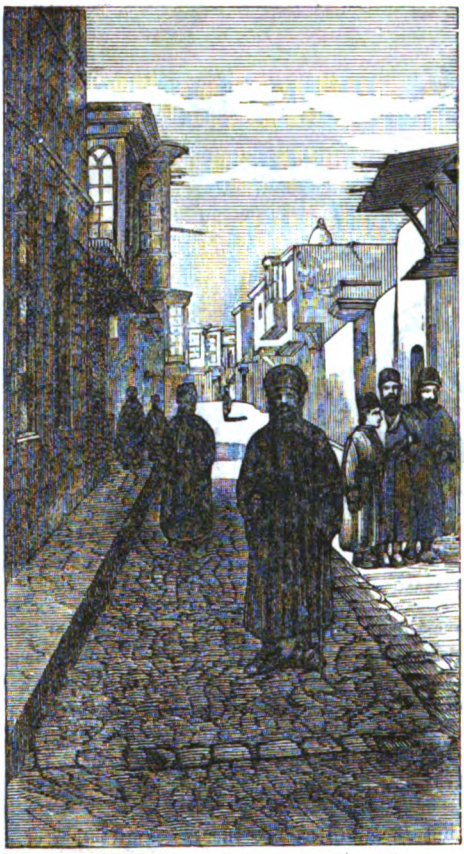

THE STREET THAT IS CALLED "STRAIGHT."

Here we drank our sherbet, under the shade of the greenest of trees, or sat listening to the ripple of the cooling waters. As night drew on, crowds began to throng these fairy-like retreats. Innumerable lanterns glimmered in the groves, where they hung suspended from the branches. The evening-breeze went by, laden with a thousand perfumes. All around, were men in groups —smoking, singing, or drinking coffee. One turbaned Turk would take a whiff from a nargileh, and then gravely pass it to a companion, the bubble of the water keeping up an accompaniment to the thrum of the 'ood and the nasal chant of "Ya! leileh!" As the darkness deepened around, as the stars shone brighter overhead, the scene became still more picturesque. Coffee gave way to raki; the spirits of the pleasure-seekers rose; and, if any unfortunate Jew happened to be present, he discreetly took his leave before he was insulted.

As a rule, however, the Jews are too politic to frequent these gardens. They have favorite resorts of their own, the principal of which is Jobar, to which we went one afternoon. Both sexes meet familiarly at this resort. As we sat on a carpet, hospitably offered to us, and shared the pipe of its owner, a pair of donkeys trotted up, from which two ladies alighted and joined our party. They were at once introduced to us as members of our entertainer's family, and immediately began to chat as gayly and freely as if they had known us for years. One of them was as beautiful a girl as we had ever seen: with large sleepy eyes, an exquisite mouth, and a figure absolutely perfect. Generally, indeed, the women of Damascus, especially the younger ones, are as lovely as Mahomet's fabled houris.

The bazaars of Damascus are celebrated the world over. They are more airy than those of Cairo or Constantinople, though not otherwise different. Every year, however, the choicer articles for which they were once famous are becoming scarcer, their places being supplied by modern Oriental work, often even by forgeries from Birmingham. Each kind of commodity has its separate bazaar. There are whole streets in which boots and shoes are the sole things sold; others where only the silks of Constantinople, the most priceless of all, are to be had; still others, confined entirely to the wares made at Damascus, or pretended to be made there, as we have said. There are others where fruit is the commodity. Here, peaches, nectarines, apricots, and melons lie heaped invitingly together in masses, with a splendor of color absolutely dazzling. Iced water is for sale everywhere, generally mixed with the juice of figs or currants. Crowds pass to and fro, jostling each other, but all good-humored: the Turk, in his gay colors; the bronzed Arab, with his yellow handkerchief on his head; the Ethiopian, the Persian, the Armenian, the Hindoo. There are no carriages. The few carts have unshod wheels. Occasionally, an ass, or camel, or mule goes by, and sometimes a horse; but generally there is nothing to disturb the almost drowsy repose: the streets of Damascus are the most noiseless in the world.

On the south side of the city, there are no gardens, but olive-orchards and long avenues of trees. Northwest are innumerable villages and the great and populous suburb of Salahiyeh. On the west, runs the thronged highway that leads to Lebanon, and, across it, to the Mediterranean. Beautiful kiosks, minarets, and here and there an old tower, are seen everywhere in these environs. The sombre thickly-planted cypresses, the tall slender poplars, the fields of waving corn, the rivers and streams that so abundantly water the whole: all these make up a picture that can be seen only in the Orient, and only in its perfection

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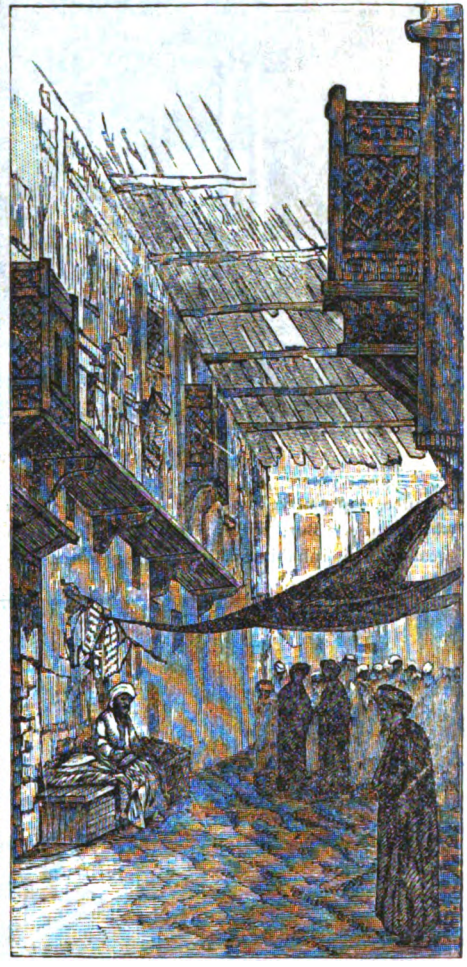
at Damascus. Everything around recalls the "Arabian Nights." More than once, especially as twilight came on, when wandering about the old town, we thought of Bagdad, and half expected to meet Haroun-al-Raschid himself, coming up toward us from out of the gloom.

There are several public edifices of note in Damascus, especially the great mosque, built on ground which originally was the site of a heathen temple, and afterwards that of a Christian church. It tells the story of its mutations, being composed of different kinds of architecture; and its great size makes it one of the noblest extant, for it is four hundred and thirty-one feet long, by one hundred and twenty-five wide, and occupies a quadrangle nearly seven hundred feet by four hundred and fifty. Inside, rows of Corinthian pillars divide this mosque into a nave and aisles; while the walls are enriched with devices in the richest colored marbles, and the tesselated floor is covered with Persian carpets. The citadel of Damascus is a second noticeable building. It is large and stately. The great khan, built of black and white marble, is another really splendid edifice.

We returned from Damascus by way of Beyrout. The journey is one of fifty-three miles, across the Lebanon. Most travelers both go and return by this route, because it is less expensive, and also less fatiguing, than that by way of Jerusalem; but those who can ought to go to Damascus as we did, and as Saint Paul did, from the Holy City, by Samaria and Galilee, up the Jordan, and so over the Anti-Libanus.

Before finally leaving Syria, we paid a short visit to St. Jean d'Acre, with its memories of Saladin and the Crusaders, of Napoleon I and Mehemet Ali. The harbor is still a fine one, although more or less silted up with sand. It may be called the gate to Damascus, and even to the Euphrates; it may yet become again a great sea-port, if ever a railroad is built from it to Bagdad, as has often been suggested.

We also devoted a day to the ruins of Tyre, the city that once monopolized the traffic of the East, and whose ships whitened the waters of every then-known sea. So splendid was it, that, many centuries after its destruction by Nebuchadnezzar, the ruins still measured nineteen miles around. As we looked at the shattered mole, and saw the waves dashing over it, we recalled the words of the prophet Ezekiel, when rebuking it, for its wickedness, long before its destruction: "Therefore thus saith the Lord God: Behold, I am against thee, O Tyre, and will cause many nations to come up against thee, as the sea causeth his waves to come up. And they shall destroy the walls of Tyre, and break down her towers: I will also scrape her dust from her, and make her like the top of a rock. It shall be a place for the spreading of nets in the midst of the sea. For I have spoken it, saith the Lord God, and it shall become a spoil to the nations." How literally all this had been fulfilled, we realized when we saw a fisherman casting his nets, on the very spot where the mighty metropolis had stood. "When



BAZAAR IN DAMASCUS.

I shall make thee a desolate city," we went on, repeating to ourselves the Biblical prophecy, "like the cities that are not inhabited; when I shall bring up the deep upon thee, and great waters shall cover thee." And, as we quoted the words, we looked down, and saw ruined walls and towers in the sea below. "I will make thee a terror, and thou shalt be no more."

The present town looks picturesque at a

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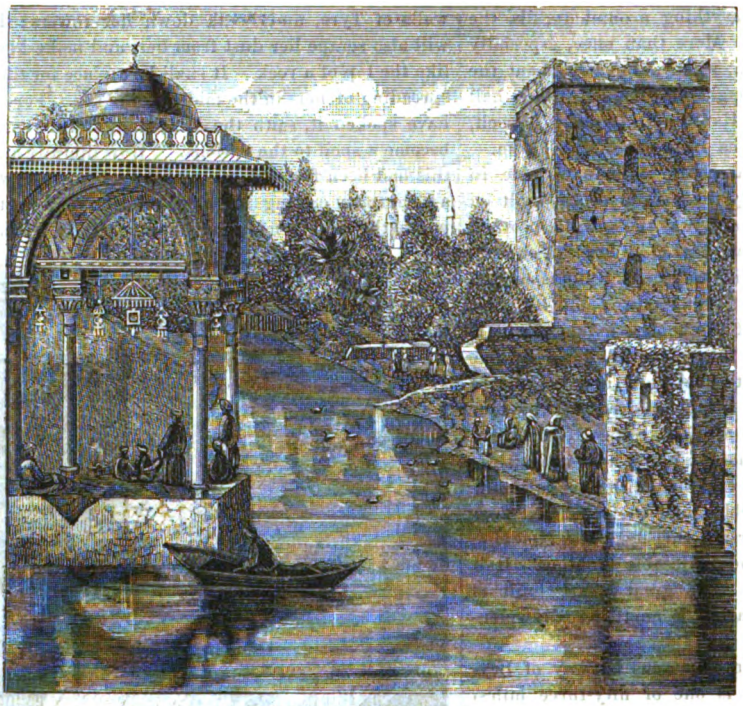
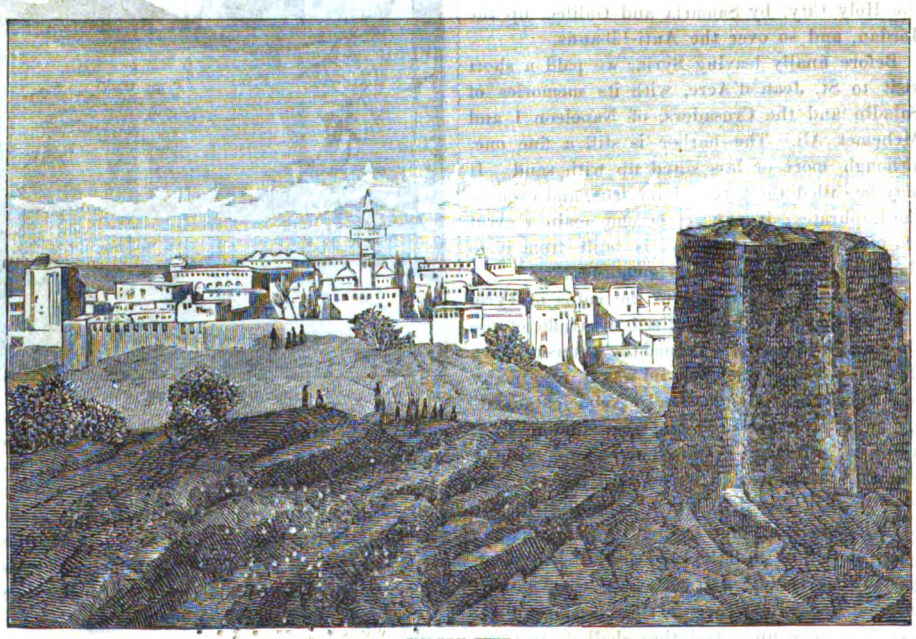


THE WATERS OF DAMASCUS.

distance, especially when the sun shines on its white walls. But, within, the desolation is so great that the inhabitants do not, except occasionally, go to the trouble to build houses for themselves, but huddle in old dilapidated vaults. Hardly anything except ruins can be seen: crumbling arches, prostrate marble columns and shattered aqueducts. "Though thou be sought for," prophesied Ezekiel, "yet shalt thou never be found again, saith the Lord God."

On our journey to Constantinople, we made a détour to visit what the old Greeks called their "beautiful Antioch." Even as late as the time of Chrysostom, the "golden-voiced," it was a considerable city. Its Christian population alone numbered a hundred thousand souls. But earthquakes destroyed a great part of it, soon



MODERN TYRE.

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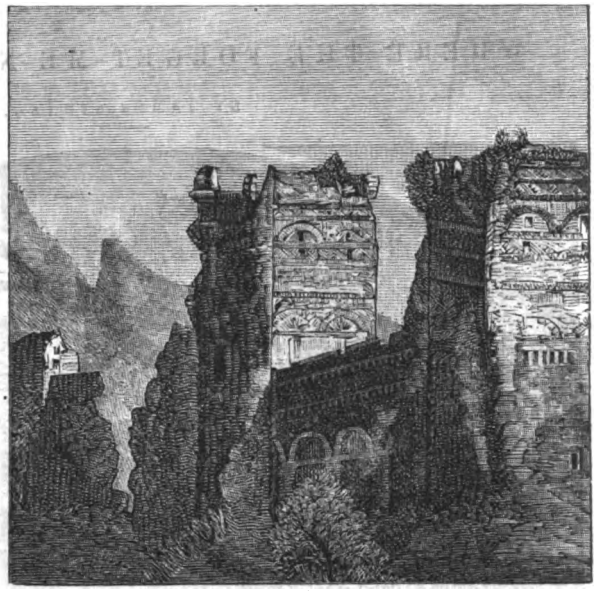
afterwards, and it gradually declined in population. In A. D. 634, it fell a prey to the Saracens, and went from bad to worse, the splendid capital, that had been, in the time of the Roman Empire, a favorite resort of her great nobles, becoming a second-rate provincial town.

The Crusaders captured it, A.D. 1098, and for several generations it recovered something of its old glory, and remained the capital of a strong Christian principality, till it was taken by the Ottoman Turks.

It is now only a village, of wood and straw houses, inhabited by about six thousand persons. Yet portions of the ancient walls remain, especially those built by the Crusaders: great massive ruins, that attest the former opulence, prosperity, and power of the place.



RUINS OF THE WALLS OF ANTIOCH.

THE BIRD'S MESSAGE.

BY FLORENCE R. BACON.

Over the hills where the shadows lay—
Pink, and purple, and misty gray—
My summer birds flew from me away.

One of those days when the maple-trees
Throw a bright leaf to each passing breeze:
What days are ever so sad as these?

They came, from over those hills, to me
When spring's first kiss lay on the brown lea;
My life was sad as a life could be.

They built their nests in the tree-tops tall,
That cast their shade o'er my garden-wall;
My heart was bitter—I hated them all.

"Why should you have," to the birds I cried,
"Those things which God has to me denied?"
One flew down to a twig by my side.

I would have gone, but he bade me stay.
Said: "Listen to me a moment, pray:
I've brought you a message from far away."

'Twas a wondrous message he brought to me;
A sweeter or dearer could not be
Than that message from over the silent sea.

And upon my stubborn heart there fell
A sudden calmness—a holy spell.
"Forgive," I cried; "Thou doest all well."

A DESIRE.

BY MAUDE MEREDITH.

I must live on the higher lands,
With the valleys lying below;
Where the rivers gleam like silver,
Where the distant waters flow;
And the white-winged vapors, rising,
Sway as they come and go.

There can never be grand deeds done,
Or noble aims achieved,
With this sense of rule and compass,
To come and go by leave,
And with just so much expected
For the favor we have received.

There's a sense of a holding down—
A heaviness and a weight—
That cannot be shaken off,
But grows as the day grows late;
And we shrink, and creep, and shudder,
As though 'twere the hand of fate.

I must surely get up higher;
I can never be one of a row,
With each house like the other,
And always thus and so:
I must stand where the air is purer
And fresher breezes blow.

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WHERE THE FORGET-ME-NOT GROWETH.

BY JAMES STRANG.

WHERE the forget-me-not groweth,
Oh, let us wander to-day,
Now when the summer sun gloweth
Over the meadows away.
Joyance and peace shall be ours,
Beauty and fragrance of flowers,
Where the forget-me-not groweth.

Where the forget-me-not groweth,
Where the marsh-marigolds gleam,
Softly the summer wind bloweth
Over the bend of the stream;
Bloweth to steal through the grass,
Cometh to whisper and pass,
Where the forget-me-not groweth.

Where the forget-me-not groweth,
Down by the marge of the meads,
Down where the still river goeth
Slow through the lilies and weeds;
Here let us linger with you,
Plucking the blossoms of blue,
Plucking the blossoms of blue,
Where the forget-me-not groweth.

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HOMELESS.

BY EMMA GARRISON JONES.

It had been raining all the afternoon, and, though the rain was now over, the streets were still wet, and wore that desolate look which they always have, on nights like this, except on the most frequented thoroughfares. The tall houses of The Hague—for it was at the capital of Holland that our story opens—stood up, glistening in the half-light; the very sky seemed to glisten; the pavements glistened; the highly-polished glass windows glistened most of all.

Before one of the handsomest of the houses in that great and beautiful city, where all the houses are handsome, a girl had stopped, and, feebly catching at the railing beneath the window, was gazing wistfully on the bright scene within. She was poorly clad, wan with hunger, and so weak she could hardly keep on her feet. The sound of music, mingled with youthful laughter, floated out on the air. "Oh," she said, "how happy they must be! I wonder, if I were to sing one of my ballads, whether they wouldn't give me a morsel of bread? Perhaps they might even take pity on me, and offer me a night's shelter. Ah, how beautiful that dear old lady looks! And that is her son, I suppose, talking to her. Could I only have a mother like that—or a brother! But," for a sudden faintness came over her, "what—what is this? Am I dying? Father in heaven—"

She had strength for no more. The last words were uttered with a sort of frightened despairing cry, that was almost a shriek. She clutched vainly at the railing again, then fell insensible to the pavement, in a shapeless heap.

Meantime, a conversation had been going on, within, between the elderly lady and the young man at her side.

"Ah," she was saying, "this is the anniversary of poor little Rosalie's birthnight."

It was evident, from her language and general air, that the speaker was an American, upon whose life a peculiar and inconsolable sorrow had fallen: for her voice failed, and her eyes filled with tears, as she spoke.

There were some young people about the piano, and they at once ceased their merry chattering, while the young man whom the lady had addressed said, with concern:

"Your lost daughter, you mean, dear madam. Is this really her birthday?"

He looked down at her, as he spoke, with that air of mingled respect and affection, which is so beautiful in a son. But he was not her son: he was not even a relation; he was only a temporary resident at The Hague, like his hostess. Yet, being an American, he had been thrown into the company of the Esmonds daily, and had come to regard the mother of the family almost as a son might; while, on her part, never having had a son, she looked on him with a love like that of a mother, and often said to herself: "Ah! if the boy were only mine!" And she invariably ended with another sigh and the silent wish: "Ah, if Rosalie only had lived!"

She gazed at the fire in silence, for a moment, and then replied:

"Yes, if Rosalie were with us, she would be eighteen to-night. I have always set this day of the year apart from all others, and kept it sacred, ever since I lost her. It is twelve long years, now, since she was stolen—for stolen I am sure she was—yet no tidings of her have reached us, in spite of all our efforts."

A moment elapsed before the young man answered. Then he said:

"Dear Mrs. Esmond, I hope you will not think me too inquisitive. But I have never heard the sad story in full. Would you mind telling me?"

The lady looked into his frank handsome face, now all alive with sympathy, and, drawing a locket from her bosom, opened it, disclosing a child's face, of unusual promise and beauty.

"Look at this, Allan," she said, for she always called him by his Christian name. "This is my pretty darling, just as she looked the last time I ever saw her sweet face. Oh, my little Rosalie!"

"Put the locket away, mamma," cried an elder daughter, hastening to her mother's side. "It can do no good to make yourself unhappy in this way. You must try and forget our trouble."

"Forget your little sister? You would not have me do that, would you, Julie? No, no: I don't wish to forget my darling. I love to think of her, and to cherish the hope of finding her yet."

"God is good," said the young man, reverently. "and He may yet grant your prayer, my dear Mrs. Esmond. Let us hope so."

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"Alas! I am the only one that hopes; for my husband even has despaired, for years. Oh! it does me so much good to hear you encourage me" And she took the young man's hand and pressed it.

"Yes," she resumed, after a pause, "it was twelve long years ago. Oh, how well I remember the day! A golden autumn day, late in October; the skies soft and misty with the blue haze of Indian summer; the forests about our old home all yellow, and scarlet, and crimson. If I were an artist, I could paint the whole scene, just as it was, down to the merest trifle.

"The children had been out all day, and most of the time I was with them. In the afternoon, we took our baskets, and went into the woods, on a nutting-expedition. Rosalie led the way. I can see her before me now, in her blue cashmere frock and white pinafore, with her hat pushed back, and her yellow curls flying in the wind. Oh, my darling, my darling, how little I dreamed, that happy afternoon, how soon I was to lose you forever!"

"Mamma, dearest mamma," interposed Julie, again, "why will you distress yourself in this way? It does no good, really, dear mamma, to recall the unhappy past."

"Yes, it does. I like to recall it all. Don't interrupt me, Julie: I want to make the whole thing vivid to Allan. As I have said," turning to her guest, "my little Rosalie was not quite six years old, but she was unusually bright and clever for her age; and, that last afternoon, her spirits seemed at their gayest height. She went ahead of us all, singing and laughing, and startling the birds and the gray squirrels from the woods, and finding more nuts than anyone else.

"The sun was almost down, when, having filled our baskets, we turned our steps homeward. Rosalie still led the way; and when, upon emerging from the woods, we saw, just ahead of us, on Hounslow Common, a number of gypsies, preparing their encampment for the night, her delight knew no bounds. Nothing would do but she must run across the field, and give an old woman, who was sitting under a tree, a little apart from the rest, some money. I let her have her way, and, with some small change shut up in her little hand, she hurried away; returning, in a very few minutes, in high glee. 'Oh, mamma, the poor old woman was so glad,' she cried; 'she kissed my hand, and called me a little queen.' Then we returned home, and had our suppers: and, about twilight, I went out for a short walk with my husband. We were gone but a very few minutes; and, on our return, the lights were brought in, and the bell was rung for evening prayers."

The mother paused a moment here, tears trickling down her cheeks.

"The children all came trooping in as usual," she went on, at last, "all but Rosalie; she was missing. We called her, and searched for her in every direction; but she could not be found; and, from that day to this, I have never seen my child again."

"The gypsies stole her, of course," said Allan, speaking with an effort. "You were right in thinking so." And he stooped down and kissed her hand.

"Yes," continued the lady, "and we lost no time in having their encampment searched, but we found no trace of Rosalie. The gypsies denied also having taken her, though they would do that, guilty or not. In all the sad years that have followed, we have not been able to obtain the slightest clue to her fate. Her father was very sanguine at first, and squandered his money, and wasted his time in fruitless search; but he has given up all hope now, and believes she was drowned in the river. I have never thought so, however: something tells me that my child still lives. I cannot give her up."

The young man turned away, and walked to the window, too much affected by the poor mother's patient hope, that had lived through so many desolate years, to utter a word. As he approached it, he thought he saw a face looking in; but it disappeared immediately. "It was only fancy," he said to himself; "the poor mother's story has excited my imagination." But, at that instant, he heard a cry—a sharp quick cry, a cry of hopeless anguish and despair. Julie, who had followed him, also heard it.

"What is it?" she cried. "You do not see anything?" For Allan was now peering eagerly through the window, his eye close to the huge pane of plate-glass. "I came to tell you not to talk to poor mamma about Rosalie, for it only excites her, and nobody can do any good. Her grief seems to become deeper as the years go by, and her hope of yet finding the child has grown into a sort of mania. It was for the purpose of distracting her thoughts from her sorrow, that papa made arrangements to come abroad; but, instead of being a benefit to her, the change seems to have made her worse."

The young man did not reply, or even seem to heed what the young lady was saying; he was still gazing out into the darkness, and now with eager startled eyes.

"Look! look!" he whispered, at last. "Isn't that something out there? A prostrate form?

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Who can it be?" And Julia, moving nearer to his side, caught sight of a girlish figure, on the wet pavement below.

"It is some poor homeless wanderer," she said. "It was her cry we heard. Oh, let us go—"

But Allan, without waiting for an answer, had turned suddenly and rushed out of the room.

Mrs. Esmond started from her seat, at this strange conduct. "What is the matter?" she cried, and she looked at her daughter in breathless inquiry.

"Don't be alarmed, mamma," began Julie; "it is only some poor outcast that Allan—"

But Allan's voice, calling from the hall-door, cut her short.

"Here! quick!" he exclaimed. "The poor girl is dying. Help! or it will be too late."

The two ladies hurried out, to find the hall-door open, and Allan standing on the threshold, with a girlish form in his arms. The face was wan, even haggard; but beautiful withal. The neck was perfect, and, where the dress fell back, as white as Parian marble. There was only one thing to mar its perfect loveliness: a curious mole, just back of the right ear.

The elder lady rushed to the young man's side, and looked down at the unconscious face lying against his shoulder, as he carried her in. The position brought the girl's right side up, and the first thing Mrs. Esmond saw was this peculiar mole.

"It is Rosalie! It is Rosalie!" she almost shrieked. "I should know that birthmark among ten thousand. And the face! Oh, I recognize it now, in spite of its pinched look. Thank God! thank God!" And she fell on the girl's neck, as Allan laid his burden on a sofa, and kissed and embraced the insensate form by turns.

"Yes, it is Rosalie," she said, looking up at the young man. "A mother's love is never deceived. Allan, Allan, you have found my child! Oh! God bless you."

A little later, when the homeless wanderer had been restored to consciousness, and been told who she was, and convinced, even in spite of her first hopeless incredulity, she sat before the blazing fire, clasping her mother's hands, and told her story in turn.

She told how she had been lured down to the gypsy encampment, that evening, while her mother was away, and carried off and secreted until all search for her was over. Then, half clad and ill-treated, she was dragged from place to place, and forced to earn money by singing in the streets. How, as the desolate years of her captivity went by, she lost, by degrees, all remembrance of her childhood, of her home and loved ones, even of her own name; and sank into a sort of apathetic indifference to her fate, not caring where she went, or whether she ever managed to escape from her bondage or not.

At this juncture, when she had abandoned all hope, fate—or Providence, rather—took her case in hand. Her gypsy captors transferring her to the owner of a traveling circus-company, she managed, after awhile, to run away from her master, and, by chance, made friends with an old German teacher of music, who, hearing her sing, and taking a fancy to her, carried her off to his own country, and gave her instruction in his chosen art, with a view to fitting her for the operatic stage.

But he died before his object was accomplished, and Rosalie was left homeless and friendless in the quaint old Dutch town.

"You cannot imagine what my distress was," she said, in conclusion, "when you found me out there, on the wet pavement. I had been without food for two days, and had not a place to lay my tired head in. Seeing the light shining from the windows, I could not resist stopping and looking in. Oh, it was as if a lost soul, wandering by, might glance in at the gates of Paradise. Then I fainted and fell. I thought it was death. How did you come to recognize me? It seems too like a fairy-tale. You are sure, mamma," stroking Mrs. Esmond's hand, "you are quite sure I am your lost Rosalie?"

It was months after. Mr. Esmond had taken his family back to America, and they were all comfortably established at Creedmoor again.

Allan and Rosalie—for Allan had accompanied them—were standing in the moonlight, looking out at the forest.

"And that is where you went," he said, "nut-gathering, the day the gypsies stole you? I shudder, even yet, to think of your privations—the cruelties inflicted on you—in all those years. Ah! dear, it shall be the object of my existence, when you are my wife, to make amends for it all."

"How strange it all seems," answered Rosalie, looking out toward the forest also—the forest now bright with the glowing tints of autumn: the same forest where, twelve years before, she went on that memorable nutting-expedition. "My life appears like a dream. I wonder what would have become of me, Allan, if you had not found me that night? I should have died of hunger and cold before morning Oh! dearest," and

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she leaned fondly upon him, "I owe everything to you."

"Don't say that. The others would have heard your cry, even if I had not been there," replied the young man. "Let the past rest. Look forward, dear, to the future. Please God," reverently, "we shall pass it together."

For answer, Rosalie put her hand in his: for they had been engaged for a fortnight and more.

"Yes, please God," she added, as he kissed her, "we shall pass it together. Oh, I am so thankful for it all!"

For, whatever else might come, she felt sure that, with a love like Allan's, she could never again suffer as she had suffered when she was orphaned and HOMELESS.

MY MAID AND MUSE.

BY BENNETT BELLMAN.

IF thus to reach serener skies
And higher realms of song I tried,
Lela, with her bewitching eyes,
Stands laughing ever by my side.

And thus it is she gives command:
"Seek you not thus the strains sublime.
Swear, poet! Listen—lift your hand:
For me alone must be your rhyme;

This lady's gifts you must refuse."
My thoughts are in confusion thrown.
I hesitate, until the muse
Impatient hath in anger grown.

Such is the little tyrant's will.
To please her, I can scarce refuse.
And yet I hesitate, and still
I vow I know not which to choose.

Help me, ye gods: give me your aid;
Some answer to my quand'ry make.
Shall I obey the muse or maid?
Which of the two shall I forsake?

But Lela, with her blushing cheek,
Thus to my question quick responds:
"The muse is old, her voice is weak:
Love holds you by the stronger bonds."

And therefore, if my little song,
Sung thus but for the passing day,
Seems pulsing not with passion strong,
But, rather, like a gleam of spray,

It is not that the passion's strength
Of effort long would not delight—
But that my darling has at length
Angered, and put the muse to flight.

BEYOND THE SEA.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

BETWEEN me and my darlings
Are miles and miles of space;
But always, in the twilight,
I see each little face;
I see their hands close-folded,
In prayer, at mother's knee,
And whisper to the breezes:
"Go kiss them all for me."

And then I sit and listen,
And often think I hear
Their sleepy little voices
Make music in my ear.

I fancy that I hear them
Breathe loving thoughts for me,
In prayers that you have taught them
To utter at your knee.

And then my heart grows tender
With longing for its own—
For the children and their mother,
Beside the old hearthstone.
"God bless and keep them for me,"
I whisper, prayerfully,
"And take me to my dear ones,
Who wait beyond the sea."

MY GOD, I CLING TO THEE.

BY W. IDA SMITH.

WHEN storm-clouds o'er my spirit lower,
And all the world is dark and drear,
When all my soul is filled with fear,
My God, I cling to Thee.

When I, in weakness, lose my way,
The night so dark I cannot see,
Waiting in trembling for the day,
My God, I cling to Thee.

When I, in fearfulness and woe,
Can scarce discern the love I know,
Dread doubts that beckon me below,
My God, I cling to Thee.

Still let me cling to Thy dear side;
Still let me trust, whate'er betide;
Still through the lashing breakers guide,
My God, Thy child to Thee.

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THE CEDAR SWAMP MYSTERY.

BY MRS. JANE G. AUSTIN.

CHAPTER I.

A BAD OMEN FOR A BRIDE.

It was the pale sad hour of earliest dawn, in one of the last days of October. The previous day had been stormy, and the yellowing leaves of the walnut-tree, sweeping the roof of Peter Wadsworth's cottage, dripped cold and bitter tears over what lay beneath that roof. The place was not a cheerful one, at any time; for a great hill at the south and east kept off the morning sun, and made the valley, where old John Wadsworth had chosen to build his house, dark, gloomy, and unfruitful. Even the pond at the foot of the hill had a sullen look about it, and never danced and rippled with laughter, as sunnier waters do; and, at the best of times, could only give back the reflection of the hemlocks and pines that gloomily overhung it.

A short path led from the rear of the Wadsworth house to the pond, and ended in a little wharf, finished with steps; for John Wadsworth had not thought it worth while to dig a well, or try to bring water into his house, when a whole pondful lay within a couple of rods of his back door; and the "women-folks" could go down there to do their washing in summer, while in winter he or his boy could fetch a few pailfuls when needed. Nancy Wadsworth, wife of this hardy pioneer, was a woman of the same stamp; and, having induced her husband to build a rough sort of cromlech, whereon she might place her great brass kettle, and boil her clothes, she did her family washing at the pond-side, from the time the blue-birds sang in the spring, until the sun fell in the autumn, without an idea that she was enduring hardship, or falling short of her rights.

But when Peter, her only son, inherited his dead father's shoes, and brought home pretty Lizzie Brent as his wife, a spirit of discontent entered the Wadsworth farm-house, and made what had always been rude and poor suddenly harden into almost intolerable discomfort. Lizzie had been in the mills, most of her life, and, although an excellent weaver, knew nothing of housework; and, what was worse, did not want to learn. She was pretty, after a shallow and unsatisfying style of her own; and the knowledge of this fact, and the attentions of certain young fellows in and about the mills, had been quite enough to turn a head never very well ballasted. The final trouble came when Sam Stoughton, son of one of the managers, came to occupy a stool in the office for a while, and try to learn business. The first time Lizzie Brent came to be paid, she and Sam had a little conversation; and, after that, a good many conversations, and walks, and drives, and theatre, and ices, and all the forms of interview a young gentleman, so called, may seek with a mill-girl. This sort of thing lasted several months, and was good neither for Lizzie's peace of mind nor her reputation; her companions in the mills looked askance, or assailed her with jests and taunts, each one conveying an insult; while some demure young women no longer spoke to her at all; and, worst of all, Sam was beginning to grow cool and indifferent; and when, finally, his father sent him upon a business-tour of the West, partly with a view to break off an undesirable acquaintance, Sam was so willing to say good-bye, that poor weak Lizzie flew out at him, and they finally parted in a quarrel.

It was about this time that Peter Wadsworth, who often came to Mill City on business, met Lizzie at the house of a mutual acquaintance, and at once fell in love with her, in his own dogged and desperate fashion—the fashion of most things he did, in fact. Lizzie, angry and humiliated at Sam's desertion and at the sneers of her companions, found the admiration of this dark-browed and well-to-do young farmer very soothing balsam to her wounded pride, or rather vanity, and encouraged him so cunningly that, almost before he had made up his mind as to his own intentions, he was engaged to be married, and the day fixed.

Driving his farm-wagon slowly home, that night, Peter reflected upon what he had done, and concluded that, on the whole, it was well done. He had heard all that was to be told of the Sam Stoughton episode, and had, in spite of his infatuation with Lizzie's blue eyes and rosy cheeks, questioned her very closely as to the true meaning of that affair. Lizzie was not a sensitive person, and replied to all his questions frankly enough, without resenting their being put, so that Peter finally rendered his verdict thus:

"The fact was, Liz, he couldn't help seeing

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that you're a beauty; and good looks draws men just as molasses does flies; but, when it come to marrying, pride and his old man stepped in, and said: ''Twon't pay, Sam,' and so he cleared out; just like as if the fly had sense to know that, if he got stuck in the molasses, he was a gone 'coon. That was about it, Liz."

Liz did not agree, in her heart, to this interpretation; but had no other ready to offer, so bit her lip, tossed her head, and sat in sulky silence until Peter began to talk of the wedding, when she brightened visibly, and spoke with real and deep affection of a certain peacock-blue silk in Jones's window, from which her bridal-dress should be cut.

Peter thought it all over, as Jack, his old sorrel horse, jogged steadily up and down hill toward home; and as, at last, they turned off the road, up the stony driveway to the barn, he heaved a profound sigh, and muttered:

"I was bound to have her; and I've got her, and the next thing is to tell the old woman."

He told her next morning, at breakfast-time, and the old woman sweetened her coffee twice over, and swallowed it boiling hot before she replied; probably it was the hot coffee, so unconsciously swallowed, that brought the unwonted tears to those hard black eyes, so like Peter's own. At last she said:

"Well, Pete, I hope you won't never be sorry. Mills ain't the handiest place to learn farm-work in, and there's an awful sight o' hefty work to do here. I guess you'll hev to dig a well, and set a pump, for one thing."

"I shan't dig no well, nor set no pump, now I tell you, mother," replied the young man, in the sullen and determined growl habitual to his voice. "What's been good enough for you is good enough for my wife, whoever she may be; and I only hope she'll be as honest a woman, and as square a wife and mother, as you've been, old lady. And one thing more I've made up my mind on: she ain't coming here to crowd you, nor to make it rough on you anyway. I was your boy, goin' on twenty-nine year, 'fore ever I see her."

The old woman shook her head, and, rising suddenly, began to clear the table; as she turned away, with her hands full of dishes, she paused and looked at her son, who, in his turn, was uneasily watching her.

"When a boy gets his head set on a gal, it ain't his mother that can hender him; and, after he brings his wife home, it ain't his mother that he listens to first, when there's trouble," said she, at last.

"But I tell ye, old woman, that you shall be first in this house, as long as you've a mind to stop in it," persisted Peter, angrily. "You helped build it, and you've helped keep it; and it's your house, as much as mine; and, though Liz is a handsomer woman than ever you was, she ain't a-going to crowd you, now you just better believe it."

"We'll see, Pete, we'll see," replied the mother, taking up a pail and going out of the back door; and, with all Pete's sudden gust of filial affection, it never occurred to him that he might fetch the water, instead of letting her do it. She always had done it, and he had grown up seeing her do it.

A few weeks later, Peter brought his wife home, and, as they approached the door, they saw the doctor's horse tied to the fence, and a pallid woman come out at the door to meet them.

"Peter, you mustn't take it harder than you can help, but your mother's dead," announced she, in the blunt and ungarnished fashion of her kind; and, at the word, Peter's dark face lost not only its unaccustomed look of rather foolish happiness, but all its life and color; and he sat staring stupidly at the speaker, as if afraid or unable to ask a single question. It was the bride who spoke, and it was in a shrill complaining tone, almost of personal resentment:

"Dead? Why, I didn't know as she was ailing. Why didn't you tell me she was sick, Peter?"

"She wa'n't," replied Peter, almost in a whisper.

"No, there wa'n't nothing the matter with her at noontime," said the neighbor. "I was helping her get the house ready for you, and, 'bout 'leven o'clock, I went home to get my folks' dinner; and, when I came back, just after one—she was so."

Still Peter Wadsworth stared and stared at his neighbor's face, as if waiting for something else, while Liz broke into angry weeping, sobbing out:

"It's real bad luck, and I won't go into the house at all. You might have told me she was sickly—had fits or something. It's horrid to come home to a house with a corpse in it."

But Peter, without noticing her, had climbed heavily out of the wagon, and, going close up to the neighbor, who was examining the bride with strong disfavor in her eyes, he hoarsely whispered:

"It wa'n't—you don't think—she didn't make way with herself, did she?"

"Well—I hope not, Peter—I think not," replied the neighbor, sympathetically. "I found

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her just at the foot of the wharf, kind o' wedged in between the timbers underneath. It don't seem as though she'd have crowded herself in there on purpose, so as she should be found easy, does it? She didn't like it that you was going to be married, I know; that is, she didn't say so; but I kind o' surmised it; and she did say that there couldn't be but one head to a house, and that had ought to be the man's wife; and there was other things she said, that seemed as though she wa'n't jest contented in her sperit; but there—it don't seem as though she'd make way with herself jest for that; does it, now?"

Peter Wadsworth made no reply. His glowing dark eyes shone out of his white face, like two sullen fires; and his lips, colorless as his cheeks, worked and writhed, but uttered no sound. Deborah Wilton drew a little back, as she met that gaze; and indeed the face was not good to look upon.

"She's in her bed-room, though we'd got it fixed up all ready for the bride," murmured she; and the man, without reply, pushed past, and went into the house. The neighbor turned to the wagon, where Lizzie still sat, her angry sobs changed to sullen silence, her face covered with her hands.

"It's most too bad for you, Mrs. Wadsworth," began she, sympathetically. "But you'd better come in and make yourself to home, hadn't you?"

"Home?" muttered the bride. "A pretty home I've got! A nice bargain I've made! I set out to spite—"

Debby listened curiously for the next word, but it did not come. Evidently the angry girl took wit to her anger, and stopped short of betraying her own secrets. Clambering down the steps of the wagon, she shook out the skirts of her dress—the very peacock-blue silk she had promised herself as a wedding-dress—and said, more quietly:

"Yes, I suppose I had as good go in, since I'm here; but not to the room where she is."

"No, you can go up to the room she was going to have for herself," said Debby. "It ain't fixed up none, but I s'pose we can make up the bed clean, and, after the funeral, you can move down."

"Move down into that room?" exclaimed Lizzie, in a shrill whisper. "Never, as long as I live!"

"Well, I don't know as 'twas your fault," suggested Mrs. Wilton, implying that there was certainly a dark fault lying at somebody's door, if not at that of the bride.

Meantime, Peter, passing through the kitchen, where two or three persons, gathered in a group around the stove, discussed the terrible event in low yet relishing tones, made his way into the bed-room, where, upon the bed, whitely and freshly decorated for the bride, lay the ghastly form of Nancy Wadsworth, her long gray hair falling unkempt about the stern set features.

The doctor, though he had exhausted all his resources, still lingered beside the bed.

"Have you done the last you can do?" asked Peter, hoarsely.

"Yes, Peter; I am sorry to say, it is of no use. She was dead when they first found her."

"Then let me be alone with her," commanded Peter, in the same hoarse impatient tone; and the doctor, after a momentary hesitation and a sharp look at the speaker, went out, closing the door behind him. Mrs. Wilton, who had joined her gossips in the kitchen, looked up with some curiosity, and, as the doctor thoughtfully rubbed his hands over the stove, she suggested:

"Takes it pretty hard, I guess; don't he, doctor?"

"Hard?" repeated the doctor, rubbing his stubbly nether jaw with one hand. "It's safe enough to say 'hard' about most anything Pete Wadsworth does. Not much fooling about the Wadsworths."

"That's so; ain't it, Huldah?" exclaimed Deborah Wilton, in the tone of admiring deference which women seeing very few educated men are apt to use toward their doctor and minister.

And the bereaved son, meantime, was expressing his sorrow in a manner oddly justifying the doctor's comment. Laying his hand over the cold clenched hand of his dead mother, and looking steadfastly down upon that awful face, he muttered:

"It's too late now. But you needn't have fretted so. I'd have seen you put through all right; she shouldn't ha' crowded you. And now I'll make you another promise, ef so be you can hear me: Jus' so sure as she goes wrong, anyway, I'll pay her off, and interest too. It's a promise."

And, under the weight of this terrible liability, Peter and Lizzie Wadsworth began their married life.

CHAPTER II.

LIZZIE'S LOST CHANCE.

In a gloomy little bed-room, in a gloomy old hotel in the heart of a Southern city, sat a young man, his legs flung over the arm of his chair, his hat upon his head, the bitter end of an extinct cigar between his teeth, a general air of sulky indignation and dawning resolve upon his hand-

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some face. Upon the floor lay an open letter, apparently flung as far from the reader's hand as the light nature of paper would allow. Lying conveniently open, we may see that the brief epistle is phrased in these words:

"DEAR SAM:

It came in my way to sound Endicott upon the subject of which I spoke, just before your leaving for Natchez: to wit, your marriage with his daughter; and I find he is ready to meet me upon fair terms. His interest and mine combined will give you a position in the corporation, very unusual for so young a man as yourself; but you have the ability to fill it, if you will give your mind to work, instead of folly; and, at seven-and-twenty, it is full time to put away childish things, and be a man. You understand, and I hope will endorse the sentiment by action.

Your affectionate father,

JOHN STOUGHTON.

"N. B.—I suppose, at your age, personal preferences have a certain weight, and I will note that Miss Endicott is said to be handsome, accomplished, good-tempered, modest, and healthy. She is not quite two-and-twenty, and is expected home from Europe, with her mother, uncle, and aunt, by steamer 'Scotia,' due to-day."

Mr. Sam Stoughton impatiently tossed the stump of his cigar into the empty grate, and, rising to his feet, stood with his hands in his pockets, reading over this letter, as it lay upon the floor. Then, swooping upon it with one hand, he crushed it into a ball, and flung it after the cigar-stump, exclaiming, angrily:

"I won't do it, old man—I won't do it. Childish things be hanged! I'm a man, with a man's will; and I'll have what I want! If I like a girl, I like her; and, what's more, I'll have her. 'Accomplished, good-tempered, modest, and healthy.' Faugh! Sounds like a governess's recommendation. Ha! how Lizzie's eyes will dance, and the pretty pink flush up in her cheeks, when she sees me! And, if she suits me, whose business is it? I'll do it—I'll do it, sir!"

He beat one fist into the palm of the other hand, as he said these words, sealing the compact with his own will, as it were; and, turning to the table, he pulled some writing-materials in front of him, and hastily wrote, and sealed the following letter:

"MY DEAR LIZZIE:

I am sorry we parted in the way we did. I was wrong to say such things, and I hope you'll forgive me. After all, Liz, there's nobody suits me as you do; and I think we'd better make up this quarrel, by getting tied so fast together that nothing can ever separate us again. Think it over, my dear, and be ready to give me an answer in about two weeks; for I am going to work, now, to finish up this business short-hand, and get home—to you, you little fraud!

Your repentant

SAM."

As he pressed the stamp beneath the ball of his thumb, somebody rapped at the door, and a bell-boy appeared, with a yellow envelope upon a tray.

"Dispatch for S. D. Stoughton, Esq.," announced he, holding out the tray.

"All right. Here, take this letter down, and mail it directly—directly, do you hear, boy?"

"Yes, sir. I'll take it right out myself, sir," replied the lad, waiting for the dime appropriate to this extra service. Tossing it to him with a grin, Mr. Stoughton turned to the window, and tore open his dispatch; it was startling:

"Take next train for home. John is dead, and your father very sick.

EDWARD MARSH."

The young man read the words twice over, and the contented flush died out of his face, leaving it more manly than it yet had been: for now the best side of the somewhat selfish and spoiled nature was reached; and Sam, forgetting himself, remembered only the dear elder brother, who had so often helped him through the hard places in which youthful follies and extravagance had placed him, so often had stood between him and the paternal displeasure, and which, never assuming more than a brother's position, had so often given him advice and warnings, which Sam would have done well to accept.

And he was dead! For the first time in his gay young life, Sam Stoughton stood face to face with that terrible word; and the very soul within him shook and contracted with the consciousness of a power stronger than his own will: a power controlling his own life and the lives of all who were dear to him; a power which man may refuse to look at, or to think of, or to prepare for, and yet the one inevitable thing which, sooner or later, will assert its absolute control of his own existence. It is a great thing for any man to be brought face to face with this reality; and, if he has good stuff in him, it is in this moment that it generally asserts itself. It did in this case; for Sam Stoughton's first words, as he roused himself from the reverie into which he had fallen, were:

"Thank God, I wrote to tell Liz I'd marry her!"

Two hours later, he was on the road home; and, on the third morning, entered his father's

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house. A lovely girl, her face pallid and drawn with the grief which had clothed her pretty figure in the solemn draperies of mourning, came to meet him, and put up her face to be kissed.

"Dear Sam, I am so glad you have come! My only brother now!"

"Yes, Lucy; but ready to fill the place of both, if I can," said the young man, tenderly. "And how is my father?"

"Rather better. Edward is going to take him out to drive, this morning."

Sam's face clouded, and he withdrew his arm from his sister's waist.

"Edward?" repeated he, interrogatively. "It was he who telegraphed to me. How does he happen to be so numerous just now? Only a second cousin, and he takes the place of a son."

"He is, Sam; or, rather, he will be," replied Lucy, a bright blush supplanting her pallor. "We are—that is—papa is going to take him into business, and—and—"

"You are going to marry him?" interrupted Sam, angrily.

"Yes, Sam. Ah, don't look that way at me, and papa so sick, and John—"

She began to cry; and Sam, putting his arm once more about her, said, in a constrained voice:

"There, there, child; don't cry any more; don't now, Lucy! Of course, if father says so, and you like him, it's all right, and I've no call to object. But it's another warrant for my marrying to suit myself, too."

"Oh, yes!" exclaimed Lucy, raising radiant eyes to his, and smiling through her tears. "Papa told me that he and Mr. Endicott had talked it over, and I am so glad. Alice is a perfect love, and she and I are the dearest friends already, although it is only a few days since she returned from Europe. I am so glad you are going to marry her."

Sam opened his mouth to reply, and closed it again without a word. It would neither be prudent nor honorable to make his young sister a party to his proposed defiance of his father's arrangements. Besides, what she knew, her betrothed would in due course know as well, and this consideration brought him back to a disagreeable suspicion, which he at once uttered:

"My objection to Ned Marsh is that he's a scheming sort of fellow, and, with his good-boy talk and ways, he's just the chap to worm himself into the—into my father's confidence and interests, and feather his own nest at the expense of those who have a better right."

"I suppose you mean yourself?" replied Lucy, indignantly. "For, since dear John's death, there are only you and I left; [illegible] if Edward Marsh is my husband, my right, as you call it, is his."

"Yes, that's just it," retorted Sam, with a sneer. "He's secured you and your half, and he'll never rest until he's got hold of mine." And, without waiting for a reply—which, in truth, Lucy was too much agitated to make coherently—the young man strode out of the room, and, only pausing to send word to his father that he had returned, and would come to see him as soon as he had refreshed himself after the journey, he left the house. In point of fact, he had resolved, before risking a conversation with his father upon any subject whatever, to know just how he stood with Lizzie Brent, and perhaps to irrevocably decide the matter of his marriage, by going with her to a clergyman before returning home. A hasty breakfast at a restaurant, a flying visit to a barber-shop, were soon accomplished; and, a little before noon, Mr. Stoughton strolled, with an elaborate appearance of carelessness, into the office of the great mill, where his desk still awaited him.

Exchanging a few remarks with the officials, all of whom greeted him with the brief yet hearty sympathy business-men in business-hours can only find space to express, Sam reported his father's condition as improving, took the letters laid "ready for Mr. Marsh to take up," as the correspondence-clerk innocently designated them, and finally was ready to leave the office just as the noon-bell rang and the hands began pouring out of the work-rooms. Lingering in the yard, Mr. Stoughton allowed them all to pass, until the last group approached, and the closed door showed no more were to come. His expression of studied carelessness had given way, by this time, to a pallid impatience, impossible to conceal; and, as his eyes fell upon a small sandy-haired girl, lagging a little after the rest, he moved slightly toward her, saying:

"How do you do, Miss George?"

The girl's small eyes, foxy in color and cunning in expression, twinkled significantly, as, dropping still more behind her companions, she replied, in a voice soft and gentle enough, but with a tone of falsity in it calculated to repel an acute observer:

"Pretty well, Mr. Stoughton; and how's your own health, if you please?"

"Oh, I'm well enough," returned Sam, hastily. "Is Lizzie Brent sick, or has she left?"

"Well, sir, she's left," replied the girl, gently moving on until she was out of sight from the mill-door and the office-windows. Sam mechanically followed; repeating, as she paused in a quiet angle of the great building:

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"Left? What do you mean? Why do you look so queer about it?"

"I didn't mean to look queer, sir," replied Becky George, in the meek and silky tones habitual to her. "But I thought likely you didn't know, and we had as good be out of the way, if the gentleman came out of the office."

"What is it, then? Speak out, girl!" demanded Sam, growing yet paler than he had been. Becky appreciated and enjoyed the situation and her own power, and would willingly have savored it a little more deliberately; but there was that in the young man's eye that forbade either trifling or prevarication; and, almost before she knew it, the great news was bolted out:

"Liz is married, this two weeks."

Stoughton fairly staggered under the blow, and, for a moment, leaned against the wall, in sheer inability to stand. He had been so certain of his course; he had sacrificed so much, and set aside so many of his own and his father's plans, and brought his resolution up to the point so bravely and so strongly; and now to be told that all was in vain, and this humble girl, whom he had decided so generously to elevate to a seat upon his own throne, had actually forestalled his decision, and married herself to someone else—some miserable bumpkin, whom she had dared to prefer to King Cophetua!

A righteous indignation arose in his breast, at thought of this dishonor done to his noble purpose, unknown though it must have been to the culprit; and the sudden lifting of his head, and angry flicker of his eyes, as they met the crafty scrutiny of Becky's foxy glance, showed his change of mood. The girl hastened to launch her second arrow, watching its effect, as the banderillo watches the noble bull whom he is torturing to his death.

"A letter came yesterday for Lizzie Brent, and I knew your handwriting, and the postmark was Natchez, where I knew you were staying: so I thought, like enough, you wouldn't care about it lying round here till Mr. Marsh got hold of it; for nowadays he seems to be the boss over everything—"

"Where is the letter?" interrupted Sam, savagely.

"Why, I sent it along to Lizzie, inside of one of my own," replied Becky, innocently, but watching more intently than ever. "Her husband comes in to the city, three days in the week, with stuff from his farm, so I sent it out by him."

"And who is—the man?"

"His name is Peter Wadsworth, and he has a farm about five miles out on the north road. He is very comfortable, I believe: and I suppose Lizzie thought she might as well marry for a home, since she had no chance of marrying for love."

"That letter was to ask her to marry me," blurted Sam, stung by the banderillo's last tiny barb into an unwise admission. Becky's eyes shot a green gleam of delight at her own success; perhaps a little also at the discomfiture of her handsome rival, Lizzie Brent, and this man, who had never remembered her presence if Lizzie were in sight. But she answered, in deepest sympathy:

"Dear me! is that so? Why, I'm awfully sorry for Liz. It's 'most a pity you hadn't made up your mind in season, isn't it? It's too late now, of course; they've been married a fortnight."

An ugly oath ground itself between the young man's teeth, and startled his own ear; for he was not a wholly bad fellow, after all; and his sister had no idea that he ever uttered a profane word. He looked, half apologetically, at his companion; but she seemed neither shocked nor astonished; only repeated softly:

"Yes, it does seem a pity. Liz didn't care two straws for Wadsworth—nor for anyone but—"

She stopped; and Sam, too much upset to care what he said or what he admitted, cried:

"More fool she! She might have known that I should come to it at last. She might have trusted me a little longer."

"She trusted you a good deal," suggested Becky, dryly. Stoughton turned his eyes upon her, with sharp suspicion; but she was looking rather wistfully toward the gate, and presently added:

"I think I must be going, or I shan't get any dinner."

"You won't, at your boarding-house, as it is," replied the young man, thrusting his fingers into his waistcoat-pocket, and pulling out a bill, which he put into her hand, without a glance. "Here, take this, and go to a restaurant for something better than codfish and suet-pudding. Stop! Tell me again where this Wadsworth lives. I dare say I've seen the place."

Without accepting or discrediting this clumsy pretext for the question, Becky described minutely the situation of the Wadsworth farm, and the means of access by the turnpike, adding casually: "There's a back road to it, that leads through the woods, turning off at the saw-mill. It's a real pretty ride that way, though you can't get close to the house. Anybody going that way would have to leave his horse hitched to the fence and strike across the field by the cow-path."

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"Why do you tell me that?" demanded Sam, in a low and shaking voice.

"Oh, I don't know," replied the girl, carelessly. "Peter comes in to market, Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday."

And, without another word, she walked away.

CHAPTER III.

DANGER.

"A LETTER for you, Liz," said Peter Wadsworth, coming into the house, after putting Jack in the barn, and growling at the condition in which the hired-man had left the cows. "I should think you might look after that fellow when I'm away, and not let him go with his work half done. My mother used to, but you don't seem to care."

"Of course I don't take any interest in farm-work, nor in that half-witted creature at the barn. It's enough for me to take care of the milk, when he brings it in, without running after him to the barn, to see that he does his work. It's a dog's life, anyway."

She was cutting open the letter, as she spoke; and, as she withdrew the sheet from the envelope, she looked at the enclosure with some curiosity; for Becky George's letters were not very interesting in themselves, and she was glad that this one contained something more. But the first glimpse of the handwriting told her from whom it was, and her maiden name showed that it was not written to Peter Wadsworth's wife. The walls and ceiling seemed reeling around her, and a sound like the roar of the sea dazed her brain; but the first necessity was concealment; and, turning her back upon her husband, she thrust the letter into her pocket, and began to busy herself in the great pantry, opening into the kitchen.

"Well, are you going to give me any supper?" growled Peter, crossly. "I wish I could get hold of some of the victuals my mother used to cook, or that you'd try to learn some decent ways. I haven't had a good piece of apple-pie since we were married."

"I wish to goodness you had your mother to cook for you now, and you'd left me where you found me," exclaimed the wife, bitterly.

"I wish to goodness I had," echoed Peter; "pity we hadn't thought of it in time, ain't it?"

And this was the same dart that Becky George had thrust into the quivering nerves of the other victim of this terrible mistake. Too late! Too late!

But Lizzie Wadsworth was too eager to read her letter to continue the quarrel; and, muttering some phrases of contempt and wrath, she left the room, and ran up to her [illegible] chamber: the same she had come to as a bride, and still preferred to the more commodious one where that poor mother had lain dead, mutely protesting against her son's disregard of her love, and jealous of the rival who had supplanted her.

Seated upon the window-sill, to catch the last rays of daylight, Liz read the letter, which Sam Stoughton had written from the Southern city.

Twice—three times—the poor, foolish, yet most unhappy, girl read over those few lines; and then she sank, as if crushed, from the window-sill to the floor, and hid her face upon her arms, and wept: wept such tears as come like molten lead from the burning depths of the heart, and scorch and sear the eyes that shed them.

"Oh, if I had known! If I had known! Too late! Oh, heavens, too late!"

She moaned the bitter cry aloud, and ground her fair head upon the floor in abject misery; if she could have ground herself into the very earth, it would not have seemed too much for her despair; the light of day, the light of life, her own being, all were hateful to her; the blind desire of escape was the only conscious feeling left; and, springing to her feet, and dashing the loosened hair and streaming tears from her face, she crept toward the stairs in a desperate maniac fashion, ready to fling herself to destruction in the first way presenting itself, or to rush blindly into the forest, and lose herself in its depths, afraid of nothing she could meet, for nothing could be half so terrible as her own heart.

But, as she reached the head of the stairs, Peter's lumbering feet were on the lowest stair.

"You needn't come down, Liz," said he, not unkindly, for he had been thinking of the gloomy cloud that seemed settling over the home so lately made ready to welcome a bride, and in some dim way he had confessed to himself that it lay—partly, at least—on his shoulders; and that it behooved him, as the stronger party, to try to make matters more harmonious. "You needn't come down, Liz," he said; "it's 'most nine o'clock, and we folks that has to work like dogs had ought to go to bed betimes, hadn't we? I've bolted the door, and shut down the winders, so there's no need of going down to see to them. And, I say, Liz, it ain't worth while for you and me to fall out, seeing we're hitched for good and all. Give us a kiss, old lady, and call it square."

She stood there in the twilight, her florid and vulgar beauty idealized by the shadows falling about her, as well as by the strength of her own passion; for any strong emotion, good or bad, raises one at least above the trifling littleness of a sordid life. She did not stir or speak, as he approached, and, putting his hand under her

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chin, he raised her face and kissed it, saying, gently for him:

"Why, Liz, your face is as cold as ice, and you look half scared to death. You needn't have took on so for a rough word, you silly girl! You know, well enough, I'm fond of you; for, if I hadn't been, it ain't likely I'd have wanted to marry you, after all those fools said about you and Sam Stoughton—"

With an inarticulate cry, as if he had laid his rough hand upon a fresh wound, she twisted away from him, and ran down the stairs. He started in pursuit, then turned sulkily back; it was not in his nature to persist in tenderness, or to be patient with perversity; so, standing at the stair-head, he merely called out:

"Well, what is it, you simpleton? I offered to make up with you once, didn't I? Come along, like a reasonable being, if you can, and get your night's rest; anyway, you won't keep me from mine, I can tell you." And, troubling himself no more about the matter, he undressed, and in a very few moments was sound asleep.

Downstairs, meantime, the poor, ungoverned, reckless girl, who had so madly linked her life with his, half disliking him from the first, and now positively hating him, sat alone and silent in the darkness. The violence of her passion had changed to a dreary apathy, in which she neither thought nor felt: she simply endured. The doors all remained open, and she heard her husband throw himself upon his bed; and presently, by his stertorous breathing, perceived that he was sleeping heavily. Then her lips curled, a brief light glowed in her tear-washed eyes, and she whispered the one word:

"Brute!"

The door of the bed-room stood open, and, moving restlessly, she turned her eyes toward it, half rose, sat down again, and then, springing to her feet, went into the room, and, closing the door, said aloud, in a voice that sounded strange, even in her own ears:

"If there's anything worse than myself to be found, I'd like to know it. How is it, old woman?" As she said this, she looked at a faded photograph of her husband's mother, that still hung on the wall. "Have you anything to say to me? I'm ready for you!"

She laughed, still in that strange hard way, and it seemed as if another laugh joined with her own: a wild, triumphant, horrible sound, which drove the blood back upon the heart of her who listened, with a sharp physical pain. But the evil spirit had gained too firm a hold of that poor human heart to be lightly driven out: and, after a moment, the unhappy girl spoke again:

"Yes, old woman, if it's you that's listening, I tell you again there's nothing in this world or the next I'm afraid to face, to-night; for there's no torment worse than that in my own heart!"

The slow hours went by; and when, at sunrise, Peter Wadsworth came downstairs, he found his wife going about her work, in her usual silent and sullen fashion, but no more so than she had been from the first day of her luckless marriage. He made no remark, nor did she, upon the scene of the previous night; and, when the unsocial breakfast was finished, they parted as usual to their several labors.

"She's a queer one. So mad last night, and all over it this morning," said the husband, as he went his way to the barn.

"You fool!" she said, looking after him. "You might have made a friend of me in the beginning: and now—look out!"

The next day was Thursday; and, early in the morning, Peter Wadsworth, his wagon loaded with farm-produce, drove slowly from his own door, with a troubled look upon his face. The evil spirit, that had come to dwell under his roof, vexed him with a vague sense of danger; but it was market-day, his customers awaited him, and so he set forth, to be gone until sunset.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE WINDS ARE TELLING SOMETHING.

BY BLANCHE BEAUMONT.

HARK! the winds are telling something—
  Something that I'd like to know.
Hist! I hear the trembling lute-notes
  Of a song from "long ago."

Louder, winds, or I shall miss it;
  Gently—ah, the notes have fled;
Stirred my heart, those tones familiar,
  Coming from a maiden dead.

Fair as spring, this gentle maiden—
  Very pearl of love and light;
Life, to her, was songs and laughter,
  And her name was Marguerite.

But she faded as the summer
  Sobered into autumn's gloom;
And the breezes murmur dirges
  Round the maiden's early tomb.

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WICKED MISS ANNESLEY.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

It was snowing fast and furiously. Snowing as it does even in Italy sometimes, especially among the mountains, when heaven and earth seem to come together in one wild flurry of snow. For our story opens in Italy, and in that most picturesque of all hill-towns—Siena.

The squall had come up suddenly, and Bolt Winthrop was hastening back to his hotel, in order to escape it, when he saw, coming toward him through the storm, one of the most beautiful girls he had ever beheld, and evidently a countrywoman of his own. She was dressed in a fur-trimmed costume: one of those marvels of the Parisian dressmakers, most probably a Worth, which alone would have made her look bewitching; but the effect was greatly enhanced by the sparkle of her eye and the color in her cheek, which the bracing air, and perhaps the added excitement of having been caught in the storm, had called up. "By Jove," said Winthrop, to himself, "what a beauty! I shall make a portrait of her, from memory, and call it 'Snowflakes.'"

He had hardly said this, when the girl slipped on the uneven pavement, and would have fallen, had not Winthrop started forward, just in time to offer her his arm, and so prevent the catastrophe. She had twisted her ankle, however, and the torture wrung one irrepressible moan from her lips; but, after that, she uttered no sound, though her face grew so white that Winthrop was frightened.

"You are badly hurt," he exclaimed, quickly.

She shook her head, literally unable as yet to speak, and a fainting-fit seemed so perilously near, that, without waiting to ask permission, or even think, Winthrop obeyed his instincts and, as I consider, common-sense. He caught her in his arms, and carried her speedily and carefully to the nearest palazza-door, where he placed her on a bench, which luckily stood there, under the deep entrance-way.

"I beg your pardon," he said then, a little startled, himself, at the precipitancy of his action. "What can I do more?"

"Nothing," she answered, turning as red as she had before turned pale. She was too confused to know whether to be grateful or angry, yet so struck by the absurdity of the situation, that, in the shaken state of her nerves, she had much ado not to laugh, while the pain was so severe, still, that she could scarcely keep from crying.

"I hope you are not much hurt," he said, eagerly. "Oh, you mustn't try to stir," he added, with authoritative quickness, as she made some movement.

"I have only twisted my ankle," she replied, trying to sit very erect; "it is nothing serious, I fancy, though it was terribly painful at the moment. I was in the gallery of the Instituto delle Belle Arti; but, when this squall came up, it got too dark to see; and so I left, thinking I could reach our hotel before my friends, who were to come for me later, could start: for, by doing this, I would save them the trouble of coming. But here they are now."

As she spoke, a carriage was pulled quickly up in front of them, from which two middle-aged ladies, accompanied by an elderly gentleman, hastily descended, and, with eager questions, hurried up.

Winthrop had leisure to recognize the gentleman for an old acquaintance, and claimed him as such as soon as a slight respite in the interrogatories gave him a chance. The tall lady proved to be his wife, and the other his sister-in-law. Their name was Ransom.

Meanwhile, Miss Annesley hurriedly explained her accident, though she did not enter into details, or mention the fact of her having been carried in Winthrop's arms like a baby. Of course, Mr. Winthrop was duly thanked, and a long step toward acquaintance was made while this was going on. The young lady, it seemed, was staying with the Ransoms, at their villa near the picturesque old town.

"How long do you remain, Mr. Winthrop?" said the sister-in-law.

"Oh, I am here for a fortnight at least: I want to make a lot of sketches," Bolt replied; though, when he arrived, the evening before, he had fully intended to go on to Florence within two days. Perhaps the bright eyes of "Snowflakes" had a good deal to do with this change of plan.

Miss Annesley was now helped into the carriage, and Winthrop, nothing loth, accepted a hearty invitation to dine at the villa, that evening, and watched the landau drive off, with a sigh. All that day, one face haunted him: it

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was that of an auburn-haired girl, with great purple eyes, and a mouth that looked as sensitive and tender as that of a child, in spite of the pride it held in its curve. All the time, too, he heard the sound of a low thrilling voice, which seemed sweeter than any music he had ever listened to; and, altogether, he spent the hours in a rather dreamy fashion, until evening drew on. By this time, the sky had cleared, and the snow was already half melted; but Winthrop would have kept his engagement had the storm raged more furiously even than in the morning.

Bolt Winthrop was a passionate-hearted young American of six-and-twenty; as clever as he was full of caprices; rich, and of a historical family, as his name revealed; the kindest, most generous fellow possible; and an amateur artist of no small ability.

He went to the villa, as we have said, that evening, and found Miss Annesley quite seraphic in a turquoise-blue gown, able to move without much difficulty, and as gay as if she had never suffered an ache in her life. Of course, under the circumstances in which they met, it was natural that the young couple should speedily become well acquainted: in fact, there was no initiatory process whatever. From the first, Bolt was received in the Ransom household on the footing of an old friend. Colonel Ransom had known his father well; had known the son, also, ever since he was a boy in knickerbockers; and Mrs. Ransom took an elderly lady's quiet deep interest in him at once; while Mrs. Rowe, having discovered that his mother was the beautiful Florence Joyce, whom she had idolized in her school-girl days, adopted him immediately into the warmest corner of her heart, and petted and scolded him as freely as she did her brother in-law or Miss Annesley: her usual mode of showing her regard for her favorites.

So the young people were thrown together more, in the next few weeks, than they would have been in long months of ordinary worldly intercourse. There were daily drives, rides, or walks; numerous pleasant excursions to make; even a trip of three days to quaint old Orvieta. Nor was it long before Winthrop became conscious that he had fallen, countless, countless fathoms deep, in love. It was no fancy, no caprice. His whole heart and soul had gone out to this lovely and winning girl.

Unexpectedly, he learned that Miss Annesley would shortly go to Paris. Her mother was soon to return from a trip, which business had obliged her to take, to America, and Clare was to start as soon as she received news that her parent had landed.

Going away! Bolt could not part from her without telling his secret. He fully meant to follow her, as he would have considered it natural to do had her destination been the antipodes; but he could not run the risk of even a few days' separation, with his story unrevealed.

Yet, looking at matters—or trying to—as a dispassionate observer might have done, Winthrop realized that, even if she were attracted toward him, this avowal might seem hasty enough to give cause for offense. Then he stopped short, for, after all, there had been no need of words to make his feelings clear; he had shown them plainly enough. His entire conduct—every look and smile—had spoken as decidedly as the most passionate phrases could have done; and, if she had not cared, she would have found means to show him that his devotion was wasted. She did care! He repeated the assertion over and over: dwelt on it; gloried in it; was at once grateful and proud. Then he plunged into a dream, in which the future spread before his eyes as clearly as if it had been traced by destiny; a future of such bliss as this old earth never saw or can see realized; but, all the same, it is well for a man when he can dream like that.

Bolt passed the long sunny hours of the early spring afternoon in his rooms, and his vision kept him company. He had expected to meet his friends; but the engagement had to be postponed, because both Mrs Rowe and the Colonel were a little indisposed; and, therefore, as Mrs. Ransom wrote, she and Miss Annesley were both occupied. However, she added that Mr. Winthrop was to be sure to come out and dine, that evening; to come early, also, so as to console them for their disappointment of the morning; to console himself too a little, if, as she very prettily hoped, he valued their society and friendship as they did his.

So, with his vision for a companion, and his expectation in store, Bolt wore out the hours of waiting pleasantly enough.

Late in the afternoon, a servant tapped at his door, with a packet of letters and papers, which had just been forwarded from his bankers in Florence.

Bolt read several epistles from America, then opened an envelope bearing a Vienna postmark. This letter was from an old friend, to whom he had written the day he first met Clare Annesley. The letter began by an apology for the delay in replying, but Mrs. Storms had been absent from Paris; Winthrop's missive had followed her to the Austrian capital, which she found even more delightful than she expected, and—

Here Bolt skipped three entire pages of

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description and ecstatics, having seen a name at the beginning of the second sheet, the mere sight of which set his heart beating like a trip-hammer.

"So you have met Miss Annesley?" This was what he now read. "Well, I am glad that you propose leaving Siena, to-morrow. Don't laugh, for I mean exactly what I say. Strong as you think yourself, you are not invulnerable, and you could not encounter a more dangerous person. Miss Annesley is a charming girl, with only one fault—no, I really think I may call it a misfortune: she has no more heart than—I was going to write—a stone, but butterfly would be the correct term. She does her wickedness in spite of herself; it is as natural for her to flirt as to breathe. With all her gifts and accomplishments, she lacks the faculty of comprehending how much pain she gives, because she cannot be hurt in the same way herself.

"I suppose this sounds harsh, but it is true. I could tell of three men, among my friends, whose lives she has positively wrecked. Now, don't go thinking her a fiend: she is nothing of the sort. She only cannot feel, and is dreadfully aggrieved when anybody upbraids her. Yet we all call her 'the wicked Miss Annesley.'

"All the while, she is engaged to be married. She has kept that fact a secret over here: but it will have to come out now, for her fiancé, Howard Drake, is to appear in Europe, sometime this summer. I should pity him, only he is too lazy to suffer much; and has, besides, a good strong will, when he chooses to exercise it; so, after all, I dare say, in his hands, she may turn out a very fair sort of wife—flirts often do, I observe."

The letter dropped from Bolt's hand: his very heart seemed crushed, his whole soul on fire. The siren had done her work—thoroughly, deliberately, too! She had led him on, had pleased her diabolical vanity to the utmost by watching the success of her wiles. "The wicked Miss Annesley!" And he laughed, sardonically, as he quoted the phrase.

Oh, he could have murdered her, with pleasure, if she had been within reach. He longed to rush forth in search of her, and make his reproaches and taunts so keen, that even she must feel their sting! But that impulse was ridiculous. Then a revulsion came.

For meet her—he could not! Yet if only he could have found strength, he would have liked to go—to appear in his gayest spirits—to invent a lie about being betrothed, and confide the history to his friends, elaborated by romantic incidents and moving passages. And he would do it—he would. Tell his well-devised story in the false woman's presence—anger her—cheat her into the mortification of believing that for once she had been foiled, defeated—had met a man more than her match in the loathsome game of flirtation. He started up, meaning to dress, and carry his wild impulse into execution. As he turned, he saw his face in the glass. It was as haggard and white as if from a severe illness. He could not go; she would read his suffering, sneer at his wasted falsehood, if he should find self-control even to utter it, and exult at the completeness of her work.

He sank back in his chair, and covered his burning eyes with both hands; then started up again, and raced frantically to and fro across the room; groaned, cursed—oh, went mad, as was natural at his age, with his temperament.

Something he would do. The creature should at least be left uncertain of success! He wrote a hurried note to Mrs. Ransom, saying that he was called unexpectedly to Milan, to meet his former guardian on business of importance. He sent fitting regards to each member of the family; but, when he mentioned Miss Annesley, the epistle became flippant, in his efforts to make his messages at once careless and stinging. He jested about the romantic beginning of their acquaintance, and offered impertinent thanks for her amiable efforts in helping to amuse a blasé young man of the modern type.

When this delectable effusion was sealed and dispatched, he hastily threw his clothes into his trunks, paid his bill, and left Siena by the six-o'clock train. He sped through Florence, on north, stopping neither by night nor day, till he reached Berlin. Once arrived in the Prussian capital, he wondered why he had selected that place for his goal, assuring himself that he had always hated it, a fact which he discovered in regard to several other cities and famous country haunts, before another fortnight went by. For, during the next three months, Winthrop made a regular Wandering Jew of himself.

September came, and he received some letters which decided him to return to America at once. The business could easily have been settled by correspondence; but Bolt chose to think it could not. He reached Paris to find another letter, telling him that an agent from the company that wished to purchase his Western lands was on his way to Europe. Bolt was disgusted, but knew that common-sense and sanity—not that he possessed much of either quality, he told himself, with a grim smile—insisted on the necessity of waiting to see the messenger and learn what proposals he had to offer.

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The weather was unusually warm for the season of the year. Paris, so far as "society" was concerned, was quite empty. The American quarter particularly was an utter desert.

At his hotel, Winthrop met a couple of men whom he knew; stray birds, pausing to rest a night or so on their passage from mountains to seaside; and he promised to dine with them, that evening, at a restaurant in the Bois de Boulogne.

Bolt arrived before the hour, and wandered along the shore of the lake in the sunset. He came face to face with a knot of acquaintances most unexpectedly. It was too late to retreat; somebody recognized him and called his name. Of course, there were mutual wonderments and explanations as to why everybody was there, and in the midst of the chatter a lady and several gentlemen, who had strayed further on, turned back. In another instant, Winthrop found himself in the presence of the woman whom he had hoped never to meet again; at least, not till the wild pain in his heart, which he termed hatred and loathing, had subsided into the calm indifference due her unworthiness and his own pride.

"Miss Annesley knowing one disreputable man more or less is of little consequence," cried witty careless-tongued little Mrs. Mowbray; "so let me add to the catalogue by presenting Mr. Winthrop."

"I am very glad to renew my acquaintance with Mr. Winthrop," said Miss Annesley, extending her hand frankly, with a pleasant smile. Her woman's quick eye had observed him as she approached, so she was ready for the encounter. "How do you do, Mr. Winthrop?"

"It's very good of you not to have forgotten me, I'm sure, Miss Annesley," rejoined Bolt; "been quite well, I trust? And the Ransoms—have you good news from them?"

He felt very well satisfied with himself. He was so burned by sun and mountain-air, that, if he grew pale, it could not be visible; and he heard his voice sound careless and indolent, though all the while his heart seemed to stand still, and his very soul leaped into his eyes, in its eagerness to study once more this beautiful dangerous creature.

Miss Annesley answered his inquiries, and talked pleasantly for a few moments, evidently prepared to be friendly. This roused Bolt to wrath. Did she mean to ignore her work? He asked himself this with absurd inconsistency, since he would have been furious if he had thought that, by word or glance, he had given her cause to triumph. He grew more careless and indolent; drawled as if he had been a young Englishman; and managed to say a number of disagreeable things very successfully. The reward he got was to have Miss Annesley take the first opportunity to turn away, and from that moment she was so engrossed that she appeared totally oblivious of his presence.

Winthrop was thus left to talk to Mrs. Mowbray and the others. He wished them all in Hades. He glanced now and then at the beautiful girl, who sat calm and unconscious of his propinquity; glanced at her, with an insane longing in his soul to seize her in his arms and spring into the water, and so end everything. He heard somebody, at last, exclaim:

"Drake knows. Miss Annesley, what have you done with him?"

"Nothing," she answered. "I think he went over to the café, to order dinner."

Then Bolt heard Mrs. Mowbray say in his ear:

"You know Drake is engaged to—"

"Oh, I know all about it," interrupted he, and he made hasty adieus, pleading his engagement as a reason for refusing to join the party. He departed in such haste, that Mrs. Mowbray was piqued, and said, after he had gone:

"What a bear he has grown!" And nobody disputed her.

However, that lady's chagrin was slight, compared to the wrath of the men whom Winthrop had promised to meet. They waited dinner nearly an hour, but he did not appear: for he had rushed off, hailed the first fiacre he saw, and driven back to Paris at a frantic pace, capable of only one determination: to get beyond reach of Clare Annesley with all possible speed.

He would not even stop over-night in the city which held her. He would accept an invitation he had received to join some friends at their villa near Cowes; would go to Havre that evening; would take the next-day's steamer for Southampton.

He never remembered his dinner-engagement till he reached Rouen. A delay there of twenty minutes enabled him to repair his rudeness, so far as a telegram of regrets and other falsehoods could do it; and, after midnight, he went to bed, in sea-stained old Havre, so completely worn out by passion and pain that he slept in a deep dreamless fashion, to which he had been a stranger for many weeks.

The next mornig, Bolt halted between two opinions. He had wakened too late to catch the early boat, and had to wait for an ocean-steamer which would touch at Cowes. The idea of joining his friends did not press upon him in the least; they were men he cared very little about; the plan for making one of their number had only been

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evolved by that mad desire to get away somewhere, born of the suffering and wrath which the sight of Clare Annesley had roused.

It was ten o'clock before Bolt got out-of-doors. The steamer, he heard, would not sail till four in the afternoon. So he should have time to make up his mind. His only reason for not deciding definitely to relinquish the trip was that he did not know in what direction to turn his steps; and again he anathematized the land-company and its agent, for depriving him of a journey with an object.

About noon, he met Tom Fielding and a couple of other young Americans whom he knew well; and, as they had been doomed to each other's society for the last ten days, cruising about on Tom's yacht, Winthrop, always a favorite, was hailed with joy, and informed that he was a prisoner.

"You must join us for a week," Tom said. "If you don't go peaceably, we'll swear you're an escaped convict, and have the police carry you aboard."

"Then I may as well give in," Winthrop replied. "But might I, at least, ask where you are bound?"

"Oh, anywhere—"

"New Zealand—North Pole, if you like," put in the others.

"Only, first, there are some repairs to be done on the yacht," Fielding explained. "I'll tell you what: we will all run over to Trouville. My mother is there, and I must go and see her, anyway. The rest of you may as well come. We'll have the yacht brought round when she's ready."

Before the short journey ended, Winthrop was in a dozen different minds, as to whether he was glad or sorry that he had allowed himself to be picked up by his friends. However, as he rushed into his wildest spirits, just from sheer desperation, they congratulated themselves on the encounter, voting him better company than ever. The gay watering-place was crowded with visitors from every nation under the sun. Half the population of Paris, native and foreign, seemed to be gathered there. Of course, Winthrop, to whom the capital had been home for several years, found numerous acquaintances, and vowed to his soul that it and he should enjoy the gayeties, in spite of any wicked siren or any aching heart.

The Casino was thronged, that evening; and Bolt, after an hour's flirtation with a Russian countess, assured himself that he was enjoying the whole thing immensely, when suddenly, as he and Tom Fielding were talking for a few moments over a cigarette, the latter said:

"Why, I didn't know she was here!"

"Who?" demanded Winthrop, looking in every direction but the right one.

"Come on. I'll introduce you. It's Miss Annesley," said Fielding, in the tone of a man conferring a great favor.

"I know her quite well enough," said Bolt, turning his back and walking off, before he had time to reflect what annoying suspicions he might rouse in Tom's mind.

While wandering about through the crowd, afraid yet eager to catch a glimpse of the woman, telling himself that he only stopped because he did not choose to run away, he strayed up to a knot of acquaintances, and heard a lady say, without any audible leave having been asked:

"Miss Annesley, let me introduce Mr. Winthrop."

Bolt bowed without lifting his eyes.

"Oh, Mr. Winthrop, is it?" cried a strange voice. "But, dear me, I like people to look at me when they are introduced!" With a gay laugh.

Bolt started, and stared. He saw before him a dazzling little fairy, in a bewitching costume, with just sufficient resemblance, in face, air, and voice, to the other Miss Annesley, to make it comprehensible.

The lady divined his perplexity at once, and said gayly: "Yes, I am Miss Annesley—Maud, though, not Clare!"

"Why—why—I never knew she had a sister," stammered Bolt, and could get no further.

"No, she has no sister; but she has the bliss to own me as cousin. How glad I am to meet you! Oh, do walk this way: I have forty things to tell you," cried the fairy, and, as soon as they were out of earshot of their friends, she added: "I feel as if I knew you. Clare wrote me all about you, when you were in Siena. Now do me a great favor—will you?"

"Of course," Bolt said, still too bewildered to think coherently.

"None of these men know I'm engaged. I'm sure Clare told you," she proceeded, "and Mr. Drake is coming very soon. Now promise you'll not betray me. I want to surprise them."

"You—you are engaged to Mr. Drake?"

"Why, yes. For heaven's sake, don't shout so! The whole room will hear. Didn't Clare tell you?"

"No, no; and I thought it was she!"

Ten minutes later, in spite of himself, Winthrop had told the fascinating creature his whole story. She was one, by the bye, who would have wheedled a secret out of Merlin. She listened with mingled amusement and sympathy.

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"Now I understand why Clare decided that you were capricious and impossible," said Maud; "and, after that, stopped mentioning you; and snubbed me when I wrote to know if you had turned up again. Why, where are you going?" For Bolt had suddenly started to his feet.

"To Paris—to see her—"

"Which you couldn't well manage, to-night; and she leaves Paris early in the morning," said Maud, with a mocking laugh. "What you have to do is to stop here, and help me in a little game I've on hand. Nobody ever refuses me. If you don't stay, I'll not give you Clare's address, and you can't find it."

"How long must I wait?"

"Come to our villa, to-morrow, at noon; and, if you promise what I want, I'll tell you where she is. Is it agreed?"

Of course he consented, and gladly enough. She added: "Now, ask me to dance; and oh, do please to look adoring; you are a new man, and it will worry a couple of the others so delightfully!"

Winthrop spent another sleepless night, but of a different sort from those he had so often endured of late. How he reviled his own folly, and execrated his friend, Mrs. Storms, for her blunder in regard to the two cousins. And Clare must detest and despise him—oh, would the morning never come?

Half an hour before the appointed time, Winthrop was at the villa. He was shown into a room where Miss Maud sat. She cordially welcomed him. Then the door opened, and the room went round with Bolt; for a radiant vision appeared, clad in white, and Maud called:

"Oh, Clare, I forgot to tell you I met Mr. Winthrop." Here that gentleman received a cool greeting from Miss Clare, which he returned in a state of pitiable confusion, while the wicked cousin hurried on: "Oh, Clare, dear, it is too good! He thought it was you who were engaged to my unfortunate Howard, and—oh, bless us and save us, there's auntie calling! The telegram must have come from Howard. Excuse me, Mr. Winthrop."

Off she ran, and they were alone.

"Now you understand why I went mad, and rushed away from Siena," cried Bolt, abruptly. "I've been mad ever since. Clare, Clare, I love you—didn't you see it?"

"Was I to take your running off, without even saying good-bye, as a proof?" she asked, looking steadily at him, though she had grown very pale.

"And—and did you care?"

"Enough, at least, to be glad of this explanation," she answered, with a heavenly smile; and then, of course, they went up to Paradise immediately; and there they stayed till the wicked cousin brought them out by appearing, in her will-o'-the-wisp fashion, and exclaiming:

"Auntie wants you, Clare! Oh, Mr. Winthrop, still here? Well, we'll give you some luncheon, presently. Have you forgiven me? You've played my little game very nicely!"

Here she began to laugh, and Bolt shook her two hands till she cried for mercy. Then she kissed Clare and said:

"I'm so glad. I've come out in a new character: that of the peace-maker. And oh, Howard Drake is coming, to-morrow; and I mean to be so good, in future. Auntie has just told of the engagement; and, if you'd seen those men's faces! But it's all over—I'm reformed. Come and see auntie, Mr. Winthrop, before you go; don't hurry—aunts and luncheon are born to wait."

Away she ran again, and the ivory doors opened anew. And, in due time, Winthrop married Miss Annesley, but not the wicked one: no, his own "SNOWFLAKES."

WASEPI.

BY MARY A. LEONARD.

We rowed, at twilight, down the dusky lake;
From west to east we rowed;
Around, the marsh-land, brown with bush and brake,
A fleecy fog-line showed.

The water-oaks along the shore were drawn
Clear-foliaged in the pool;
The little hills, the woods, the osier-lawn,
Were sketched in outlines cool.

Far up the stirless flood, soft bands of light
Lay 'neath the afterglow;
One half forgot the sky, so strangely bright
The waters were below.

So brightly, down its long encrystaled fall,
The flood had glassed the air,
We fancied that the city's jeweled wall
Had cast its shadow there.

Across the waters, like a track of steam,
Struck by the oar's quick force,
Long foamy surges slantwise swept the gleam,
And marked our onward course.

And still we rowed, and still across the blue
Followed that wake of white,
Till lake and heaven showed but one pale hue—
The leaden hue of night.

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UNDER A CLOUD.

BY LUCY H. HOOPER.

"WHO are they? Why, Colonel Beresford, of the English army, to be sure, and his daughter, Grace. Yes, he is good-looking. Not handsome, as some people call him—"

"I think, myself, that he is very handsome," interrupted that prettiest of all pretty young widows, Mrs. Vyning.

"Hm-m-m!" Mrs. Hawkins settled herself back in her deep easy-chair, with a prolonged murmur of doubt, best expressed by the above combination of letters. "Miss Beresford is a charming girl, certainly, and she knows how to dress herself, which is more than can be said of nine-tenths of her countrywomen. I remember, when I used to go to the receptions of the Principessa Papagallo, in Rome, in the year—"

"But about Colonel Beresford?" broke in Miss Lillie Fisher, who, being just eighteen, and a "rosebud" of that year, had not the fear of Mrs. Hawkins before her eyes. For Mrs. Hawkins, being a widow of blue blood, and advanced years, and large fortune, one who had traveled for many consecutive seasons in Europe, and who knew everything and everybody worth knowing in both hemispheres, was a power in the land at the Hygeia Hotel, the most exclusive and aristocratic of all the great caravansaries of the noted seaside resort known as Oceanville.

The party surrounding Mrs. Hawkins, that morning, had all been much exercised respecting the identity and antecedents of a pair then promenading the long wide portico and enjoying the cool sea-breezes. Father and daughter were they, if one might judge by the likeness between them. The gentleman was tall, erect, and military-looking, with noble features, a melancholy expression, and dark closely-cut hair profusely tinged with silver, as was also the heavy mustache that drooped above his resolute-looking finely-cut mouth. His daughter was a thorough type of English loveliness: slender and shapely, with a complexion of cream and roses, great azure eyes, and a mass of pale-golden hair coiled into a compact mass at the back of her small well-formed head. Nothing could well have been more unlike than the blonde beauty of the daughter and the dusky complexion of the father, yet they resembled each other strongly, though less in feature and coloring than in certain tricks of movement and details of expression.

Two weeks before, this striking-looking pair, about which Mrs. Hawkins's friends were so curious, had arrived at the hotel. Now, the Hygeia was essentially a sociable house. Everybody who was an habitual guest there prided himself or herself on being on speaking terms, at least, with nine-tenths of the other boarders. So the advent of a couple of strangers in the midst of the happy Hygeian family called forth twice the attention that it would have done at any other hotel in the place. The Beresfords might have summered, for instance, at the Belgravian, as the rival hostelry was called, without being so much as noticed, amid the constant and ever-varying throng that filled its vast parlors and sumptuous chambers. But, at the Hygeia, foreign visitors were rare, especially those who came apparently without letters of introduction to any of the habitués or without previous acquaintance. Hence the Colonel and his daughter had been left pretty much to themselves, and had bathed, and promenaded, gone out driving, and read novels and magazines in serene unconsciousness that they were rapidly becoming something of a puzzle to their fellow-boarders. Where did they come from? Why had they selected the Hygeia as a place in which to spend the summer? Whom did they know? In fact, to sum up all, who were they? These questions, asked over and over again, failed to receive a satisfactory answer. And it was not till Mrs. Hawkins, who, scared by the cholera in Europe, had given up all thoughts of summering at Hamburg, with a week at St. Moritz and a fortnight or so at Vichy, had relinquished her state-room on the Normandie, and made her appearance in the drawing-room of the Hygeia, that any solution of the mystery became possible. For no sooner did she set eyes on the stately soldier and his charming daughter than she rushed forward to greet them, with effusive exclamations of "Dear Colonel Beresford!" and "My sweet Grace!" and "How is Lord Troylands?" and "Has the Bishop quite recovered from his gout?" in all the genial and gracious fashion for which she was so famous. Naturally, the very next morning, as soon as the doors of the breakfast-room were definitely closed against the latest of the late-comers, an eager group gathered around Mrs. Hawkins in the drawing-room, and a dozen

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voices implored her to "tell us all about the Beresfords."

"There is a story about them, I am sure," said Lillie Fisher, establishing herself cozily on a stool beside the rocking-chair of Mrs. Hawkins. "Now, do be very good, and tell it to us at once."

"Well, there is a story—and a very romantic one at that. Hugh Beresford belongs to one of the best families in England. He is cousin to Lord Troylands and to the Bishop of Chichester; and when, eighteen years ago, he married Marcia Lascelles, Sir Henry Lascelles's second daughter, they were said to be the handsomest bride and bridegroom of the season. She was immensely intellectual, and a woman of great force of character. Not in the least like her daughter Grace: being of a severe and statuesque style of beauty. People used to call her cold and heartless; but, so far as her husband was concerned, she was anything else. I do believe she literally worshiped him. She accompanied him wherever she could, when his regiment was ordered on active service. She had been twice to India with him, and was preparing to start again, when an order came for him to go on a special mission to Russia. This was some six or seven years ago. Grace, I know, was still a child then, and was at school on the Isle of Wight. What the English Government wanted the Colonel to do in Russia, I could never quite make out. It was something about the frontier or the road to its Indian possessions. At all events, he went there, and his wife went with him: and she never came back."

"Why, what became of her?" chorused half a dozen eager voices.

"Ah, that is what nobody has ever been able to find out. She accompanied the Colonel on a journey to the interior of the country; and he returned to St. Petersburg without her, looking dreadfully ill and broken-down. My old friend—Walter Mannering, of the British Legation there—told me he never saw such a wreck of a man in his life. When the Colonel went back to England, he found that strange rumors respecting the disappearance of Mrs. Beresford had preceded him; and he has been living under a cloud ever since. They say he had a fearful scene with old Sir Henry Lascelles when they first met. At all events, the mystery of Marcia Beresford's fate has not been cleared up, from that day to this."

"But what do you think became of her? Did he murder her?" asked Kitty Wilmerding, one of the listeners.

"Why should he murder her? What good would that have done him? They were as devoted to each other as a husband and wife could possibly be. They say that he declares he was attacked by the Russian plague, and was delirious for days, and that, when he came to himself, his wife had disappeared. But that is an odd story, and hardly credible: for, surely, someone would have seen her go, or known what became of her. People are not to be smuggled out of the way, like that, without leaving any trace behind. But, for my part, I have always believed Colonel Beresford to be innocent of any act of wrong-doing or violence toward his wife. We are great friends, and I think the world of that dear pretty little daughter of his: who will be a great heiress, by the way, as she inherited all the large fortune that was left to her mother by Sir Henry Lascelles's brother, the famous banker. Still, there is no denying the fact that the Colonel is under a cloud."

"And very unjustly, I think," said Mrs. Vyning, warmly. "It is impossible to look at that dignified melancholy soldier and imagine him capable of a crime. I am sure we ought to try to make his visit, and that of his daughter, to Oceanville, as pleasant as possible, and we should not suffer ourselves to be swayed by any absurd rumors."

It was characteristic of Henrietta Vyning's nature that whatsoever she set her hand to do, that did she with all her might. Left wholly unfettered and irresponsible at the age of twenty-five—some three years before—she had, after a brief and by no means encouraging experience of matrimony, started out anew in social life to enjoy all the privileges attached to her beauty, her position, and her large fortune. She was warm-hearted, generous, and impulsive; and, if she occasionally got herself into scrapes by reason of these qualities, she as often made friends for herself, and worked out much good, besides, for her fellow-creatures. And so, in the plenitude of her sympathy and kind-heartedness, she devoted herself energetically to her self-imposed task of making things pleasant at Oceanville for the Beresfords. Her efforts were not unavailing. Grace Beresford was speedily captivated by the beauty and winning ways of her new friend, and lent herself gladly to all the charming plans that Mrs. Vyning formed for her amusement. Even the Colonel's dark melancholy countenance lost something of its reserve and sadness, under the sunshine of the fair widow's brightness.

In a little while, the sweet young English girl and her high-bred intellectual father were noted as the great social successes of the season at the Hygeia Hotel.

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It would have been rather strange if Grace Beresford, in the right of her beauty and her heiresship, had not become the object of more than one serious love-affair. The season, indeed, was not half over, before it was generally understood that two suitors for the young lady's hand had presented themselves, and were laying siege in due form to her affections, each after a different fashion. One of these, and perhaps the more assiduous, was a Polish nobleman, by name Count Marzinski: a showy, handsome, dissipated-looking fellow, who was evidently heartily disliked by Colonel Beresford, and feared by his daughter. Yet the stately reserved Englishman treated this obnoxious pretender to his daughter's hand with a degree of deference that was altogether inexplicable. It was apparently by her father's orders that Miss Beresford accepted his attentions with any degree of civility; yet she would permit him to escort her in her drives, would walk with him, or dance with him, to the exclusion of other and more congenial gentlemen; and, in fact, though she shrank from him, did more than merely tolerate his presence. What mystery was here?

Her other wooer was of a very different stamp. Mark Anson was the very type of a roving adventurous American. Though not yet thirty, he had made and lost two fortunes, and was rapidly amassing a third. He had traveled over half of the world, had acted as special correspondent for a dozen American journals, had been half frozen in Siberia, and nearly scorched to death in Africa, had been implicated in Nihilist conspiracies and German Socialistic plots, had been proscribed by Bismarck, and hunted out of Russia by the Imperial authorities. He was not given to talking about his adventures or exploits, being a singularly quiet reticent personage. Tall and straight, with keen blue eyes and handsome features, he was in all respects a fine-looking and attractive man. And such was apparently the opinion of Grace Beresford, despite the reluctant toleration which she accorded to the addresses of the Polish count.

Mr. Anson, meantime, seemed in no wise distressed or annoyed by the rivalry of Marzinski, but kept quietly in the background, with the air of one who is biding his time, except when he interfered, as he did occasionally, to protect Miss Beresford from any too vehement demonstration of affection on the part of her tifled suitor. And these demonstrations were not infrequent, for Marzinski was by no means free from the proverbial defect of his race. There is a French saying, "As drunk as a Pole," and assuredly his countship might have sat as a model for that traditionary personage. His score at the bar of the Hygeia was of the longest, and yet it took a great deal of drink to affect his head. Sometimes, however, late in the evening, when he had imbibed an unusually large quantity, he would throw out mysterious hints respecting Colonel Beresford and how he had that gentleman in his power.

One evening, this state of affairs came to a crisis. It had been a hot August day, without a breath of sea-breeze, and Marzinski's consumption of iced mint-juleps, sherry-cobblers, and more simple potations of brandy and water had been unusually heavy. Moreover, he had invited Miss Beresford to take a drive with him that afternoon, and she had sent him a civil refusal, saying that her head ached and that she dared not venture out in the heat. He had been insolent enough to forward to her a second and peremptory message, commanding, rather than requesting, her to accompany him, and had received in reply a few lines from the Colonel. The contents of this last missive he had imparted to no one; but they had evidently exasperated him greatly. He was not a pleasant object to look upon, with his naturally florid complexion deepened to an unwholesome crimson, his black hair pushed back in disheveled masses from his forehead, and his thick mustache imperfectly hiding his coarse evil-looking mouth. He talked, and stormed, and vapored about the Beresfords as he had never done before.

Some of the gentlemen who were present tried to silence him, but he had got past all check or warning.

"I tell you," he shouted, "I could marry Grace Beresford to-night, if I chose, and I mean to marry her before the month is out. That old sneak of a father of hers—he knows what I know—and he does not dare to deny me his daughter's hand. It is not for nothing that he is living under a cloud. I have only to say to him: 'If you do not give me your daughter, I shall reveal all that I know about—about—' Never mind what: and I shall be his son-in-law within the week. I tell you—"

"And I tell you that you lie," said a deep-toned voice in the background; and Colonel Beresford came slowly into the circle of radiance formed by the solitary gaslight.

The Pole paused in his drunken harangue, and stared at the Colonel stupidly. Gravely and calmly, the latter continued: "I have suffered this to go on too long, Marzinski. As long as you asked for money merely, I was weak enough to yield to your demands. But never upon earth shall you become the husband of my

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daughter. Even if she loved you, I would rather see her laid in her coffin, than given over to the tender mercies of such a brute as you. But she loathes you, as you deserve to be loathed, and henceforward she shall be freed even from the persecution of your attentions. My mind is made up. Do your worst. I shall make no farther effort to suppress your revelations."

The shock produced by the Colonel's entrance, and by his brief decisive words, seemed to sober Marzinski in an instant. He looked his antagonist full in the face, with a serpent-like glitter in his black eyes.

"So you dare me to do my worst, do you?" he said, at length. "My worst shall be done, and that at once. Gentlemen, come to the drawing-room, if you please. And the ladies: summon the ladies. I am especially anxious for the presence of Mrs. Vyning and of Mr. Anson. Come, come, all of you. I have a story to tell, and such a story! It will be a better entertainment than the tableaux that we had there last week. Follow me. To the drawing-room—to the drawing-room!"

His loud imperious tones rang through the hall, and, five minutes later, he stood beside the centre-table, in the main drawing-room of the hotel, the central figure in a large and ever-increasing throng. At one side, stood Colonel Beresford: erect, impassive, but deadly pale. Mrs. Vyning involuntarily drew near to him, with a glance of sympathy; and Grace came shyly to the side of the kindly young widow, who threw one arm around the girl's shrinking form, as if to sustain her for the coming trial. All the guests in the house were assembled there, as though to listen to a lecture or a sermon, and all were more or less possessed by an eager curiosity, which was betrayed in most cases by either glance or gesture. Mark Anson alone remained quietly seated, on a sofa in a distant part of the room, and seemed to be wholly uninterested in what was going on.

Marzinski had entirely recovered from the state of partial intoxication in which he had been plunged at the beginning of the evening. The flush had left his face, leaving it of an unwholesome greenish pallor, and his eyes sparkled with a malignant lustre. After a brief pause, during which he surveyed the persons present, and noted that not one of the prominent or influential guests of the hotel was absent, he commenced his narrative, in a high ringing tone that was audible to the farthest corner of the large apartment.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began, "it is my purpose to reveal to you what manner of man it is with whom you have been consorting of late, in the person of Colonel Hugh Beresford, here present. Hitherto, old friendship, and perhaps a warmer feeling for a member of his family, have kept me silent. I have preserved that silence too long unbroken. It is broken at last. I denounce that man as the murderer of his wife, Marcia Lascelles Beresford, and that in the cruelest and most cowardly manner that ever death was dealt by a strong man to a loving and confiding woman!"

There was a universal cry of horror from his hearers. Grace shivered and burst into tears, hiding her face upon the shoulders of Mrs. Vyning, who soothed her tenderly with whispered words and fond caresses. Only the Colonel himself remained apparently unmoved, though his bronzed cheek became a shade paler.

"When this man has ended his story," he said, in a calm tone, "I shall speak; but not till then."

Mrs Vyning turned to him and held out her hand, with a world of generous confidence looking from her brilliant eyes. He took it, and held it for a moment with a lingering pressure. Marzinski continued, with a baleful glance at them both:

"Six years ago, I was traveling in Russia, upon private business of my own. The winter set in unusually early, and a series of snow-storms greatly impeded my progress. It was necessary that I should reach the village of Ifna, situated amidst the northern plains, by a certain date. No communication was possible with this town except by means of sledges, as the nearest railway-station was fully thirty miles distant, and the road lay partly over the plains and partly through vast tracts of pine-forests, the latter being especially dangerous, during the winter, as being infested by packs of savage wolves. It was not, therefore, till late in the spring that I arrived at Ifna. I found the chief of the solitary inn and post-house of the village in a great state of excitement. Something had just happened—a dreadful crime had just been revealed through the melting of the snow. Early in the past winter—just before the first heavy snowfall, in fact—an English gentleman and his wife had arrived at Ifna, on their way to the nearest railway-station, at the town of Wilski. The proprietor of the post-house had begged of them to postpone their journey till better weather should set in—or, at least, till a proper escort for their sledge could be procured: for the wolves were abroad in the forests, and might possibly attack their party were they to start out alone, with only their driver. The gentleman, however, insisted upon setting out; so a sledge and horses were placed at his disposal, and their best driver—Ivan—was appointed to drive them.

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"But, for some reason," he went on, after a pause, "Ivan was left behind—the gentleman seemed anxious to drive the sledge himself. The party set out, and the sledge and horses were left at the principal inn, at Wilski, to be duly returned to their owner. The Englishman made his appearance in St. Petersburg some weeks later. But, of his wife, nothing more was ever heard. What had become of her? Whither had she vanished, during that lonely dangerous drive across the plains and through the forests? That question I am now prepared to answer. In the following spring, the date at which I visited Ifna, the melting snow had revealed, in the heart of the pine-forest, the remains of a human body, mangled by the cruel teeth of the wolves. Some remnants of clothing, a gold locket bearing the monogram of "M. L. B.," and containing the Colonel's portrait, and a bracelet, set with a cameo likeness of Miss Beresford, were among the objects discovered near these poor remnants of humanity. I purchased the trinkets and the fragments of stuff, and now have them in my possession. They prove to me—and, in fact, to any dispassionate mind—that Mrs. Beresford met her death at her husband's hands; that, upon the sledge being attacked by the wolves, he sacrificed her life to save his own, and gave her up as a prey to the ferocious beasts that were pursuing them."

A cry of horror burst from the lips of Grace Beresford, as he spoke, and she sank fainting upon the floor. But, without heeding her condition by more than a pained and pitying glance, Colonel Beresford turned toward the assembly.

"What that villain has stated," he said, in a firm voice, "is substantially correct. It is true that my wife and I arrived at Ifna at the period mentioned; true, also, that we left the village almost immediately—in defiance, probably, of the postmaster's advice and warning. But it is not true that the departure took place by my directions. When we reached Ifna, I was well-nigh in a dying condition, and was totally insensible. I had been attacked with a malady a few days previous, and my illness proved to be the Siberian plague. It was to procure for me, in my extreme suffering and danger, the benefits of good medical attendance, that my dear wife undertook the journey that ended so fatally. As to what occurred on that journey, I know nothing. I was in a profound stupor when we reached Ifna, and I only regained my senses three days later, under the care of an English physician at the town of Wilski. I knew nothing of the substitution of another driver for the sledge, in the place of the one engaged; nothing concerning Marcia's fate; nothing, in fact, that had transpired during those three terrible days. I made my way back with extreme difficulty and danger to Ifna, as soon as I was able to travel. There I learned that Ivan, the sledge-driver, had been bribed to give up his place and his papers to some unknown person. This man it was who had placed me under the doctor's care at Wilski, and had provided for the return of the sledge to its rightful owner. I have never been able to trace him, though I have twice visited Russia for that purpose. He alone can prove my innocence of the horrible charge brought against me. He only can tell the truth respecting the fate of my beloved and noble wife. Until he is found—and I now despair of ever finding him—I have nothing to bring, in disproof of that scoundrel's assertion, but my own word."

"And that, for me, Colonel, is all-sufficient," promptly said generous Mrs. Vyning. Grace, too, revived from her swoon, crept close to her father's side, and took his hand. Marzinski looked around with a triumphant glance.

"You assert your innocence boldly, Colonel," he cried. "But who can prove it? Where is your witness?"

"Here!"

The word rang like a trumpet-note through the crowded room, as Mark Anson, up to that moment a silent spectator of the proceedings, rose from his seat and advanced into the centre of the room.

With head erect, and flashing eyes, he confronted Marzinski, who merely shrugged his shoulders and said, with a sneer:

"And pray, what do you know about the matter, Mr. Anson?"

"Everything. I was the man who drove the sledge."

A murmur of amazement ran through the crowd. Colonel Beresford came forward, his customary impassiveness gone, his whole face quivering with eagerness.

"My wife—my Marcia!" he cried. "Tell me of her. Did she indeed perish by the fangs of the wolves?"

"She did not, Colonel Beresford; she died a heroine, but not a martyr. But I have a dreadful story to relate, though one that proves your innocence and the truth of every word that you have uttered. Shall I tell it now, or reserve it for a more private communication?"

"Now and here. As my accusation was public, so should be the defense."

"You are right. To begin, then, at the beginning. I had arrived at Ifna a few days before Mrs. Beresford and yourself. I was a fugitive from the police of Russia—a political offender, in

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fact—for my investigations as a journalist into the origin and spread of Nihilism had led to my being accused of complicity in one of the newly-discovered conspiracies. My share in the matter, however, had been limited to helping the escape of two of the suspected parties; but that was sufficient to bring me within the clutches of the Imperial law. Now, what I dreaded above all things was to be arrested at some point where there were no American officials to whom I could appeal. Once within reach of the protecting shadow of the Stars and Stripes, I knew I could obtain a stay of proceedings sufficiently long to prove my innocence of any serious breach of the law; but were I taken in the remote district in which I then chanced to find myself, I shuddered to think what my possible fate might be before efficient aid could reach me. By the help of the secret societies wherewith my friends were affiliated, I had managed to make my way to Ifna; but there all succor had failed me, and I found it impossible to continue my journey without the help of certain papers whose purport I will not stop now to explain. While in this dilemma, I heard of the arrival at the post-house of a party of English travelers. I hastened thither and found you there, Colonel, in an insensible and apparently dying condition, watched over with tenderest solicitude by your devoted wife. I took Mrs. Beresford into my confidence. She it was who suggested the scheme of bribing the coachman, Ivan, and of my disguising myself to personate him, all of which was faithfully carried out.

"Count Marzinski speaks falsely," he went on, "when he says that the postmaster of Ifna and his wife tried to dissuade us from attempting to reach Wilski. On the contrary, they urged our departure; they said not one word concerning the dangers of the route. They described the road as lying plain and straight before us, and they said nothing respecting the cold or the wolves. Doubtless the large sum of money offered for the hire of the sledge, by Mrs. Beresford, kept their lips sealed; but I doubt, even had they told us the whole truth, if she would have listened, so anxious was she to secure proper medical attendance for her beloved invalid.

"We set out; and, for the first ten miles, our journey was a pleasant and an uneventful one. Then, suddenly, as we were passing through the first of the pine-forests that diversified our route, the long hoarse howling of the wolves broke upon our ears. No, Colonel—no, Miss Beresford—I am not going to linger over this portion of my story. No details are needed. Suffice it to say that the sledge was first followed, then caught up with, and lastly surrounded by a pack of fierce hungry beasts, their gray coats shining dark against the snow, their white teeth and cruel eyes glistening in the moonlight. Our horses, driven almost wild with terror, flew madly over the frozen snow; but the wolves gained on us—were at last close at hand. It was then that Mrs. Beresford spoke.

"'What is to be the end of this, Mr. Anson?' she asked, in a voice calm and firm as though she were seated in her own boudoir.

"'There is but one end possible,' I made answer, never turning my head, for it took all my strength and skill to control the affrighted horses. 'We shall go on till the horses are attacked and pulled down, and then will come our own turn. This is death, Mrs. Beresford—terrible, appalling, and certain—that is upon us, and all we have to do is to meet it bravely.'

"'And there is no hope?'

"'None whatever. In a very short time, the strength of the horses will fail; or some wolf, more adroit or daring than his fellows, will succeed in inflicting a mortal wound upon one of them. The sledge once stopped, all is over. If we had a store of provisions—something to check their advance for a little while—we might gain ground on them sufficiently to distance them at last. But we have nothing of the kind.

"'Give me your knife, then.' She bent over me, and drew out the long knife which, in my disguise as a Russian driver, I wore thrust into my sash. 'I will not fall alive into the power of those howling fiends!'

"Even then, I did not suspect her real purpose. Her words and manner deceived me, as she intended they should. There was, however, silence for a few moments. Then, suddenly anxious, I glanced behind me. Mrs. Beresford was kneeling at your side, Colonel, and I saw her kiss your brow. 'For your sake, my darling! my darling!' she murmured. Then she took a note-book from her bosom, and began to pencil a few lines. At that moment, the wolves swept up to the sledge, with an outburst of fiercer howls than ever; and the terrified horses, driven almost to madness, plunged so that my best skill was taxed to keep the sledge from overturning. All at once, the hungry pack swerved, and seemed to halt. Surprised, I looked back. Mrs. Beresford was no longer there; the wolves had paused behind us, and were silent—"

A shudder of horror ran through the assemblage. But no sound was audible save the sobbing of Grace Beresford and her father's heavy breathing. Mark Anson continued:

"Yes, she had given her life, to save that of her husband—of him whom she loved more than

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her life. We reached Wilski in safety, and the Colonel's story is true in every particular."

Marzinski burst into a sneering laugh.

"You are a good narrator, Mr. Anson; but your story fails to hold water at several points. Why have you not spoken before? Why did you leave the Colonel, all these years, under the suspicion of having caused his wife's death? And, above all, what proof have you that your tale is a true one? Who can bear witness to prove that you are not, yourself, the murderer of Mrs. Beresford, or that you and her husband were not accomplices in her death? The wolves cannot testify in your favor," with another sneer, "it seems to me."

"Not the wolves, Count, but the dead. Here is my witness."

He took from his breast-pocket, as he spoke, a note-book, bound in ivory, and held it up before the assemblage.

"Miss Beresford—Colonel," he said, "do you recognize this note-book?"

It was easy to identify the pretty carved toy, with a spray of lilies-of-the-valley wrought in high relief on one side of the cover, and the initials "M. L. B." entwined in a monogram upon the other.

"Now look again." He opened the book, and displayed one of the pages covered with close writing. "Miss Beresford, can you recognize this handwriting?"

"Oh, yes! yes!" cried Grace; "that is the writing of my dear mother."

"Before the sudden catastrophe of that fearful journey, just after I had seen Mrs. Beresford engaged in penciling these hurried lines, she must have thrust this note-book into a pocket of my caftan: for, when I reached Wilski, I found the note-book there, and this is what I read then, and read to you now:

"'It were better that one of us should perish than that we should all three be lost. I dedicate my life, as a sacrifice, to redeem that of my husband. Fear nothing for me. My heart is calm, and my hand is sure, and the knife is sharp and certain. I shall not fall alive into the power of the wolves. Take good care of Hugh. And, as you respect the wishes of one about to die, never let him know that I died to save his life.'"

He looked upward, as he spoke, as if addressing some unseen spirit in heaven.

"Pardon me, departed saint," he said, "if I have disobeyed your last behests. It was to save your husband's honor."

Something very like a cheer broke from most of the gentlemen present. Marzinski had already stolen from the room. Colonel Beresford came forward, and, taking the note-book from Mark Anson's hands, he hid it next his heart. Then he turned to the young man, with a sudden sparkle in his grave deep eyes.

"I have no son, Mark Anson," he said; "will you be as a son unto me henceforward?"

The strong man, thus addressed, blushed like a girl.

"If—if—" he said, and he looked at Grace, hesitatingly.

"Let her answer for herself," replied her father.

Everyone crowded around him, to shake his hand and to congratulate him on the lifting of the cloud that had so long shadowed his life; and, in the excitement of this, none of us noticed, at first, that the young couple had disappeared. Among the last to greet him, came Henrietta Vyning, trembling and tearful with the varied emotions of the hour.

"Ah, Colonel," she murmured, as she clasped his proffered hand, "what a saint your lost Marcia must have been! What an angel!"

Colonel Beresford made no spoken reply, but he bent over the hand that he held, in such a way that nobody was surprised, a few days after, to hear that he, as well as his daughter, was to be married. The sympathy of one kind heart had done what was possible to make him not forget the past, for that could never be; but to look hopefully to the future, for a share of happiness at least.

WHAT WILL THE YEARS BRING?

BY GEORGIA CLARKE.

What will the years bring, dear, to you and me?
Will seas stretch far and wide and vast between?
Will one still toil along life's rugged path,
While grass above the other's grave is green?

What will the years bring, dear, to you and me?
Will you forget me, as some others do?
Ah, friend of mine, through all the years to come,
Will you remember me, as I shall you?

Whate'er the years bring, dear, of care to me,
I pray they'll bring you only good, and naught
Of pain and sorrow, only happiness;
While now and then you'll give to me a thought.

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THE LITTLE GARDENER.

BY FANNY L. WEAVER.

KATE was the prettiest child I ever knew—a perfect little fairy—any time from four to ten years old. Her soft brown hair, her bright eyes, her sweet smile, and her vivacious chatter made her a favorite with young and old.

She was still only a mite of a child, when she came running in, one day, all out of breath. She carried her little spade in her hand, and a tiny basket, full of wild flowers, on her arm. It was one of her pretty fancies to have a garden of her own; and Aunt Deborah, with whom we lived, indulged her in it: having had set apart, for the child, a few square feet in her own great old-fashioned box-bordered garden. The delight of Kate was to go out into the fields and dig up wild flowers, which she replanted in this little plot; and, as the flowers generally died within a week, she was kept, in consequence, pretty busy.

"Oh," she cried, rushing in, "I've had such a 'venture!" She meant "adventure"—big words did not yet come natural to her, though she had quite an ambition to use them. "I was sittin' on a bank, restin', when such a handsome gentleman comes alon' and asks the way to the village; and, when I told him, he chucked me under the chin, and kissed me, and called me his 'little gardener'; and he's so handsome, that, when I grow up, I'm goin' to marry him, only I forgot to ask him his name." All this was said with the gravity with which a child, with seven years of worldly wisdom, discusses such questions.

From that day, it became quite a joke with us to call Kate "the little gardener," and tease her by asking her when she had heard from her "Prince Charming." She took it all in good part till she approached seventeen, when suddenly she began to blush if this little childish incident was referred to; and she blushed so modestly, and looked so pretty with it, that both Aunt Deborah and I teased now oftener than ever; and, when we saw advertisements in the papers, as we often did, of gardeners out of place, we told her that it was her future husband getting ready, by seeking employment near at hand.

At eighteen, Kate was more lovely still; all the neighboring bachelors raved about her; she was the belle of every picnic, fair, and party within a circuit of twenty miles. We had been living for some years at one of the prettiest North River towns; but it was hot there in summer, and so we had come up to the hills for our summer vacation, only too glad to escape for a while from the school in which both Kate and I were teachers for ten months of the year.

One morning, as we sat at the breakfast-table, Aunt Deborah said: "Now, girls, I have a proposition to make. The Foreign Missionary Society meets here, to sew, this afternoon and evening; and I'll be busy all the morning, in the kitchen, with Susan, making cake, rolls, etc. Why don't you take the buggy and old Commodore, and drive over to Saddleback Mountain, and stay there till dinner-time?"

"How perfectly lovely!" we exclaimed, and hurried through breakfast, to get ready for the expedition.

"Would you mind picking a quart or two of wild raspberries for me?" asked Aunt Deborah, just before we started. "I haven't quite enough to make a good show on the table. Everybody will take them, of course, with cream such as mine. They grow very large over there, and in great abundance."

"Oh, we shall be delighted to get them for you," we said. So she brought out two tin pails, stopping first to put a generous supply of her crisp ginger-cookies in one, for our lunch.

Saddleback Mountain was four or five miles away. A little at the left, before we reached the mountain, we saw some lovely ruins, with great clusters of ivy and patches of dark-green moss clinging to the gray stone walls. One broad, massive, spiral stairway remained almost perfect, winding up and up, as if trying to reach something; but there was nothing between the top stair and the sky. We got out of the buggy, and rambled all over the ruins.

"Doesn't it seem as if it must once have been some grand old castle, with towers, and turrets, and unexpected winding stairways leading up into mysterious secret chambers, or down into dark dungeons?" said Kate, with a day-dream look in her eyes.

"Yes," said I; "only no such things ever existed in America—at least, not out of Mexico. I think I heard Aunt Deborah say, once, that it was a flour-mill," I added, demurely.

"A flour-mill? Oh, how can you be so prosaic?" exclaimed Kate, indignantly. "I shall

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hold to my idea, in spite of your facts. At least, I shall maintain that it was once a manor-house. If we hadn't castles, we had manors." And she went on, indulging in romantic speculations about its history, till I warned her that "time and tide wait for no man," and that we had several quarts of berries to pick before noon.

Near the foot of the mountain, was a pleasant well-kept farm-house, where we asked permission to leave our steady old horse, Commodore, fastened to a tree in the shady dooryard, while we wandered a little way up the mountain. We found the luscious raspberries in great profusion, and, after picking awhile, sat down to rest and enjoy ourselves. We talked, sang scraps of songs, and lazily watched the clouds drift by, until it was time to go. Coming down into the road, on our way back, we stopped to pick a few more berries by the roadside, they looked so tempting. In a moment or two, we heard carriage-wheels, and, looking down the road, perceived a stylish phaeton, with a lady and gentleman in it, approaching rapidly.

"Oh, Margaret," cried Kate, "here come some city-people—somebody's summer-boarders. What shall we do?"

"Do?" And my sole answer was to crouch on the ground, behind some bushes, with my back to the road, where I fell to picking berries as if my life depended upon it. Kate, scorning to beat a retreat, stood out boldly in view, and bravely met her fate. We had pinned up our gingham dresses, coming down the mountain, so as to have more freedom in walking; but, notwithstanding this precaution, Kate had managed to tear hers in several places, in climbing over stone walls and brambles; so she stood there in her short torn gown, her shoes white with dust, her hair all disarranged, and her hands stained with berry-juice—a veritable little gypsy—a little, sun-browned, ragged, dusty, rustic berry-girl. She wore a big garden-hat of Aunt Deborah's, with some red bunting twisted carelessly around the crown; and, tipping it down over her eyes, she too was industriously picking berries, when the phaeton came up and stopped.

"Little girl," said a very kind and agreeable voice, "can you tell me about the ruins back here, off at the left? Is there a story belonging to them? I am a stranger in this neighborhood."

"Yes'm—ah—ah—yes, sir, I mean," replied Kate, blushing and stammering; and then, affecting a nasal tone, with some confusion of grammar, and glancing shyly at them from beneath the protection of her hat-brim, she proceeded to give them a romantic story of the ruins, which she improvised mischievously for the occasion.

"Nobody knows exactly what they was. Some thinks 'twas a flour-mill, an' others say 'twas a splendid mansion, where a wicked English lord lived, who had bad to run away from his own country, 'cause he'd killed a man in a fit of passion. He was awful cruel to his wives—a regular Bluebeard, they say: for, when he got tired of one, he'd take her down inter the cellar, by a secret stairway that led out of his own room, and that nobody knew anything about, and there he'd murder her. Then he'd get another wife, an' treat her jes' the same way. He had six, in all, before he was found out. But, one day, when he got old, he fell against the door that opened inter this secret stairway, an' tumbled down the stairs, an' broke his own neck. That's the very stairway you see standing there. And it was when they searched for him, after he was missed, and found his dead body, that they also found out about his wives. They say, on certain nights in the year, jes' as the clock strikes twelve, six ghosts, all in white, climb up those stairs; an', when they reach the top, they give an awful piercing shriek, an' then disappear; six of them, one after the other; an' blood dripping, each step they take, an' making great red stains on the stone, which stay there till sunrise."

I could not forbear peeping out from my hiding-place, to see what effect Kate's thrilling tale was having upon her listeners; for she told it with such emphasis, such a look of horror, and such apparent belief in it, that my blood almost ran cold. They both looked very much interested; but the gentleman laughed aloud, after a moment, and said:

"Oh, that is too horrible a story to belong to so beautiful a spot! I should like to believe that its true history is a pleasanter one. But we thank you very much, little girl, for your graphic tale. I shall not forget it," and he lifted his hat with a pleasant smile. The lady also bowed and smiled, and they drove on.

As soon as they came to the bend in the road, which hid them from our sight, Kate threw herself down beside me, and we laughed and laughed till we both cried.

"How could you do it, Kate?" I said. "And suppose you should meet them again, and they should recognize you? They are probably boarding up here; and the place is so small, we will very likely come upon them somewhere."

"Oh, I'll take care how I get caught picking berries in this garb again," cried Kate, ruefully regarding her dress. And then we laughed again till we were in danger of hysterics.

When we reached home, Aunt Deborah came

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out to open the gate for us, her face flushed with the morning's baking, and beaming with some unusual pleasure.

"I have news for you, girls," she said. "You know our good dear old clergyman leaves, this week, for his vacation. Well, the Rev. Philip Sunderland, who is to take his place for the next two months, arrived at the Merrills', last night. He and his sister drove by in a phaeton, this morning; and I sent over and invited them to the society-meeting."

"Drove by in a phaeton, did you say?" gasped Kate. "Did he have light hair and a blonde mustache? And was he tall and straight, and probably thirty years old? And did he carry his head like a 'monarch of all he surveyed'?"

"Yes, that sounds like him. Why shouldn't he? He's rich, they say, as well as handsome. Did you meet him?"

"I should rather think we did," said Kate, driving into the barn, her face the picture of despair.

Of course, we told Aunt Deborah the whole thing; for she certainly would have betrayed us, if she had not known. Even she had to laugh, as Kate described the scene, and repeated the story she had invented about the ruins.

"What will you do next, you madcap?" exclaimed Aunt Deborah. "Mr. Sunderland will surely find you out. And what will he think of such a harum-scarum girl? I am provoked with you," and Aunt Deborah tried to look very stern.

"I know it has a hopeless look, aunt," said Kate, demurely. "I'm eighteen, and nobody has ever fallen in love with me. However," with a merry twinkle of the eye, "you know I'm waiting for 'my gardener.' As for your Mr. Sunderland, I shall certainly shock him every hour in the day—prim precise old prig!"

"Go away, you worthless baggage, and run along and get dressed," cried Aunt Deborah, laughing. "It's 'most time for the company to come. Yes, you'll frighten Mr. Sunderland—you are always so wild. Margaret would make a much better wife for a minister."

Kate looked lovelier than ever, when she came down, in her white Swiss muslin, with a large bunch of deep-red roses in her belt. Soft brown hair; a brown skin, with a dash of red in her cheeks; beautiful brown eyes; tiny brown hands; a little brown birdie, altogether, was my cousin Kate, with her graceful flitting motions and clear sweet voice.

I watched to see the first effect of her beauty upon the Rev. Philip Sunderland, when he was introduced to her. A look of unmistakable surprise and pleasure came into his face—a look that seemed somehow like a far-away recognition, yet one that puzzled him—his thoughtful gray eyes resting upon her as if he would like never to withdraw them. He stood talking with her, for the few moments before tea was announced: a tall manly figure, with a stately carriage of the head, which was such a distinguishing trait with him; and Kate looked very demure, and quiet, and sweet, standing there beside him—though, once or twice, she glanced around at me mischievously. I had expected to see some signs of nervousness in her manner; but never had she been more cool and self-possessed.

Owing to Aunt Deborah's skillful management, I found myself seated at table with Mr. Sunderland at my right, and Kate opposite us, with a young lawyer by her side—a Mr. Carr, one of the most wide-awake witty men in the place. He and Mr. Sunderland kept all at our end of the table laughing, with their fun and stories. During a short lull in the conversation, Mr. Sunderland turned to me, and asked if I had seen those lovely ruins, over by Saddleback Mountain. My heart beat fast, and I am afraid my voice trembled perceptibly, as I answered:

"Yes, I have been to see them."

"We were there this morning," he replied; and then he repeated, with considerable merriment, Kate's wild story about the ruins. Everybody laughed heartily. Mr. Carr insisted that the girl must have made it up for the occasion, out of pure mischief; but Mr. Sunderland clung to the belief that the rustic maid was in earnest.

"She certainly believed in the 'ghost part' herself," he said. "She made that very thrilling; and, if you could have seen her eyes, when she told it, you would have known it was all real to her."

Kate listened to all this, and looked interested, and laughed in the proper places: a little additional color in her cheeks alone betraying her agitation. Later in the evening, after Kate had been singing, Mr. Sunderland approached her and said:

"Miss Hunter, I am almost positive that I have met you before. Your voice is very familiar, and yet I cannot think where I have ever seen you."

"It may be we have met before," answered Kate, turning her head on one side, and looking thoughtfully up into his face, as if she were trying hard to remember. Then, with a little laugh: "You can't think of any place where we would have been likely to meet, can you?"

"No, I can't; and that only puzzles me the more." And then some people came up to say good-night to us, and the subject dropped. Aunt

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Deborah and I agreed that Kate had a narrow escape, and that any other girl would surely have been found out.

"Margaret," Kate whispered to me, in the dark, before we went to sleep, that night, "don't tell Aunt Deborah; but don't you really think he is just a little bit nicer than anyone else we've ever seen?"

"What? Nicer than your gardener?"

"Oh, pshaw! don't tease."

"Well, then, I don't know but that he is nice—nicer than anybody I know," I answered, with a mental reservation in favor of a certain dear John, out among the Western mines, who had gone "to make his crown a pound." And I alone knew that "the crown and the pound—oh, they were baith for me."

The summer weeks passed swiftly by. We had picnics, rides, croquet-parties, excursions up the mountain, and moonlight rows upon the river. Sundays, we heard Mr. Sunderland preach his strong, eloquent, helpful sermons; and, all these weeks, there was a sweet seriousness stealing into Kate's face, as if life were teaching her a new lesson.

At last, we had only one week left, before we were to go back to our school-teaching. Aunt Deborah and I sat out on the back porch, one evening, but Kate was not with us. Mr. Sunderland had taken her out for a row on the river, in the moonlight. We talked all the evening about them. Toward ten o'clock, they returned, Kate radiant and excited. She rushed at me, as soon as she had parted from her escort at the gate, and threw her arms around me, whispering in my ear: "Oh, I am so happy! He loves me—he loves me—and I have promised to be his forever."

"What?" I cried, teasingly. "And throw over the gardener?"

But she was in no mood for jest. Her romance was too earnest for her. She burst into tears.

I begged her pardon for my levity, soothed her, and made her sit down with me by the window; and, when she was quiet, I let her tell me all she wished.

"Doesn't he know yet where it was he first met you?" I asked, after awhile.

"Yes, I told him all about it, and asked him if he wouldn't be ashamed to say that he first met his wife by the roadside, a dirty little berry-girl."

"What did he say? Wasn't he surprised?"

"He didn't say anything; only laughed as hard as he could, for about a minute, and then—then—"

"Then what?"

"Why, then he—he—just crushed me all up in his great arms, and kissed me ever so many times."

And that was the end of Kate's love-story—or, rather, the beginning of it. She and Mr. Sunderland were married, the next spring, and now my wee brown cousin presides with dignity over a large rectory in Philadelphia, and her husband acknowledges to all his friends that she is a constant help and inspiration to him in his work.

One thing remains to be told. Some months after the marriage, Aunt Deborah, one day, made a jesting allusion to Kate's "gardener," at which we all laughed. Mr. Sunderland looked puzzled, and asked the reason; on which Kate herself, though not without blushes, told her story. As she went on with it, a look of far-away recognition came to her husband's eyes—the same look which I had noticed, the night he first saw Kate; and, when she had finished, he took her in his arms, before us all, and kissed her, exclaiming:

"And she was right—just think of it!—after all. I remember the whole thing now. I was on a walking-tour, while in college, when I met a little girl by the roadside, with her spade and shovel, and asked her the way. There has always been an expression about Kate's face that I was sure I was familiar with; and this story explains it all. She hasn't been faithless, you see, to her first love; in spite of your derision, she has held true, and he has won her."

And this, my dear reader, is my true story of THE LITTLE GARDENER.

FOLDED IN.

BY GEORGIA A. PECK.

ROSEBUD swaying on parent stem,
  Half uplifting as breeze sweeps by;
Crown-jewel in summer's diadem—
  Crimson-petaled, dreamily shy,
Blossom to love's own soul akin—
Longing, I sigh for the sweets shut in.

Blushing, radiant, beautiful face,
  Tranced in the rapture of love's fond dream;
Eyes illumined with tender grace—
  Purely glowing, matchless, supreme;
Soul of my soul, my being's twin,
I faint for the fragrance the rose shuts in.

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SAMANTHA'S VISIT TO MOUNT VERNON.

BY JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE.

It was about ten o'clock A. M. when I, accompanied by Cicily and the boy, sot sail from Washington, D. C., to perform the ostensible reason of my tower—to weep on the tomb of the noble G. Washington.

My intentions had been, and wuz, to weep for him on my tower. I had come prepared. 2 linen handkerchifs, and a large cotton one, reposed in the pocket of my polenay, and I had on my new waterproof. I never do things by the ½s.

It was a beautiful seen, as we floated down the still river, to look back and see the Capitol risin', white and fair, like a dream, the glitterin' snow of the monument, and the green heights, all bathed in the glory of that perfect May mornin'. It was a fair seen.

Happy groups of people sot on the peaceful decks—stately gentlemen, handsome ladies, and pretty children. And, in one corner, off kinder by themselves, sot that band of dusky singers, whose songs have delighted the world. Modest good-lookin' dark girls, manly honest-lookin' dark boys. And, pretty soon, right there, when we was a-floatin' down the still waters, their voices riz up in one of their inspired songs. They sung about "Ninety And Nine," and "Gadderin' 'em In," and how the "Sweet Chariot Swung Low," and how they had "Been Redeemed."

And I declare for't, as I listened to 'em, there wuzn't a dry eye in my head, they sung so pathetic; and I wet every one of them 3 handkerchifs that I had calculated to mourn for G. Washington on, wet as sop. But I didn't care. I knew that George had ruther not be mourned for on dry handkerchifs, than that I should stent myself in emotions in such a time as this. And, anyway, I didn't sense what I was a-doin'—not a mite; I took out them handkerchifs entirely unbeknown to me, and put 'em back unbeknown. The words of them songs haven't got hardly any sense, as we earthly bein's count sense; there are scores of great singers whose trained voices are a hundred times more melodious; but these simple strains move us, thrill us, they jist get right inside of our hearts and souls, and take full possession of us.

Anon, or nearly at that time, a silver bell struck out a sweet sort of a mournful note, and we jist stood right in towards the shore, and disembarked from the bark.

We clumb the long hill, and stood on top with powerful emotions, but little or no breath; stood before the iron bars that guarded the tomb of George Washington, and Martha his wife.

I looked at the marble coffin that tried to hold George, and felt how vain it wuz to think that any tomb could hold him. That peaceful tree-covered hill couldn't hold his tomb. Why, it was lifted up in every land that loved freedom. The hull liberty-lovin' earth was his tomb and his monument.

And that great river, flowin' on and on at his feet—as long as that river rolls, George Washington shall float on it; it shall bear him down by the shores he loved, he and his faithful Martha; it shall bear him to the sea, and the ocean, and abroad to every land.

Oh! what feelin's I felt, as I stood there a-reveryin'; my body still, but my mind proudly soarin'. To think he was our Washington, and that time couldn't kill him! For he shall walk through the long centuries to come. He shall bear, to the high chamber of prince and ruler, memories that shall blossom into deeds, awaken souls, rouse powers that shall never die; that shall scatter blessings over lands afar, strike the fetters from slave and serf.

The hands they folded over his peaceful breast, so many years ago, are not lying there in that marble coffin; the calm blue eyes, closed so many years ago, are still lookin' into souls. Those hands lift the low walls of the poor boy's chamber, as he reads of victory over tyranny, of conquerin' discouragement and defeat.

The low walls fade away, the dusty rafters part, to admit the infinite, infinite longin's to do and dare, infinite resolves to emulate those deeds of valor and heroism. How the calm blue eyes look down into the boy's impassioned soul; how the shadowy hands beckon him upward—up the rocky heights of noble endeavor, noble deeds. How the inspiration of this life, these deeds of might and valor, nerve the young heart for future strivings for freedom, and justice, and truth.

Is it not a blessed thing to thus live on forever, in true eager hearts, to nerve the hero's arm, to inspire deeds of courage and daring? The weary body may rest, but to do this is surely not to die! No, it is to live, to be immortal, to thus

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become the beating heart, the living, struggling, daring soul of the future.

And right while I was thinkin' these thoughts, and lookin' off over the still landscape, the peaceful waters, this band of dark singers stood with reverent faces and uncovered heads, and begun singin' one of their sweetest melodies.

"He rose, he rose, he rose from the dead!"

Oh! as them inspired hantin' notes floated up through the soft listenin' air, they hanted me, walked right round inside my heart and soul, and inspired me. Why, how many emotions I did have—more'n 85 a minute, right along.

As I thought of how many times, sense the ascension of our Lord, tombs, so to say, have opened, and the dead come forth alive; how truth and justice will triumph in the end; how you can't bury 'em deep enough, or roll a stone big enough and hard enough before the door, but what in some calm mornin' the earliest watcher shall see a tall fair angel standin' where the dead has lain, bearin' the message of the risen Lord, "He rose from the dead," I thought how George W. and our other old 4 fathers thought, in the long, toilsome, weary hours before the dawnin', that fair freedom was dead. But she rose—she rose!

And then I thought of the tombs that darken our land to-day, the graves more hopeless far than them that entomb the dead. The graves where lay the livin' dead. Dead souls, bound to still breathin' bodies, dead hopes, ambitions, dead dreams of usefulness and respectability, happiness, dead purity, faith, honor—dead, all dead; all bound to the still breathin' body by the death-robes of helplessness and despair.

There they lie, chained to their dark tombs by links, slight at first, but twisted by the hard old fingers of blind habit to chains of iron; chains linked about, and eatin' into not only the quiverin' flesh, but the frenzied brains, the hopeless hearts, the ruined souls.

Heavy hopeless-looking vaults they are, indeed, whose air is foul with the sickening miasma of moral loathsomeness and disease, whose walls are painted with hideous pictures of murder, rapine, lust, starvation, woe, and despair, earthly and eternal ruin, shapes of the dreadful past, the hopeless future, that these livin' dead stare upon, with broodin' frenzy, by night and by day.

Oh, the tombs—the countless, countless tombs—where lie these breathin' corpses! How mothers weep over them; how wives kneel, and beat their hearts out, on the rocky barriers that separate them from their hearts' love, their hearts' desire; how little, starving, naked children cower in their ghostly shadows, through dark midnights; how fathers weep for their children, dead to them, dead to honor, to shame, to humanity; how the cries of the mourners ascend up to the sweet heavens.

And, less peaceful than the graves of the departed, these tombs themselves are full of the hopeless cries of the entombed, prayin' for help, praying for some strong hand to reach down and lift them out of their polluted, living death.

The whole of our fair land is covered with jist such graves; its turf is tread down by the footprints of the mourners who go about the streets. They pray, they weep—the night is long, is long, but the morning will dawn at last.

And the women: daughters, wives, mothers, who kneel with clasped hands beside the tombs—heaviest-eyed, deepest mourners, because most helpless—lift up your heavy eyes! The sun is even now rising that shall gild the sky at last. The morning light is even now dawning in the east. It shall fall first upon your uplifted brows, your prayerful eyes. Most blessed of God, because you loved most, sorrowed most, to you shall it be given to behold first the tall fair Angel of Resurrection and Redemption standing at the grave's mouth; into your hands shall he put the key to unlock the heavy doors where your loved has lain.

The dead shall rise! Temperance, and Justice, and Liberty shall rise. They shall go forth to bless our fair land. And, purified and ennobled, it shall be the best-beloved, the fairest land of God beneath the sun. Refuge of the oppressed and tempted, inspiration of the hopeless, light of the world.

And mothers, no longer despairing, shall clasp their children to their hearts; and fathers, and mothers, and children shall join in one heavenly strain, song of freedom and of truth. And the nations shall listen to hear—how they rose, they rose, they rose from the dead!

As the tones of the sweet hymn died on the soft air, and the blessed vision passed with it, when I come down onto my feet—for truly I had been lifted up, and by the side of myself—Cicily was standing with her brown eyes lookin' over the waters, holdin' the hand of the boy; and I see everything that the song did or could mean, in the depths of her deep prophetic eyes; sad eyes, too, they was, and discouraged; for the morning was far away—and—and the boy was pullin' at her hands, eager to get away from where he wuz.

The boy led us, and we follered him up the gradual hill to the old homestead of Washington, Mount Vernon.

Lookin' down from the broad high porch, you can see directly down through the trees into the river—the water calm and sort o' golden through

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the green of the trees, and everything peaceful and serene.

There are lots of interesting things to be seen here. But I will not go into this. One of your contributors has told it all in your November number. The tombs of the rest of the Washington family; the key of the Bastile, covered with the blood and misery of a foreign land; the tree that carries us back in memory to his grave, where he rests quietly, who disturbed the sleep of empires and kingdoms; the furniture of Washington and his family—the chairs they sot in, the tables they sot at, and the rooms where they sot; the harpseecord that Nelly Custis and Mrs. G. Washington harpseecorded on.

But she whose name was once Smith longed to see somethin' else far more. What was it?

It was not the great drawing-rooms, the guest-chambers, the halls, the grounds, the live stock, nor the pictures, nor the flowers.

No, it was the old garret of the mansion; the low old garret, where she sot—our Lady Washington—in her widowed dignity, with no other fire, only the light of deathless love, that lights palace or hovel; sot there at the window, because she could look out from it upon the tomb of her mighty dead. Sot lookin' on the river sweeping along under sun and moon, bearing on every ripple the glory and beauty of his name.

Bearing it away from her, mebby she would sometimes sadly think, as she thought of happy days gone by; for, though souls may soar, hearts will cling. And sometimes storms would heave the river's unquiet breast, and mebby the waves would whisper to her lovin' heart: "Nevermore, nevermore!"

So she sot there, looking out, waiting for that other river whose waves crept nearer and nearer to her feet; that other river, on which her soul should sail away to meet her glorious dead; that river which whispers "Forever, forever!" that river which is never unquiet, and whose waves are murmuring of nothing less beautiful than of meeting again, of love, and of lasting repose.

THY GRAVE.

BY AGNES L. PRATT.

When I watch the full moon's beauty,
  See her silv'ry mellow light
Shed o'er Nature's loveliest places
  On a glorious summer night,
And a stillness, calm and holy,
  Reigns o'er all the beauteous scene,
While the queenly moon is mirrored
  In the quiet lake serene—

Then upon my heart comes sorrow
  Which I cannot put aside;
And the moon and all her beauty,
  Beaming o'er the landscape wide,
Cannot drive away the sorrow,
  Cannot give the peace I crave;
For alas! the moon s soft radiance
  Sheds its light upon thy grave.

When the sun, with undimmed splendor,
  Shines upon a summer day,
And the air is fraught with perfume
  From the flowers upon the way,
Then the soft and balmy zephyr,
  Blowing o'er the lake's cool wave,
Brings me naught but pain and sorrow,
  For it sighs above thy grave.

When the sobbing wind of autumn,
  Wailing, blows through leafless tree,
What a weight of pain and sorrow
  All its moaning bears to me.
When the rain falls cold and chilling,
  And the storm-winds roar and rave,
Then I think, with hot tears falling,
  How the storm beats on thy grave.

O'er that grave where thou art lying,
  Lying silent, still, and cold;
Where my prayers no more can reach thee,
  Nor my arms thy form enfold;
All my sorrow for my folly,
  All regrets and wishes vain,
All my tears, and all my pleadings
  Thou canst never hear again.

On thy grave the sun may glitter,
  On thy grave the moonbeams fall.
On thy grave lie snows of winter,
  O'er thy grave the blue-birds call;
Yet thine eyes are shut to beauty,
  And thine ears are deaf to sound,
And thou canst not feel my sorrow,
  In thy bed, beneath the ground.

I can see the summer sunshine,
  I can see the bright moon's rays,
I can see the snow, down falling,
  Hear the birds pour forth their lays.
Yet the one thing that I sigh for,
  All the happiness I crave,
I can never know in this life,
  For my love lies in thy grave.

Then sleep on, my loved and lost one,
  And thy rest, unbroken, take.
Sleep when sunshine floods earth's pathways,
  And when storms her strongholds shake;
And my love, strong and unswerving,
  Shall through all the years abide,
Till, at last, my grave is ready,
  And I lie down at thy side.

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THE MILLIONAIRE'S DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1885, by Miss Ann Stephens, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

CHAPTER I.

THERE is hardly a spot on earth that a fine sunset will not enliven into beauty. Even the old farm, that lay along the gentle slopes on one side of that valley, took lovely gleams of light from the flood of color gathering in the west, and was almost dazzling in places from the golden haze that drifted over its corn-fields, meadows, and pasture-lands. One broad swamp in the depths of the valley was literally choked up with far more luxuriant vegetation than the hill-tops afforded. In fact, this was the most picturesque portion of the farm, on which three, if not four, generations of the same family had laid stone walls, built barns, and enclosed fields with crooked rail-fences, always clearing the lands and increasing their growth of crops.

Two girls, that had just come down a path on the opposite side of the valley, halted within a verge of the woods, calling aloud, one after the other, for a herd of cows that they knew must be browsing there. As their young voices rang through the gathering stillness—one clear and full like a mocking-bird's, the other higher and with fine thrills of music in it—they looked in each other's face with an expression that was half comical, half doubting.

"I wonder if they have forgotten the call?" said the larger but not the older of the girls. "I had almost lost it myself. Do you know that it is more than a year since we hunted the cows together?"

"Do I know it? Oh, Dorothea, if you had counted the days and hours as I have, there would be no power of forgetting their loneliness and the longing that made them drag through my life like a chain of lead. It seems to me, now that you have come home again, as if I had not been really happy an hour since we stood in this place just as we stand now, only a year older."

The girl who said this, with a thrill of pathetic yearning in her voice, was less tall and more delicately framed than her companion, who seemed to comprise two opposing elements in her person: where bloom, color, and the somewhat robust proportions of a Greek statue predominated over the scarcely definable grace that nothing but the unfolding of intellect and feeling could ever thoroughly develop.

Indeed, a more defined contrast could hardly have been found than existed in these two country-girls, as they stood together, in that rich twilight, wondering if their call would be recognized and answered, as it had been many and many a time during their young lives, when the hour they could get into the woods was the happiest known to them.

"One more call, and then we will give the ungrateful creatures up," said Dorothea Brooks. "Your voice is sweet as a bird's, Rue dear, but mine is stronger."

Here the girl curved one hand over her mouth, and gave forth a prolonged shout that made the still air ring again. It reached a hill-side covered with young birch-trees, among which there was a sudden commotion: for the little herd of cows browsing there ceased cropping at the branches, and listened, with the tender leaves in their mouths; while one motherly old animal, with horns crumpled by age, and a discordant bell hanging to her neck, gave a lurch around and made a bee-line toward the place whence that sound had come.

Directly, there was a general disturbance among the birches, and the whole herd followed its leader, where she was surging through the woods with an awkward run that jangled the bell into terrible discord.

"Ah, I thought that would bring them," said Dorothea, clapping her hands. "You see, Rue, it is better to be strong than musical, when you have animals or men to deal with. An awfully wise girl in our school said that to me once, when I was trying to put on city-airs, and I mean to remember it through life. Oh, here they come now, tearing through the underbrush like mad. Really, the creatures do know us again."

The cattle did indeed recognize the girls, though one of them had changed very much, and, with that fanciful little bonnet on her head, might have taxed the memory of many of her playmates. These faithful old farm-friends saw only her smiling face, and halted around her, waiting for notice.

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Dorothea gave it bountifully, patting her old favorite, that carried the bell, with her little hand.

"I only hope the days to come will be as pleasant as the old ones," she said; "but we must go forward, or they will be kept waiting at the farm. The creatures can stroll on home without us. They have a straight path through the swamp now. You and I will stay out awhile, and enjoy the sunset. I love to hear the frogs down yonder throw their base voices into the twitter of the birds when they go to their nests. Hark! they are just beginning to give out faint crooks. How natural it all seems!"

As she spoke, Dorothea gathered a sprout from the moldering stump of a tree near by, and, shaking it at the animals, that still surrounded her, started them down a path that led across the swamp, where a sluiceway had been dug, with an attempt to drain the land into a state that would admit of cultivation, but had failed to accomplish more than carry off, to some extent, the water that kept the soil moist where it had been before unsafe to tread upon. The embankment of this sluiceway was so entangled with German willow that a rude footpath was formed on either side, along which the cows followed their leader, with due submission to the speed she chose to make.

The two girls walked slowly on together, as they had many a time when children.

"There, now, this does seem like old times, when you and I were all the world to each other; for I never did care much for any girl but you—there was no one at the school that I liked better."

"Better?" repeated Rue, with a wistful look that her friend felt as a reproach. "I have had no one to think of but you. The neighbors are so far off. Even the farm did not seem like the same place when you were away. Your mother never did seem to take much interest in me, only as I was the nearest neighbor and your playmate."

"Playmate? Why, Rue, we were just like sisters—and always shall be."

Dorothea spoke with honest enthusiasm, when she said this. The finer sensibilities of Rue had discovered the unreasoning dislike of Mrs. Brooks, for both herself and the gentle mother who was all the relative she knew of in the wide world; but the more thoughtless Dorothea had never dreamed of the fact, and could not force herself to accept it.

"Now, Rue Hilton, tell me who has put all this nonsense into your head. Not your mother?"

"No, no; my mother, if not always gay, is never resentful or suspicious; but she knows more of the world than you or I can."

"I do not exactly see how," broke in Dorothea, with an uneasy laugh, "since she has been a home-body ever since I can remember, and never seems to have visitors, or go anywhere but to the school-house—not even to the farm, where she is always welcome, I am sure."

"Oh, Dorothea, she sometimes goes out to look up extra work, when people are slack about sending it in. You do not know how hard it is on her, when she is obliged to do that, or it would have taken better hold on your memory."

"I seem to forget everything that I ought to know, and remember only what gives you pain," answered Dorothea. "I came home expecting to find you bright as a bird; but, instead of that, you seem more changed than anyone. As for ma, perhaps she was a little cross with you sometimes; but that was all for my sake: she never could think anybody good enough to play with me. Now she is in for a grand piano, such as no girl in this neighborhood ever had. It all comes from pride and love of her own girl—not because of dislike for you."

Rue Hilton was touched with repentance for her petulant speech.

"Oh, Dorothea, forgive me," she said. "I have been thinking too much of such things while you were away. Our school did not seem like the same thing, after you were sent to the seminary, among city-girls. I had kept up with you till then, and it was hard to be left behind, when learning was getting so easy to us: everybody said that you and I were head girls of the school."

"Only that you were generally ahead of me," said Dorothea. "And I—well, I rather liked it sometimes, being fond and proud of you almost as of myself."

Rue Hilton became still more self-reproachful, after this generous speech. The great difference in their environment had never till then arisen to disturb the harmony of their companionship.

"Indeed, Dorothea, I did not intend to say one word against your mother; only I couldn't help but think, sometimes, that she didn't like to have me about the farm so much, after you left, and was rather cross with the dear old grandfather for coaxing me up there so often."

"Dear old man!" said Dorothea. "He was always awful fond of you; and so was my own pa, shy and quiet as he always was about it. As for mother, she never could bear that anyone should stand between her and me; and, I suppose, felt a little jealous when people were always praising your great wistful eyes, as they called

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them, and the dainty way in which you carried yourself. She thought me handsomer than anybody else. Of course, one's ma always does; and, having been the grand beauty of the neighborhood when she was a girl, expected me to carry things with a high hand, as she did."

"No wonder," said Rue, drawing back a step, to get a better survey of her friend. "You are handsome. I never thought much of it, before; but now your mother has a right to expect that you will take the lead."

Dorothea was evidently delighted with this honest praise, but made a little gesture as if rejecting it, and said, with a swift blush: "The cows have stopped short, half-way across, and here we are talking over all sorts of things, as if grandpa wouldn't be watching for us, on the other side, ready to save us from a scolding—if that can be done. Hurry up, or we shall be sure to catch it."

Rue gave a startled look across the swamp, and was hurrying forward, when Dorothea cried:

"Not yet—not yet, Rue: look over yonder. Do you see that clump of yellow, against the fallen tree out there? I do believe it is a pitcher-plant. Anyway, we shall find out, before I go a step further, milking-time or no milking-time. Wait a minute."

As Dorothea spoke, she forced a way through the willows, and, scrambling down the embankment, leaped from one bog to another till she landed on a half-decayed tree, covered with a rich coating of moss, even to the tips of its straggling branches, and half buried in a luxuriant growth of water-plants.

Among these, a cluster of cornucopia-like flowers, green, but golden-hued, seemed to have burst into bloom from the rich decay of the log.

The girl balanced herself on the thickest part of the log, holding back her skirts with one hand, while she stooped to drag up the plant with the other, when a shriek broke from her. She gave a leap into the air, that almost lost her foothold, but crouched down on the log, trembling and hiding the terror in her face between both hands. Rue heard the shriek, and was breaking through the willows, frightened and ready to plunge into any danger for the relief of her friend, when a clump of black alder-bushes, near the log on which Dorothea crouched, was thrown into wild commotion. A young man leaped through it, and landed on the tree with such force that a great sheet of its moss-covered bark broke off, nearly carrying him with it.

CHAPTER II.

"WHAT is the matter? How on earth did you get here?" he said, holding on to the alder-bush with one hand, and steadying himself by a long staff which he thrust into the mud, while he looked down upon the girl, bewildered by the singular position in which he found her. "Tell me: what was it that made you cry out so sharply?"

Dorothea lifted her face, still shuddering.

"Nothing, nothing," she said, tremulously. "It was only—only a snake—just a common water-snake, I dare say; but it looked so awful, squirming and trailing through the mud. I was trying to drag up those lovely flower-cups, when it slid across my hand. Oh, it was awful!"

The young man laughed.

"Of course, it must have been startling, but not dangerous; so you have no reason for dread now. The only difficulty is to find some means of reaching firm land again. These bogs are treacherous; you should not have trusted yourself to them."

"I know—I know. But it is ever so long since I have seen a pitcher-plant in bloom, and this tempted me so."

Dorothea's face was lighted up now with bright animation. She made an effort to rise; and the young man, leaning on his staff for support, attempted to help her with his disengaged hand. When she thus regained her footing, it was precarious enough to warrant the tightening of his arm around her; against which she made a little coquettish resistance, but ended with a laugh that sounded musical, after the shrill terror of her shriek.

The young man smiled, if he did not quite join her laugh, and looked down into the flushed and handsome face so confidingly lifted to his, with pleased admiration, which Dorothea understood, and drooped her eyelids under the sweet consciousness, as a city-belle might have done.

"Now," said the young man, "the question is rather a puzzling one: How are we to get you out of this dilemma? I could carry you," he suggested.

"Oh, no, no; I could not consent to that," Dorothea exclaimed, with a pretty affectation of horror. "I got here somehow, and must find my way back again."

"It will be very strange if we cannot manage a safe passage, between us," said the young man, accepting her protest with more resignation than the girl had perhaps expected. "Now for it: hold firmly to me, and spring when I do."

Dorothea found no difficulty whatever in clinging to her deliverer, for as such she was beginning to regard the stranger. Indeed, her heart beat rather more tumultuously when his arm tightened around her waist, while he thrust his staff into the nearest log, over which a few winter-green sprigs were lifting their berries, like

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drops of coral, in the last sunbeams that were shooting through the alders.

Dorothea was used to the swamp, and had traversed it from end to end often, without fearing wet feet or a plunge into muddy water; but she had been at boarding-school since then, and learned that, among the refined classes, timidity was a feminine accomplishment: so, with a person like that handsome young stranger to fascinate, she tried all her arts for his benefit. Thus she shrunk back, hesitating, and required much encouragement before attempting her first leap, and took it with a sort of half-waltzing step which was very deficient, both in grace and courage, to her usual deer-like bounds from bog to bog; besides, she gave out little shrieks at each attempt, and, when it was accomplished, clung to the young man with pretty bursts of gratitude for his help, which would have been touching in a frightened child, but were rather amusing to one who had passed through all the flirtations incident to college-life, and felt himself old enough to have outgrown them. But he rather enjoyed his position, in spite of this manly feeling, and half lifted the girl from bog to bog with a great display of agility and strength.

The distance from that perilous log to the place where Rue stood was not great, but there arose so many pauses and so much deliberation in clearing it that it was some minutes before the stranger brought his charge to the embankment. There some real difficulty arose. It had been easy enough for Dorothea to plunge through the willows and swing herself into the wet undergrowth below, when she was wild to reach the pitcher-plant, and had no more critical spectator than Rue; but to climb through them with that young man watching each movement was quite another thing.

"Oh, I never can do it," she exclaimed, turning her eyes with piteous appeal on him, at which he laughed pleasantly, and said that it was easy as helping a lady to mount her horse—he would lift her.

"No, no; let Rue bend down the willows: I will drag myself up by them," she exclaimed; but, with the words on her lips, was lifted into the air, caught at the willows with a wild impulse, and scrambled to the path with a feeling of rather ignominious defeat; for, as she looked down upon her benefactor, there was a gleam of amusement in his eyes, that did not quite satisfy her craving for admiration.

"Now that you are safe on dry land," he said, "I will bring that mass of flowers you were reaching for; such dangers must not be encountered for nothing."

Before Dorothea could determine whether he was making fun of her position or not, the young man had, with a few long swinging leaps, reached the log, and came back again, bearing the great cluster of yellow flowers in one hand. Though the cups were half full of water, he carried it so steadily that no drop was lost, and held it up to her with both hands, carefully as if it had been a bird's nest with stolen eggs in it, looking bright and mischievous while sending up his offering.

"Oh, you are ever so good—so awfully kind," she was saying, when he cleared the embankment and she found him by her side, scarcely drawing a faster breath from his exertions.

"Now," he said, cutting through a little outburst of thanks that Dorothea was commencing over her flowers, "what direction are we to take? This is a glorious sunset; but, if we are to cross over yonder, the dusk will be upon us, and fogs rising. Do we follow that little drove of cattle that seems to be waiting for someone?"

"That large white house up yonder on the hillside, with the great red barn and corn-cribs, is my home," said Dorothea. "My dear friend Rue lives further down, in the hollow of the road: you can just see the little brown house from here."

The girl spoke breathlessly, for she was terribly afraid that this young man should discover that those tantalizing cows were waiting for her.

The young man glanced at the square white house pointed out to him, on which the sunset was falling so brightly that its windows were blazing along the front like flames of gold; then he turned his eyes along the highway leading downward to the margin of the swamp, and regarded the humble dwelling in that lonely spot with serious curiosity; this ended in a prolonged look at Rue Hilton, who heard him murmur, as if thought were unconsciously turning into speech: "Sunshine for one, shade for the other. Why? Why?"

That very thought had been haunting Rue like a breath of malarious air for days, and it was intensified by these words, dropped so unconsciously from the lips of a stranger. She tried to escape from it, and said, almost eagerly:

"My home looks gloomy enough, when the fog rises; but it is sometimes very beautiful in the morning, when the valley is full of sunshine, and the swamp is full of birds. One can find plenty of flowers there in the season, and wild grapevines fill the air with the perfume of their opening leaves in the spring. One must live in such places, to understand how pleasant they can be."

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The girl, hitherto so quiet, spoke with a certain degree of earnestness, as if she were arguing against her own convictions, and intended her words as a rebuke to her discontent.

"Dear me! It is getting late, and these tiresome creatures never will clear the path till we drive them away. They seem determined to expose us," thought Dorothea, growing more and more impatient. While she was wondering how to relieve herself from this humiliating dilemma, there came, from the hillside farm, the long plaintive bleat of some hungry calf, impatient for the coming of its mother. The old leader of the herd lifted her head, gave a great jingle with her bell, and floundered onward with an instinct of sympathy, that led the younger cows to follow her ponderous movements. One of them gave out a responsive low, and directly the entire herd was hurrying up the hillside road with an impetuous clatter of hoofs that gave to the whole scene a tumult of active life, without which a sunset is always saddening.

Dorothea's heart rose when she found herself saved from the humiliating exposure she had dreaded, and moved forward in fine spirits, challenging her companions to walk faster, and calling the stranger's attention to beautiful changes that were coming over the valley each moment.

Rue said but little. To her, the hour was always one of supreme sadness, such as fills the soul after strains of plaintive music have subdued it, or poetry beyond the power of words turns inspiration itself into pain. She listened to Dorothea's voice without hearing it, and fell a little behind the other two, out of harmony with their cheerfulness.

When they reached the end of the embankment, and stood on the highway that wound up the hill in one direction, and along the margin of the swamp to the westward, the young man hesitated a moment; then, reaching out the cluster of flowers he had carried for Dorothea, he lifted his hat to her.

"You will have the light some time longer," he said, looking toward the farm-house; "but it is growing dark already down yonder, and the road is lonely."

Dorothea reached out both hands for the flowers, and gave an airy toss of the head, as she took them. She had intended to walk home with Rue, and thus secure an escort up the road to her own home, and felt no little resentment when this change was so politely forced upon her.

"Ever so many thanks for all your kindness," she said, with an effort at meek humility; "especially your thoughtfulness about my friend Rue: she will appreciate it, I am sure. I thought perhaps you might both go up and take tea with us. Father would like to thank you for saving me from the coils of that horrible snake, I am sure; but it is just as well that we should say good-night here."

Dorothea took a step back, and, with a rather sweeping bow, said this, which the young man accepted with smiling composure; but its elaborate politeness troubled Rue, who observed, almost timidly:

"I could not. You know, Dorothea, that mother will be waiting for me. Indeed, I shall be late now."

Dorothea deigned no reply to this, but the young man lifted his hat again and said:

"It is just possible that I may have a little business at the farm to-morrow, when I shall be glad to pay my respects; but do not, I entreat you, speak of anything I have done as a matter for thanks—the very idea of it is absurd. The most that I can hope for is that our chance meeting may lead to a pleasant acquaintance. Good-evening."

CHAPTER III.

Rue Hilton and her escort exchanged but few words, as they passed down the road together. The girl was distressed by her strange position, and felt as if she were committing some offense against her friend; she also dreaded to meet her mother, accompanied by a stranger. The young man had become thoughtful, also, and lost the careless cheerfulness of manner that Dorothea's high spirits had inspired and met with so much animation. Thus they walked on through the gathering dusk, almost in silence, until they came in sight of the small brown house, standing on the slope of a rocky field, broken up by clumps of sweet-fern and whortleberry-bushes, through which patches of sparse grass appeared, well cropped by a single cow that pastured there in summer, and was fed by the cornstalks, carrots, and potatoes grown in a garden rudely fenced off at the back of the house.

In front of this dwelling, the high-road lay; beyond that, a slope of broken waste-land divided it from a hedge-row of alders, golden willows, and blueberry-bushes, tangled together with clematis, now just going out of blossom.

Behind this luxuriant wall of vegetation, a veil of mist was rising, that seemed to turn the swamp beyond into a lake.

When Rue reached the gate, which opened through a rude picket-fence in front of the house, she hesitated, and looked almost appealingly at

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the young man, as if she expected—or, rather, entreated—him to withdraw; but he came forward, opened the gate, and held it for her to pass through. The noise made by the ill-fitted latch evidently disturbed someone within the house; for the door was thrown open, a stream of light broke through a porch of lattice-work, over which a tangle of morning-glory vines was just closing its blossoms for the night, and streamed into the yard. Then the figure of a woman was revealed, standing within the framework of the door and leaning forward, as if searching the road for someone she had been waiting for.

"It is mother," said Rue; "she will be surprised—she will wonder—"

The girl broke off here; for the woman, seeing two persons at the gate, came forward in some alarm, calling out:

"Daughter, daughter, is it you? Has anything happened?"

"Only this," answered the young man, without waiting for Rue to speak: "I have been so fortunate as to help your daughter's friend out of a little dilemma in the wet ground yonder, and, fearing that it might be dark before this young lady could reach home, have taken the liberty to walk this way."

Women who live in the quiet of a country neighborhood are seldom suspicious of strangers. There was something in the voice that reached Mrs. Hilton before she could clearly distinguish the man who addressed her, that appealed to some memory of former associations with peculiar interest. There was something in it more clear and perfect than was usual to the country-people of the vicinity, that must have found its charm in early education for her.

"You are very kind," she said, in a low but clear voice. "Rue is not timid; but I sometimes get anxious about her, when she stays out after dark. Will you walk in, and let me give you a cup of tea, sir? It may be after suppertime when you reach the town."

There was a courteousness of manner and a warmth of hospitality in this invitation that tempted the young man to pass through that porch where the morning-glories were sleeping, and enter the widow's dwelling; though he felt like an intruder all the time, the more so when he saw the poverty-stricken elegance of the home he had entered: for such was the only term that could be applied to that humble abode, where taste gave dignity even to want itself. There was nothing whatever to indicate superiority, either of education or character, in the dwelling into which he had almost intruded himself, except its neatness and a certain grace of arrangement which pervaded it like an atmosphere.

The walls of the room he entered were saved from the cold glare of whitewash by a tinge of pale-green, that had been ingeniously mingled with the lime; curtains of cheap thin muslin fell around the windows, effective as lace, of which it was perhaps one per cent. in cost; a square of rag-carpet lay upon the floor, woven in stripes of bright and sombre coloring, and on it stood a small tea-table, covered with a cloth spotless as snow, on which two cups and saucers of fine old china stood out conspicuously among the cheap white delf that completed its humble equipment.

Most women, isolated as this one had been, would have felt the presence of a perfect stranger in her dwelling awaken some flutter of excitement; but there was nothing of this in the appearance of the widow. She offered a seat to her guest, and went about her arrangements for tea with the composure of a chatelaine, to whom hospitality was a common thing.

While Rue was taking off her bonnet in the adjoining bed-room, still in a state of girlish trepidation, her mother passed in and out of a closet-like kitchen, and brought forth some additions to the simple meal to which she had invited him. Another of the rare old china cups he had wondered at was placed upon the table, then a plate of bread and butter, cut thin as wafers, such as no woman born in that part of the country would have thought of as a supplement to a meagre entertainment. To this she added some dishes of preserved wild fruit, which completed a little banquet such as the young man had not tasted since his advent into that part of the country; for the short-cake that had been waiting at the fire, crisp and warm, came in with a layer of preserved strawberries upon its golden surface.

At last, a pair of iron candlesticks, shining like silver, was placed upon the table; and the mistress of that singular home, seating herself before a tea-caddy of silver, ancient evidently as the cups, proceeded to make the tea.

All this the young man noticed with growing curiosity. He had traveled, after the close of his college-life, and comprehended that both the manners and home-life of this woman were not a growth of the position in which he found her. The careless and almost patronizing manner in which he had met Dorothea's encouragement forsook him entirely at this humble tea-table, where his conversation became gently deferential, when addressed either to the mistress of the house or to her daughter. Still, he spoke of surrounding objects, such as the people of the neighborhood might be interested in: the culture

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of lands, the value of property, and the varied scenery around them. More than once, he was on the verge of questioning his hostess regarding the personages in the neighborhood, as a man born in that region would have thought himself at liberty to do; but some impulse of honor or mere politeness kept the conversation to general subjects, in which he drew comparisons with events and habits he had witnessed abroad, as if he accepted her knowledge on the subject without question. But the only sign of superior intelligence, regarding countries over sea, that she gave, was conveyed in the questions she quietly asked and the rising color that began to burn on her face, which had been careworn and pale when he first saw it.

When tea was over, he had no excuse for remaining longer; and, taking his hat, prepared to go. Up to this time, Rue had hardly joined in the conversation at all; but she came forward and thanked him for the trouble he had taken, and accompanied her mother to the door.

When he looked back, after reaching the highway, these two were standing together, with a strong light behind them: the girl gentle and child-like in her shy loveliness, the mother tall, stately, and crowned by a mass of snow-white hair, that gave her a look of age which baffled all effort at conjecture.

The young man had come into the valley on the other side, and was altogether unacquainted with the road he was taking; but the stars were all out now, the moon was rising, and the night so beautiful that he scarcely felt a sense of fatigue, though he had been all day on his feet, and intensely occupied by a subject of vital interest, from which his mind had only been turned for a time by the shrieks of Dorothea Brooks.

Now, as he walked along with the alert swinging gait of a man accustomed to such exercise, his encounter with the girls, and the object of his visit to the valley, kept equal place in his mind; and, more than once, these combinations of thought broke in snatches from his lips.

"Yes," he said, quite unconsciously, "I am sure of it: the signs are all there, and that to an extraordinary degree. Easily obtained, too. But who is the owner? Possibly that strange woman. She appears poor enough to own even that, as the people say about here, when they are taxed for land that is worthless. Why was it that I could not force myself to ask the question? It was really the object that took me into the house, or that girl's haunting eyes would have kept me back. She was so frightened, poor thing! But that other idea had such hold on me that I disregarded everything else, and accepted the poor woman's hospitality almost like a spy. Indeed, I felt like one."

Thus occupied with his thoughts, the young man kept the valley-road till he found himself in the open country, where the highway branched off in so many directions that he was in some danger of losing himself. He was halting a minute, to consider the question, when the lumbering tramp of a horse on the road behind him gave hopes that some information might be obtained from the rider. First came a long ungainly shadow of a man and horse, on the moonlit road; then the two came up, and the heavy tramp of the animal ceased; and the man leaned downward from his saddle, in what might have been intended for a bow, but it seemed more as if he were making ready to use the heavy whip in his hand, if occasion required it.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ECHOES.

BY MARION JULIET MITCHELL.

When moonbeams shimmer through the trees,
And shadows dance upon the green,
As to and fro the evening-breeze
Sways leafy boughs with graceful mien,

Then, changed as by some unseen hand,
This world a fairy-realm appears,
And echoes from a sunny land
Seem ever wafted to my ears.

Fair land of youth, with azure sky,
Where joyous Hope hath made her realm!
Upon whose waters, gliding by,
We sailed, with Pleasure at the helm.

The voices of the merry crew
Seem still to greet my list'ning ears,
As echo wafts them now anew
Down through the dim aisles of the years.

Sweet strains of music, that oft rung
Through halls where youth and beauty met,
And dear old songs which then were sung,
Upon the air seem floating yet.

But where are they who sailed those seas,
Or chased through fields some mirage there?
The thought floats off upon the breeze,
And echo answers: "Where? Oh, where?"

From that bright land, howe'er remote,
In memory it will be enshrined;
And may its echoes round me float,
Though farther it be left behind.

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THE SONG OF A BIRD.

BY EMILY LENNOX.

"Hist, Loto!" cried a brisk cheery voice, in the Rue Lafayette. "Wilt thou not stop a while, to speak to an old friend?"

It was Maturin, the baker, in a snowy-white cap and blouse, who was selling macaroons on the sidewalk. Loto, the pale young musician, was hurrying by him, hugging a violin to his bosom as though he were afraid someone would steal it.

"Ah, Maturin!" he said, stopping suddenly, while a bright smile broke over his pensive face. "How fares it with thee? Still at the old business?"

"Oh, yes," said the baker, cheerfully. "It is a good business. Why should I leave it? I would never make a player like thee, Loto. But how art thou coming on at the music-school? Dost thou like it better than the bake-shop?"

"Better?" echoed Loto, passionately. "Mon Dieu! Thou canst not understand, Maturin, how hard it was for me, with my heart all tuned to music, to go on baking macaroons and chocolate éclairs, day after day, and day after day. Ah! it was like getting into Paradise, when that kind gentleman heard me play a little, and gave me money to go to the violin-school. But that is all over now."

Loto sighed, and his head drooped sadly on his breast.

"Why," cried Maturin, "thou art not tired of it, surely?"

"Tired? No, no. But the kind gentleman is dead. He died suddenly, of apoplexy. His friends have his money; and what do they care for me?"

"Ah!" said Maturin, softly. "That's too bad. But thou must not grieve, Loto. Thou art growing very thin and pale, my friend. Thou hadst better come back to the shop. Thou wast always a good baker, though a trifle absent-minded at times, when the tunes were running in thy head."

"No!" cried Loto. "Thou art very kind; but —I could not. I must be a violinist, or—die."

Hot tears rose to his sad dark eyes, as he spoke; for the chance of his dying, as he knew, was no small one. The chubby little baker rubbed his face in perplexity, thinking that Loto was a great fool. He would have thought him still a greater one, if he had known how near the lad was to starvation.

"If I could only win the composer's prize!" he said, hopelessly.

"What is that?" said Maturin.

"A Stradivarius," said Loto, with kindling eyes, "and a scholarship in the Italian school."

Maturin shrugged his shoulders. He did not think that any great thing, but he said, kindly:

"Why dost thou not try, Loto? Thou wast always a good fiddler, as fiddlers go; though I never knew much about it."

"Try?" thought Loto. Ah, if he only dared! But inspiration comes slowly to a poor lad, shut up in a barren attic, with cold and hunger for his only companions. If Maturin knew—but Loto did not intend he should know. Loto was too proud for that.

"Art thou going?" said Maturin, finally. "Well, come and see us, sometime. Nanon has a fine boy, and it is very jolly at our house. There's a chimney-corner, too, where thou canst fiddle away as long as thou wilt."

The cheery little baker slipped a paper funnel full of macaroons into his friend's pocket, never thinking they would go to stay a very hungry stomach, and the two parted: Loto still hugging his violin, and Maturin trudging along in an opposite direction, with his tray before him, crying his macaroons.

Loto went home, climbing the many pairs of stairs leading to his attic, with a heart much heavier than usual. His room was up in a narrow street, with only one window, and a slanting ceiling: the atmosphere in it was close and stifling. Loto went to the window, after awhile, to breathe the balmier air. His opposite neighbor had a dormer window, where a pot of pansies was blooming, and where a slender canary flirted about in a wicker cage.

Loto would have known, from this, that there was a girl inside of that window, even if he had never seen her. But he had seen her often—a sweet-faced girl, with eyes like her own pansies, and hair like the gold of her own canary. She always nodded to him once a day, but never more than that: sweetly and kindly, but so demurely that no one could have accused her of flirting. Indeed, Marie never thought of such a thing. She was too busy sewing. But she felt sorry for the poor pale-faced musician; he seemed so lonely, without any bird or flowers; and she

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was grateful to him for beguiling so many hours, that otherwise would have been dreary for her, with his playing.

Loto bowed his head on the window-sill. He was almost in despair. Marie saw it, when she came to her window with her sewing; and she gave him a gracious smile, which quite cheered him up. Ah, how pretty she looked, sitting there with the sweet flush on her cheeks, the sunshine glancing on her hair as her little hands plied the needle deftly and she bit off the thread with her white teeth. Suddenly the canary-bird began to sing: and oh, what a song it was! Loto stood entranced. Even Marie laid down her work to listen. As the last tremulous note died away, Loto turned, and, seizing his violin, drew the bow; and then, like an echo, there came the song of the bird, just as he had heard it. It soared up and out the window, a lovely solo at first; but presently the voices of other birds seemed to come into the music; there was the call and answer, the twitter of birds in a tree, the sweet chirping of the happy mother, the chatter of the young, and then again the soaring song Loto had heard from Marie's window.

When he laid down his bow, she was in raptures, and quite forgot herself.

"Bravo! bravo!" she cried, clapping her hands. "Monsieur, you are a great musician."

Loto bowed, with a happy radiant light in his eyes. He had found his inspiration. But, when he looked up again, Marie was gone. Appalled by her own daring, she had vanished inward, and was seen no more.

But Loto, seizing a sheet of paper, began to write down the song he had just played; and it was this that he sent in, afterward, in competition for the composer's prize.

The winter that followed was a very hard one. The contest for the prize was not to be closed till spring, and, in the meanwhile, Loto got so poor that he was forced to go back to the bake-shop.

"They have spoiled a good baker to make a fiddler of thee, my friend," said Maturin to him, when Loto, in a feverish state of excitement, on the day of the prize-award, had spoiled a whole trayful of cream-cakes, by upsetting cochineal over them.

"Well, well!" said Loto, impatiently. "I am sorry about the cream-cakes; but wait till to-morrow, Maturin, and we'll see whether I am a baker or a fiddler."

But, the following day, Loto did not come to work. Maturin, alarmed, went to see, in the evening, what was the matter. He found Loto lying on his hard little pallet, his face flushed with fever, and his eyes glittering with delirium; but in one hand he grasped a roll of paper, and on the miserable little three-legged table lay the prize violin.

"Humph!" said Maturin. "Much good it will do him now, if he dies."

But Loto did not die. Nanon, the baker's good little wife, nursed him through the fever, and there came a day when he stretched out his thin hands again and asked for his violin.

"My Stradivarius!" he said, eagerly. "Give it to me."

"The fiddle, is it, Monsieur Loto?" stammered Nanon. "I am sorry, but we have sold it."

"Sold it?" cried Loto, fiercely; and then fell back on the pillows, gasping.

"Do not be angry," said the poor woman, in distress. "Maturin and I did what we could; but thou knowest there are four little ones now, and we haven't very much money. Thou hast been sick a long time, Monsieur Loto; and the doctor, and the medicines, and food all cost money. Someone offered us a hundred francs for the violin, and we sold it. I hope thou art not angry. We did it for the best."

Loto could not speak. He just turned his face to the wall.

"Is the scholarship gone, too?" he asked, huskily.

"I don't know anything about that," said Nanon, who never dreamed that the little roll of paper she had found in Loto's hand could have been turned into money; and it was perhaps well that she did not.

The scholarship was safe, however. Loto got well, and went to Italy on the scholarship. But he was bereft of his Stradivarius. He tried, nevertheless, to be happy. He had very little money to spend, heaven knows, but he economized; and, remembering Marie, and her sympathy, he bought for her another pretty canary.

"I send thee a mate for thy sweet singer," he wrote. "In other years, if thou be still alone, I may come back. Pardon me, if I am presumptuous. Adieu. LOTO."

It was this little note which Marie sewed up in a bag, and wore upon her bosom, through the long days when there was no violin to cheer her, and when only the thought of far-away Loto came to gladden her heart.

Three years passed, and then Loto left Italy, with the highest degree that could be conferred for musical proficiency. His "Bird-Song," meantime, had grown famous. Under another name, a name which is now widely known to the world as that of a great virtuoso, he began to

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play in concert. In Paris, he was received with unbounded enthusiasm. But Marie, though she heard of the great violinist, did not guess it was Loto.

She was sitting, one morning, however, by the window, just as she used to, when he came to her, dressed in all the bravery of a gentleman of society. She started up in surprise.

"Thou seest I have come back," he said, smiling at her sweet blushes. "Have I been too presumptuous? Wilt thou be mine? All these years I have loved thee, and thought of no one else."

He held out his arms, and Marie—trembling, bashful, yet oh! so glad—fell upon his bosom. The birds sang a sweet hymn of love, the pansies nodded their knowing heads, and from the wall a beautiful violin looked down, as if alive, upon the happy lovers.

"It is thine, Loto," said Marie, as she saw him turn eagerly to it; and she put the instrument into his hands. "It is thy own violin. I bought it when thou wast sick, and I have kept it for thee, in case thou shouldst come back."

As Loto held the precious Stradivarius in his hands once more, his eyes filled with tears, so that he could hardly see the silver plate on which his own name and the fact of the award were neatly engraved.

"Marie," he said, tenderly, "thou hast been my guardian spirit. I owe everything to thee."

Then he kissed her, and, taking the bow, played the "Song of the Bird" once more, till Marie's cheeks were wet with tender tears.

"Loto," she whispered, "thou canst play like the angels."

These two are married now, and Maturin no longer calls Loto a fool; for fame and wealth have both come to him. As for Maturin, he is now sole proprietor of the bake-shop, and is known all over Paris as a famous maker of bisque méringue and chocolate éclairs.

IN THE WOODLANDS.

BY BRAD COURTLAND.

Out in the belted woodlands,
With only the partridge-whirr
Stirring the sleepy purple hush,
Or the fall of a brown pine-burr,
Out in the belted woodlands
I sit and wait for her.

The brooks like narrow ribbons
Chitter over the sands,
Silvering down to the rivers
That belt the broad rice-lands,
Then on where the grand wide ocean
Weaves wordless sarabands.

These brooks from the giant mountains,
That waver so languid along,
Melt in the widening rivers,
And make the current strong,
And, together, help to swell
The ocean's choral-song.

Then alone in the belted woodlands,
Where green-striped lizards stir
The heart of crimson Radicans,
I sit and wait for her—
Out in the belted woodlands,
'Neath shadow of pine and fir.

MINE.

BY E. C. BALL.

She is not rich or handsome,
Her eyes are only gray;
Her hair is hardly auburn,
When in the sun's bright ray;
Her hands are burned with picking
The berries ripe and blue.
You would not look a second
Upon her—now, would you?

And yet she helped in raising
The mortgage off the farm;
And, if the sun has browned her,
I say: "Where is the harm?"

No wonder it smiles kindly
And warmly on her now,
And evening-zephyrs gather
To kiss her noble brow.

I know I am not worthy,
And yet I asked, last night,
If I to guard her safely
Henceforth might have the right.
And if, six months from this time,
You should pass by this way,
In that white cottage yonder
You'll see those eyes of gray.

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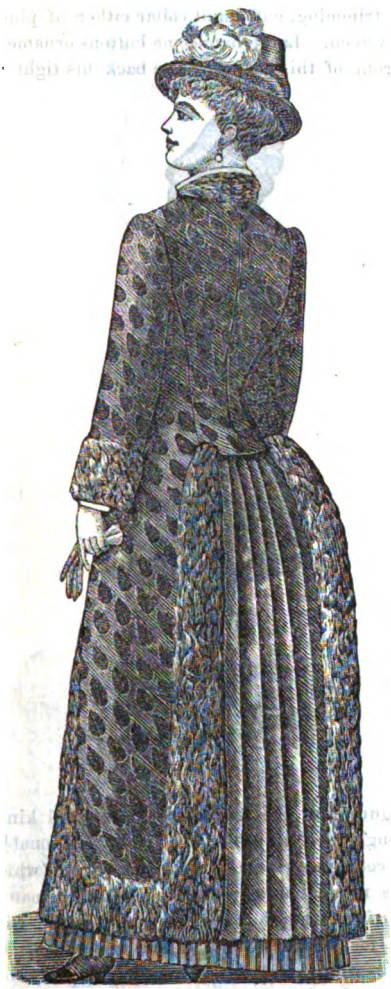
EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1—Is a new model for a long pelisse, to be worn over a plain walking-skirt. It is made of broché velvet and satin, trimmed with fur. The front closes to a little below the waist, and the skirt opens in the long panels reaching to the edge of the underskirt, as seen. The kilting at the back is of the satin. Collar, cuffs, and all the fronts, sides, and back of panels to the end of basque trimmed with fur, as seen in illustration. This garment will require eight yards of broché velvet, three yards of satin, nine yards of fur.



No. 1.

No. 2—Is a walking-costume for a young lady, composed of a cloth skirt, kilted, with tunic and back-drapery. The latter is short and bouffant, to display the kilted underskirt. A cloth or Jersey waist is worn with this skirt, for the house, and under the jacket. The outside jacket is of Astrakhan-fur, straight in front, and fastening with invisible buttons. Turn-over Russian

No. 2.

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collar; pockets simply bound with braid. There is a hollow plait at the back seam, from the waist, to allow fullness to fit over the tournure. The same form of jacket is made of Astrakhan-

No. 3.

cloth, and lined with silk Large oxydized buttons may be used down the front, if preferred. Very large buttons are the rage at present. Eight yards of cloth for dress, two and a quarter to two and a half of Astrakhan-cloth for jacket. The fur jacket would have to be made at a furrier's; but

No. 4.

the Astrakhan-cloth looks almost, if not quite, as elegant as fur, and is much less expensive.

No. 3.—Another stylish design for walking-costume. The skirt is of lady's-cloth, serge, or homespun. The skirt is mounted upon a foundation of alpaca, or an old silk skirt may be made useful as a foundation. The bottom of the skirt is trimmed with a box-plaiting, twelve inches deep. Above this, the foundation is faced with the material of the skirt. The front forms a long apron, while the back falls in a straight drapery, as seen in illustration. A plain round basque-waist is worn with this skirt, for the house, and under the out-door jacket. This stylish jacket is of Kyrle (tufted) cloth, black or brown, with front, trimming, cuffs, and collar either of plush or velveteen. Large handsome buttons ornament the front of this jacket. The back fits tight to

No. 5.

the figure, and the fronts are loose. All kinds of rough woolen goods are most fashionable. They come in stripes of velvet and bouclé (which means rough hairy goods), and plain to match. The stripes are used for plain underskirts, with plain for drapery and other trimmings. Of double-width material, forty-two to forty-four inches wide, six to seven yards will be required for the dress. For the jacket, it will depend upon the width of material. Of wide goods, the length of jacket and a length for sleeves will be enough. Three-quarters of a yard of plush or velveteen for trimming.

No. 4—Is a home or street dress, of fine-checked woolen goods. The skirt has a wide

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kilted flounce, mounted upon a foundation of alpaca. The overskirt forms a full long apron in

No. 6.

front, with straight plaited back. Basque pointed in front; back cut in three castellated forms, as seen; bound with braid. Standing collar. Cuffs of material, laid in plaits, cut on the bias, finished

No. 7.

with a bow or buckle. Eight to ten yards of double-fold goods.

No. 5—Is a simple and stylish paletot for a little girl of six to eight years. It is made of rough cloth, either brown or dark-red, double-breasted, and fastens down the front with two rows of large bone buttons. The edge is bound with worsted braid. Standing collar and cuffs of the same or of Astrakhan-cloth. Dark-red

No. 8.

cloth, trimmed with black Astrakhan, is very stylish and fashionable.

No. 6.—For a boy of four years, we have a paletot with a deep collar, which is adjustable, made entirely of beaver or Astrakhan cloth, in brown. This also is double-breasted. The cap is trimmed to match, making a very complete suit.

No. 7.—We give the back and front view of a blouse-dress for a boy of four, to be made of flannel or serge. The waist is plaited, back and front, into a square yoke. The skirt is kilted on to the waist. A wide sash, held in place by

No. 9.

straps under the arms, ties in a loop and two pointed ends at the back. Collar, cuffs, yoke, and sash trimmed with three rows of worsted braid.

No. 8—Is a new model for cape and hood combined. It is made of red silk, cloth, or velvet, and trimmed with three rows of gold braid. The

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Capuchin hood is lined with gold-colored silk. A pretty novelty for a little girl's paletot—of course, made to match, in that case.

No. 9—Is a pelisse, with cape, for little girl of four or five years, to be made of diagonal-cloth or flannel. The waist is plain, with skirt kilted on to it; finished at the back, at the waist, with a knot of velvet ribbon loops and ends. The cape is lined with silk, and trimmed with two rows of Russian lace. A wide collar of the same kind of lace is worn with the costume. Some prefer Irish crocheted lace and collars for children's wear. Either is elegant, wear and wash well.

WAISTCOAT BODICE: WITH SUPPLEMENT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

The purpose of this department is to furnish, every month, the most stylish and recent novelty of its kind—a waist, a wrap, a polonaise, a child's dress, etc., etc.—and also a full-size paper pattern, so that any lady may cut it out for herself. In this way, the subscriber gets, during the year, the twelve most stylish affairs that appear, and so is *kept abreast of the progress of fashion*, always with the freshest novelty on hand. "Peterson," in this, as in all others, *leads the fashions*.

The pattern for this month is a bodice, made with an adjustable waistcoat, as is now so fashionable. Folded in with the number, we give a SUPPLEMENT, with the several parts of the bodice, full size, five in number, as follows:

1.—HALF OF FRONT. 2.—HALF OF WAISTCOAT.
3.—HALF OF BACK. 4.—SIDE-BACK.

5.—SLEEVE.

We give, as will be seen, both the upper and under parts of the sleeve. The basque, at the back, as will be seen from the illustration above, is plaited. Observe that, in joining the pieces of this bodice together, you must follow the letters and notches on the SUPPLEMENT.

By means of buttons (see also the illustration above) or hooks and eyes, a colored waistcoat—contrasting, both in material and hue, with the dress—can be easily arranged. This season, both white and colored waistcoats are very fashionable. The tablier or overskirt may correspond with the waistcoat, if desired.

We also give, on the SUPPLEMENT, three new and beautiful designs for embroidery, descriptions of which will be found below.

EMBROIDERIES ON SUPPLEMENT.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

1.—DESIGN FOR GOLDEN-ROD. To be worked in outline-stitch. The pattern is suitable for a chair-back, etc., etc., etc.

2.—DESIGN FOR CARNATIONS. To be worked in outline-stitch. The pattern is suitable for a cushion, ottoman, etc., etc.

3.—DESIGN FOR DUCKS. To be worked in outline-stitch. The pattern is suitable for napkin or anything connected with a dining-room.

All of these designs may be used, however, for a great variety of purposes, besides those mentioned.

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BABY'S SOCK, KNITTED.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

Materials, one ounce of split zephyr or two-threaded Saxony wool. No. 14 needles for a tight knitter. Cast on fifty-three stitches; knit two rows plain, one purl row. Fifth row: slip the first edge-stitch, then knit in brioche until the last stitch, which knit. Knit forty-four rows altogether in brioche, counting twenty-two on each side of the work. Forty-ninth row: knit plain. Fiftieth row: knit plain. Fifty-first row: knit two together, make one; *, knit two together, knit two, make one; repeat from *, then two rows plain. Divide for the foot. Knit thirty-five, turn, leaving seventeen for the left needle; knit eighteen, turn; you have now seventeen on the first needle; on the eighteen stitches, knit twenty-six rows of brioche; after this, knit sixteen plain rows, then eight rows, decreasing at the end of each row by knitting two together; you have now ten stitches for the toe; on the side of the knitting, take up four stitches on the last eight rows, eight stitches on the sixteen plain rows, nineteen on the brioche and plain row, then knit the seventeen stitches on the needle, turn, knit these off, and raise the same number of stitches on the other side of the work; knit ten rows plain; you have now one hundred and six on the needle. Eleventh row: knit forty-eight, knit two together, knit six, knit two together, knit forty-eight. Twelfth row: plain. Thirteenth row: knit forty-seven, knit two together, knit six, knit two together, knit forty-seven. Fourteenth row: plain. Fifteenth row: knit forty-seven, knit two together, knit four, knit two together, knit the rest. Sixteenth row: knit plain. Seventeenth row: knit two together, knit forty-four, knit two together, knit four, knit two together, knit forty-four, knit two together. Eighteenth row: plain. Nineteenth row: knit two together, knit forty-two, knit two together, knit four, knit two together, knit forty-two, knit two together. Twentieth row: knit plain. Twenty-first row: knit two together, knit forty, knit two together, knit four, knit two together, knit forty, knit two together. Twenty-second row: knit plain. Twenty-third row: knit two together, knit thirty-eight, knit two together, knit four, knit two together, knit thirty-eight, knit two together. Twenty-fourth row: knit plain, and cast off; sew up, and add a ribbon in the slot.

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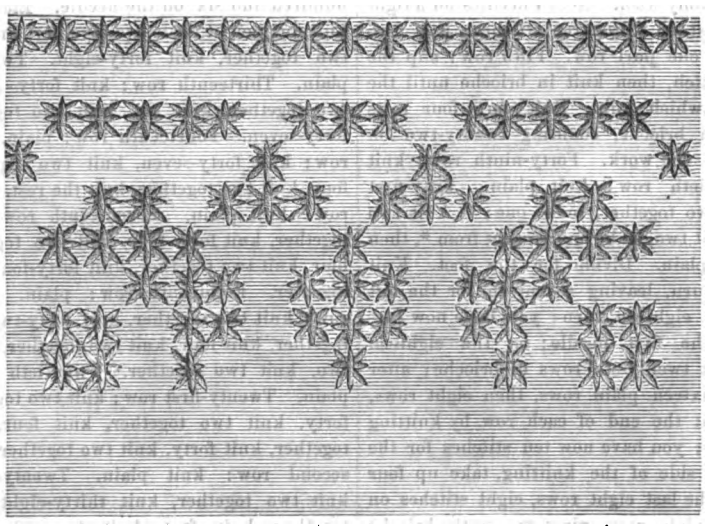
WALL-POCKET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

Materials, a twelve-inch square of stiff muslin, same of plush, of satin, and of card-board. Pin the two corners of the square together, as seen in the illustration; cut the lowest points in a round shape; unpin the two points. Make a pocket of plush, lined with silk or satin, and enclose a piece of cane in it, at the top of the pocket. Now embroider the two points of satin, as seen in illustration, any simple design; bend the card-board into shape, and line it with satin. Then sew the pocket in its place. Sew the embroidered points together, and trim with chenille. A loop, to hang it by, is placed at the upper point, and chenille balls ornament the lower ends.

DESIGN IN DOUBLE CROSS-STITCH.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This design can be carried out either with filoselle on a satin ground or with ingrain colored cottons on a linen ground. The pattern is especially desirable, for it can be repeated, and thus made useful for tea-cloths, towels, dressing-table covers, tidies, etc., etc.

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DESIGN IN OUTLINE-EMBROIDERY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

These Greenaway figures are still extensively used to decorate ends of scarf table and bureau covers. They are done in red and blue French working-cottons or in wash-crewels.

NAME FOR MARKING.

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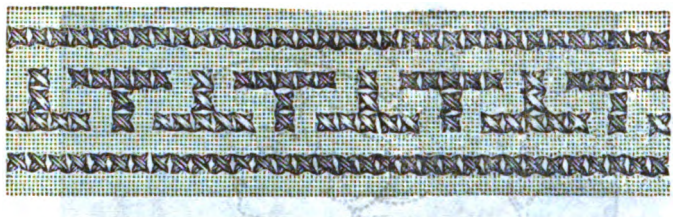
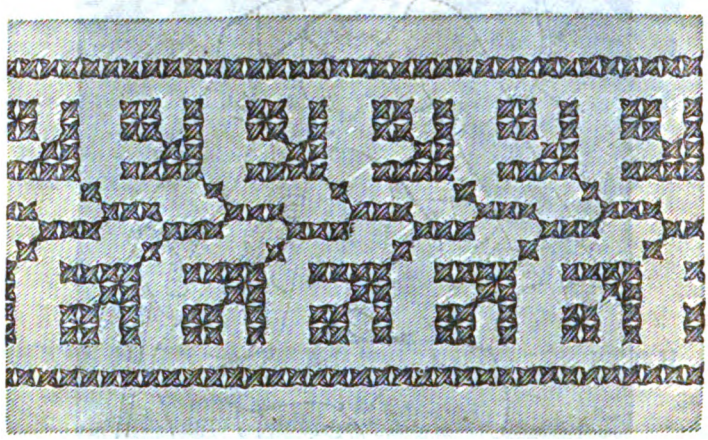
TRIMMING FOR CHILD'S FROCK.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



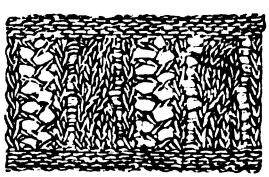


These trimmings are in Russian embroidery, and are most effective and durable on children's frocks and pinafores. They are also extensively used on sideboard-covers, ends of towels, etc. They are executed in red and blue French working-cottons, either over canvas or specially-prepared linen. When done over canvas, the threads of canvas are afterward pulled out. Coarse linen, where you can count or pull threads to mark the lines, the work can readily be done directly upon it, for sideboard-covers, or other similar purposes.

FANCY STITCH IN KNITTING.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

Two needles and Berlin wool. This is a very pretty open stitch for comforters, anti-macassars,



or the tops of babies' socks. Cast on any number of stitches that will divide by twelve. Knit four plain rows. First, pattern row: slip the first stitch, always. * Throw the wool over the needle, to make a stitch. Knit two together, take the next three stitches off on a third needle, same size as you are working with, and keep this needle in front. Knit the fourth, fifth, and sixth stitch, then knit the third on the third needle, then knit one, make one, by putting the wool over the needle, knit two together, knit one. Repeat to *, and always purl on the back row. It is only the first stitch of every row that is slipped. An accomplished knitter will soon see that the thick stripe is cable-stitch.

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WHEAT EARS AND LEAVES, IN SILK EMBROIDERY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

This pretty design is useful for almost any kind of embroidery. It may be done all in white silk, or one color, or in the natural colors: maize from the wheat-ears, dull-greens for leaves and stems, and tie the bunch with a pale-brown color for the ribbon ends.

MUSIC-PORTFOLIO.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

This useful portfolio for music is made of navy-blue cloth, embroidered in colored silks. The flower in the centre is in four shades of pale-blue, the leaves are in shades of dull-green, and the flowers at each end of the design are in four shades of amber. The stems are done in chain-stitch, with brown silk. The inside of the portfolio is lined with old-gold silk or satin. The handles and mountings are of blue or natural-colored leather.

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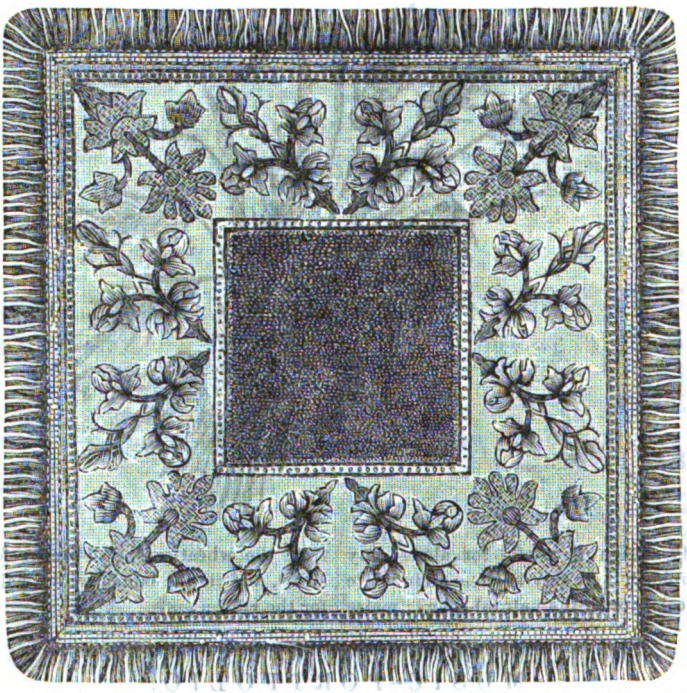
NEW PATTERN FOR CHAIR-BACK.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



We give, here, a new design for a chair-back, from the art-school, the latest novelty of its kind. In the front of the number, we give, in detail, full size, the patterns; one for the corners, as will be seen, the other for the remainder of this stylish affair.

The centre of this chair-back is made of plush, of any color that may be desired. This centre is to be surrounded by twelve embroidered designs, four for the corners, and eight for the rest: the patterns for which, as we have said, we give, full size, in the front of the number. This embroidery is to be on either plush or satin, and must be worked with crewels. A long Kensington-stitch, that should be done with a double strand of crewel, and couching, are the stitches used. We would explain that, in couching, you take three or four strands of crewel, and fasten them down, at very short intervals, with crewel or silk of a different color, or with gold thread.

This is pretty for many purposes. It would make a nice mat for a table, etc., etc.

CUSHION FOR CHAIR-BACK.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give a design for a cushion to be hung at the back of a chair, and, on the page opposite to the design, we give the pattern for the embroidery of it, in detail. The cushion should be oblong, and filled with down. It should be covered with claret-colored satin and écru-colored garden-gauze, though other colors may be selected, if it be thought they will match the furniture of the room better. The gauze should be embroidered with filoselle of the same color, from the pattern given in illustration. The squares consist of stitches four threads high

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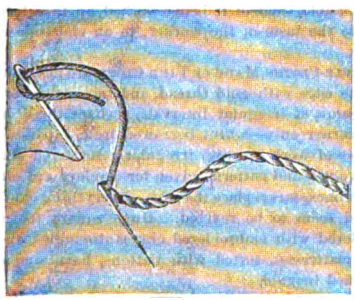
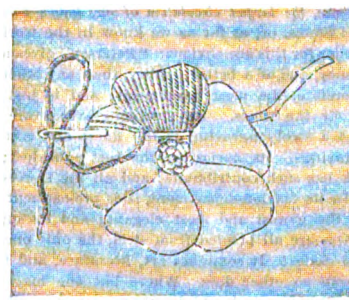
and two wide, and occur in reversed position. A narrow écru point-lace braid is then sewed on in vandykes, and worked over with close button-hole-stitches of écru filoselle, the ground being cut away between the vandykes. At the point of each vandyke, is sewed a string of claret satin ribbon, and these strings tie on the écru cover, as shown in illustration. The cushion is suspended by strings of claret satin ribbon, which are finished off with rosette-shaped loops and ends (the rosette being omitted in our engraving), and fitted with a strong safety-pin to fasten it, to the back of the chair. On the outside of the cushion, are wooden buttons, covered with satin.

OUTLINE AND KENSINGTON STITCHES.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.





We are frequently asked by new subscribers to describe the outline-stitch and the Kensington-stitch, so often alluded to in these pages. For the benefit of such, and other new subscribers, we do it here, accompanying our description with engravings, as above.

1.—Outline-Stitch. Make a long stitch forward on the face of the material, and a very short stitch back on the under side, and then bring the stitch up on the face again, *beside* the first stitch, and so on. Sometimes it is called cording-stitch or stem-stitch, instead of outline-stitch (see engraving above).

2.—Kensington-Stitch is made in the same way as outline-stitch, only *applied* differently. Instead of working around the edge of a flower, work from the edge toward the centre; draw the thread back to the edge of the flower, without taking a stitch; and so on, working from the edge to the centre until the flower is filled in (see the engraving).

3.—Split-Stitch, we may add, is a different stitch, and must not be confounded with outline-stitch. In split-stitch, the needle is brought up *through* the preceding stitch, and not beside it, as it is in the outline stitch.

DESIGN FOR BORDER OF CURTAIN, Etc.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give another of those costly and beautiful colored patterns for which "Peterson" has long been celebrated, and which appear nowhere else, no other magazine being able to afford them. This pattern, at retail, would cost from fifty cents upward, yet we offer it to our hundred and fifty thousand subscribers for 1886, gratis, as a New-Year gift, with our best compliments and wishes for their happiness, prosperity, health, and long life.

It is in what is called Berlin-work, which has again become very fashionable, and which is destined to continue so, both because of the ease with which it is worked and because of the rich effects it produces. The design can be used for the border of a curtain, for a stripe for a chair-back, etc. In this beautiful affair, each color had to be printed separately, in turn, so that the printings are almost innumerable, and the expense corresponding.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

"PETERSON" FOR 1886. GREATER INDUCEMENTS THAN EVER BEFORE.—We offer this number as a renewed proof that we intend to keep the position we have held for so many years, as the "best and cheapest of the lady's-books." In addition, we call attention to the Prospectus on the last page of the cover. We claim there that "Peterson" is both *better and cheaper* than any magazine of its kind. That the public at large admits the justice of this claim is proved by the fact that "Peterson" has now, and has had for years, *the largest circulation of any lady's-book* in the United States, or, as far as we know in the world.

The reasons for this are obvious: "Peterson" gives more for the money, and of a better quality, than any other; is really, therefore, the most economical; and is just the magazine for the times. Its steel-engravings are the finest; and a steel-engraving is the finest and costliest of all engravings. Its stories are the best published; no lady's-book has such contributors: and all the stories *are original*. In its fashion-department, it is pre-eminent: its styles are the newest and most elegant; and its superb colored plates are all printed from steel, the only ones in the United States! It combines art, literature, and fashion in a way no other does. Where but one magazine is taken, "Peterson" should be that magazine. Every family that pretends to culture and refinement should take at least one magazine.

We continue to offer four kinds of clubs. For one kind, the premium is the unrivaled illustrated album, "The Forget-Me-Not," or the large engraving, "The Angel of Paradise," whichever is preferred. For another kind, the premium is a copy of "Peterson" for 1886. For still another kind, there are two premiums: "The Forget-Me-Not," or "The Angel of Paradise," *and* a copy of "Peterson." For our very largest clubs, the magazine and both the album and engraving are given—*three premiums in all!* No other magazine offers such inducements. Only our immense circulation enables us to do it.

Now is the time to get up clubs. Every lady will subscribe for "Peterson," if its merits and cheapness be fairly put before her. It is really the only one that always keeps its promises: what we say we will do, *we do*. A specimen will be sent, gratis, if written for. *Do not lose a moment.*

OLD BERLIN-WOOL WORK (cross-stitch) is in fashion again, and chairs and cushions are being adorned with it. The novelty is to work it so that both sides are alike. Crewel-work, so easy and effective, has by no means had its day, but cross-stitch is possibly for the moment more in favor. Nightgown-cases, in linen and even silk, have borders of cross-stitch in delicate colorings—pink, green, and gold; and woolen borders for tables, brackets, etc. Our colored pattern for this month is a superb one in Berlin-wool work. It alone is worth more than the price of the number.

OUR PREMIUMS FOR 1886.—A lady, who has already sent us two large clubs for 1886, writes, on seeing our premiums: "They are beautiful, as your premiums always are. I was somewhat amused by the title-page of the album, 'Forget-Me-Not,' with your name following. *Rest assured I shall pay heed to that request.*" She did pay heed, by sending us, since, another large club. Do likewise!

A NEW AND FASHIONABLE HAND-WORK consists of going over lace designs with colored silks in chain-stitch. A good boldly-defined pattern must be selected, and the lace need not be expensive. One colored silk is often carried over the whole. Flouncings, vests, and the front or panels of skirts are arranged thus. Cream lace, worked over in gold-colored knitting or filoselle silk, looks effective, especially if draped over gold-colored satin; also red over red, in the same way. Black lace may be used. For smart five-o'clock tea-cloths, this chain-stitched lace is now fashionable, some of it being worked up in colors, according to the taste of the worker, to an elaborate extent.

TABLE-CLOTHS MADE OF FINE CLOTH are now buttonholed at the edge with gold thread, and have suns worked with the same, at irregular intervals, perhaps three or four in one corner only—a hint borrowed from Japanese designs. Circles of work are also irregularly scattered about cloth and velvet, and patterns given for d'oyleys are often used. Sometimes stars replace the suns. Everything old-fashioned would seem to be revived. Huge square footstools are powdered with embroidered chrysanthemums, and others, like mattresses, tufted with buttons, have simple blooms outlined in gold.

"SO WELL ADAPTED."—The Elmira (N. Y.) Husbandman says of this magazine: "The novelets are the choicest, its patterns of fancy-work and ladies' and children's garments are of the latest style, and hence its popularity among the ladies. The 'Supplement' is worth more to the subscriber than the cost of the magazine, while its health department, mothers' department, and cookery recipes are valuable features. There is undoubtedly no magazine, of its class, so well adapted to the wants of the people, as this. The steel-engravings are perfect gems."

PLUSH MATS FOR LAMPS are now very fashionable, and would make a pretty Christmas or New-Year gift. They should be about nine inches square, edged all round with a narrow gold cord, and finished off at each end with a silk tassel matching the mat, or a pompon. Red, old-gold, and moss-green are the three favorite colors; the lining is of cretonne.

A BROAD GOLD OR SILVER BANGLE is now often given as a Christmas, New-Year, or other gift. The bangle is made with a tiny padlock, is locked on the arm, and the key kept either by the giver or on the watch-chain of the recipient.

THE "PRECIOUS, PRICELESS" MAGAZINE.—A lady sends a club and writes: "Please send your precious, priceless magazine to this club. I say, with all my heart: 'Long live Peterson! God bless him!'"

"GETS BETTER EVERY YEAR."—A lady, sending a club, writes: "I love the magazine. I don't see how I could do without it. It gets better every year. The steel-engravings are the finest I ever saw in any magazine."

A SMALL PROFIT ON A LARGE CIRCULATION has always been our motto. No other magazine, approaching "Peterson" in merit, has such low club-prices.

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"THE FORGET-ME-NOT," AND OTHER PREMIUMS.—On the second page of the cover, this month, we describe our new and very beautiful premium *to persons getting up clubs for "Peterson" for* 1886, viz: "The Forget-Me-Not," an album of friendship, crowded with blank pages of the finest hot-pressed letter-paper, in fancy colors, for writing verses, autographs, etc., etc. This exquisite gift-book, the *most elegant and costly we have ever published*, will be, in addition, illustrated with steel-engravings, etc., etc., and bound in patent vellum or morocco, gilt. It will be an ornament for any centre-table. Every lady should have a copy. To earn a copy, it is only necessary to get up a club for "Peterson."

Another of our premiums will be a large steel-engraving, executed in the highest style of art, size twenty-one by twenty-seven inches, called "The Angel of Paradise." It is a companion-picture to "Not Lost, But Gone Before," which we published several years ago, and which was so much sought after. Everyone who has the latter should have the former. To secure it, you have only to get up a club for "Peterson."

Another of our premiums will be *an extra copy of the magazine for* 1886. Many persons will prefer this to any other premium. But it, and one or both of the other premiums, will be given for one of the larger clubs.

In short, for 1886, "Peterson" will not only be more desirable than ever, but the premiums for getting up clubs are more beautiful and costly. *Now is the time to get up clubs.*

FOR A SQUARE-CUT BODICE, a pretty arrangement is to fasten a bracelet across the chest, just below the throat, and hide the ends by loops of velvet put into fans of lace. The square bodice should have a lace ruche standing well up round the neck, or a stiff collar, to carry out the idea well, as the bracelet is intended to keep it in its place, and the loops are placed just where it ends. This looks equally well with a black or colored dress. A length of marabout-feather trimming is worn as a boa, for driving, or on chilly days. It passes round the throat, and fastens with any fancy clasp on the left side, and is carried down to the waist, where it either loses itself in the band or is tucked into the bodice.

TO COVER A DOOR TASTEFULLY.—Take a piece of plain velveteen, drawn across the door, without fullness, securely fastened at the top, and then drape any fancy curtain or material, scarf, shawl, or Syrian curtains down each side and across the top, fixing them on tape, to prevent many nails being necessary. On the plain piece, pin any small pictures, ornaments, etc., that are not too heavy, and at the base place either a couple of tall jars, with long grasses, or a box with growing evergreens, or a very large Japanese fan, spread out to its full extent.

FLOUR-TUBS ARE FASHIONABLE, covered with plush or any effective foreign embroidery, the lid being padded and raised, to use as a pincushion, and trimmed round with feather-trimming or thick lace. The wooden handle, which is usually very stiff, is removed, and three silken cords, plaited, are substituted.

THE COLORED PATTERN IN THIS NUMBER, which we offer to our subscribers as a New-Year gift—with our sincere wishes for their health, prosperity, and happiness—would cost, at retail, fifty cents, or even more. Only "Peterson," with its large circulation, can afford to give these costly, beautiful, and unrivaled affairs.

AN EXTRA COPY OF THIS MAGAZINE will be sent, as a premium, for two subscribers at $2.00 each, or $4.00 in all. Or an extra copy will be sent for three subscribers at $1.75 each, or $5.25 in all. These offers are in answer to numerous inquirers, who say they prefer an extra copy.

SORRY WE DID NOT TAKE IT BEFORE.—A new subscriber for 1886 writes to us thus: "We have taken your magazine the past year, and like it very much. All that I am sorry for is that we have not taken it before." We constantly receive such letters.

EITHER OF OUR FORMER PREMIUMS, "The Golden Gift" or "The Pearl of Price," will be sent, instead of "The Forget-Me-Not," if preferred.

IT SEEMS TO BE THE FASHION, just now, among young girls, to fasten a few small feathers, by means of a small brooch, at the throat.

MORE EXERCISE SHOULD BE TAKEN in winter than in the summer. The exercise should be taken, as much as possible, out-of-doors.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

Our Young Folks' History of the Roman Empire. By William Shepard. Illustrated. 1 *vol.*, 8*vo. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.*—This is a volume of much more than ordinary merit. When we were young, there were no such books. Roman history itself was hardly understood. But now, not only have Mommsen and others made the story plain, but students like Mr. Shepard have condensed it, in works like this, so that even "he who runs may read." The volume is handsomely printed and profusely illustrated.

Aurora. By Mary Agnes Tincker. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.*—Whoever has had the good-luck to read the former novels by this author, "The Jewel in The Lotos" and "Signor Monaldini's Niece," will naturally wish to read this. The same graphic descriptions and the same dramatic power, which distinguished the earlier novels, characterize this; while the plot is better managed, and the characters more natural.

On Both Sides. By Frances Courtenay Baylor. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.*—This is a novel in two parts, illustrating certain phases of social life in England and the United States; and interesting, therefore, not only as a story, but as a capital picture of cotemporary manners. A most excellent fiction.

Immortality Inherent In Nature. By Warren Sumner Barlow. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. New York: Fowler & Wells Company.*—We regret that our limited space prevents our doing justice to this poem. We can only say that the purpose is high and noble, and that the execution is quite artistic.

A Model Wife. By G. I. Cervius. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.*—This author is already favorably known by his novel of "White Feathers," one of the most pleasing novels of the day, as a cotemporary calls it. "A Model Wife," however, is even better.

Worth the Wooing. By Lady Gladys Hamilton. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.*—Another of the popular "Twenty-five Cent Series," which is being issued by this enterprising firm. It is a capital love-story, which every woman will like.

Stem to Stern. By Oliver Optic. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.*—The author of this book for boys never seems to lose the knack of writing acceptably. Certainly we find this new volume of his "Boat-Builder Series" as popular as any of the preceding ones.

The Satin-Wood Box. By J. T. Trowbridge. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.*—No one writes more conscientiously, or more truthfully to life, than this author. In his line, he cannot be surpassed.

Tell Your Wife. A Novel. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.*—A novel of the realistic school, now so popular, and one of the very best of its class.

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OUR ARM-CHAIR.

WHAT EVERYBODY SAYS.—Last month, we gave a few notices by editors, out of hundreds that we received. This month, we quote from a few letters, also out of hundreds. Says one lady: "It is no trouble to get subscribers for your book." Says another, who sends a club: "Sickness prevented my getting up a club, last year: it is the first time, in twenty-five years, that we have not had 'Peterson.' We feel lost without it." And another: "Last year, I tried to do without it; but it has seemed like I had lost a very near and dear friend." Another: "I have taken your magazine this year, for the first time, and can truly say it is the best I ever saw." And another says: "I think it the best magazine for ladies published, and my husband is as anxious for it to come as I am." Another says: "I neglected, this year, to send for the magazine; and I never missed anything so much in my life. I cannot do without it any longer." Another says: "The coming year is the thirtieth year I have taken your magazine. In 1856, I commenced taking it; the next year, commenced getting clubs for it; which I have done ever since, and expect to do as long as I live. It is *the* magazine, above all others, to me, though I act as agent for many different ones." And another writes: "I have been taking other magazines, but will now go back to the old stand-by." And another: "I have tried many magazines, but 'Peterson' is superior to all." And still another: "I did not take it, last year, and I missed it so much." And another: "I did not feel able to take it, this year, and I have missed it so much: I hardly know how to keep house without it." This is the universal cry. Now is the time to subscribe. Show these notices, and this number, to your friends. Of one thing be certain: "Peterson" *will always remain ahead.*

A PERFECT BAKING-POWDER.—The great success of the Royal Baking-Powder is due to the extreme care exercised by its manufacturers to make it entirely pure, uniform in quality, and of the highest leavening power. All the scientific knowledge, care, and skill attained by a twenty years' practical experience are contributed toward this end, and no pharmaceutical preparation can be dispensed with a greater accuracy, precision, and exactness. Every article used is absolutely pure. A number of chemists are employed, to test the strength of each ingredient, so that its exact power and effect, in combination with its co-ingredients, is definitely known. Nothing is trusted to chance, and no person is employed in the preparation of the materials used or the manufacture of the powder who is not an expert in his particular branch of the business. As a consequence, the Royal Baking-Powder is of the highest grade of excellence—always pure, wholesome, and uniform in quality. Each box is exactly like every other, and will retain its powers, and produce the same and the highest leavening effect, in any climate, at any time. The Government chemists, after having analyzed all the principal brands in the market, in their reports, placed the Royal Baking-Powder at the head of the list for strength, purity, and wholesomeness, and thousands of tests all over the country have further demonstrated the fact that its qualities are, in every respect, unrivaled.

WE WOULD CALL THE ATTENTION of our readers to the advertisement, in another column, of Priestley's Silk Warp Henriettas. There are no better black dress-goods made than these. Only the finest silk and best Australian wool are used in their manufacture, and the highest prices are paid for their dyeing. They are dyed in two standard shades of black, which you can always match. No black dress-fabric which you can buy will wear so long and look so well as a Priestley's Silk Warp Henrietta.

DO YOU DREAD WRINKLES?—The death-blow to youthful looks, and a sure warning that age is creeping on, are those same *dreaded wrinkles.* To defy them, to remove them, and also to prevent their coming, *use Palm Kosmeo.* It keeps the skin smooth and free from chaps and pimples.

Palm Kosmeo used in combination with Palm Poudre, nothing can be finer as a complexion-cosmetic. My own personal use is proof, and I am justified in saying to my thousands of customers: Try it, and be convinced of its merits. Also Extract of Turkish Rose-Leaves, a very fine indelible tint for the cheeks and lips.

Prices, Palm Kosmeo, $1.00 and $2.00 a box. Kosmeo Poudre, 50 cents, and $1.00 a box—can be sent by mail. Turkish Rose-Leaves, 50 cents and $1.00 a bottle—cannot be sent by mail. These goods are only sold by me. Send for Catalogue of Hair Goods. Mrs. C. Thompson, 32 East Fourteenth Street, New York.

"FINEST I EVER SAW."—A lady, who sends us a club, writes afterward: "With many thanks, I acknowledge the receipt of your premiums, as per promise. I think 'The Forget-Me-Not' and 'Angel of Paradise' the finest premiums I ever saw given with any book or paper; and as for the magazine, no lady of refinement ought to do without it. I think no periodical brightens a home like 'Peterson,' and feel that I am employing my time well in reading it."

"EXCELS THEM ALL."—A lady sends us her subscription, and adds: "I have tried almost all the other leading magazines, and 'Peterson' excels them all: the steel-engravings alone are worth the price of the book."

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE is useful in dyspepsia It gives the stomach tone, and imparts vigor to the whole system.

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

☞ Everything relating to this department should be addressed "Puzzle Editor," PETERSON'S MAGAZINE, Lock Box 409, Marblehead, Mass.

No. 276.—HIDDEN NAMES.

1. Do you know when rye is ripe?
2. Miriam, as a Jewish maiden, in the theatricals made a decided hit.
3. Mary and I ran after the departing train.
4. The setting sun looked beautiful, as I last gazed upon it.
5. Make your bank-account as large as possible.

Marblehead Mass. PHINAULTÉ.

No. 277.—WORD-SQUARE.

1. A sort of nail without a head.
2. A large cord.
3. Monkeys.
4. An inclining table.

Boston, Mass. FALKA.

Answers Next Month.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

SOUPS.

Mock-Turtle, of Calf's Head.—Take a fine large calf's head, split it open, and lay it for two or three hours in cold water; then put it on to boil in as much water as will cover it. When it is done enough to take the meat

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off the bones, cut the meat into square pieces, and put them into a stewpan, with some mace, cloves, nutmeg, red pepper, some sweet herbs, and a large onion; salt it to your liking, put it in as much of the liquor as will cover it, and let it stew gently one hour. Then take a quarter-pound of butter rolled in flour, and some browned butter, mix it with the stew, and let it boil half an hour; when done, add a glass of wine. Fry the liver, and lay it round the dish with some nice forcemeat balls.

Gravy Soup (Inexpensive).—Take the bones from a used-up sirloin of beef of about fourteen pounds; remove all fat, break them, and place in the stock-pot or a saucepan, with two quarts of cold water, a tablespoonful of salt, a few peppercorns, and a few strips of bacon-rind. Keep the whole simmering steadily for eight hours, then strain into a clean basin. Next morning, skim off the fat, which will have risen to the top, when the soup should be a mass of clear jelly. Heat it in a clean saucepan, color with a little browning, and serve with macaroni, vermicelli, or toast. If the flavor of onion or celery be liked, put it in with the bones.

MEATS.

Sausages and Fried Onions.—To a pound of mutton—if possible, cut from the under side of the loin—minced as finely as possible, add a tablespoonful and a half of finely-sifted breadcrumb, a teaspoonful of flour, a teaspoonful of salt, and the same of white pepper and of dried and sifted sage, and a teaspoonful of freshly-ground allspice (not mixed spice). Mix all this together, and a tablespoonful of good stock, or gravy, or milk, or melted butter. Form it into rolls; dip each in egg and breadcrumb, and fry in boiling fat. In the country, skins for filling with sausage-meat are easily obtainable. These skins are generally the well-cleaned entrails of pigs generally known as knottlings, or of calves termed chitterlings. If the sausages be preferred without these, the meat can be forced through a tin tube, and it will be in the same form as a sausage. This is dipped into egg beaten with a little milk, and then fried, with or without breadcrumb, in boiling fat, but not enough to cover the sausages, as they have to be turned, when brown, on the other side.

Glazed Turnips.—Cut some new turnips into the shape of orange quarters or small pears. Parboil them for five or ten minutes in salted water. Drain them thoroughly, then place them in a well-buttered saucepan, sprinkle them with plenty of powdered loaf-sugar, put the saucepan on the fire, and, as soon as they begin to color, moisten with a small quantity of clear stock; add a pinch of powdered cinnamon, and pepper and salt; let them stew gently until done.

Roast Fowls.—Fowls require constant attention in dredging and basting; and, during the last ten minutes, let butter rolled in flour be stuck over them in little bits, and allowed to melt, without basting. The gravy for fowls should always be thickened, and slightly flavored with lemon-juice. Sausages or rolled bacon should be served on the same dish, and white mashed potatoes always be handed with poultry.

Bread Sauce.—Boil a large onion, cut in four, in half a pint of milk, with some black peppercorns, until the onion is quite a pulp. Pour the milk, strained, on soaked whole bread, and cover it. In an hour, put it in a saucepan and boil the whole again, then beat it smooth with a fork. Four peppercorns, four allspice, and two cloves should be boiled in the milk. When ready, add a little cayenne and salt.

DESSERTS

Rich Plum-Pudding.—Stone carefully one pound of best raisins, wash and pick one pound of currants, chop very small one pound of fresh beef-suet, blanch and chop small or pound two ounces of sweet almonds, a quarter-ounce of bitter ones; mix the whole well together, with one pound of sifted flour, and the same weight of breadcrumb soaked in cold milk, then squeezed dry, and stirred with a spoon until reduced to a mash, before it is mixed with the flour. Cut in small pieces, two ounces of each, preserved citron, orange and lemon peel, and add a quarter-ounce of mixed spice; a quarter-pound of moist sugar should be put into a basin, with eight eggs, and well beaten together with a three-pronged fork; stir this with the pudding, and make it of a proper consistence with milk. Remember that it must not be made thin, or the fruit will sink to the bottom. Two wineglassfuls of brandy should be poured over the fruit and spice, mixed together in a basin, and allowed to stand three or four hours before the pudding is made, stirring them occasionally. It must be put in a well-buttered basin, covered with a paste of flour and water and a cloth, and will take seven hours of constant boiling. When done, turn it out on a dish, sift loaf-sugar over the top, and serve it with wine-sauce in a boat, and some poured around the pudding. The pudding will be of considerable size; but half the quantity of materials, used in the same proportion, will be equally good. This pudding will keep for a year, in a dry place. It is always advisable to have plum-puddings made and boiled before the day they are needed for table, as they take a long time to make, and may be boiled two or three times without injury to them. On Christmas or New-Year Day, it is usual to put a spray of holly on the top of the pudding, and to pour brandy over it, which is set alight just as the pudding is brought into the dining-room.

Jersey Wonders.—Take two pounds of flour, six ounces of butter, six ounces of white sugar, a little nutmeg, ground ginger, and lemon-peel; beat eight eggs, and mix them thoroughly with the other ingredients. Roll it out to about the thickness of pie-crust, cut off a small slice, and form it into an oval about four inches long and three inches wide, not too thin; cut two slits in it, but not through either end; there will then be three bands. Pass the left one to the aperture to the right, shape somewhat of a true-lover's-knot; throw the paste into a brass or bell-metal skillet, with boiling lard or beef or mutton dripping. Three or four of these cakes may be cooked at a time. In about two minutes, turn them with a fork, and they will be browned and swollen, or raised, in two or three minutes more. Remove them from the pan to a dish, and leave them to dry and cool.

Popped Corn.—Pour white sugar, boiled to a thick syrup, over the popped corn. The syrup may be flavored according to taste.

CAKES.

Honeycomb Ginger-Nuts.—Rub a quarter-pound of butter into a half-pound of flour, with a pinch of salt, a tablespoonful of ground ginger, and the finely-grated peel of a lemon; mix into a paste with four tablespoonfuls of treacle; flour pastry-board lightly, take up small pieces of the paste, and roll into balls the size of large marbles; put each on a greased baking-sheet, leaving two inches' space between them; bake for five minutes in a quick oven. When done, with a knife curl each nut, doing it quickly whilst it is quite hot. Put on a sieve to dry, and, when cold, put them away at once in a tin canister.

Small Rice-Cakes.—Beat and mix well together four eggs properly whisked, and a half-pound of fine sifted sugar; pour to them, by degrees, a quarter-pound of clarified butter, as little warmed as possible; stir lightly in with these, four ounces of dry sifted flour; beat the mixture for about ten minutes; put it into small buttered patty-pans, and bake the cakes for a quarter-hour in a moderate oven. They should be flavored with the grated rind of a small lemon, with pounded mace or cinnamon.

Cookies.—Mix together one pound of powdered loaf-sugar, one pound of flour, and a half-teaspoonful of carbonate of soda; rub in a quarter-pound of butter; make

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into a soft paste, with three eggs beaten, a dessertspoonful of cream or milk, and essence of almond to taste; roll out an inch thick, and cut into biscuit with a wine-glass. Bake ten minutes in a moderate oven. They must be kept in a dry place, and will continue good for three months.

EMBROIDERY STITCHES, ETC.

We are frequently asked by new subscribers to describe the stitches used in embroidery, and to which reference is constantly made in our Work-Table. A good time to do this is now, with the first number of the year. The principal stitches are as follows:

Outline-stitch and Kensington-stitch are used more than almost any others, just now. We have described these on page 93 of this number, illustrating them with cuts, so that even the most inexperienced may understand them.

Couching is another stitch that is constantly used. It consists in laying down one or more cords, and fastening them by regular stitches. Sometimes a fine thread is used, instead of a cord: in this case, the work is called tracing or tracing-stitch.

Dot-stitch is a mere point: it is also called seed-stitch, and is used for light filling-in. It is made like an ordinary back-stitch, except that the needle is not put back to the place from which it is drawn out, but an interval about the length of a stitch is left between.

French knot is made by twisting the needle once or twice around the thread, and afterward passing the needle straight down through the material, and drawing the knot tight.

Queen-Anne or weaving stitch is a regular fine darning. Darning of various kinds is now largely used in embroidery, principally in backgrounds.

The Holbein-stitch is perpendicular, horizontal, or diagonal, and short. It is especially suitable for canvas embroidery. It is sometimes called Italian-stitch.

Bullion, wound, or point-de-minute stitch is formed by tightly coiling the thread around the needle.

Satin-stitch consists in regular long stitches, closely laid together to represent a smooth, raised, satin-like effect.

Chain-stitch is made by bringing the needle through a loop of the silk, each loop forming a link like a chain, from which its name.

Coral-stitch is made by bringing the needle out over a loop of the silk, each loop forming a branch. It is sometimes called feather-stitch or brier-stitch.

Point-russe consists of any number or order of artistically-disposed long stitches.

Beading-stitch is a loop or knot, formed over the principal thread.

The old-fashioned buttonhole-stitch or scallop-stitch is familiar to everyone.

To Stretch Embroidery When Finished.—This is a good place to describe this process, about which we are often asked; for, generally, when a piece of embroidery is completed, it is more or less puckered or drawn. The first thing to do is to take a clean cloth, and wet it in clear cold water, then wring the cloth out tightly, and place it on a board or table; then put the work upon it, face upward. With pins, now pin out the work, and strain it as much as possible; after this, leave it for twelve hours in dry weather, and longer in damp weather. If it has been properly stretched, it will be perfectly smooth when taken off the board. If it has not been tightly strained, repeat the process, again wetting the cloth. Another way that frequently answers is to lay the embroidery face downward upon a piece of flannel, dampen the back, or lay upon it a damp cloth, and press it with a hot iron. When this less troublesome process, however, fails, adopt the other; for that always succeeds.

HOLIDAY-HINTS.

How To Unmount Or Mount Photographs.—We are asked this question by an old subscriber. We answer: Place the photographs in a dish of cold water, and leave them twelve hours at least; they will then generally float off the cards when slightly agitated. But sometimes the cards and photographs are waterproof from the wax on them; in that case, when they have been twelve hours in the water, the backs of the cards must be peeled off to let the water under the glaze. Never try to unmount photographs in a hurry, and never use hot water, as it rots the prints. To remount them, dip each photograph in water, lay it face down on a sheet of white blotting-paper, then with the finger rub thick boiled (but cold) white starch over the back place on the leaf or mount, dab with a piece of soft linen, cover with a sheet of white writing-paper, and place under a weight. In mounting views in an album, it is best not to do too many at once, or the leaves will warp before you put them under pressure.

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Christmas and New-Year Decorations.—In decorating school-rooms, or other large halls, broad effects are desirable. For this purpose, flags are very useful. They are not used to the extent they well might be, in such cases. The proper material for them is bunting, which hangs well and is durable; but it is expensive, and Turkey twill answers the purpose very well. The red and dark-blue should be used. The small flags may be plain; but the larger ones should be elaborated by devices of contrasting color—red or white upon blue, and vice-versa. Stars of gold and silver paper can be gummed on, and some of the flags edged with the tinsel-paper, cut into a fringe, and folded to a good thickness. The larger devices in twill and calico are more durable, if stitched into place. Shields, anchors, and other emblems can be cut out in mill-board, and covered with red twill, and are useful as centre-pieces for masses of green, or as connecting links for festoons.

FASHIONS FOR JANUARY.

Fig. I.—House-Dress, of Stone-Colored Surah. The skirt is edged with a narrow knife-plaiting of the same, which is headed by a band of lichen-green velvet. Two wide flounces trim the skirt, and each is headed by a band of the green velvet. The apron-front is short, and meets at the back under a sash-and-ends of green velvet. The bodice is pointed, back and front, and is trimmed with bows of green velvet. An embroidered muslin trimming forms a pretty little kind of fichu, which turns upward, and fastens under a velvet bow.

Fig. II.—Ball-Dress, of Violet-Colored Velvet Made Princess style. It is low in the neck, opens at the waist over a gold-colored vest, and falls in straight lines at the sides. The train is full, long, and undraped. The front of the dress is of gold-colored satin, draped with white lace, caught up with tufts of gold-colored ostrich-tips. The bodice has a fall of white lace over the shoulders, caught up on the breast with ostrich-tips.

Fig. III.—Evening-Dress, For a Young Lady. The skirt is of blossom-colored albatross, laid in box-plaits. The tunic is pointed, and quite short on the hips on the right side. Grecian bodice, short puffed sleeves, and a wide band and sash-ends of dark-green velvet.

Fig. IV.—Ball-Dress, of White Brocaded Satin and White Frisé Velvet. The skirt is made of satin, brocaded in diamond. At the bottom, the diamonds are cut in points, and fall over three full plaitings of plain white satin. The pointed bodice and long narrow train are of the frisé velvet.

Fig. V.—Evening-Dress, of White Lace and Blue

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BROCADE. The skirt is entirely of white lace, made full over a white silk—or a silk of the color of the overdress would look equally well—and edged with a narrow blue knife-plaiting. The short tunic and bodice are of the blue brocade. The bodice opens V-shape, back and front, and is filled in with white lace. White lace puffed sleeves, trimmed with little bows of ribbon. Three long loops-and-ends of blue satin fall over the lace skirt, at the back.

FIG. VI.—CLOAK, OF FINE RIBBED OTTOMAN. It is double-breasted, and fastened down the front with large oxydized buttons. It is full-plaited at the back, and has dolman sleeves. The collar, cuffs, and muff are of brown fur. Black felt hat, trimmed with brown feathers and oxydized buckle.

FIG. VII.—WALKING-DRESS, OF DARK-GREEN CASHMERE. The underskirt is edged with a narrow knife-plaiting, and is of green cashmere and velvet striped material. The full overdress is of plain cashmere, of a lighter color, opening high at the side, and looped loosely at the back. The jacket is of darker-green cashmere, double-breasted, and has a large collar and cuffs of the lighter color. Dark-green felt hat, trimmed with full bows of lighter-colored ribbon.

FIG. VIII.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF PLAIN BROWN AND STRIPED CHENILLE SERGE. The plain underskirt is made of the chenille-striped serge. The looped overskirt is of the plain serge, is draped on the left side, and open on the right side. The jacket is of the striped serge, like the skirt; and the waistcoat, collar, and cuffs are of plain brown velvet.

FIG. IX.—MOURNING WALKING-DRESS. The skirt is of Henrietta-cloth, laid in wide plaits, and trimmed around the bottom with a broad band of crépe. The tunic, of Henrietta-cloth, is pointed at the side, opens over the left hip, and falls loosely at the back. The bodice, of the same material, is close-fitting and trimmed with crépe. Bonnet of black crépe, with long veil, bows of crépe, and a row of dull jet on the edge. Henrietta-cloth is really not a cloth, but a beautiful material which has taken the place of bombazine. This is a beautiful model for a costume of any color.

FIG. X.—MANTLE, OF OCELOT-SKIN. It is cut with much spring, to fall easily over the large tournure, and is trimmed around the bottom, the sleeves, and the neck with skunk.

FIG. XI.—BONNET, OF GRAY FELT, trimmed with soft wide ribbon, of a dark-red shade, and figured in many colors.

FIG. XII.—SHOULDER-CAPE FOR A LITTLE GIRL. It is made of soft white muslin, trimmed with wide lace or embroidery. The collar has a narrower trimming of the same kind. A collar made of écru muslin, trimmed with embroidery which is outlined in colors, is very pretty.

FIG. XIII.—JET NECKLACE. Composed of five rows of French jet beads. The clasp in front is also of jet, from which eight rows of beads depend, terminating in large jet pears.

FIG. XIV.—MANTELET, OF SEAL-BROWN PLUSH. It has long ends in front, and is short at the back. The sleeves are cut wide, and turned under. It is trimmed with beaver-fur. The ends in front show as ornaments in brown passementerie.

FIG. XV.—HAT, OF BROWN FELT. Bound with brown velvet, and trimmed with brown velvet and a bird.

FIG. XVI.—HOOD FOR SLEIGHING, EVENING-WEAR, ETC. It is made of striped Algerine material—or of striped flannel, if preferred. If lined with silk, it keeps the hair smoother, but does not keep in place so well.

FIG. XVII.—SLEEVE FOR A HOUSE-DRESS. Trimmed with lace and with ribbon to match the figures in the material.

FIG. XVIII.—JACKET FOR RECEPTIONS. It is of dark-blue velvet, braided in Hungarian style, and trimmed with otter-fur. It is fastened at the throat by a large oxydized clasp. This jacket is equally pretty in dark-green, black, or brown; but it should closely harmonize in color with the dress with which it is worn. The hat is of dark-blue velvet, trimmed with bows of velvet, oxydized buttons, and feathers the color of the otter-fur.

GENERAL REMARKS.—At this season of the year, there is nothing very new in the style of making dresses. In our November and December numbers, we gave the very latest items with regard to the fashions.

Cloth or woolen dresses are almost universal for street-wear; a small jacket is usually worn over such a dress.

Velvets, plushes, silks, etc., etc., are reserved, as a rule, for more ceremonious occasions.

Bodices are made to suit the fancy of the wearer; but basques and postillions are popular, because they are very becoming, except to an exceedingly slender person, when the round waist looks better.

Velvet collars and cuffs are dressy, and are most becoming additions to almost any toilet.

Wraps, as we have said before, are either quite long or rather short. There is no especially new feature about them, except that on many the old-fashioned pagoda sleeve has been revived. This sleeve is rather close-fitting to the elbow, where it begins to flare out, and is a quarter-yard or more wide at the hand.

Richly-beaded and embroidered fabrics will be worn for evening—also black, white, and cream-colored lace dresses. For young persons, however, white muslin, tulle, or gauze will remain most in favor. The trimmings for these dresses consist of stripes of narrow satin ribbons. Many, however, have not any trimming whatever, but are made of three or five skirts, of different lengths, and all gathered into the waist with a wide baby-sash of colored moiré. A few flowers in the hair and at the waist.

Low shoes, of the same color as the dress or its trimmings, are worn for evening—the toes no longer pointed, but rounded. The heels of all shoes and boots are very low. With shoes, embroidered silk stockings are worn, embroidered over the instep and up the sides.

For day-wear, striped stockings to match the dress are the most fashionable.

Gloves, whether for day or evening, are still long—that is, they occupy all that portion of the arm not covered by the sleeve. For evening-dress, gloves and stockings are generally of the same color. Gloves mostly match the dress.

Hoods on wraps are again appearing. These are very jaunty on good figures, but are apt to make a person who has not a good back look round-shouldered. They are useless, also, as a rule.

Felt hats and bonnets are very much worn. They come in so many different colors, that they can be worn with any shade of dress.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

RUE DES PETITS CHAMPS.

There has seldom been so much talk about dress in the Parisian world, even in the circles entirely devoted to gayety and the cares of the toilette, as there has been during the last few months. Two or three very brilliant weddings, culminating in that of a royal princess, the Princess Marie, of Orleans, set all the realm of fashion into a commotion. The costliest of laces and the most exquisite of embroideries, united to the richest of dress-materials, have signalized the latest efforts of Worth put forth on behalf of these noble or royal brides. When it is remembered that the marriage of the Princess Marie is the first one of a royal personage in France since Napoleon III espoused Eugénie, Countess de Teba, it will well be

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understood how profound was the sensation that it created. I believe that the first influence of this wedding on the fashion of feminine garments is to cause the lessening of the tournure. So far from drifting into the expansiveness of crinoline, we seem destined to return once more to the close clinging skirts of our grandmothers.

Some of the new materials are very elegant. One of these is a new style of moiré, in which wide stripes of the watering, in the large pattern of moiré-antique, are divided by bands of satin brocaded on the material. Satins brocaded with silver were largely used for the dinner and evening dresses of the royal trousseau, being employed for the corsages and trains of the different toilettes. One pattern was silver ferns on pale-blue satin, and another showed roses, carnations, and lilacs in silver on a white satin ground. All these dresses were made with long trains, the only short ones being in tulle of various shades, the newest color being an exquisite pale-bluish green, which Worth combines with deep-yellow roses, the effect being at once artistic and charming. Worth is making very dressy walking-costumes with the back-breadths alternately of satin and velvet in rich contrasting hues, the front being in velvet, slightly draped.

One of the Princess Marie's carriage-dresses was in dark-green satin and orange velvet, in the foregoing style, the corsage being a deep Louis XV coat. Hat in green silk felt, with a long orange plume. Another had a plain skirt in dark-blue plush, striped with a paler shade of blue, an overdress of blue faille being slightly draped over it. This was to be worn with a Louis XV coat of the plush.

Some of Worth's wraps are exceedingly brilliant in color, such as a long paletot in wide alternate stripes of Vesuvius satin and brown velvet. This "Vesuvius" is a new and very brilliant shade of orange, verging upon flame-color. Peachstone-brown is also very fashionable, and is a good gas-light shade for demi-toilette dresses. It combines charmingly with the blush-pink that is now in vogue. The dark-blue velvet dress of the Princess of Wales, at the royal wedding, has brought the rich royal-blue into favor once more; and with reason, as there are few colors more elegant or more becoming. Heliotrope of a reddish cast is a new shade of that color; it is richer and warmer than the tint that was in vogue a few years ago. Crushed-strawberry is also seen again; but, so far, only in velvet. As the Empress of Russia chose that color for her dress for the wedding, it will probably again become popular in certain circles. Changeable satin is also one of the new materials. In pearl-color, shot with pink, it is peculiarly tasteful and has a very elegant effect, combined with velvet. Another new material is uncut velvet, figured all over with velvet in a running pattern of flowers and leaves. This figured velvet is sometimes used for entire walking-dresses, the skirt being elaborately draped, and skirt, corsage, and wrap being all in the same material. It is also combined for dinner-dresses with crèpe-de-Chine in some contrasting color, coral-pink crèpe being employed with bistre-brown velvet.

Demi-toilette walking-dresses are made in lighter shades than they were last season, and show many handsome combinations of velvet and cloth or velvet and cashmere, two shades of brown being the favorite colors. A very pretty style for a cashmere dress is to have the short skirt made in alternate breadths of cashmere and moiré-antique, and box-plaited in large flat folds, the corsage being in cashmere, with cuffs and collar of the moiré. The folds of the skirt are left loose, so that the two materials show to good effect when the wearer moves. The new and beautiful Pekin materials in very wide stripes, alternately of satin and velvet or of satin and plush, are used for the long paletot cloaks, either for the street or for ball-wraps, and are also employed for underskirts, and, in light brilliant hues, for lining the trains of evening-dresses.

The twelve bonnets ordered for the Princess Marie's trousseau, of Madame Heitz-Boyer, of the Place Vendome, show conclusively that the reign of the large hat or bonnet, in the best Parisian society, is at an end. They were all small and compact in shape, though in widely-differing colors and materials. One of the prettiest was a capote, in seal-skin; another, in dark-blue velvet, was embroidered all over in a fine pattern with sapphire-blue beads; a third, in ivory-white velvet, was bordered with white plush of the same shade. The wedding-bonnet for the marriage at the Mayoralty was in turquoise-blue plush, bordered with russet-brown velvet. The prognostications for next season point to a return of that prettiest of all forms of feminine head-gear, the toque, some of the ultra-fashionables of Paris having already assumed it for wearing to the races and for visiting.

Ostrich-feather fans are no longer as fashionable as they have been, hand-painted ones of moderate size being considered more tasteful. Tortoise-shell mounts, with the leaf in satin, and gauze fans, mounted on wood, either violet-wood or ebony, are much in vogue.

A revolution is apparently impending in feminine undergarments. There are many elegant ladies who have given up wearing chemises, replacing them by very finely-woven ribbed undervests in raw silk, which fit the figure like a glove, thus doing away with the more or less cumbrous folds of a linen or cambric undergarment. These vests are specially manufactured for the purpose, and are of fine and elastic yet exceptionally firm texture, and are very durable as well as convenient. The slipping off the shoulders, of the sleeve or band in linen, when a low-necked corsage is donned, is avoided by the new fashion, and the undervest is far warmer and more healthful to the wearer than is the garment in thin cambric which it replaces.

Sprays of flowers, in precious stones of appropriate colors, are the latest novelty in jewelry; but they are not as tasteful as the diamond flowers that have been fashionable for so many years. A group of corn-flowers in sapphires, sprinkled with diamond dewdrops, and a spray of lilac, with amethyst flowers and emerald leaves, are the best examples, so far, of these new ornaments.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—GIRL'S COAT, OF DARK-GREEN CASHMERE. The bodice is plain and close-fitting. The skirt is gathered on under a waistband. The shoulder-cape, cuffs, and trimming around the bottom of the skirt and down the front are of gray Astrakhan. Green felt hat, trimmed with green corded silk and a gray dove.

FIG. II.—GIRL'S COSTUME, OF DARK-BLUE DIAGONAL-CLOTH. The skirt is laid in box-plaits. The broad plaits down the front are trimmed with rows of black military braid. The long close-fitting jacket is made double-breasted, and buttons from the left shoulder to the middle of the front. The bottom of the jacket, above where it is fastened, the collar, and cuffs are all trimmed with black military braid. Dark-blue felt hat, ornamented with black feathers, and black braid around the brim.

FIG. III.—BOY'S COSTUME. The knickerbockers are of dark-brown velveteen. The overcoat is of brown cloth, of a rather lighter shade than the knickerbockers, and is made rather long. Brown felt hat.

FIG. IV.—GIRL'S HAT, OF DARK-GRAY FELT. Trimmed with gray ribbon, striped with bright colors. Gray velvet binding on the edge of the hat.

FIG. V.—SEAL-SKIN TOQUE, ornamented with a gray wind.

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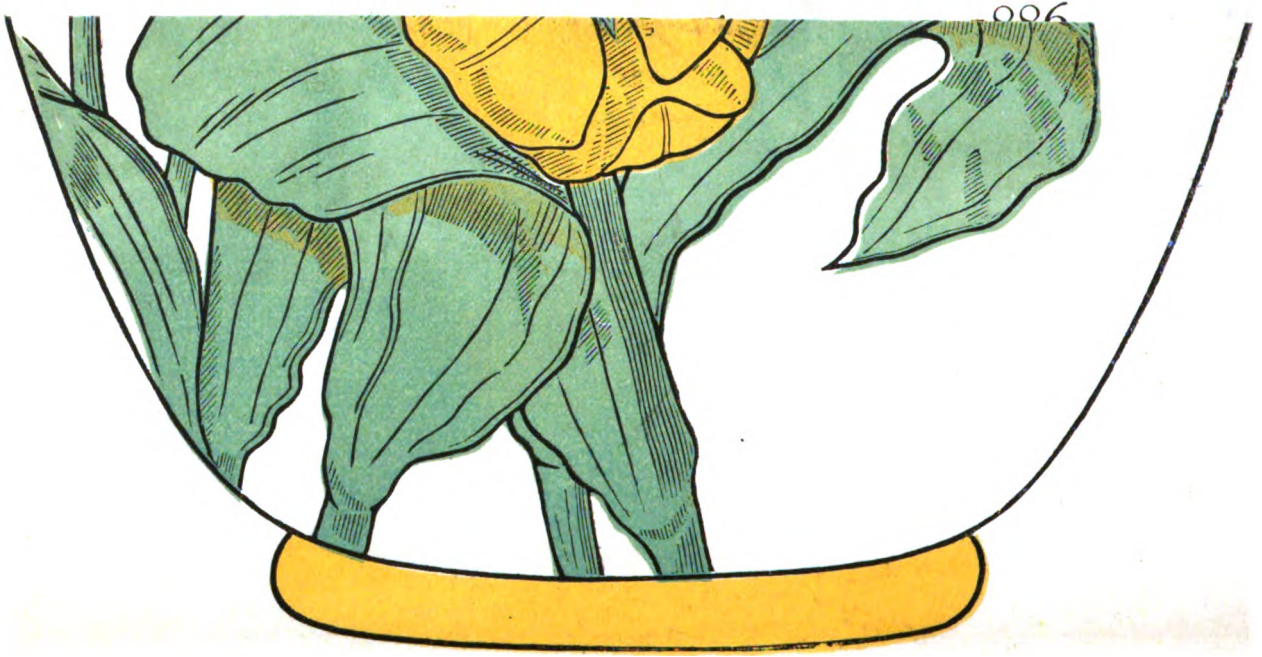

ART-SCHOOL DESIGN OF TULIPS

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ST. VALENTINE'S EVE AND DAY.

[*See the Story,*
"Captain Blair's Valentine."]

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"BY MOONLIGHT." [*See the Story, "A Mere Incident."*]

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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

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WALKING-DRESSES.

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WALKING-DRESS. HOUSE-DRESS.

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BONNET. JACKET MUFF. COLLARS.

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BODICE HAT. DOLMANETTE SHOES.

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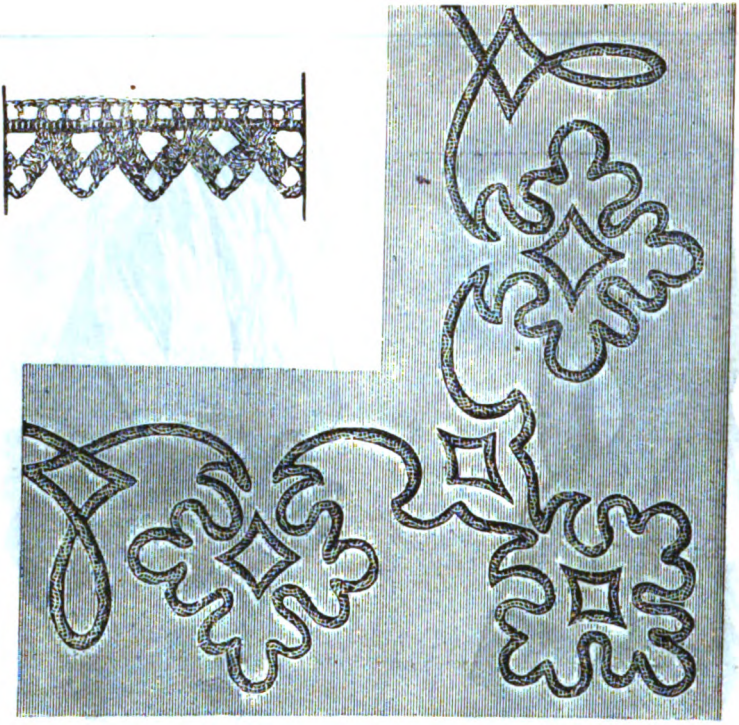

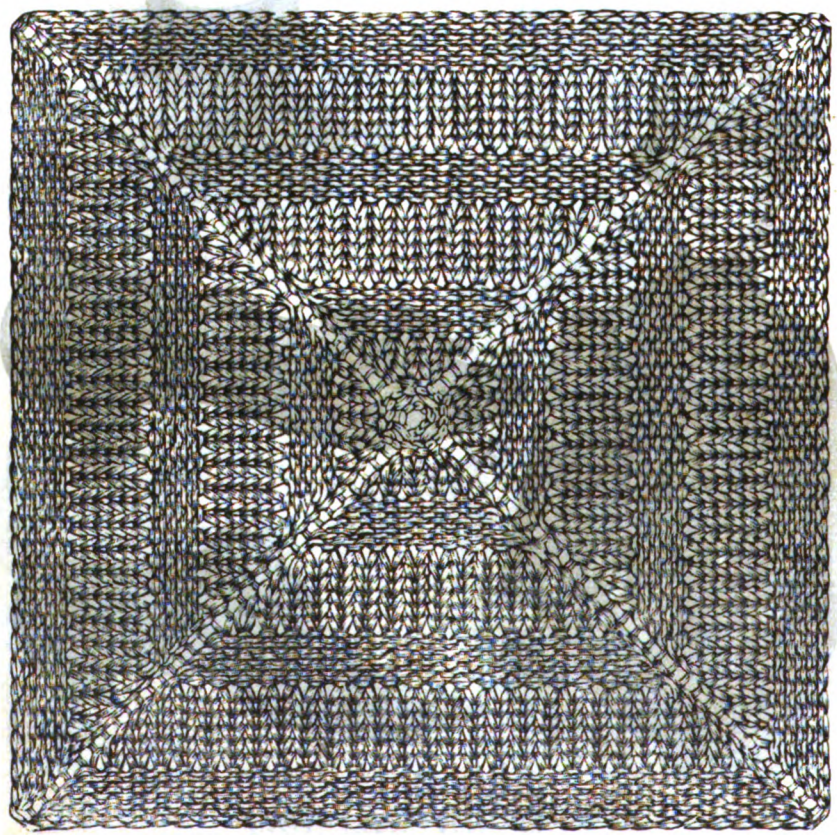

KNITTED SQUARE FOR QUILT. CROCHET EDGING. BRAIDED BORDER AND CORNER.

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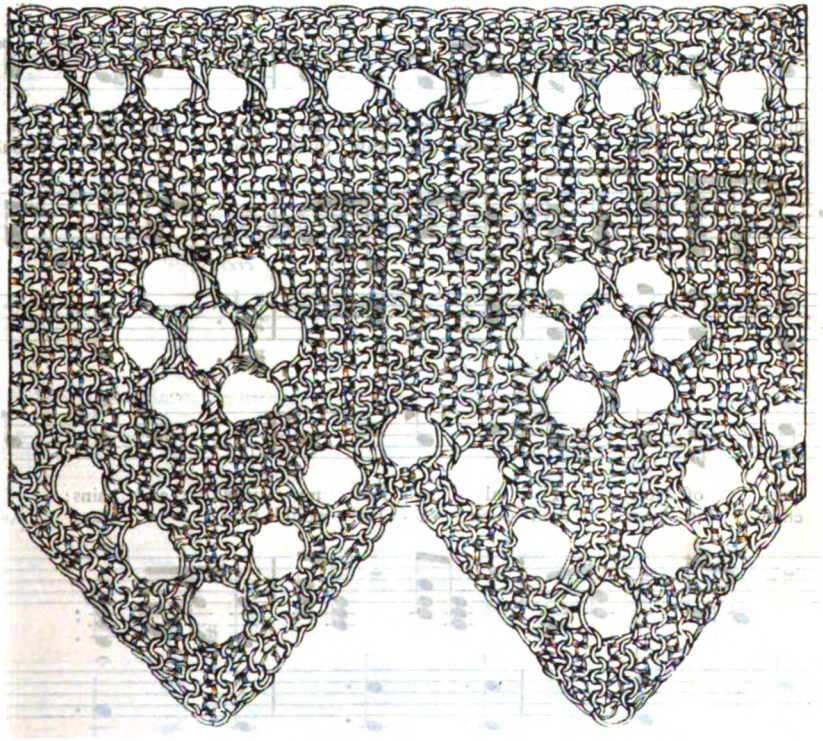

TEA D'OYLEY. KNITTED VANDYKE BORDER.

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SING TO ME.

As published by SEP. WINNER & SON, 545 N. Eighth St., Philadelphia.

Words by DOWR. LADY DOWNSHIRE. **Music by LADY ARTHUR HILL.**

Moderato.

Piano.

p

1. 'Tis true my dreams of love are o'er, And
2. But if those dreams should come a - gain To

mem' - ry on - ly now re - mains To tell me, how in
lure me from my peace - ful way, Such hap - pi - ness would

cres.

days of yore, I al - so had my joys, and pains; I
end in pain, And soon a - las! would fade a - way; And

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f a tempo.

al - so had my joys, and pains, Then sing, oh! sing to
soon a - las! would fade a - way, Then sing no more to

rall. *a tempo.*

me of love, And let me hear the words once more, That
me of love, Nor let me hear the words a - gain, But

rall.

tell me how in heav - en a - bove, There still is love for
teach me that in heav - en a - bove, Pure love is found, all

rall.

1 :8: 2

me, in store! free from pain.....

:8:

p *al* FINE.

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THE HERMIONE JACKET.

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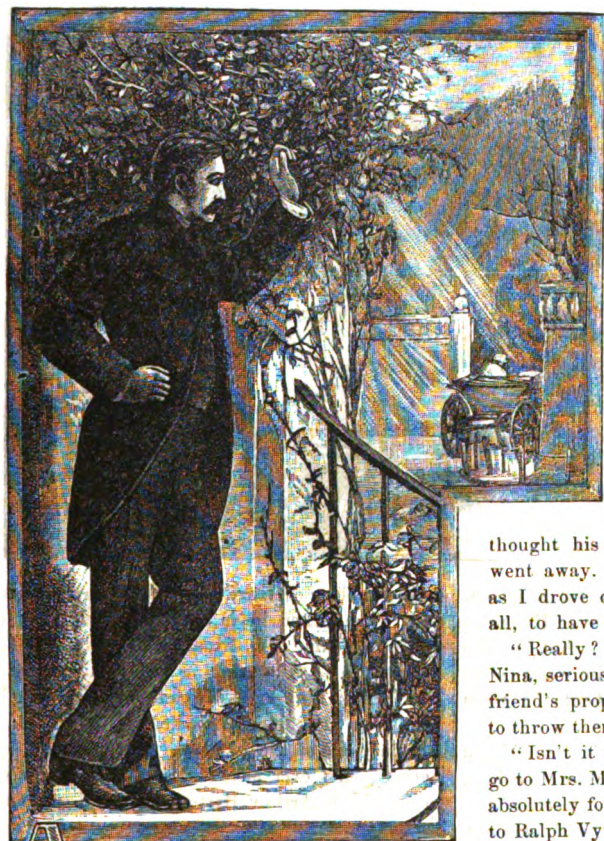
PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXXIX. PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY, 1886. No. 2.

RETRIBUTION.

BY EFFIE LAWTON.



A TALL graceful brunette, it was, that spoke.

"How are you, after the ball, Vera? Wasn't it perfect?" she said, as she threw aside her rich fur-lined cloak, and languidly sank into an artistically-carved arm-chair.

"I am miserable, Nina," was the answer. "I danced too much, last night, and had such an attack of the heart, after I came home. I am afraid my old trouble there is coming back. I thought my quiet summer, last year, in that wretched little country village, had quite cured me. There was only one man in the place—Dr. Harding; and we had such a flirtation! It was such fun, Nina, to lead him on. What lovely times we had, boating: there was such a romantic little river there, winding in and out among the trees: days and days we spent there alone: it was North Conway over again, my dear."

"Yes, I heard of your flirtation," Nina answered, dryly.

"Yes," said Vera, "and I thought his heart was almost broken when I went away. I can see him now, watching me as I drove off. Really, it is something, after all, to have brought down such game."

"Really? You don't mean it," answered Nina, seriously, for she did not approve of her friend's propensities for leading men on, only to throw them over at last.

"Isn't it a pity?" Vera went on. "I can't go to Mrs. Morgan's ball, to-night. The doctor absolutely forbids it. Now, don't say anything to Ralph Vyvyan, will you? He so hates delicate girls, and admires health."

The color came into Vera's pale cheeks, as she mentioned Ralph Vyvyan's name. Nina was glad to see it, for she was quite shocked at the paleness of her friend. In a pale-pink morning-robe of some soft Italian silk, finished at the throat and wrists with delicate lace, her head resting against a pale-blue satin pillow, which showed to advantage her glorious golden hair,

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Vera looked almost lifeless, as she half reclined upon a lounge. The only color in the face was in her magnificent dark eyes and scarlet lips.

The room was dainty enough for a queen. Everywhere was pale-blue and silver. Hangings of satin and lace, at the windows, shut out the glare. On the walls hung exquisite water-colors and engravings. Scattered all about the room were choice objects of art.

"I doubt if Ralph will be at the ball, if you are not there," Nina said. "I shall see him, to-night, at Mrs. Thorne's dinner, however."

"That odious woman!" Vera said, while a little pang of jealousy shot through her heart. "Why didn't she invite me? I could go to a dinner; they are not exciting."

"She has daughters, you know," Nina answered, with a smile; "and, just now, Mr. Vyvyan is considered the most eligible parti in the city. I am engaged, so I am not dangerous; therefore, Mrs. Thorne invites me to her dinners."

"Well, she will have her trouble for her pains, Nina; for he loves me. I am sure of it. Every look, every word, and every action tells me so. And why shouldn't he? I am beautiful, and I cannot avoid knowing it—and I've wealth. What family is older or more honored in the city than ours? And then he is as passionately fond of music as I am. Oh, Nina, what a divine voice he has! I do enjoy singing with him so much."

"I think I never saw a man appear more in love than he does," replied Nina. "He is certainly one of the handsomest and most fascinating men I ever met, and, if I had not fallen in love with Arthur Barton, I should succumb to Vyvyan's smile."

"Oh, Nina! I love him so much, and yet he has not told me that he loves me." And Vera buried her face in her hands. "Nina," she said, solemnly, after a pause, "if anything should happen to part us—if anything should take him away, so that I could never hope to see him again—I believe I should die!"

"Pshaw, Vera! You have too much sense and health to die for any man. And now I must go, dear, for you need rest; and I must stop at

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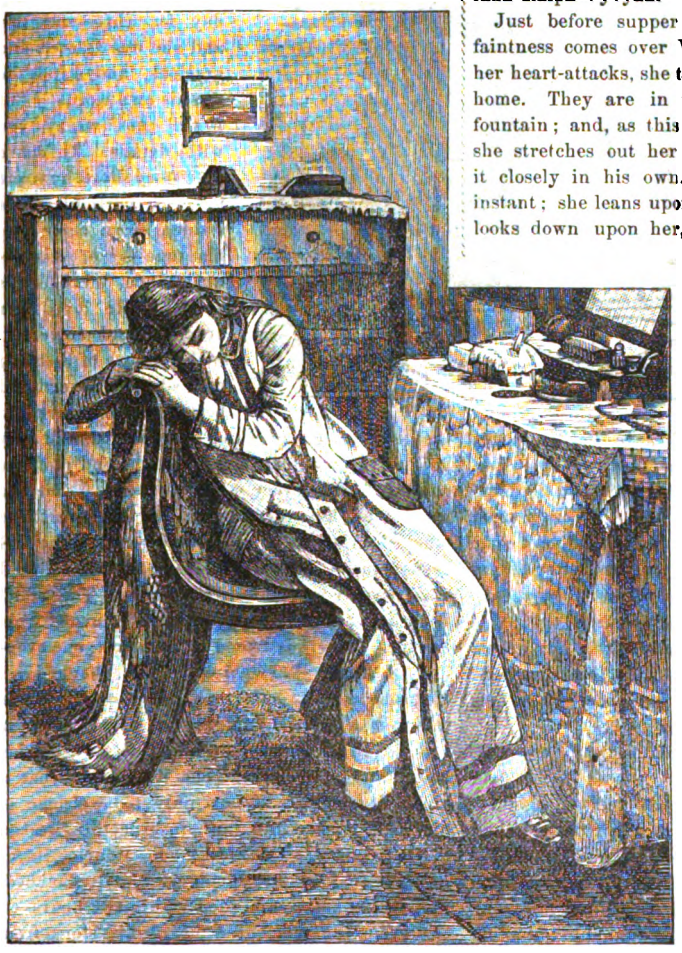
my dressmaker's, before I go to Ella Fleming's grand luncheon. I am so sorry you are ill, but take care of yourself." And Nina stooped and kissed her friend, then gathered up her wraps and departed.

Vera, left alone, went to her room, threw on a wrapper, and tried to sleep for a while. But she found this impossible. Then she rose, and began to prepare her toilette. But she was equally unable here to do anything. "I will wait for my maid," she said, and, leaning her head on the back of her chair, she gave herself up to dreams, in which Ralph Vyvyan played a prominent part.

It was a week later, and Vera was now quite recovered. She was, to-day, helping her friend, Mrs. Carton, receive her guests, at a ball which is to be "the" ball of the season. The whole house is thrown open; the three drawing-rooms en-suite, the library, picture-gallery, and conservatory; and everywhere is a mass of odorous flowers, ferns, and tropical plants.



Mrs. Carton, though still on the sunny side of forty, has been almost like a mother to Vera, who is an orphan and lives with a maiden aunt. Mrs. Carton, having no children, is fond and proud of her beautiful young friend; and Mr. Carton laughingly says that Vera is the only person of whom he is the least jealous.

Mrs. Carton is a brunette, and, at her ball, wears crimson satin and velvet, elaborately trimmed with point-de-Venise. At her side stands Vera, looking, in her creamy white satin, like a lily beside a full-blown rose. The white satin is cut a little open in front, so as to show the beautiful neck and throat. The great dark eyes shine out, in her excitement, more brilliantly than ever. Vera is looking her best, to-night, and people are talking of it. She is surrounded by admirers, and no one is more devoted than Ralph Vyvyan.

Just before supper is announced, a slight faintness comes over Vera; and, fearing one of her heart-attacks, she tells Ralph that she will go home. They are in the conservatory, near a fountain; and, as this faintness comes over her, she stretches out her hand, and Ralph clasps it closely in his own. Her eyes close for an instant; she leans upon a vase near; and Ralph looks down upon her, with an expression that would have puzzled her, had she seen it. His look is half credulous, half scornful, with a mixture of pity. What does it mean?

After a minute, she rallies, opens her eyes, withdraws her hand, and says:

"I am better now, but I will go home."

She slips quietly away from the gay throng, and, gaining the dressing-room, picks up her wraps. Coming downstairs, she meets Ralph in the vestibule. His heavy ulster is thrown over his shoulders, and he holds his hat in his hand.

"Of course, I am going with you, Miss Marquerie," he says, and, following her down the

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"I had a friend, Miss Marquerie—a very dear friend. He was a little older than I am, but we have long been intimate. He has always been a quiet, studious, religious man; shy of women, but having unbounded faith in, and respect for, them. Some months ago, he wrote me—I received the letter when I was in Switzerland—that he had met an angel. God had been good to him, he said, and had sent the one perfect woman in the world up into the small country-town where he lived. He saw her every day for three months, and she was 'sweet, and gracious, and kind,' to use his own words. But I will not weary you with details. To cut a long story short, he wrote me every particular"—a sudden scorn came into his tone—"of his acquaintance with this 'angel.' He loved her ardently and sincerely, with the love of a strong man who has never loved before; and she gave him

carpeted steps, he puts her in her carriage; then, jumping in himself, he shuts the door.

A few moments' drive brings them to the Marquerie mansion—a superb house. Vera's maid opens the door, and Ralph asks if he may come in. Vera, of course, says yes, and, after telling the maid to light the lamps in the library, says that when she wants her she will ring.

The maid, half asleep, takes away her wraps, and Ralph follows Vera into the drawing-room, where she stands with her fan open before her, to conceal her embarrassment.

Ralph is in front of the piano, near her; and, without looking up, says:

"Miss Marquerie, I want to tell you a story, and this is probably the best opportunity I shall ever have, as we are not likely to be interrupted."

She is a little surprised, and glances at him: feeling, with a sudden pang, that he is not going to tell her the only story she cares to hear him tell.

that encouragement which a woman should only give to the man she loves. At the end of three months, having every reason to believe that she loved him, he asked her to be his wife. She laughed in his face, and answered that she had been amusing herself with him, in that dull old place: 'there was nothing else to do.' The sequel I learned, two months ago, when I returned from Europe. I met my friend in the street, one evening. I hardly knew him, he was changed so. He came to my rooms, and told me all. After this woman refused him, he was nearly mad for a week. Then he gave up his profession, left his home, and came here. The dissipation that a great city offers was now only too welcome to him: for he had lost faith in everything—even in God, I fear. Two weeks ago, Maurice Harding—for that was his name—was fatally stabbed, in a tavern-brawl, and died within two hours.

"From the moment I heard his story from

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himself, I vowed to be revenged for my friend. I swore to myself that I would make this woman suffer, if I could, as she had made my friend suffer.

"I have exerted all my powers to do it; to make you, his murderess, love me; and, that you do love me, this letter is a proof."

As he finished, he handed her a letter of her own, written to an intimate friend, in which she spoke freely of her love for Ralph Vyvyan.

"I picked that letter up, on the stairs at Mrs. Morgan's, about a month ago," he added, quietly; and, walking over to the mantel-piece, turned his back on her.

Vera took the letter, and, after glancing at it, let it drop from her hand. She stared steadily at him, during the next five minutes, as he stood in an attitude of careless grace, leaning against the mantel-piece, and only occasionally glancing at her.

"I have avenged my friend," he said, at last, "and my task is done. In six hours," looking at his watch, "I shall be on the 'Parthia,' steaming down the bay. I have only one thing more to say; and that is, that I hope your sufferings will be equal to Maurice Harding's."

He bowed low, and left her. But he carried with him, to his grave, the remembrance of the look of agony on that pale face.

Vera heard the hall-door close after him, and still she did not move. She sat there for hours, until long after the "Parthia" had left her pier. The footman, coming in to make the fire, in the morning, wondered to see her there, so still and with her eyes wide open.

The early sun streamed in through the half-closed shutters, and shone upon the golden hair, the perfect face, the exquisite throat, and on the glistening satin dress.

But no sun, however bright, and no fire, however warm, will ever put life or warmth into that slender figure, lying so still in the crimson plush chair. Vera Marquerie has gone, for good or ill, to her account.

THE LOVERS.

BY MINNIE IRVING.

He stood and heard, as in a dream,
The cruel things she said.
Without, the world was white with snow;
Within, the fire was red.
It glimmered on her golden hair,
Her silks, that trailed the floor,
The pink moss-roses on her breast,
The ruby ring she wore.

"Yes, go to her with whom you walked
Last eve, false youth!" she cried.
He left her, for the wild white world
Of sleet and snow outside;
Returned for one last look, and saw
Her weeping—he could mark
The ruby ring upon her hand
Flame out against the dark.

He marked her teardrops flashing, too,
Like diamonds, in the light;
And pushed the long French window in,
And entered from the night.
"Oh, love! it was my brother's wife.
Dear, do you scorn me yet?"
She turned toward his outstretched arms—
Their lips in kisses met.

Her bright head, pillowed o'er his heart,
Found peace, and love, and rest.
Her soft cheek melted, with its warmth,
The snowflakes on his breast.
The firelight, shining in her eyes,
Found love's undying spark,
Bright as the ruby ring that blazed
And burned against the dark.

BESIDE THE SEA.

BY I. F. MONTGOMERY.

Upon the idle summer shore we lie,
And see the vessels passing to and fro,
Unknowing whence they come or where they go;
And linger, till against the dark'ning sky
The lighthouse-lamp comes forth—a star drawn nigh.
Who is the watcher there? In leisure hours,
Loves he the summer lanes and wildling flowers?
Chose he his lonely lot? Or asks he "Why?"
Scarce knows he what he does. When storm and mirk,
Closing around, blot sea and ships from sight,
Unseen but faithful, stands he by his work!
So the great ships go safely on their way,
And, in the nearing of a brighter day,
Men thank God for his beacon in the night.

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THE CEDAR SWAMP MYSTERY.

BY MRS. JANE G. AUSTIN.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52.

CHAPTER IV.

THE EAVESDROPPER.

ROUGH and ungraceful as Nancy Wadsworth's methods of housework and style of ordering her little dwelling had been, her daughter-in-law fell far short of the cleanliness and thrift that had marked the elder administration. Nancy at least had given her heart to her work, and the rude strength and health nurtured by her active life had all been devoted to the uses of her home. Lizzie had little physical strength, and neither had nor pretended to have the slightest interest in either household or farm matters. This indifference soon showed itself in the slovenly and neglected air of the house; which, never a cheerful abode, was now fast becoming a most forlorn and repulsive one. This, the few neighbors of the Wadsworths were not slow to remark; and it only made the matter worse, in their eyes, that Lizzie herself was always neatly and even prettily dressed.

"Spends all her time fixing, and don't leave no strength to put into her housework," said Deborah Wilton to Herman Short, Peter's hired-man. "I hain't no great opinion of such a woman as that. I guess Peter misses his mother consid'able, don't he?"

"Caan't say," drawled Herman, who was not considered over-bright. "I hain't no occasion to go inter the house, 'cause I board to home, and he didn't never tell me he missed his mother."

"Well, no; I don't much expect he would," replied Deborah, doubtfully. "So you don't know if they're happy together, do ye?"

"N-o, I don' know as I do," replied Herman, in his usual dull tone; and then, brightening visibly, he added: "But I kin tell him you want to know, and ask him how it is, ef you say so."

"Why, certingly not, Herman Short," responded Deborah, indignantly. "What be you a-thinking of? Of course, it ain't no concern o' mine, and I'm one that hain't no curiosity about other folks's business."

"Oh, waal, I didn't know. Guess I'll be going now."

And, picking up his basket, Herman slouched away down the road. Mrs. Wilton, standing in her kitchen-door, looked after him, and muttered suspiciously:

"It's my opinion that fellow's more knave than fool—though he's enough of a fool."

As Herman came within sight of his employer's house, he noticed the young mistress, with a light hat in her hand, leave it by the back door, and walk hastily away down the path, which, closely skirting the edge of the pond, led finally to that back road described by Becky George to Sam Stoughton as a secluded approach to the Wadsworth farm. It was the day but one after Lizzie's receipt of the letter proving to her what a terrible blunder she had made, in so hastily sealing her own and another's fate; hence, it was the day when Peter Wadsworth had driven his wagon of farm-produce to the city, not expecting to return until night; and the young wife, thus left alone, had dispatched her housework with even less than her usual attention, and, snatching up her hat, had hurried away to the woods, driven by that instinct which draws every wounded and restless creature to seek refuge, from the presence or the dwellings of man, in the quiet haunts of nature.

Reaching a lonely spot, where the trunk of a fallen tree afforded a seat, and the gap left by its fall opened a pretty view of the lake and the hills beyond, Lizzie threw herself down, and, covering her face with her hands, gave way to the tears so long held back by pride and temper; so unrefreshing now that they flowed, for their source was angry rebellion against the life her own free act had bound her to, and, even worse, a growing hatred of the man she must recognize as her husband and life-long companion.

Such tears as these harden rather than soften the nature; and, as this poor foolish Lizzie sat there whispering in every sob: "I hate him!" "It's too bad!" "He needn't have come after me," the good spirits, that fain would abide with every soul, especially that of a fair young wife, sadly drooped their heads and fell away, leaving the sullen demons of anger, revenge, falsehood, and recklessness to fill their places.

When no more tears would flow, Lizzie took from her bosom that poor soulless letter, which,

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cold and careless as it was, proved that a few days of patience would have given her the opportunity of marrying Stoughton, and read it again and again, until a sudden tempest of anger swept through her heart; when, crumpling the letter in a ball, she flung it from her, exclaiming aloud:

"Fool! Why couldn't you have spoken sooner?"

"Why couldn't you have waited longer?" replied a sombre voice; and, from behind a tree, where he had paused to watch her, stepped the man whom she had addressed, unknowing his presence. Even so, though not always so obviously, does Mephistopheles ever stand ready to answer the cry of the foolish Marguerite!

"Sam!" cried she, starting to her feet.

The young man came forward, and, taking both her hands, gazed reproachfully into her eyes.

"Yes," repeated he, in the same tone. "Why could you not have waited a little?"

"Oh, why didn't I?" wailed Lizzie, the tears bursting out afresh; and, twisting her hands out of his grasp, she threw herself upon the fallen trunk, and wept passionately.

Stoughton stood, looking down, not offering to comfort her. His own heart was too full of gloom and anger to have any good thing to give to another. Suddenly she looked up, pushing the wet curls from her eyes, which glittered angrily:

"I'll kill myself, Sam Stoughton, and it will be your fault, and you can remember that I laid it at your door. I'll haunt you."

"You are very foolish to talk that way, Liz, and you'd be more foolish to do such a thing," replied Sam, seating himself beside her, and staring out over the lake. "You've done what's spoilt three lives—for I don't suppose the man that's married you is any too happy about it; and now to pile up another folly on that isn't going to help anything. There's nothing to be done, now, but to bear it the best way we can. Oh, Liz, why couldn't you have waited?"

He turned and looked at her, as one looks across a great gulf at the fair possessions that might have been his own, but now were given to another.

She looked back at him, her blue eyes soft and dewy, her cheeks flushed with weeping, her mouth tremulous and full of pathos. Never in all her life had she looked so beautiful, for never had her cold and narrow nature been so profoundly moved; and all beauty worthy of the name is lighted from within, and not from without, as a porcelain slab lying upon the table shows only the crude outline of a human figure, but, set before a lighted lamp, reveals the lovely and fascinating form and features of Venus or Hebe.

The lover's face softened, and he took the hand lying listlessly in her lap. It was a pretty hand, and well kept; but on it shone the wedding-ring, not yet one month old. Sam flung it from him, and sprang to his feet.

"You've chosen for yourself," said he, bitterly. "You're another man's wife, and I'm not the villain to talk of love to a married woman. I had to come, this once, just to look at you and hear your voice; but it's all foolishness and worse. I won't come again. Good-bye, Liz!"

"Oh, Sam!" cried the poor ungoverned creature, bursting into fresh tears, and creeping close to his side until she rested against his shoulder. "If I never see you, I shall really, really kill myself! I couldn't stand it, anyway. Say you'll come to see me sometimes, Sam! There's no harm in it—not a bit of harm; and it will keep me from giving up altogether. Just once in a while, Sam—say you will! Say!"

"Why, Liz, it's only running straight into temptation and foolishness. It would be really easier for you, as well as for me, to say good-bye now once and for all. There's no hope for us."

"If I was a widow, Sam?"

"Ah, if you were a widow, Liz!" exclaimed the young man, eagerly. But, as she raised her face and looked at him with a strange and ominous smile, he started from her, and said, almost angrily:

"But what's the use of talking of that? You ain't a widow, nor likely to be. The man is as strong as I am, isn't he?"

"Yes," replied Lizzie, sullenly. "But strong men have died before now."

"Yes," replied Stoughton, moving a few paces away and looking drearily out upon the waters, dark and ruffling beneath the first breath of a coming thunder-shower. "Yes," repeated he, presently, "but it's never worth while to talk or think about such things. It's not for us to say—"

"Sam!" cried Lizzie, starting to her feet, "the last time I saw Becky George, she said she heard you were going to be married! That Mr. Marsh was talking to one of the gentlemen in the office, and she heard him say: 'They'll try to get her for Sam.' Now, what does that mean?"

"How should I know?" replied Stoughton, with an awkward attempt at carelessness. "Do you expect me to understand and translate all the jokes of the fellows at the office? Ask Marsh, if you want so much to know."

"You don't deny it—you can't deny it! You

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mean to marry her—you know you do! Why don't you say so?" And again Lizzie burst into such a storm of sobs that it was some moments before she could hear Sam's eager attempts to pacify or console her; for he was really frightened at the vehemence of her grief, and, like almost any man, was ready to say or do whatever was required to procure peace for the moment.

"Why, Liz, you know that it's you that I love!" cried he. "You've got my letter, offering to marry you, haven't you? That tells the story, don't it?"

"You don't love me now, though," sobbed Liz. "For you said you never would come to see me any more. You did say so!"

"Well, child, what would be the use of my coming to see you? You're married, whether we like it or not; and there's only one end to look for, if a man makes love to a married woman, and that's a bitter bad end. I don't set up for a saint, God knows, Liz; but I'm not bad enough to come here courting Peter Wadsworth's wife to her ruin."

"But if I was a widow?" persisted Lizzie, after a few moments of dreary silence.

"If you were a widow, as I said just now, I would ask you to be my wife. But what's the use of talking about that? You're not likely to be a widow; and, though I do love you, Liz, with all my heart, and perhaps never shall see the woman I could love as well, still we've got to settle down to the work you cut out for us when you got married. It was your own doing, Lizzie, my girl—remember that!"

"And maybe it'll be my own undoing," replied Lizzie, in a tone of dark significance.

Sam looked at her uneasily. His nature—self-indulgent, pliant, and gay—held no such gloomy depths as he now perceived in the woman's heart, and a shadow of instinctive repulsion crossed his regard for her.

"There's no use talking that way, Lizzie," said he, with something of reproof in his voice. "There's no undoing the parson's knot, if that's what you mean, any more than the hangman's; and as for it being your undoing in any other sense, that's a mighty poor way for a woman to talk. Come now, Liz, be a sensible girl, and take this thing just as it stands. I love you, and you love me: that's not to be done away with—worse luck; but you're married, and you've no way out of it except the man's death; and that's not to be looked for, or even wished for, by decent people. Well, then, what can't be cured must be endured, and—"

"And you're a cold-blooded, heartless, false man! Yes, false all through and through; and, bad as I hate Peter Wadsworth, I hate you worse, and I hope I'll never set eyes on you again!"

She sprang to her feet, and, flashing a last angry look at him, rushed away toward home.

Stoughton followed for a few steps, down the little green path, then paused, and, shaking his head, came slowly back, and, throwing himself upon the fallen trunk, looked frowningly out upon the dark waters of the lake.

"A bad job—a mighty bad job," muttered he. "Poor Liz! 'Twas a dark day for her she ever saw me; and then, when I'd made up my mind to marry her, to have her block her own wheels this way. And the more I can't have her, the more I want her!"

Musing over this trait of human nature, now for the first time formulated in the young man's simple philosophy, he rose, and gloomily pursued his path through the wood and across a pasture, to the old fodder-shed where he had left his horse tied.

As he disappeared, a head was cautiously thrust from behind a clump of tangled alders and birches growing close down to the water's edge, and by their drooping boughs securely screening a little harbor where Herman Short kept the punt which served him as a fishing-boat, and also as a place of retirement and repose when he either had no work to do, or chose not to do it, and did not wish to be found if required.

This was one of the latter occasions; and, soon after leaving Mrs. Wilton's back door, Herman, approaching his hiding-place by a circuitous route, had crouched in the boat just in time to see Lizzie crumple up Sam Stoughton's letter and fling it from her with an angry exclamation. The action aroused Herman's curiosity, a quality of which he had more than enough, by the way; and, noticing where the paper fell, he resolved to possess himself of it and its contents, so soon as his mistress should leave the way clear.

Hasty footsteps, approaching from the other side, next attracted his attention; and, when the good-looking and well-dressed young gentleman appeared upon the scene, and was greeted by Mrs. Wadsworth as a familiar acquaintance, Herman began to surmise some connection between the letter, the young woman's great grief, and the apparition of this gallant cavalier. Herman had read a great many dime-novels and cheap newspapers, and such mind as he possessed was deeply impressed with romantic and tragical ideas; so that this living romance, as he decided it to be, enacted before his very eyes, was a source of the liveliest interest and satisfaction.

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To his great grief, however, his nook was too far from the bench to enable him to hear anything distinctly; but some phrases and some words reached his ear, and the dumb show of anger, grief, and despair explained the rest. Like most eavesdroppers, however, Herman, from his imperfect premises, drew wrong conclusions, and thought he knew a great deal more than he did, or than there was to know; and when, finally, Sam strode away, and the hired-man emerged from his thicket, he looked after the retreating figure, and said aloud:

"You're a nice one, ain't you? Going to run off with an honest man's wife, and then desert her! I'll put a spoke in your wheel, young man! Now, let's see this letter. Come from him, of course. Well, I guess Peter Wadsworth had better have a word to say about this!"

CHAPTER V.

A FAIR WHITE ROSE.

A FEW hours after his visit to the Wadsworth farm, Sam Stoughton entered his father's house in the city. The gloom and uncertainty of his late interview hung about him; he was tired, hungry, and dusty from his drive; so that, altogether, he was in no mood to respond to Lucy's teasing address, as she ran to meet him in the hall.

"Well, of all the forlorn dirty-looking creatures I ever saw," she cried, "you are the crown! Have you lost all your friends, and is your doll stuffed with sawdust? Hurry up, now, and get ready for dinner; we have company."

"Confound the company!" muttered Sam, savagely; and then, in a tone of virtuous reproof, added:

"And I should think, Lucy, we all had lost a friend too recently for you to joke about such things."

"Oh, Sam!" exclaimed his sister, the ready tears rushing into her eyes, and her pretty mouth quivering piteously. "How can you? As if I did not care for dear John as much as you did! That was cruel, brother."

"And so it was, Lu—and I'm a brute, anyway: I don't see why I wasn't the one to be killed—"

But the tender girl-arms were close around his neck, and the innocent lips pressed warmly to his cheek, as the sister whispered: "No, no, dear; don't say that! You know we couldn't have spared you any better than him, if as well; and you're no more a brute than I am. You know how I love you, Sam; and you mustn't talk so—it hurts me."

"There, there, you darling! Let us kiss and make up. After all, Lu, I wish I never had—"

"Never had—what, Sam?"

"Oh, never mind. Never been a fool!" And Sam Stoughton, returning his sister's pure caresses, did honestly wish from his inmost soul that he never had sipped of less innocent sweets.

"There, now; run up and wash your hands, and get rid of some of your dust, before dinner, you dear old fellow," said Lucy, smiling up into his face as she wiped away her tears. "For, though you did say 'Confound the company!' I fancy you won't find it very painful to see such a pretty girl as Alice Endicott."

"What!" exclaimed Sam, the smile fading from his lips, and the frown coming back to his brow. "Is it she?"

"She and her father. Hush; don't you say another word until you've seen her. Of course, you know that she hasn't been told of papa's plan, or she never would have come here to-day. She's as proud as a princess."

"Well, I'm on my good behavior for the rest of the day, after having made up with you, pet. So fetch on your princesses, and I'll do my little all to entertain them." And Sam, springing up the stairs to his bed-room, smothered a sigh as he said to himself:

"Poor Liz! I'm glad she don't know that girl is dining here to-day."

With the name, all the gloomy memories of the morning came back upon him, and, folding his arms, he paced up and down the room, gnawing the end of his fair mustache, and trying to see some fortunate ending to the entanglement which, he felt, still bound him to Lizzie Brent.

The sound of a carriage stopping at the door roused him, and his watch showing only ten minutes left to the punctual dinner-hour, he bestirred himself with such activity that, just as the neat parlor-maid announced dinner, Sam entered the drawing-room by another door, the model of a well-dressed and courteous young gentleman.

Mr. Stoughton, who had been brought down to welcome his old and intimate friend, and who lay upon the sofa, pale and feeble, brightened visibly as his son entered the room.

"Well, young hopeful," he cried, "here you are at last. You know Mr. Endicott, I should think. But here is a young lady, whom you only know by hearsay. Miss Alice, this is my son Sam, who will be as glad as his sister to hear your Paris news of the 'jeunesse dorée,' as you young folks call yourselves."

"I am quite sure that Mr. Samuel Stoughton knows far better ways of living than Parisian gilded youth could teach him," said the young lady, with a smile; and, turning, she held out a

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hand to Lucy's brother with a sort of delicate adoption in her manner, which the young man felt with a little thrill of surprise and gratitude; for he was in that condition of self-distrust when any proof of confidence from our fellows comes with marvelous power of comfort.

Murmuring some commonplace reply, he took the cool soft hand for an instant into his own, and was vexed that, quite involuntarily, he recalled the touch of the clammy and unpleasant fingers with which Lizzie Wadsworth had nervously clutched his hand, a few hours before. The thought did not leave him until they were seated at the table, and his duties as host in his father's absence engrossed him; and not until the meal was over, and the party again in the drawing-room, did he really look with a young man's appreciative eyes upon Alice Endicott, in her rare grace and beauty. When he did so, a yet keener sense of disloyalty to the woman he had so lately assured of his love stung his conscience; for he could not but see—he could not but confess, in presence of this pure maidenly loveliness, this charm of refinement and innocence, combined with careful culture—that the coarse and meretricious beauty of the other woman was as the flare of a pine-knot torch to the gracious light of the moon on a dewy summer night. Tall, and slight, and yellow-haired, Alice Endicott had the soft blue eyes, the creamy-white skin, the delicate rose-tints, and the sweet smile befitting her pure blonde type; but she had more: young as she was—scarce twenty yet—she had a character, she had a mind, she had a will; and these three elements, rightly combined, give beauty even to a plain face, and add an irresistible charm to one already formed for beauty.

"It is her dress," thought poor Sam, savagely. "Liz can't get her clothes in Paris, as this one does."

But the dress was only white muslin, with aqua-marine ornaments faintly suggestive of the green lights in shallow ocean bays and creeks. He could not know that the material was India-mull, the trimming genuine Valenciennes, the fashioning one of the triumphs of the modiste's skill; to his masculine eyes, it was but a white muslin gown, with a white rose pinned at the throat, under a brooch fashioned like true-lover's-knot, of aqua-marine, matching the earrings and bracelets. But, watching her, as she and Lucy sang duets to amuse the invalid, Sam made up his mind that this white rose was, after all, the objective point of the costume, and the type of the wearer. Smiling a little at his own unwonted fancies, he settled the whole in his own mind by saying, half aloud:

"Just like a white rose—pale, and sweet, and fresh, with that touch of green in the leaf and stem; and, I'll warrant, a thorn or two for any hand that comes too close; not quite open yet, the heart all folded up and waiting—"

"What's that you're saying, Sam?" asked his father's voice, in a tone of raillery, which at once put the young man on the defensive, and induced him to utter a statement which I grieve to confess was utterly untrue:

"Oh, nothing, sir. I was going over the terms of that bargain for cotton I concluded in Natchez."

"Capital business-man you're turning out, Mr. Sam—old head on young shoulders already; and that's better than I'd expected of any young fellow with such a cut as that to his coat," said Mr. Endicott, with a laugh, in which the elder Stoughton joined, and Sam tried to, but with rather poor success.

Then the duet was finished, and the two girls came back to that end of the drawing-room where the gentlemen were grouped; and Alice received Mr. Sam Stoughton's compliments upon her voice with a smiling easy grace that seemed to say she quite understood the necessity of his making polite speeches, and was not too much overcome by hearing them.

"And now, my dear," said her father, "I have to go and meet my appointment, and must hasten your farewells, unless Miss Lucy will come with us for a drive, this pleasant evening. You can drop me down-town, and go round the lake, if you like. Won't you go along, and escort the young ladies, Mr. Sam?"

So it was arranged; and, while the girls went to put on their hats, and Sam restlessly strolled out upon the porch and looked at the horses, the two graybeards smiled at each other, and nodded shrewdly.

"A very pretty couple, I should say, Endicott," suggested the invalid. "Your girl is a beauty."

"She s good, and that's better," replied her father, proudly. "But beware yourself, and tell your Lucy to take care that Alice don't guess our little schemes. She'd be off like a bird, if she fancied any plan about it."

"I dare say. I dare say," replied Mr. Stoughton, irritably. "I would rather manage a mill, with a thousand operatives, than one girl by herself, when it comes to any romantic questions like love-making."

"You like well enough that Lucy should marry Edward Marsh, don't you?" asked Mr. Endicott, with some suspicion.

Stoughton rubbed his nose yet more irritably, and replied, in the same tone:

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"Oh, I don't know; Marsh is well enough, but he's rather too numerous; and John wasn't over-fond of him. I believe Sam isn't, either. But, if he takes hold, himself, of the business, he can look out for his own interests and mine too."

"And you will give Sam the Cedar Swamp property as a wedding-present—I giving Alice ten thousand dollars to set up housekeeping?" said Mr. Endicott, in the tone of one who reverts to a previous agreement.

"Yes, that's the bargain," replied the other. "You don't think Alice will have any womanish terrors about poor John and Ruth, do you?"

"No, I should not expect such weakness of her," said Alice's father, promptly, and then added, more dubiously: "At least, I should think she would be more sensible; still—"

"Why tell her anything about it?" asked Mr. Stoughton.

His companion shook his head.

"She'll hear it. Those things always get talked about; the birds of the air seem to carry them."

"Sam don't know," said the elder Stoughton, meditatively. "And I don't believe Lucy has ever heard any details. Marsh managed it all, and said to me, at the time, that he should keep it very quiet, principally on Lucy's account—she's such a timid tender-hearted little thing. She only knew John was killed in an accident, and his wife died soon after. At least, I think that's all she knows; and Sam never has asked me for any particulars. Of course, it is a terrible subject for me to think or speak about—terrible."

He covered his eyes with one hand, and lay very still. His old friend glanced uneasily at him. Through the stillness, the gay voices and light footsteps of the girls were heard in the corridor above; and the sweet summer air drew through the open windows, laden with the perfume of the white roses clambering beside them. Mr. Endicott hastily moved, and, seizing his friend's hand, pressed it fervently, whispering: "Never mind, old friend. Forget it, if you can, and we will try not to tell these children anything about it."

CHAPTER VI.

NANCY WADSWORTH'S REVENGE.

It was between ten and eleven, at night, when Peter Wadsworth gloomily checked his horse at his own barn-door, and clambered out of the wagon with that stiff and painful motion common to agricultural laborers.

Herman Short, lantern in hand, came forward from the barn, and the two men began silently to unharness the horse, roll the wagon under the shed, and unload its contents. From time to time, during these processes, the hired-man stole glances of cunning scrutiny at his master's face, and concluded he had never seen him in a worse humor or more unapproachable.

And he was right. All day long, one idea had been revolving, with ever-increasing dimensions, in Peter Wadsworth's sullen mind, until now there was room for nothing else; and this was, that he had made a gigantic mistake in marrying Lizzie Brent; that his disobedience had possibly even driven his mother to her death; and that her spirit, dark and revengeful in its wrath, hung around the home whence it had departed, and would yet demand satisfaction—a life for a life. Added to this was the conviction that Liz did not love him, and was not contented, and that very likely the rumors of her affair with Sam Stoughton had some real foundation, and that the letter sent her by her friend related to this. Vague suspicions, and vaguer schemes of revenge and punishment, floated through the gloomy chaos of his mind, and so absorbed his attention that, when at last Herman spoke aloud, his master turned and stared at him with as much surprise as if he had not known that he was with him.

"What's that?" demanded he, sharply.

"I say I've got something to show you, before you go in," repeated Herman, stolidly.

"Morning will do—it's late," growled Peter, sullenly, turning away. But Herman persisted:

"Guess you might as well stop now, Wadsworth. Mebbe you'll want to say suthin' to your folks about it."

"To my folks?" repeated Wadsworth, knowing very well that this rural euphemism meant his wife.

"Yes; guess you'll kind o' want to know the meaning on't, when you've seed it."

Peter's dark and gloomy eyes raised themselves for the first time to the face of his hired-man, and saw there a look so malicious, so cunning, and so certain of the value of the promised secret, that he felt as if the evil, which all day had been shaping and brooding in his own mind, had taken visible form, and that his mother's vengeance, his wife's infidelity, and his own doom were embodied in the communication which this messenger of ill omen stood ready to make to him.

"Well, what is it?" he demanded, hoarsely.

Herman hung his lantern upon a nail in one of the beams, and, from a crevice under the carpenter's bench, set at this end of the barn-floor, he pulled out a bit of crumpled paper, smoothed it upon his knee, and silently handed

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it to his master. Glancing once more at the face of his enemy—for such he already began to feel Herman to be—Wadsworth approached close to the lantern, and read the letter with whose contents we are already familiar. Coming to the end, he turned back to the beginning, and, when for the second time he had scrutinized the bold signature, he raised his head and looked at Herman with almost an air of relief.

"Well, you fool, what of it all?" he demanded. "Can't you see that Stoughton wrote to my wife, not knowing she was married, and offered to marry her himself? There's no harm in that, is there? To my mind, it's to her credit that a feller like that, boss of the mill where she worked, wanted her for his wife. If that's all your wonderful story—"

"'Tain't all," interrupted Herman, tartly, for his first petard had evidently failed to explode. "Ef that was all, I wouldn't hev put myself to no trouble about it, you better believe. But I s'pose you ain't so dumb as not to ha' heard the stories that wuz all round the city, 'fore you got married to Liz Brent, 'bout her and this Stoughton; and, if he made up his mind to marry her finally, it wa'n't none too soon—"

But, at this juncture, Herman's eloquence was cut short by a back-handed slap upon his mouth, while Peter Wadsworth's voice, as sullenly fierce as a bear's growl, warned him:

"You just stop that, you lying fool, or I won't leave a whole bone in your skin! What d'y mean, coming to a man with talk like that, about the woman he's married? You're drunk—or crazy."

"Nuther drunk nor crazy, no more than you be, Peter Wadsworth; and, ef you'd acted anyways reasonable, and listened to what I'd got to tell, you'd ha' showed yourself less a fool than you call me. But I don't care, ef you don't, so I'll go home and get some sleep."

He was slouching away, with a villainous smile upon his coarse mouth, when he was arrested by a firm grasp in his shirt-collar, and a stern voice in his ear:

"No, you don't, my fine fellow! You don't go off with that sneaking hang-dog face, to spread your lies broadcast, where they'll be cropping up for years to come. Tell it all out, before you leave this barn-floor; or, if I once begin on you, I can't answer for where I'll leave off. You've got me mad at last, and now you'd better look out. What is it all? Spit out your venom, you snake-in-the-grass, only you just look out to say nothing you can't prove and swear to!'

Herman's impulse was still to resist. But the first writhing motion by which he tried to free himself was answered by such a choking twist upon the collar-band, and such a savage oath ground between the clenched teeth of the stronger man, that the weaker gave in at once, and gasped out:

"Let up, and I'll do jes' as you say."

Without other reply than a contemptuous shake, the master released his hold, and stood sternly regarding the poor creature, who, with white lips and rolling eyes, crouched shivering before him, half sobbing:

"You needn't be so mad—"

"Well, well, there's no harm done, so far," replied Peter, controlling himself with an effort. "You needn't be so confoundedly scared. Come, speak out."

A little reassured by the calmer voice, Herman pulled himself together, settled his collar, took a gulp of water from the pump close at hand, and began his story. Feeling the necessity of making it of importance enough to justify the risk he ran in telling it, he almost unconsciously exaggerated a good deal of what he had seen, supplied some telling touches which he had not seen, and narrated as facts what he had only surmised or fancied, thus making a connected and proved history of guilt where really a strong "benefit of doubt" was possible. Ah, how many better-educated, better-natured, and far more responsible persons than Herman Short do the very same thing, in the very same way!

As the last words were spoken, the cowardly spy faltered, shrunk away, and timidly looked at the face of his master, half expecting some more terrible demonstration of wrath than had yet been shown. But Peter Wadsworth's face, although deadly white and rigid, was quiet as that which looks up from a coffin; his anger had sunk in to the very springs of life, turning them to deadly poison, but leaving the surface calm. When he spoke, it was as quietly:

"I know you're a liar, Herman Short, but I can soon prove the truth of this story, and I will. I know, too, how you love mischief and tattling, and I know how you'd love to spread this story through the neighborhood; but I know, with all the rest, what a miserable coward you are, and how afraid you are of getting hurt; so, now, you look me square in the eyes, and I'll make you a promise; and you don't need to be told that, when I do promise, there ain't the power in heaven or earth—no, nor in hell either—that 'll break my word. Do you allow that, you miserable sneak?"

"Yes, I allow that, Peter," gasped the spy.

"Well, then, I promise you that, if you're so unlucky as to tell this story, or any part of it, or

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give a hint of it, or fling mud anyway on me or the woman I've married, I'll find you out, if you run to China or the North Pole; and I'll get you, if you're hid in the midst of an army; and, when I've got you, I'll kill you inch by inch—not all in one blow, mind you, but I'll keep you a week, dying in all the torments of hell. Now, you just remember that, Herman Short; for it's the only warning you'll ever get from me, and the next thing will be to do it."

For a long minute, the two men stood staring into each other's face, by the dull light of the lantern: the one shrinking, quivering, swooning with terror, yet fascinated as the prey into whose eyes the snake is pouring the evil influences of his magnetic nature; the other, calm in the strength of conscious power, and terrible in the concentration of his deadly rage. At the end of that long look, Wadsworth turned upon his heel, and went out of the barn; and Herman, released from the domination of his presence, sank in a crumpled heap upon the floor, his weak nature finding vent in hysterical gasps.

The back door was unbolted, and upon the kitchen-table stood a lighted lamp, beside some careless and untempting preparations for supper. Peter stood and stared at them for a while, not seeing what was before him; then, suddenly rousing to entire consciousness, he contemptuously pushed away the food, muttering:

"No, she can't even keep a comfortable home for me. My mother wasn't over-tender, but when did she set out such stuff as that? A wife!"

Flinging himself upon a chair, his arms folded, his chin upon his breast, he gave himself again to the brooding demon who all day had haunted him. The mention of his mother seemed to have acted as an evil spell to evoke her presence, until, to the man's half-crazed brain, she seemed almost to stand beside him, repeating over and over the warnings she had given him, the anguish she had endured.

Even as if she had audibly spoken, the son replied, his head uplifted and his eyes fixed upon the half-open door of the bed-room where the corpse of Nancy Wadsworth had lain.

"Yes, you were right, old woman; it's as you said, and worse. She's killed you, in a way, and now she shall die herself, if you say so. Wait, and you'll see!"

He rose, in the sullen and heavy fashion of a man who determines upon a conscious sin and is too sure of himself to dread relenting, and went to the bed-room door, pushing it open and standing upon the threshold, looking intently around the faintly-lighted room. The bed had been stripped of its coverings, except a large white counterpane, which was drawn over the whole and fell at the sides down to the floor; the pillows and bolster, piled in the middle of the bed, assumed, beneath this, the form and proportions of a human body; and Peter's gloomy fancy, as he looked, reproduced his mother's figure, not only as he had seen it last, but as he had often seen it there before. A sudden burst of grief and disappointment swept across the dogged anger of his mood, and, flinging himself upon his knees beside the bed, he groaned:

"My God! That it should all end like this!"

The noise of a softly-opening door aroused him, and, springing to his feet, he went into the outer room, half closing the door of the bed-room behind him, with a curious feeling of leaving his best friend and counselor inside, and protecting her from the intrusion of the woman she had so hated even without knowing her. A very careful footstep upon the stairs drew nearer and nearer, and presently Lizzie appeared, fully dressed and carrying a lamp in her hand. Her face, white and haggard; her eyes, horribly dilated and glittering; her clenched teeth and distorted lips: all these had changed her fair face into the mask of a malignant demon, bent upon some deadly errand.

"See the murderess!"

The words were not spoken—surely not spoken; for who was there in that room, except himself and herself? And yet Peter Wadsworth could have sworn that he heard them hissed into his ear—aye, and in a voice he knew, although it was hushed forever in the grave. The shadow of the half-opened door at his back, and the dimness of the light, confused his figure with the other cloudy shapes and shades that seemed crowding the room with a suffocating sensation of deadly and menacing presence; and the woman, with one half-fearful glance around, crept swiftly to the table, and, setting her lamp down, looked eagerly into a pitcher, set beside an empty goblet. It was the draught of fresh milk, which it was one of the farmer's fancies to take nightly, and which for many years he had seldom omitted. To-night, however, his own gloomy thoughts had answered both for meat and drink; and, when he had mechanically taken up the glass, both touch and sight showed it to be so far from clean that he had laid it down again, with a muttered curse upon his wife's slatternly habits.

"H-m!" muttered the woman, tipping the pitcher. "Not yet—when he comes in again—"

"The murderess!" hissed the voice again, from the darkness behind that half-opened door; and, as if she too had heard it, Lizzie started and looked fearfully around her. The death-white face and glittering eyes of her husband suddenly showed

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themselves, where before she had seen only shadows; and, with a half-scream, she set down the pitcher, and stood with clasped hands and shuddering figure, staring at him. With a harsh and grating laugh, Peter strode toward her, saying, in a voice mocking yet ferocious:

"Well, what is it, woman? Why do you look so scared, on seeing your husband, that you love so dear, standing and looking at you? Didn't think 'twas my ghost, did you—eh, Liz? Didn't think 'twas my ghost? And then see how good you was to me: set out my supper—saved it out of the pig's mess, I'll be bound; and then came down to see if I'd took it, and it agreed with me, eh? Speak up, and say if that was what you came for—speak, I say!"

She could not speak. Her chattering teeth and contracted throat would not allow it; and, as he grasped her arm, she shrank and cowered away, as if the touch scorched her. Again that awful voice whispered in his ear:

"Let the murderess drink it!" And, with a wild mad laugh, the man cried out:

"Yes, yes, that's it—that's the idea, old woman! You shall have some of the milk yourself, Liz, to pay you for being such a good attentive wife. Here!" And, still holding her firmly with one hand, he poured a part of the milk into the goblet, and held it to her lips.

With a movement of horror, she pushed it away, faintly gasping:

"No, no. I can't—I won't!"

"But you can—and you shall!" shouted her husband, his jeering tone changing to one of frenzied rage. "You fixed it for me, and you shall drink of your own brew, if I hang for it!" And, by sheer force, he poured a portion of the milk down the struggling woman's throat, spilling as much more upon the floor, where a cat and her two kittens greedily lapped it up.

"You've killed me! You've murdered me!" shrieked the woman, tearing herself free from him, and rushing toward the door. With one stride, he overtook and detained her, throwing her into a chair and sitting down by her.

"Sit you there, woman, until I see with my own eyes what devil's-work you've been at. If it's poison, and you meant it for me, it's no more than fair that you should be the one to die of it. If there's no harm in it, you'll get no harm; and, more than that: if you live, I will do no more than turn you out of my house, and send you back to Sam Stoughton, instead of throttling you and him together, as I meant to, next time he came sneaking round here, as he did to-day."

"Oh, man, I'm innocent! Before God, I'm innocent!" gasped the poor creature, writhing already in agony.

"Don't talk about God! This night's work is none of His," muttered Peter, gloomily. "Look at that!"

It was one of the kittens, which was rushing wildly about the room in convulsions; while the cat, with bristling fur and glaring eyes, uttered those unearthly screams that only come from a feline creature in agony. "Do you see that?" demanded the man, again; and his would-be murderess answered, with a shriek that never ceased to ring through Peter Wadsworth's brain until that brain ceased to throb:

"Oh! Oh! Oh! Let me go! Oh, let go of me!" burst from the white and writhing lips; and, tearing herself free from his fingers, stiff with horror, the wretched creature rushed madly round and round the room, very much as the poor little animal, dying now in a corner, had rushed before her. Suddenly, as she came near the door of the bed-room, it swung wide open, and some flitting shapeless thing seemed to draw the flying woman in; and then the door closed upon both. Wadsworth, who had started to his feet when Lizzie broke away, flung his arms above his head, crying:

"You're satisfied now, I hope! You've got your revenge—and more, and more, and more!"

Then he fled forth into the night, and the darkness of death and desolation fell upon the lonely house.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

THE FOG FROM THE SEA.

BY ALEXANDER A. IRVINE.

I HEAR the surf, all through the night,
Go wailing down the coast,
While o'er the marshes, weird and white,
The fog steals like a ghost.

It climbs the slopes: the fields are crossed;
It drowns the uplands high,
The spectral moon grows dim, is lost:
Earth merges into sky.

A soundless gulf, a vague, a dread,
A vast immensity.
Is it all real? Or am I dead,
And this, Eternity?

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A MERE INCIDENT.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Mrs. Adams held two letters in her hand, and looked off across the hills, with a half-pleased smile upon her lips.

One letter was from her favorite nephew, young Gasper Deering. He had been an inmate of her home during the last year—ever since his return from Europe.

In each letter, he had spoken of Agatha Rogers, who had gone to Lakeport in advance of the season, to visit Mrs. Tuttle—wife of the proprietor of the resort—an old schoolmate of hers.

In one, he had spoken of his introduction to her. "It was," he wrote, "in one sense, very romantic. The first night I went to see the Tuttles was one of the most beautiful I have ever known. The air was unusually balmy for so early in the season; the moon was at its full; if ever there was a night for poetry, this was one. As I drew near the house, I heard some low chords struck on a piano—a sort of dreamy accompaniment—and then a girl's voice, singing. Such a voice I had never heard before, and I never expect to again. I stood spell-bound until the singing ceased, and then, stepping softly up to the window, looked stealthily in. Mrs. Tuttle still sat at the piano, vaguely playing in a minor key. Leaning against the instrument, and gazing dreamily out, with a rapt expression, was a young girl, whom I guessed at once to have been the singer, for her face still glowed with the tenderness and spirituality of the words and music. Oh, my dear aunt, never was there such a face! It was that, veritably, of an angel. And, to carry out the illusion, the girl was dressed in white, in the simplest style, yet transcendently lovely. That was my first introduction to Agatha Rogers. Oh, why did you never tell me how peerless she was?

"We have passed a very agreeable month—agreeable to me, and, I trust, not disagreeable to her. At least, her manner would indicate that she enjoyed my society—I think, though I know so little of the ways of women, that I am not a competent judge. If I could only win her, I should care for no other woman."

The other letter which Mrs. Adams had received and read was from Agatha Rogers herself. She wrote:

"I have had the unexpected pleasure of meeting your nephew—Mr. Deering. I felt already acquainted with him, from having heard you speak of him so frequently. He strikes me as a very original and interesting person—quite a relief, after the tiresome monotonous young men of society whom one meets everywhere."

"I wonder I never thought of it before," she mused. "They are just suited to each other. And he has such a fine, rare, pure nature! And Agatha is so lovely and charming in every way, and just the right age—three years his junior. I have often wondered why her heart remained untouched, despite all the attention and admiration she attracted. I see now: she was keeping it for my boy—my handsome Gasper."

Mrs. Adams was a very romantic woman, you will see. And yet, as the weeks went by, there seemed to be some foundation for her romance. Gasper continued to refer to Miss Rogers. Then there came a lapse of weeks, in which he did not mention her; and then he came back to Sunnymede, saying that he believed he would go back to Europe.

Mrs. Adams refrained from questioning her nephew too closely. She felt sure that a woman was at the bottom of the mystery, and that woman Agatha Rogers.

A few days later, a letter came from Agatha.

She ran on, over several pages, describing the gayeties at Lakeport and the advent of a certain Colonel Anderson—a man who bore one of those mysterious and inexplicable American prefixes to his name, although he had never served in any war or even ruled a State militia force. But he was an author of one or two successful books, a very handsome man personally, and popular in society.

"He is the lion of the place," wrote Agatha, "and is, I think, the most superb man I ever met—my beau-ideal, in fact; and just think: he honors poor little me with quite marked attention; I am sure I don't know why. I feel very insignificant in his presence."

Then, toward the close, occurred this:

"I wonder what has become of your nephew—Mr. Deering? He left here very suddenly, much to the surprise of everyone. He was well liked. My acquaintance with him was a very pleasant incident of the summer."

Gasper had driven his aunt to the station, for her mail, and was sitting beside her, while she read her friend's letter, on the way home.

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He had recognized the superscription on the envelope.

Mrs. Adams slipped the letter in her chatelaine, and made some remark concerning the scenery.

"Did Miss Rogers speak of my departure?" suddenly inquired the young man.

Mrs. Adams started guiltily.

"Yes. She asked where you were," she answered, without looking at him.

"Please read me what she said—or let me read it, rather."

Mrs. Adams placed the letter in his hand, and pointed to the passage.

He read it, with a bitter smile.

"An incident—a pleasant incident," he repeated. "I am glad to know what the acquaintance was to her."

Mrs. Adams waited a moment, and then ventured a question:

"Was it more to you?"

Gasper looked over the distant hills, now just touched with the first early frosts of late summer.

"She was the only woman I ever cared for—in—in that way," he said, quietly. "I suppose I was a fool to think she meant anything by her kindness. But I was in earnest, and I supposed she knew it. But, after Colonel Anderson came, I saw my error. Either I had been mistaken, or she had wilfully led me on, or else she is fickle, and changed suddenly. I could not bear it, and I came away."

"And you never told her how you felt toward her?"

"No, never. But she must have known. I thought, once or twice, I would; but I am glad now that I did not humiliate myself. For I find our acquaintance was 'a mere incident' to her—and it was life or death to me."

He broke off suddenly, and struck the horse with the whip, so that the animal broke into a swift trot which soon brought them home.

A few days later, Gasper went abroad.

"I can't stay here," he said. "I am such a weak fool—I—but never mind. Time avenges all things. I don't believe a person ever made another suffer, without having to bear a similar torture, sometime. I may live to see Agatha Rogers as unhappy as I am."

It was a curious prophetic speech, which Mrs. Adams recalled afterward.

A month later, Mrs. Adams received a note from Agatha, announcing her immediate departure for Sunnymede.

"I am coming to remain a month or two with you," she wrote. "I want to get into a quiet nook, and read, and study, and pick up my neglected music; and I know of no place so conducive to these pursuits as Sunnymede—where I know I am always welcome."

Agatha Rogers was an orphan, with just sufficient income to clothe herself and keep in society. She made her home, when in town, with a distant relative; but she passed months at a time with her mother's old schoolmate, Mrs. Adams, whose delightful country-seat was a most inviting resort to one weary of the noise and turmoil of the city.

Mrs. Adams was surprised to find so great a change in her young friend. From a gay, frivolous, pleasure-loving girl, whose chief fault was her insatiate thirst for excitement, Agatha seemed suddenly to have become studious, and quiet, and ambitious to excel in intellectual pursuits and accomplishments. Every day, she devoted certain hours to reading, and a special time to her music.

Mrs. Adams mentioned her nephew's return to Europe, and watched her young friend's face when she made the announcement.

Agatha looked surprised—no more.

"What caused him to go?" she said.

"Don't you know?" queried Mrs. Adams.

Agatha flushed suddenly.

"You don't mean that he left on my account?" she answered. "I am sure he had no cause—"

Then she stopped.

"Agatha, I fear you do not always consider the effect of your pleasant words and sweet smiles, which you bestow so freely. Gasper was not a society-man, and was unaccustomed to the ways of society young ladies. You ought to have considered his feelings, before you bestowed much cruel kindness upon him."

"I am sorry, indeed, if I have caused him any pain," said Agatha; "but, really, I don't see how he could be so foolish as to think I meant anything by my friendly treatment of him."

"Gasper is a very noble young man," said Mrs. Adams, "and one a woman might easily learn to love."

"Yes. But he is not my ideal at all. My ideal is an older man, and one accustomed to the world: brilliant, fascinating—almost blasé, if you choose. Such a man is the one to win me."

"Such a man as Colonel Anderson, for instance. Where is he, Agatha?"

"He has gone West, on a trip, to gather material for another book. I expect a letter from him shortly."

The letter came, the next day. Agatha read portions of it to her friend. It was a brilliant epistle, scintillating with wit.

"I really think Agatha has found her king," mused Mrs. Adams. "She is certainly very much interested in this man."

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Agatha returned to the city, after two months. Colonel Anderson was coming back to town, and the gayeties of the season were about to begin.

"I wonder if he will notice the improvement I have made, during his absence, in my music?" she said, on her last morning at Sunnymede, as she sat at the piano.

"Love's eyes and ears are quick to notice all such things," answered her friend.

"Oh, he's not my lover. There have never been any words of love spoken between us," replied Agatha.

"No? But, of course, he is interested; and, of course, if he renew his attentions when he returns, you will continue to interest each other; and it is quite likely he will become your lover."

Agatha did not reply, but a pleased flush brightened her face.

Just before the holidays, Mrs. Adams wrote to Agatha, to come to Sunnymede and bring two or three of her young friends with her.

"I am lonely here," she said, "and not well enough to go to town and seek pleasure. So I want the town to send pleasure to me. I will try and make it agreeable for you, if you come."

Agatha came, a few days later, with two young lady friends, and the gentlemen were to follow on. "Mr. Walters, Mr. Gray, and Colonel Anderson," the ladies said.

Colonel Anderson at last! Mrs. Adams was glad that she was to see him.

He proved to be quite as elegant as Agatha had given her to understand. And Agatha's face was fairly glorified, when he looked at her or spoke to her.

"It is a clear case," remarked young Walters, who was given to slang somewhat, as Agatha and Colonel Anderson stole off into the conservatory, soon after his arrival.

"A very clear case of goneness, on both sides. And yet, last summer, at Lakeport, I could have taken my oath that your nephew—Mr. Deering—was the man. Oh, the smiles she used to give him! But girls are so deceitful: you can't tell what they mean, nowadays."

Greatly to the astonishment of Mrs. Adams and her guests, her nephew appeared there on New-Year Eve.

"Why, I thought you were in Europe," they all cried, in chorus.

"No. I only went as far as New York. I concluded to try an experiment with my friends. If they really seemed to mourn my departure, I would go abroad. If they let me go without much effort, I'd only go to New York, and then return like an accusing spirit."

This laughing response relieved the embarrassment that all felt, at first, at this addition of the old lover to the company, which was composed of three couples of engaged—or almost engaged—people.

Miss Smithers and Miss Dewar were fiancées of Mr. Walters and Mr. Gray. Therefore Gasper's coming rendered him somewhat "de trop." But he bore his position very gracefully, and soon became the life of the house.

It was the third evening after his arrival. The young people were scattered over the house, amusing themselves according to their inclinations. Mr. Deering and Colonel Anderson were sitting together in Mrs. Adams's room. That good woman possessed a somewhat unusual taste for a lady—a fondness for the odor of a fine cigar; and she liked to have her nephew smoke in her room, after tea.

This evening, Colonel Anderson had paused by the door, and Mrs. Adams had invited him to join her nephew.

"I was hunting for Miss Rogers," he said, as he came in and lit his cigar. "I have lost her. She vanished immediately after we left the dining-room."

Then the gentlemen fell to talking of Europe, and Colonel Anderson remarked that his greatest happiness lay in travel.

"I mean to begin a tour around the world, next spring," he said.

"Indeed! And how long will you be absent?" asked Mrs. Adams.

"Oh, several years. I am as much at home on the sea, or on a railway-train, as in a parlor."

There was a pause. Both gentlemen seemed lost in thought.

"I should think you would begin to tire of travel, and want to settle down to domestic life," remarked Mrs. Adams; "in fact, get married."

"Married?" repeated Colonel Anderson, as he knocked the ashes from his cigar. "I never think of such an event. And love? Love has become a mere incident to me. I think I might have entertained some serious sentiment of that nature, earlier in life, if I had chanced to meet my fate. But I did not, and then I became so worldly and blasé, that the capability passed away. Now I instinctively avoid the marriageable young ladies, preferring the society of those who enjoy a nice friendship or a delightful flirtation: those who, like myself, consider love an incident, not a drama or a tragedy. The latter sort wearies me inexpressibly"

There was silence again, and, after a moment, Colonel Anderson arose.

"I think I will continue my search for Miss Rogers, and have a walk with her," he said. "I hear Miss Dewar at the piano."

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He bowed, and left the room. Before Mrs. Adams or her nephew could speak to each other, they were startled by a fall behind the heavy curtains which draped Mrs. Adams's bay-window.

Both started forward, and there lay Agatha Rogers, in a white limp heap, upon the floor.

"She has heard Colonel Anderson's views of life," remarked Gasper, as he lifted her to a couch. "And she found them quite as unpalatable as I found hers."

When Agatha regained consciousness, the first words she uttered were, before she was fully aware who were her listeners: "A mere incident!" And then she broke into tears.

Mr. Deering stole out of the room. After all, the vengeance which he had longed for was not so pleasant to witness. It is not the sweetest revenge in the world to see the woman you hopelessly love weeping for another man.

Half an hour later, Mr. Deering was in the parlor, with the guests, and Agatha entered. She was smiling radiantly. She glided gayly across the room, to Colonel Anderson's side, and slipped her hand in his arm.

"I hear you were hunting for me," she said. "You wanted a walk. Well, I am ready."

"Where were you?" he queried, looking down in her eyes, with his dangerous smile.

She laughed.

"Bend down your ear," she said, "and listen. I was sleeping. Yes, and dreaming! I sat down in the window-seat, to enjoy the twilight-hour, and I went fast asleep. Come now—one, two, three!" And they whirled gayly away.

"How soon a woman gets over a heart-ache," Mr. Deering remarked, bitterly, to his aunt, as she joined him. "They are all heartless."

"Agatha will not recover from hers for many a day yet," responded Mrs. Adams. "The truth came upon her very suddenly, poor child. I am glad she has pride enough to cover her wound from sight. But it bleeds inwardly. I think Colonel Anderson has acted a despicable part."

Agatha kept her usual gay demeanor during the rest of the week. Then the party broke up, and returned to the city. Shortly afterward, Colonel Anderson left for New York. In March, he set out for his tour around the world.

One year later, Agatha was at Sunnymede again, when she received a letter with a foreign post-mark. She broke the seal, and read it through; then handed it to Mrs. Adams.

It was from Colonel Anderson, and contained an offer of his heart and hand.

"I find I cannot forget you," he wrote. "I am lonely and unhappy, wherever I go. I am beginning to want a home, and a wife in that home. Agatha, bid me return to you. Let me come and claim you as my own."

"You will tell him to come?" Mrs. Adams said. "I am so glad for you, dear child."

Agatha shook her head.

"I will show you my answer soon," she said. A few hours later, she gave Mrs. Adams her reply.

"I am sorry you permit the *mere incident* of our acquaintance to mar your happiness," she wrote. "I am surprised and pained that you make so serious a matter of it. I can never be your wife, and I beg you to think of me only as your friend. AGATHA ROGERS."

And, the next summer, Agatha went abroad, as the wife of Gasper.

"So my little romance came true at last, after a great deal of unnecessary trouble," said Mrs. Adams to herself, as she watched them drive away from Sunnymede, after the wedding.

IN THE SWING.

BY F. E. HALE.

UNDER the spreading maple-boughs,
To and fro, in the rude old swing,
Swift she glides from my gentle push,
Graceful as any bird on wing—
With laughing eyes and flowing hair,
Nor elf, nor angel, so witching fair.

I cannot say what I want to say,
Yet how can I longer my secret hide?
Slower now, and she turns to look—
Her hands must cling to the ropes at the side;
She cannot help it—no more can I,
And I kiss her quick, as she swings by.

With startled look, like a fawn surprised,
She turns away her crimsoning cheek;
Its touch hath thrilled me through and through,
But never a word we dare to speak.
To and fro—till I clasp her fast,
And my tongue hath found its use at last.

I pour my love in a torrent of words—
She tries, but I will not let her go:
I rain my kisses upon the lips
Too shy to answer my pleading low.
But enough: she does not say me nay,
For I know that she is mine for aye.

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A "CINDERELLA" OF TO-DAY.

BY ADELAIDE MERRIMAN.

THE Lady Cecile Huntingdon sat on the edge of the battered old fountain, one evening, just as the sun was sinking in the west. The gown which her ladyship wore was a very ancient one, as a single glance sufficed to show. There were unmistakable evidences that the skirt had been turned several times, while the elbows were each little more than one great darn.

The Lady Cecile, however, seemed to trouble herself very little about her shabby attire; for she was scarcely seventeen, and looked even younger, and was full of the hope and confidence of her years. She hummed a song, as she took advantage of the waning light to finish her task of putting a great patch on one side of a little old slipper. Very industriously she worked, tugging away at the coarse thread, and ofttimes pricking her delicate fingers with the huge needle. The last rays of sunlight stole through the trees, and brought out exquisite reddish-golden tints in the lady's lovely hair. They flickered across her face, revealing the dimples and long lashes, as well as the ruddy glow of health, which constituted the charm of Lady Cecile's high-born but somewhat tanned countenance.

At last, finishing her task to her satisfaction, she heaved a sigh of relief, and, stooping, placed the mended article upon her own shapely little foot, and then surveyed the result of her labors complacently.

"A shoemaker himself could not have done better," she said, triumphantly. "And who knows what he would have charged? I declare, I am beginning to believe I can do anything."

Then, as she glanced up and perceived that the evening shadows were falling, an anxious look came over her expressive face.

"I would really like to know what the Colonel will have for supper to-night," she said, meditatively. "He ate old Bob yesterday, and that rooster was the very last fowl on the place. I was hoping he would leave a little; but he sat there and calmly devoured every particle—not a scrap left but the drumsticks. I am sure I don't know what will become of us, if his appetite goes on increasing in this dreadful manner. Perhaps Aunt Jinsey can make a soup out of those drumsticks, though I am afraid it will be very weak soup, for Bob had grown so extremely thin. I must see about it, I suppose," she added, dolefully, "and then call those children. They ought to have been in half an hour ago."

The Lady Cecile arose, and, clapping a torn straw hat on her queenly little head, proceeded toward the huge old mansion that was dimly visible through the trees. A vast pile it was, large enough to shelter a whole regiment; but it had evidently seen its best days; and at the present time one wing only—the one least dilapidated—was occupied by the family.

The Lady Cecile paused when she reached the kitchen, and popped her head in at the open window. A savory odor came forth invitingly, and Aunt Jinsey—a negro woman so old, and bent, and wrinkled, that one was fain to believe her statement that she was "goin' on a hunderd en fo'teen"—was leaning over the stove, intently watching the contents of the frying-pan.

"Oh, Aunt Jinsey," cried the Lady Cecile, "I never thought you could make anything so nice out of old Bob's drumsticks. It smells so good, it fairly makes my mouth water."

"Law bless yo', honey, whar's yo' nose? Dis yer ain't ole Bob. Dat ar Ceasar—Markham's Ceasar, yo' knew—done fotch me a mess ob fish, w'at he cotched, en I'se cookin' 'em fer de Ku'nel. Yo' go call de chilluns, honey. I specks dar'll be nuff lef' fer dem."

The Lady Cecile turned from the window, and proceeded down the long carriage-drive with a lighter heart. This drive was bordered with stately trees, but at present it was all overgrown with grass and weeds. The water in a little artificial lake on the left was covered with green slime, and a tiny island in the centre seemed but a growth of tangled shrubbery. The great conservatory was a mass of broken glass and battered flower-pots. The terraces had almost disappeared. The statues which gleamed here and there through the trees were broken-nosed, armless, dilapidated affairs. The rustic arbors were roofless. In fact, all that met the eyes of the Lady Cecile, to the right or the left, spoke of ruin and decay. She paid but little heed to it, however; she had grown so accustomed to it all. It seemed but a fitting background to her fallen fortunes.

Although not eighteen years of age, the Lady Cecile Huntingdon had had a somewhat checkered

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career. Her mother had been a governess, her father the son of an English peer. For marrying contrary to the wishes of his family, her father had been disinherited; and, owing to this little fact, she, the Lady Cecile Huntingdon, now the rightful heiress of one of the proudest estates in England, was patching her shoes and turning her gowns in America, instead of dreaming in the "marble halls" of her forefathers.

Lady Cecile, however, had very vague ideas about it all. She remembered nothing of her father, who died when she was very young. Her life in England, where her mother had expended all their little property in lawyers' fees—fighting for her rights, she called it—seemed now like a dream. Five years ago, they had drifted to America, where her mother laid the case before Colonel Montford Huntingdon. He was a distant relative, whose ancestors had emigrated in the "good old colony-times" and accumulated a vast estate, living in affluence and ease among the old Virginia gentry.

The Colonel, a widower with four young children, threw open his doors to his kinswomen from over the water, and promised to look into the matter and see that they obtained their rights, whatever they might be. Before undertaking the task, however, the Colonel looked after some little matters of his own so successfully that, in less than six months, the Lady Cecile found herself the astonished possessor of a stepfather and four little stepsisters. Her mother lived but a year after this marriage, however; and, after her death, disasters followed thick and fast on the unfortunate family.

The Colonel had a stroke of paralysis, which left him mentally unsound and a prey to numerous odd delusions. Under his bad management, the vast estate, already encumbered with mortgages, shrunk and dwindled away until Ravenswood, the old neglected country-seat, was all that remained. Here they had lived for the last two years, the Colonel an almost hopeless invalid, the children running wild, and the resources of the family growing fewer day by day. It seemed, to the Lady Cecile, that it was only some mysterious Providence which had kept them all from starving to death long ago.

She never borrowed trouble, however. She and Aunt Jinsey had always managed to make both ends meet, in some incomprehensible way, and she supposed they always would. Aunt Jinsey, faithful old soul, was a regular host in herself. Besides, there was the Colonel's letter, the mysterious mythical letter, to which he always alluded when any demands were made on his pocket-book. The letter which would certainly arrive in a few days, and which would contain a draft large enough to meet all demands. When things looked unusually desperate, they had always this letter, or the hopes of it, to fall back upon.

The Lady Cecile was wishing it would arrive, when she reached the great gate, by the ruined porter's lodge, which gave entrance to Ravenswood Manor. The children were making mud-pies in the dusty road; but, on being called, they ran toward their stepsister, shouting and yelling like the veritable little savages that they were. She drove them all before her, as unceremoniously as if they had been a flock of geese, and, marshaling them into the kitchen, tried, with but little success, to maintain order while they ate their supper.

"Now, if you will go to bed when I say you must, without making a fuss, I will tell you a story," said the Lady Cecile, in persuasive tones, when they had finished.

They clustered around her, crying "We will," while little Mabel, the youngest, begged for Cinderella—"the best story of all," she said.

The flickering light of the one candle fell upon the group, showing the animated countenance of the narrator and the absorbed look of the children, as they listened attentively. Aunt Jinsey finished her work with expedition, and, seating herself in the chimney-corner, heard the conclusion of the tale with great satisfaction.

"Honey," she said, with a significant look, when the Lady Cecile had finished, "jest yo' wait yer. I'll put de chilluns to bed, en come back. Dar's sump'n I'se got to tell yo'."

The Lady Cecile wondered a little at the old woman's mysterious air; but presently, finding herself alone, she fell to dreaming about the wonderful fortune of Cinderella.

"I am something like Cinderella myself," she thought, "for I work from morning until night, and get very little thanks for it. Still, I am willing to do it all—and more, too—for the Colonel. No matter if he is odd; he is the only father I ever knew, and has always been good to me. If the prince should happen along, though, and invite me to dwell in his castle, I am afraid I should accept, with thanks; and on short notice, too, for I own I'm getting tired of—"

But, just here, Aunt Jinsey's return put an end to her meditations.

The old woman hobbled close to the young girl, and stood looking down upon her, with one shaking hand uplifted.

"Honey," she said, "'pears like we'se had pow'rful po' luck lately. I 'clar to goodness, if Markham's Ceasar hadn't gib me dem ar fish, de

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Lawd only knows w'at we'd had fer supper dis night. Sump'n mus' be done—en dat mighty quick, too. En now, honey," here she shook her hand with greater emphasis and looked more mysterious than ever, as she continued, "now, honey, I'se done thunk ob de sump'n."

"What is it, Aunt Jinsey?" asked the Lady Cecile, with no great expectation in her voice.

"We mus' change our luck, honey, dat's w'at we mus' do; en I knows a cha'm dat 'ill fotch it ebery time."

"Oh, nonsense, Aunt Jinsey," said the Lady Cecile. "I don't believe in charms." But, nevertheless, her ladyship's eyes sparkled, and she looked exceedingly interested.

"W'at dat yo' sayin', chile?" cried the old woman. "Don't bleeve in cha'ms? Go 'long wid yo'. Dis yer am a Voodoo cha'm, en it's nebber be'n knowed to fail. Don't bleeve in cha'ms? Go way wid yo'. Didn't I git hoodoo'd onct, goin' to ole no count doctor in Baltimore? En, if I hadn't got Aunt Phillis, w'at unnerstans conjure, to gib me a cha'm, lik's not I'd b'en hoodoo'd to dis berry day. Dat bottle witch-pisen dat she gib me is hangin' ober my bed now, en de mis'ry am gone from my back, en I'se b'en well eber sence. Not bleeve in cha'ms en conjure? Yo' don't know w'at yo' is talkin' 'bout."

"Well, Aunt Jinsey, I'll confess that I don't know much about it. What is this charm that you want to try?"

"Dis am de slipper-cha'm," said the old woman. "I done 'membered it w'en I years dat ar story yo' is tellin' de chilluns. Yo' is de one to try it, and it mus' be w'en de moon am full, as 'tis dis berry night. Yo' mus' go to de place whar fo' roads cross, jes' as dey do at de corners 'bove yer. W'en yo' git dar, you mus' tu'n roun' free times, en den yo' mus' say: 'Norf, souf, eas', wes', bring de one w'at lubs me bes'.' Den frow one ob yo' slippers ober yo' right sholder, jes' hard as yo' kin, widout lookin' whar it goes. Yo' do dat, en min' w'at I say. Dat ar slipper boun' to bring yo' good-luck en a rich young man, 'fore de year am out. Dat Voodoo cha'm nebber fails."

"But how will I find my slipper again, if I don't look where I throw it?" inquired the Lady Cecile.

"Law, honey, yo' mus'en fin' it. Yo' mus' leab it dar, to bring yo' de luck."

"But I can't do that, Aunt Jinsey," returned her ladyship. "I have only one pair of slippers, and I spent most of the afternoon patching them. I can't afford to throw them away."

"Dat so, chile; dat am a fac'," said Aunt Jinsey, her face falling for a moment. Then it brightened again.

"I don't bleeve it makes much dif'rence, long as yo' do de cha'm all right, wedder yo' git de slipper ag'in or not. De luck am in de doin' ob it. Yo' mus'en look w'ere yo' frow it; but, if yo' frow it straight, yo'll be sure to fin' it ag'in. Now, if yo' take my 'vice, yo'll go dis yer berry night, fer de moon am shinin' bright as day."

The Lady Cecile hesitated. She had no faith in the charm—in fact, she thought it ridiculous; but there was a spice of romance in her nature, and she was extremely fond of an adventure. She even thought there might be some "fun" in it.

"I believe I will," she said at last. "But suppose something should catch me, going alone to the corners at night?"

"Oh, go 'long, honey; w'at yo' 'fraid ob? Jest wait yer," and the old woman disappeared in her room. She returned, holding a small odd-looking object.

"Dar," she said. "Yo' take dat, en put it in yo' pocket. De debbil hisse'f couldn't cotch yo' den. Dat ar am de lef' hin'-foot ob a grabeya'd rabbit; en, wid dat, yo' is safe as if yo's home in yo' bed."

The Lady Cecile looked at the remarkable talisman dubiously; but finally her love of adventure overcame her fears, and, slipping it into her pocket, she threw a light shawl over her head and sallied forth on her mysterious errand.

Drifting clouds obscured the moon at intervals, causing its bright rays to become dim and misty, and making the shadows cast by the trees assume strange and awful shapes. Her ladyship's heart beat wildly, and she wished a dozen times that she were back in the old kitchen. However, she was not a person to begin an undertaking as momentous as the present one, and not carry it through.

She clutched the rabbit's-foot in her pocket firmly, and almost flew over the dark road. At last, she reached the corners, the place where the roads crossed and extended in different directions, toward the north, south, east, and west. Here the Lady Cecile paused and looked about her. No one was in sight. She glanced down at her feet, and finally decided to use the patched slipper. She felt justly proud of that slipper. Holding it tightly in her hand, she pronounced the magic couplet, warranted to "bring de one w'at lubs me bes'."

"Now," thought the Lady Cecile, "I will throw it directly behind me, up the road to the north, and then I can easily find it again."

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She raised her hand, and, exerting all her strength, threw the slipper backward over her shoulder. With a woman's usual aim, she threw it; and, accordingly, it sailed over a clump of trees, and fell directly in the cross-road leading to the west. Hence, naturally, when the Lady Cecile started up the north road, and hunted here, and there, and everywhere for the missing article, it was nowhere to be found.

"I shall have to give it up," she sighed, mournfully, at last. "It is odd, too; for I threw it over my shoulder, just as straight as I could throw it. I will send the children to look for it, in the morning, and, if they cannot find it—well, I will have to wear my best shoes every day, or go barefooted, as I shall be obliged to do to-night." And, pulling off her stockings and one slipper, the heiress of the noble family of Huntingdon pattered home, beneath the light of the moon, as fast as her little white feet would carry her.

Now, by a singular coincidence, on this very night, as the Lady Cecile Huntingdon was hurrying timidly along toward the corners, to try the wonderful unfailing Voodoo charm, a young man was also approaching the same place, on the west road.

Lord Henry Stuart Ashton was a young Englishman, who, tired of London and society, had come to America, "to see the people as they really were," to use his own expression; and, in the execution of that purpose, was making a pedestrian excursion through the States. "Nothing like it," he had just written home to his favorite sister, "as Goldsmith found out: you then see men and women as they really are, without the false gloss of conventionalism." Lord Stuart was also an amateur artist. On the present occasion—as always, in fact, in these pedestrian tours—he had, strapped to his back, a folding camp-stool, umbrella, and easel, and a large box of colors. He strolled along leisurely, paying no heed to the road, but gazing straight up at the moon, watching the light clouds drifting across her face, and wondering whether he could put that lovely transparent effect on canvas.

"A little cadmium and white," he murmured to himself, "with a dash of—"

He did not finish his sentence, however; for, just then, a small dark object came sailing over a clump of trees, and, descending, hit him directly on the end of the nose, and then fell to the ground.

"Great spoons!" exclaimed the disturbed artist, much startled. "What on earth was that?"

He stooped and felt around in the road until his fingers encountered a small object, which he picked up and examined attentively.

"A lady's slipper, as I'm alive!" he ejaculated. "Remarkable country, this—very," and he looked apprehensively toward the sky, to see if there was any likelihood that the mate to the slipper he held would also rain mysteriously down upon him.

Just then, he saw, through the trees, a strange moving object, which hopped along over the ground in an extraordinary manner. He immediately stole into the deepest shadow, and crept nearer, wondering what unheard-of thing would happen next.

"By Jove! it's a girl," he said, a moment later. "A girl, hopping along like a kangaroo. Yes, this is a truly remarkable country." And he kept very still, and watched the Lady Cecile as she made her way awkwardly along on one foot, seeking vainly for the missing slipper.

"She must be looking for her shoe," quoth Ashton, a little later. "But she will have to look a long time before she finds it. I shall keep it myself, until I discover the owner's name and all about her. She must be of a sportive disposition—and athletic, as well: no ordinary girl could kick a slipper over such a tall clump of trees. It may be she belongs to some show."

"Hallo! She'll get away, if I don't look out," he added, as he saw the Lady Cecile suddenly pull off her shoe and stockings, and then turn and fairly scud down the road, her little bare feet gleaming out white as snow in the moonlight.

"This is an adventure, sure enough," remarked the artist, as he hurried after her as fast as he could, trying his best to keep the camp-stool and easel on his back from rattling.

"Well, well," he continued, as he reached the porter's lodge and hurried through the great gate and up the carriage-drive, "she must be an enchanted princess. And this is the castle," he continued, as the great mansion loomed up before him. "By Jove! here is the ogre, too," he added, a moment after.

He had followed the Lady Cecile around the house, and, seeing her disappear within, he stationed himself where he could look directly into the dimly-lighted kitchen. The "ogre" to whom he referred was poor faithful old Aunt Jinsey.

"Did yo' try de cha'm, sho' 'nuff, honey?" he heard her say to the girl, who leaned up against the wall, panting.

"Yes, Aunt Jinsey," answered the Lady Cecile; "and I lost my slipper, too. I could not find it again anywhere. Now what am I to do?"

"Oh, de chilluns 'ill fin' it, in de mo'nin',

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sho'; 'sides, de cha'm wo'ks all de betterer, if yo' leab it in de road."

"But I don't want to wear my only shoes every day. How will I ever get another pair, when they are worn out?"

"Law, honey, don't yo' bodder," said the old darkey. "Mebby de Ku'nel 'ill git his letter by dat time, den we'll all hab a new pa'r. Go to sleep, chile, en don't tink ob dat shoe, fer it's boun' to bring good-luck, sho's yo' bawn."

Aunt Jinsey disappeared. The Lady Cecile sat still for a moment. Then, noticing some ashes out on the hearth, she took Aunt Jinsey's broom, and swept them up. Next, she sat down again, and fell into a reverie about her lost slipper, all this time unconsciously holding the rough broom in her hands. She was unconscious, too, that a pair of strange eyes was eagerly regarding her.

"By Jove!" cried the owner of the eyes, taking in all the details of the scene, "here is the very model I've been hunting for, to paint my Cinderella. Why, it is wonderful—simply wonderful. She looks hardly more than a child now. The pose, background, shabby dress, bare feet, disheveled hair—all perfect." For the Lady Cecile's tresses had become loosened in her race, and she had not yet done them up again, so that they fell in masses over her shoulders. "It is Cinderella herself. I must manage to paint her, if I never do another thing."

The Lady Cecile slept soundly, that night, after her adventure; which she probably would not have done, if she had known that a young man, a stranger, was prowling around the place, half the night, exploring the ruins of Ravenswood by the light of the moon.

"It is delicious—enchanting—it is fairly distracting," Lord Stuart said to himself, pausing by the old fountain, and gazing back at the house. "Look at the ivy growing over that ruined arbor. See how the moonlight falls on the little lake. But I must find a place to sleep, and then, to-morrow, devise some means to make the acquaintance of my Cinderella. Poor little soul! Only one pair of shoes. And out in the moonlight, trying charms to bring her good-luck." And he finally laid himself down in the dilapidated summer-house, and slept till daylight.

Greatly disturbed was Lady Cecile, the next day, when the children returned and said they had looked everywhere, but no slipper could they find. She resolved to go herself to the place, and seek it. Needless to say, she met with no better success than the children, and was returning home very disconsolately, when she saw a singular-looking young man approaching her. He wore a short coat of velveteen, and on his back he carried a number of articles, among which the lady noted an easel and camp-stool. He must be an artist, she thought, noting, as he came nearer, that his face, though sunburned, was very handsome.

The stranger suddenly paused, and, doffing his hat, said politely:

"Excuse me, but will you kindly inform me who resides in that interesting old mansion just below here—the one on the right, with the carved dragons over the gate?"

"Colonel Montford Huntingdon," returned the Lady Cecile, promptly.

"Ah! Thank you," returned the artist. "Perhaps you can also tell me whether it is possible to obtain access to the Colonel. I am very anxious to make some sketches in those picturesque grounds, if the owner will permit it."

"Oh, I am sure he will," returned Lady Cecile, impulsively. "I live there myself; the Colonel is my stepfather. I will ask him, as soon as I return. He is an invalid, or you could see him yourself."

The stranger was profuse in his thanks, and, producing his card, presented it to the Lady Cecile, and asked to be allowed to accompany her back to Ravenswood and learn the result of her request.

Now this card bore the fictitious name of Mr. Ashton. "It will never do, you know, Gladys," so he had written home, "to go picnicking about the country as Lord Henry Ashton: everybody would think me a crank."

The Colonel had no objection to an artist sketching his place; in fact, he sent for the young man, and offered him the freedom of the grounds in a right lordly manner. He also gave him, free of charge, the whole history of the Huntingdon family, Lady Cecile included, and descanted upon their past magnificence to such a length that Lord Henry felt strongly inclined to "choke the old duffer off," as he wrote, the next day, to Gladys; "for it was all bosh, you know," he said. "The old fellow was half cracked, and so romanced for my benefit." He made his escape, at last, with a profusion of bows and thanks, and was free to roam through the grounds at his own sweet will, and to make any sketches that pleased his fancy.

"So she is really a princess—or at least she belongs to the nobility, according to the Colonel," laughed Mr. Ashton, incredulously, as he made a hasty drawing of the old fountain. "I wonder if I dare approach the duchess, or countess, or whatever her title may be, and propose to rent one of her unused rooms for a studio? Some way or other, I hadn't the courage to mention

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it to that old guy of a Colonel, with his patched dressing-gown and grandiloquent manner. Helio! there is the noble marchioness now, on the back gallery; and, as I live, she's shelling peas with her own fair hands. I'll approach her ladyship, and lay the plan before her, ere my courage oozes out."

Lady Cecile glanced up and smiled pleasantly, when the artist approached. She looked a little dubious, as he first unfolded his plan; but when, in ending, he delicately hinted that of course he could not make use of the studio, which he only wished to occupy in the daytime, without returning a suitable remuneration, her ladyship's eyes sparkled.

"I believe the charm is beginning to work already," she said to herself; and immediately gave him to understand that the arrangement would be quite satisfactory, rent included. "Only," she added, cautiously, "please don't mention this latter agreement to the Colonel. He is so proud and peculiar, you know, that he would not like the idea of my taking money. I will do it on my own responsibility. I am sure we all need it badly enough," she added, frankly, throwing a handful of peas into the pan at her feet.

"That looks like nice easy work," said the pseudo Mr. Ashton, watching her for a moment. "Can't I help you?"

Cecile smiled up at him again, and her dimples came and went, and her eyes fairly danced with fun, as she made room for him. So, side by side, they sat there and shelled the peas together, and chatted and laughed, and the acquaintance waxed and grew with unusual rapidity.

After this, whenever Cecile sat on the shady gallery, and shelled peas, or prepared the string-beans that grew in the old garden, the so-called Mr. Ashton invariably observed it from the window; and, straightway descending, he would assist the high-born damsel at her lowly task; and thus they became very fast friends indeed.

The studio, which our hero had fitted up in one of the unused rooms at Ravenswood Manor, would have driven a real artist wild with envy, could he have seen it. The fact was, our hero had not been long at Ravenswood before a desire to explore the unused portions of the house took possession of him. On expressing this desire to Cecile, she offered to be his guide. He was delighted with the old-fashioned rooms, the quaint carving, and the high mantels; but, when they finally ascended to the attic, he could hardly contain his rapture. He fairly grew pale, as he gazed around at the dusty objects which met his eye.

"Miss Cecile," he said, in trembling tones—he had discarded the Miss Huntingdon for several days, at her request—"do you know that the contents of this garret are almost priceless?"

"What?" cried Cecile, breathlessly, her color coming and going. "These dusty old things—this old china—worth money?"

"I should think so," returned her companion, making a dive for an ancient broken-legged chair, heavy with carving. "Why, I can dispose of all these things," he continued, wiping a cobweb from his nose and eying a brass fender lovingly, "for almost their actual weight in gold."

A sudden look of intense gratification came into her ladyship's eyes.

"Well, then," she said, resolutely, "you can dispose of them; but be sure you never lisp a word of it to the Colonel. I may be doing wrong, as these things belong to him; but he will never miss them; and, as he will eat most of them up, eventually, he will be getting some good out of them, which he never would do while they moldered away here." She laughed musically, as she spoke.

The artist strongly approved of this resolution, and bravely bought the choicest of the bric-a-brac for the studio. The sum which he placed in Cecile's hands fairly made her eyes start from her head.

"Well! I should think that slipper-charm was working," she reflected, after counting the money several times, to see if her eyes had not deceived her.

The Colonel fared sumptuously, after this. His health began to improve, and he grew more like his old self, day by day. Cecile no longer regretted her lost slipper; for she had another pair, and some shoes as well. The children appeared in new hats and gowns, which really made them look almost civilized; while Aunt Jinsey sported a fresh turban, that rivaled in colors the gayest of crazy patchwork.

The saying that "it never rains but it pours" seemed likely to be verified, in the Huntingdon family; for, not long after, a most wonderful event occurred: so unexpected, that it fairly took away the breath of the whole household.

One day, the Colonel actually received his letter. Privately, no one was more surprised at this than the Colonel himself, though he took it all as a matter of course. In a mania for speculation, which had finally ruined him, he had invested largely in a Western mine, which afterward was declared worthless. The letter informed him that a new vein of surpassing richness had been opened, and that to-day he was worth as much as in the old times, if not more.

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Ashton, as he continued to call himself, was sitting before his easel, working busily on his Cinderella, and wondering why Cecile did not come to pose as usual, when she suddenly burst into the room, with an eager excited face.

"Just think!" she cried, enthusiastically. "We can go to Washington, now, to live; and even visit New York; and I can go to operas, and balls, and parties, every night, if I wish. Oh, it is quite like a story-book!"

Strange to say, instead of congratulating her, the artist's countenance took on a look of the most profound gloom.

"What is to become of my Cinderella?" he asked, lugubriously, after a rather lengthy pause.

"Oh, who cares for Cinderella now?" cried Cecile. "I am tired of playing the work-a-day part, anyway; and I am going to have a chance. Yes, I will go to the ball, and dance with the prince."

The frown deepened on her hearer's brow. Cecile noticed it, and, becoming suddenly penitent, said, in a conciliatory tone:

"Well, I will pose for you every day, until we leave; and you will have plenty of time to finish it." She had never been allowed even a glimpse of this picture, by the way. "I want to finish it before you see it," the artist had said, "so you can tell me what your first impressions of it are. First impressions are always best."

"Thank you," returned Mr. Ashton, briefly, in answer now. He alone knew that the picture was as good as finished, at that moment, and that he was only prolonging the sittings because of the great pleasure he derived from the society of his model.

"What is the matter?" asked Cecile, after another little pause. "Are you not glad of our good-fortune?"

"Oh, very," returned the artist, sarcastically. "I shall be delighted, of course, to have you go back to the city—and become false, hollow, and artificial to the very core, like the rest of the society-belles. I shall never see you again, after you leave here—which thought you will no doubt find very consoling."

"I think," said Cecile, flushing up, "that you are very, very horrid. You know that what you say is not true. But I will leave you now, for I do not care to pose when you are so ill-natured."

So saying, she indignantly left the studio, closing the door behind her in a very emphatic manner.

Our repentant hero sprang to his feet, and called after her. But she paid no heed. She had already disappeared down the long gallery. He listened until her quick footfalls had quite died away, and then sank into a chair, a veritable image of misery.

"Now she will be lost to me forever," he groaned. "I love her to distraction. Why did I not speak before? Now I have no chance at all. She is so beautiful, she will certainly become a great belle. I shall never see her again—never."

In his wrath and anguish, he seized the Turkish fez which adorned his head, and cast it wildly to the floor. Becoming somewhat calmer, after a time, he arose and stood before the picture, surveying it critically for several moments.

"It is good," he said at last; "tremendously good, if I do say it myself. By far, the best thing I have ever done." And then he decided, as he paced backward and forward before his unfinished work, that he would not give up hope entirely.

"I will show her the picture before she leaves, and, if she thinks it is good—if she sees that I have talent, and if she seems sorry to say good-bye—why— Well, of course, I don't want her, if she marries me for my title and wealth. To be loved for myself is what I wish. And it is only fair that she should see something of the world. But, still, I don't know as it will do any harm to let her know how I feel about it. It's fact that I love her; only I must tell her I am merely a poor artist."

After this, the sittings continued as usual, though a slight coolness seemed to have grown up between the artist and his lovely model. At last, but two days remained before the establishment of Colonel Montford Huntingdon was to be moved to Washington. Cecile, with a somewhat subdued look on her face, announced this fact to the artist, one day, as she was giving him her usual sitting.

He laid down his brushes, and stared at her in an odd way for a moment. Then he said, in a rather uncertain voice:

"Please come to the studio, about three, this afternoon. I think the picture will be finished by that time."

At three o'clock, accordingly, pretty Lady Cecile was on hand. She was very curious about the picture, and was glad that, at last, she was to have a sight of it. She little knew how wildly the heart of the artist was beating, as he heard her footsteps in the corridor. She never dreamed what a momentous interview this was to be to him.

"Well, is it ready?" she asked, gayly, as she entered.

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"Yes," he replied, solemnly. "You can step around to the other side of the easel, and look at it. Be sure and tell me just what you think of it. The whole truth, mind you."

In breathless suspense, he watched her as she made her way to the easel. His eyes never left her face for an instant. She reached the easel, and paused. There was a moment of silence. Then, to his surprise, he saw her flush up angrily; and, the next moment, she turned to him, with wrath and indignation on every feature.

"You want to know what I think of it?" she cried. "Well, I think it is perfectly horrid and insulting!"

"Why—what—what—" stammered the artist, utterly aghast.

"Look at that!" she exclaimed, pointing toward it. "You have painted me barefooted; and you know I would never have dreamed of coming here to pose, with my shoes off. How dare you do it? Let me tell you, right now, if you don't paint some shoes on that Cinderella, this very instant, I will never speak to you again."

Once again, the discomfited artist heard the door of his studio banged to; but he made no attempt to call the indignant beauty back. He felt quite stunned. The interview had been so different from what he had expected, that he stood rooted to the spot where she had left him. After a while, rousing himself with an effort, he went over to a closet; and, pulling out a good-sized packing-trunk, he began to make preparations which looked very much like departure.

"Honey," said Aunt Jinsey, late the next day, "dat ar painter done move hisse'f away. He com' wid a cart, en tuk all he tings; en he gib me de money fer de room; en tol' me to say good-bye to yo'; en to tank yo'; en to tell yo' he lef' yo' sump'n in de stud'o."

Cecile turned quite white, at this message. So he had really gone! Gone, without a farewell word to her. She hurried at once to the studio, where she had spent so many happy hours. She shivered, as she opened the door. The room was bare and empty; nothing remained except an easel, which stood by the window. On this easel was a picture. The Lady Cecile walked over to it, with a faltering step. One look, and she burst into tears, sobbing as if her heart would break; for there was the Cinderella, cut and slashed through and through—ruined, irretrievably ruined.

"Oh, what shall I do?" moaned the Lady Cecile, gazing, through her tears, at the wreck of the beautiful picture. "It was his best work, he said; and I have made him spoil it."

Then she suddenly discovered one little fact which seemed to console her immensely: the face of Cinderella, which had been a striking likeness, had been cut out, and carried away.

The Lady Cecile Huntingdon became a great belle, in Washington, as had been predicted. But, strangely enough, after several months had passed, and the newness and glamor had worn off somewhat, she found herself becoming heartily tired of the whole thing. She looked back at the days spent at Ravenswood, with positive regret. Aunt Jinsey even discovered her crying, on more than one occasion. Lady Cecile cultivated all artists most assiduously, and quite haunted the art-galleries. Her most ardent admirers were forced to acknowledge that she was a little singular at times, and was inclined to be absent-minded and inattentive—occasionally, at least.

As the season neared its close, the British Embassy decided to give a large masquerade-ball. Everyone who was "anybody" was to be there, and "What character shall I take?" was the absorbing topic.

The Lady Cecile decided, almost immediately, to go as Cinderella. "I will wear a shabby old dress at first," she said, "and, under it, a gorgeous ball-costume, in which I will appear later on in the evening."

She was conscious, that night, as she dressed for the ball, that she had never looked better in her life. Even the shabby old gown—the same one she had worn at Ravenswood, when posing for her picture—seemed vastly becoming now: and she went off to the masquerade in the gayest of spirits, accordingly.

She had been in the ball-room but a few moments, when a dazzling creature, in blue velvet and white satin, approached, and, with a profound bow, whispered gayly:

"Cinderella, if I mistake not. Allow me to introduce myself as the prince."

She made the speaker a saucy little courtesy, and, shortly after, was waltzing off in his arms.

"How divinely he dances," thought Cinderella. "I will have a mild flirtation with him, before I appear in my other costume."

The prince was nothing loth. He murmured loving words in her ear. He devoted himself to her, most assiduously. She wondered if he recognized her. Could she ever have met him? She was quite sure she had no idea as to his identity. Yet, somehow, his voice seemed familiar.

"How shall I escape from him, to appear in my other dress?" she began, directly, to wonder. "Ah! I will drop my handkerchief, and send him to look for it," she finally decided.

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The plan appeared to work admirably. The prince departed obediently on his errand.

As soon as he had left, Cinderella slipped out of a long window, which had been left open to air the dancing-room. She hurried along the gallery, pulling off her mask to cool her flushed cheeks. A moment after, she heard quick footsteps behind her. Breathlessly she darted into a room at the end of the gallery. It was a cozy little boudoir, quite empty. She turned to close the door after her, but was too late; the prince stood there, holding her handkerchief. She discovered, too, that he was evidently convulsed with laughter, beneath his mask.

"Why did you follow me?" she demanded, hotly.

"Why?" whispered the prince. "I wonder you ask me. Isn't it the part of the prince to follow Cinderella, if only to prevent her escaping? Besides," he continued, "I have a reason for pursuing you. I have a magic slipper here, which I wish to see if Cinderella can wear. I have sworn to wed the one it fits, and her alone. Here it is. May I try it on, fair lady?"

So saying, the prince sank gracefully on one knee, and held up a little old slipper.

Cinderella gave an exclamation of surprise.

"Why, where did you get it?" she cried. "That is the very slipper I lost at Ravenswood. I could never mistake that patch. I made the patch myself." Then she suddenly began to blush, remembering the poverty this implied.

"Who are you?" she faltered, gazing at the kneeling figure, her heart beginning to beat.

"I am the one the slipper brought," answered the prince, still in a low voice. "The 'one who loves you best,' you know."

The Lady Cecile did not reply. But she trembled more and more. The prince, seeing her agitation, sprang to his feet.

"Forgive me, if I have frightened you," he said. "I will take off my mask now. But remember—what I have said to you was not in jest: it is all the solemn truth."

The next moment, the mask fell off, and Stuart Ashton, looking like a veritable prince in his becoming costume, stood before Cecile, with eyes full of love and longing.

Her first thought was: "How did this poor artist get to this ball, at the exclusive British Embassy?" Then she remembered the past, and, with one glad cry, ran straight into his arms.

"How could you go away as you did, and leave me so cruelly?" she asked, presently, when their raptures had subsided a little.

"I could not help it, darling," was the answer. "I thought you did not care for me at all. You only knew me as a poor artist—"

"How very silly!" said her ladyship, interrupting, and looking at him with admiring eyes. "As if I would not marry you, though you hadn't a cent. Love is everything, dear."

"But I am not a poor artist," replied her lover, as if echoing her thought. "Forgive me, Cecile, for a little deception. I am an artist, it is true; but only an amateur one. In my real character, I am Henry Stuart Ashton—Lord Henry Ashton, by courtesy: my father is Marquis of Ashton. Otherwise, I would hardly be here: poor artists are not in favor with the Embassy. I have been masquerading in America as a poor artist, in order to see life. And, only yesterday, I had a letter from my sister Gladys, who says she finds out that you and she—and I, of course, also—are sixth cousins, or so, and that she is dying to welcome you as a sister. Oh, dearest, I know now that I am loved for myself alone, and not for my title or my money."

Aunt Jinsey followed her darling to Europe, even though, as she described herself, she was "goin' on a hunderd en fo'teen." She still lives; and, as she sees the happiness of Cecile, she remarks, triumphantly, to the latter:

"W'at I tell yo', chile? Dat slipper-cha'm boun' to bring good-luck, ebery time. Yo' might be patchin' yo' ole close, dis berry day, if it hadn't been fer dat Voodoo cha'm en de lef' hin'-foot ob de grabe-ya'd rabbit."

Perhaps she was right. But, after all, there is one person too sensible to think so, and that is Lady Cecile; who, in due time, will be Marchioness of Ashton, our "'CINDERELLA' OF TO-DAY."

COGITATA CŒLI.

BY REV. J. R. SHARP.

Oft thought does entertain my mind with view
Of wondrous image that my fancy formed,
While I perused a page of "Holy Writ,"
And read of many mansions, fair and large,
By bliss of saints alone illumed with light
More brilliant than the splendor of the sun;
A sacred balm then pours upon my heart,
Whose overflow does sweep away my cares,
Like raindrops falling in the ocean vast:
They, mingling with immensity, are lost.

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HOW SHE RAN AWAY.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

MISS ADDISON made up her mind to run away; and, one lovely morning toward the end of June, she carried her plan into execution.

She was not fleeing from cruel relatives, nor debts, nor the consequences of sins or crimes on her own part, or that of anybody connected with her; though no old-time tragedy ever held a crueler or more inexorable tyrant than the one from whom she had effected a temporary escape. She knew that she must go back under his dominion at length—probably live his bond-slave until she was so completely worn out in mind and body that he would murder her; but, in any case, she would have her two months of freedom, and strive even to forget that her stern jailer had the power to command her return.

The name of her tyrant was Over-work; and, if the exigencies of life ever left you its slave, you will readily admit that my opening paragraphs form as mild a statement as I could conscientiously make, in explaining Emily Addison's position.

She was twenty-eight now, and, since eighteen, she had been a teacher in a girl's school; and, during the last five summers and winters, owing to a succession of adverse circumstances, had not enjoyed even one day's respite from labor and care of one sort or another. Vacations there had been, of course; two of which she was obliged to spend in the school, a third in nursing a sick sister, while duties equally urgent had filled up the remaining seasons which ought to have been spent in leisure.

Her nerves had given way—the Lord help the woman who fully understands all that phrase means! She did not neglect her work, nor have hysterics; but she could neither eat nor sleep, and at last the doctors told her employer it was a case of rest or die; so she was permitted to leave, a fortnight before the time for closing the school.

Into the train she got, and was whirled rapidly away from the busy metropolis; feeling, before an hour had gone, like a new creature, just from the consciousness of liberty.

At one of the stations, a gentleman's voice asked permission to occupy the vacant seat beside her. She glanced up instinctively; stared in surprise at the tall handsome man bending toward her; was stared at in equal wonder; then each pronounced the other's name in the same breath:

"Why, Miss Addison!"

"Doctor Beaufort!"

"This is an unexpected pleasure," he said, and held out his hand; and she took it, thinking with feminine quickness that, though they had been acquaintances for a good while, this was the first time they had ever exchanged so friendly a salutation. Doctor Beaufort was never engaged as a physician at the school; but he had known the principal for years, and came occasionally to receptions, or examinations, or other mild festivities, such as were deemed suitable in the scholastic halls.

"And where are you going?" he asked.

Miss Addison mentioned the place—a journey of nearly twenty-four hours.

"Well, we shall be companions till evening," he said; "I left town last night—had to stop here at Ashton."

"Professional business, I suppose," she observed.

"Yes; but my last for several weeks," said he, beginning to laugh. "The truth is, I am running away. I wanted a rest, and found I could manage it, so I have eloped."

"And so have I," returned Miss Addison, laughing as heartily as he. "I hope you enjoy it as much as I do."

"It's delightful—and what luck to have found you! Really, now, Miss Addison, the last time we met, we did not expect to be eloping together on this twenty-first of June."

They jested merrily over the circumstance, gradually drifted on to other subjects, and, within the next three hours, talked more freely together than they had ever done in all the course of their acquaintance. The doctor had always thought her a rather pretty and sufficiently interesting woman, a good deal bound down and hedged in by conventional laws, for which he had a supreme contempt; and Miss Addison, while doing justice to the talents which had rendered him, at thirty-eight, prominent in his profession, regarded him as brusque and cynical, and fancied that the intellectual faculties had been developed at the expense of his heart.

To-day, the doctor was in a humor to converse openly, and express his real sentiments. Prob-

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ably, too, the change in Miss Addison, which his professional eye quickly noted, caused him to feel in a sympathetic mood toward her, and she unconsciously felt and responded thereto. Or it was, if you please, all a part of that jade Destiny's work. But, whatever the cause, before many hours the two were a world away from the chill air of mere acquaintanceship, through whose medium they had hitherto regarded each other.

Toward noon, some accident occurred to the engine, which caused a temporary fright among the passengers; and the doctor had an opportunity to admire his companion's composure, and she his presence of mind. Nobody was hurt, however, and soon even the most terrified discovered that they were quit of the alarm, though subjected to the annoyance of delay. Another engine had to be telegraphed for, and they were forced to wait a long while before it arrived; in consequence, they did not reach the place where they were to dine until nearly four o'clock, and then received the pleasant information that the half-hour's customary halt would be cut down to ten minutes.

The doctor insisted on Miss Addison's getting out and drinking a cup of coffee, while he procured the materials for a luncheon, which they could discuss comfortably in the car, instead of risking indigestion by imitating the haste with which most of their fellow-travelers dispatched their meal.

He found the lady a seat, and ordered her coffee; then said, laughingly:

"Even an elopement loses its romance, if one must go hungry. Just wait here till I come back with our dinner."

Neither noticed that, almost as soon as they descended on the platform, they had been rigorously scrutinized by a tall keen-eyed man, who followed them to the table and listened attentively to their conversation. He held a paper in his hand, which he consulted several times; on each occasion, looking up to study their appearance from head to foot, nodding his head slightly as he did so. When Beaufort spoke those last words, he gave a final and more emphatic nod, and put the paper in his pocket.

The doctor traversed the room, and the keen-eyed man walked close in his wake. Just as Beaufort reached the counter, the stranger touched his shoulder, and, as the doctor turned in surprise, said, in a cheerful easy tone, as if speaking to a person with whom he was on the most familiar terms:

"How are you? Just step this way a moment, please; I want a few words with you."

The doctor scrutinized the speaker's face, smiled, and answered politely:

"I think you have made a mistake, sir."

"Oh, no, no," returned the stranger, in a tone as confident as it was good-natured; "not a bit of a mistake. I'm like Dave Crockett—always sure I'm right, before I go ahead."

"Well, on this occasion, you have failed to act on your motto," said the doctor, impatiently. "I've not the honor of knowing you."

"But I know you," rejoined the stranger, speaking close in his ear; "recognized you at a glance, and the lady too—dress and all."

"Are you mad?" demanded the doctor.

The man laid his hand on his shoulder, saying:

"Just step this way. Take it quietly—the people are beginning to stare. Better not have a scene—remember the lady. Come outside. I'll explain matters clearly enough."

Beaufort felt as if he must be asleep and dreaming. He mechanically obeyed the impulse of the speaker's hand on his shoulder. As he turned, he heard a woman just behind him say audibly:

"There, John—did you hear? I told you there was something wrong about those people; but you would have it their talk was all fun. I'm as sure as I'm alive, that that man is a detective in plain clothes."

Dr. Beaufort's companion caught the remark, also, and completed that gentleman's stupefaction by whispering:

"That inquisitive female has got about the size of it. I'm a detective. Now let's step along quietly. You're a man with a head on your shoulders, and your common-sense tells you that, when a game's played out, it's no use to dodge it; easy and quiet does it—for the lady's sake, you know."

They emerged on a platform, opposite that by which the train stood. There was no one near, and the doctor roused himself from his bewilderment sufficiently to say, with angry determination:

"Now, sir, have the goodness to explain what this extraordinary behavior means."

"Soft and easy," rejoined his tormentor, with the same imperturbable good-humor. "What's the good of keeping it up?"

"Look here!" interrupted Beaufort. "Take your hand off my shoulder, or I'll knock you down."

"If you try it, I shall have to use these little persuaders," said the stranger, showing the edge of a pair of handcuffs which reposed in his coat-pocket. "I'm James Kelley, on the private police-force; now you know me."

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"Well, in the name of heaven, what do you want? My name is Beaufort—Dr. Beaufort, of New York."

"All right. They didn't telegraph your name; but you're the man I want," said Mr. Kelley.

At this instant, the warning whistle blew. The detective's hand was on the doctor's shoulder again.

"Look here—I tell you there's some confounded blunder!" shouted Beaufort. "I shall lose the train."

"Why, yes; I expect you will," said Mr. Kelley; "but there's no blunder whatever. Now, keep cool. Don't I tell you the game is played out?"

"What game? What do you mean?"

Forth from his pocket, the detective pulled a paper, and read without haste a very accurate description of the physician and Miss Addison, the details correct even to the lady's blue flannel dress and other trifles.

"You see," said Kelley, "you can't expect a man to let you run off with his wife, and he sit quiet—"

Before he could finish, his wretched listener heard Miss Addison's voice calling:

"Doctor, doctor—quick!—the train is going!"

He hurried toward her, and the detective followed, saying:

"I guess you'll have to let the train go, ma'am. Your friend will explain. Though I expect you understand pretty well what's happened."

"Is the man crazy?" cried Miss Addison, turning, in quick alarm, toward the doctor. "Oh, the train is gone!"

From where they stood, they could see it steaming out of the station; and Miss Addison uttered a little moan of distress. The detective released his hold of Beaufort, and said, in a satisfied way:

"Yes, it's gone; now we can talk comfortably. Hadn't you better just take the lady to a hotel? There's one near. We shall be snug and quiet that way."

Miss Addison clung to the doctor's arm, growing deathly white; but she neither fainted nor shrieked. Her frightened eyes wandered from the detective's face to his, however, and she said, in a choked whisper:

"What is it? For pity's sake, what?"

"The most impossible blunder has been made—"

But, before the doctor could say more, Mr. Kelley brought a chair, and gently enough placed Miss Addison in it. As he did so, he took her handkerchief, and glanced at the initials; then scrutinized those on her traveling-bag.

"Sit down, ma'am, sit down," he said. "Exactly—E. A.—all right. Now, Mrs. Adams, you're a lady of sense, too—just as this gentleman is a man of brains; don't let us have a scene. He'll tell you the game is up."

"Doctor, if you don't explain, I shall go mad," she said, shaking from head to foot, but speaking very quietly.

"I can only tell you that we have been mistaken for some runaway couple. I don't understand, myself," the doctor replied, in a dazed voice. Then, catching the detective's smile, he roused into fierceness, crying: "This shall prove a dear day's work to you, my man."

"Why, I'm only doing my duty," rejoined that imperturbable individual. "If you like, I'll read the description to the whole town—"

"This is Doctor Beaufort," Miss Addison broke in, "and I am—"

The doctor had got his wits back now, and actually put his hand on her mouth, as he whispered in her ear:

"Don't tell your name—it might get in the papers; the business will soon be cleared up."

"That's right," said Mr. Kelley. "Talk to madam a bit—she'll soon see it's better to be tranquil. I'll wait for you. When she's able, we will go to the hotel. Nobody here need be any the wiser, if only you take it coolly."

"For God's sake, doctor, make him understand there is some awful blunder," pleaded Emily. "Why, my baggage will show who I am—"

"It has gone in the train."

"Oh, I forgot!" She hid her face in her hands, and sat silent, her whole frame quivering with excitement.

"Better come over to the hotel," said Mr. Kelley. "Why, you won't have more than three hours to wait. Mr. Adams is coming in the next train."

"Our wisest course is to follow his advice," the doctor said, trying to speak quietly, for his professional skill made him quick to perceive that, unless she could be quieted, the consequences of the shock might be very dangerous to Miss Addison's already enfeebled nervous system.

"It is like some awful nightmare," she moaned. "Oh, is there no way of making him believe?"

James Kelley was one of the kindest-hearted men in the world, and he was genuinely sorry for this delicate highbred-looking lady, though his manner of expressing his sympathy rather made matters worse.

"Now, don't take on," said he; "a woman's tears just upset me. Why, I've no doubt you're in the right, ma'am. I dare say A. was a brute; and, anyhow, I know what love is, for I've been

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jilted twice; but, you see, when a man's married to a woman, he—"

"Will you stop talking?" called the doctor.

"Of course I will. I only wanted the lady to understand that I could sympathize. Why, if it wasn't for my oath, I'd help you. I would, I swear. But a fellow can't go back of his oath—you'll own that, ma'am, I know."

"Oh, for heaven's sake, take me to the hotel. Let me be alone," pleaded Emily.

"Just you walk over together," said Kelley to the doctor. "You take two rooms. You and I'll sit in one, while the lady rests in the other. I'll saunter in, after you get there. Ask for No. 15. I know it's vacant."

His commands, veiled under the form of advice, were carried into effect. Before Beaufort would allow Miss Addison to shut herself in her room, he insisted on her swallowing a calming potion, which Kelley procured from a neighboring chemist's. He made her promise to eat the food which he called for; and then he sat down to bear, as best he might, the companionship of the detective and the weary hours of waiting.

"It's all right," Kelley said, as he came back, after one of his brief absences. "I telegraphed, and have had an answer. Adams will be here by seven o'clock."

"I'll break his neck, when he comes," said the doctor.

"Well, I guess I wouldn't," rejoined Kelley; "I say it in your interests. My sympathies are all with you, so listen to advice. If you take the consequences now, you may get her yet."

"Why, do you really believe that I am running off with another man's wife?" asked the doctor.

"Well, now, for a sensible man to ask such a question!" cried Kelley. "Look here—are you hungry? Of course not, but let's have a snack; you'll feel better able to meet him. Now, let's talk about what's not professional: the weather—anything you like. Why, I can tell you some funny stories, if you feel inclined. See here—take it easy; what I say is, better luck next time, and I hope I won't meet you; now, I can't speak fairer."

"And that poor girl—"

"Oh, I forgot to tell you. I was sent out here on very private business; nobody really knows that I'm a detective. You'll be supposed to be the party that I was to meet, to see about buying some coal-lands," said Kelley. "Tremendous stupid of me, not to tell Mrs. A.—just you do it."

Beaufort took advantage of that bit of information, for an excuse to inquire after Miss Addison. She opened the door a little, in answer to his knock. He gave his message.

"Only leave me alone," was all she said; "leave me alone."

The afternoon passed. Twice Emily roused herself enough, from her wretchedness, to remember that Beaufort was almost as much to be pitied as she, and half opened the door to assure him that she was quiet and comfortable.

Seven o'clock came, and with it the irate husband; and two more astounded men never met than he and James Kelley, detective, when Adams looked in Doctor Beaufort's face.

The man in search of his runaway wife was overwhelmed with confusion. The victim of his mistake was furious. But Kelley's composure remained unshaken.

"Easy does it," he said. "Mr. Adams don't want to do harm to innocent people, doctor here don't want to injure a lady—hush it up. Lady and doctor go their way, and Mr. Adams goes his. But don't be discouraged, sir: we'll find her—only don't write any more descriptions. Mr. A. must see the lady. I can't go any further, till we start fair and square. Hold on, doctor—don't you go for this injured husband. If there's a row, we'll all be in the papers yet, and you know what they are."

There was no help for it. Miss Addison was forced to stand face to face with the wretched Adams; she and James Kelley to stand between that gentleman and the doctor's renewed spasm of fury.

"Easy and quiet, on account of the lady," said Kelley. "The train will start in fifteen minutes. The telegram has told her friends she was delayed. It's all as square as can be, doctor—you and she will go on, and so will Mr. A. and I, if he thinks best."

And again Beaufort and Miss Addison sat side by side, as the train whirled through the darkness of the night. The unfortunate girl seemed, to him, the friend of years; he felt more than sympathy; he could have taken her to his heart, and told her that he loved her; but he had sense enough to know that such an avowal would be an unpardonable insolence.

They were nearing the station where he ought to leave the train. They had talked very little. His keen sensibilities warned him that, in spite of her reason, she instinctively shrank from his society, as much as if he had really been to blame for placing her in this horrible position.

"Gorham is the next stop," he said, suddenly. "Miss Addison, will you let me see you to your journey's end? It will be the greatest favor you ever granted any human being."

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"I would rather go alone," she answered, coldly.

Not a word further was exchanged till the conductor shouted the name of Beaufort's halting-place.

"I get out here," he said. "Will you say good-bye?"

She shrank back. He turned to go. She leaned forward, and put out her hand.

"Forgive my behaving so badly," she said; "I know it has been as hard for you as me; but remember, I am a woman."

"For God's sake, say you forgive me!" he exclaimed.

"I have nothing to forgive."

"May I write to you?"

"No, no! You shall hear from me, when—when I can write."

"God bless you! Here is a card, with my address. Good-bye! I never shall forgive myself—never!"

He was gone. She half rose, with some wild intention of calling him back, to try and make him comprehend that, though the ignominious adventure caused her to shrink from his presence, she felt no aversion to him personally. But he had left the car, and the train sped on.

Emily Addison reached her relative's home in safety, but was taken ill a few days after her arrival, and remained so for several weeks. When she was able to be up again, she found that she had lost the address Beaufort had given her, and was rather glad than otherwise. She longed, yet dreaded, to resume any communication with him.

Two entire months passed, and in many ways the illness proved of benefit. Emily recovered slowly from the acute fever which had stricken her down; but bodily and mental health came surely back. She knew that no incident connected with the unfortunate affair had crept into print; but, all the same, she determined not to return to the school. She would accept no position that might involve any possibility of the future discovery of the story, which, however clearly explained, held the risk that, some time or other, unpleasant explanations on her part would be necessary.

When the first of September arrived, she left her relatives, to go to an old acquaintance, some hundred miles distant, who was an invalid, and required a companion. In the course of the fall, the doctors ordered Mrs. Elderson to the South for the winter; and she proposed to spend it with a niece in Georgia: Emily's services, therefore, would no longer be required. However, Emily had several weeks yet to decide upon her future arrangements, and the ease and quiet of her life were adding, each day, to the even vigorous tone which her mind had acquired, and which acted with the most beneficial effect upon her physical system.

Naturally, she had thought often and much of Doctor Beaufort; wondered, sometimes, that he took no steps to find out her address; it had really been a source of humiliation that he had never written. It was true that she might easily have sent a letter to his city home; and she had tried several times to write, but never could make up her mind to finish the epistle. As time went on, and no message came from him, she congratulated herself—always with a pang at her heart—on the fact that she had not written. She settled down on the belief that, after his first burst of sympathy for her had faded, he regarded the whole matter as a humiliating disaster, which he desired, as fast as possible, to forget—to forget her, most of all. Very likely he thought of her with feelings of active animosity, as the sole cause of annoyance; and she went back to her old belief that he was a thorough misogynist, and, consequently, ready to hate a woman who had been the means of placing him even temporarily in an unpleasant predicament.

Meantime, Mrs. Elderson took an invalid's sudden dislike to the house she had occupied during the last year, and wanted a change, even before the time came for going South. In October, she and Emily went on to a pretty village, within a couple of hours' journey of New York, and were to remain there until the niece's husband came to take the sick lady to Georgia.

One soft hazy afternoon, Miss Addison went out for a walk; and, as she returned from her climb among the hills, stopped in a pretty public garden, which the liberality or vanity of some wealthy man had induced him to bestow upon the town.

She sat down on a bench, to rest and watch the troops of children playing in the croquet-ground, vaguely enjoying the beauty of the scene, while her thoughts wandered about at their will: centering, as they often did—though now with a calmness which held no mortification or pain—upon the events of the first day of her escape from thraldom.

A step sounded on the gravel: someone paused in front of her; a voice called her name. Of course, you know who it was, and that once more the pair simultaneously exclaimed:

"Why, Miss Addison!"

"Doctor Beaufort!"

Then he caught her hands quickly, and held

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them in a clasp which was a positive embrace, while his dark face and dreamy eyes lighted up with eager pleasure.

"This is the most wonderful thing in the world," cried he. "I never was so glad to meet anybody, in my life."

"And I am very glad to see you," she answered, conscious that she turned first red, then white, but determinedly looking in his face with a placid smile.

"I think it is good of me to speak to you at all," he exclaimed. "But how well you look—how glad I am! And you never wrote. You half promised to—"

"I was ill for awhile," she interrupted; "then I found I had lost your address."

"But you could easily have found out how to write to me in New York," he said, trying to speak in an injured tone, though joy at the encounter rendered his attempt at implying hurt feelings something of a failure. "I have tried forty times to get a clue to your whereabouts. Remember the name of the place you were going to, I could not, for ever so long; then I directed to the post-office there, but received no answer."

"No, it needed the name of my cousin."

"Then I went to the school, when I got back," he hurried on; "but that dreadful Mrs. Waterson had sold out, at a moment's notice, and gone off to Europe; and the new head-dragon knew nothing about you."

"I am sorry you had so much trouble," she said, with a laugh, which rose partly from embarrassment, partly from sheer happiness.

"I was utterly wretched about it," he cried, impulsively. "But—oh, how glad I am to see you!"

And he was just ready to seize her hands a second time, when a gentleman, passing, paused at the sound of his voice, stared for an instant, then rushed up with the impetus of a projectile discharged from a catapult, struck his two hands on the doctor's shoulders, and exclaimed:

"Beaufort! What luck! Delighted to see you—never was so pleased in my life."

And, while Emily gazed in surprise at the fat, florid, comfortable-looking elderly party, the doctor turned toward him, and, with a very poor pretense at cordiality, said:

"Why, Mr. Orton, how do you come here?"

"Been here a week, visiting friends," returned the fat man, lifting his hat and beaming on Emily. "My dear fellow, I just saw the notice of your marriage yesterday; meant to write to you at once—'pon my word, I did! And to think of meeting you here. Come to spend your honeymoon, eh? Pray, introduce me to Mrs. Beaufort, you rogue, you!"

Emily felt that her face must be scarlet; but she forgot all personal considerations, when she looked at the doctor. He had grown very pale, and was glaring with repressed fury on his friend.

"Please stop your confounded blunders," cried he. "It was my cousin's marriage that you saw announced."

It was the fat man's turn to be covered with confusion, as with a whole pile of garments; and Emily had much ado not to laugh outright at his utter dismay.

"I beg a thousand pardons," he stammered. "See you later—pray excuse—" He touched his hat to Emily, and darted off, with an agility that a youth weighing a hundred pounds might have envied.

The doctor stood mute and aghast for a moment, then glanced toward Emily.

"I am the most unfortunate man alive," he faltered. "Now you will hate me forever. I'd better beg your pardon, and say good-bye."

She did not answer, but their eyes met. Well, after that, not many words were needed to make poor Beaufort understand that he was forgiven, and that Emily had no mind to fight against accepting a future so evidently arranged by fate.

TWO MEANINGS.

BY A. M. EWELL.

LITTLE She, in jealous pother,
  Thinking He has used her ill,
Bids him: "Go, sir, to that other.
  Pardon? No, I never will!"

Flings his ring off, vengeance darting
  From blue eyes with tears half blind,
And, tempestuous still at parting,
  Turns her back with: "Never mind!"

Little She, when He, returning,
  Wan and worn, her pity wins,
Lists his tale with wistful yearning,
  And absolves him from his sins;

Yields her hand, silk-smooth and slender,
  Smiles, wet-eyed, and then can find
Naught of speech for humor tender
  Like a dew-soft "Never mind!"

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SWEET INCONSISTENCY.

BY ALLEGRA MARTINI.

"The world is full of folly and sin,
And love must cling where it can, I say:
For beauty is easy enough to win;
But one isn't loved every day."—*Bulwer.*

MARGARET EYRE sat in the bay-window, where the slanting sun-rays shed a golden halo around her hair, warming up the shadows of her fair face and the soft clinging folds of her gray gown. As she sat there, half languid, half pensive, with her shapely hands lying idle in her lap, you could tell she was tall and lissom, even before she stirred; you might have known that she was the sweet embodiment of Tennyson's ideal.

"O sweet pale Margaret!
O rare pale Margaret!
What lit your eyes with tearful power,
Like moonlight on a falling shower?"

A deep breath, too soft for a sigh, fluttered through her lips.

"Lil," she said, slowly, "I am twenty-seven years old to-day."

Mrs. Neville looked up, with a start of surprise.

"Are you, really? Why, I can hardly realize it! You look exactly as you did ten years ago, Margaret. It seems only yesterday that you and Edgar came to Alloway, to spend the summer."

"Ah, that happy summer!" she said, with a sigh that was quite audible this time. "I don't think I have forgotten a single episode in it. It does seem like yesterday, Lil. I almost fancy that I just engaged to Howard Lynn; and, when I raise my eyes, I can almost see him coming up the bridle-path with a bunch of blush-roses in his hand."

Her voice sank into a sad tremulous key, and across her face there flitted the shadow of a lost hope.

"Why will you awaken such sad memories, dear?" said Mrs. Neville, gently.

"They are never sleeping," was Margaret's quick response. "When Howard Lynn died, my happiness died with him."

"Yes, I know. But, lately, Margaret—I have thought—I have hoped, I mean—that you would—not forget, dear: I know you could never do that—but I had hoped you might find some comfort in making the happiness of one who loves you very dearly."

"What do you mean?" cried Margaret, with an electric start. "Are you merely generalizing, or—or—"

The faint pink flush on her cheek deepened visibly. She broke off suddenly, and cried, with something like defiance:

"I shall never marry anyone, Lil, from any cause whatever!"

"Don't misunderstand me," said Mrs. Neville, after a forced pause. "I know you would not wilfully hurt anyone; least of all would you play fast-and-loose with an honest heart. But, if it is as you say, Margaret—I mean, if it is impossible for you ever to think of marrying—don't you think you are doing wrong by Laurie Landell?"

"Laurie? Why, he's nothing but a boy!"

"He is twenty-two; and he loves you, Margaret."

"Now, Lil, don't be absurd. He's very fond of me, I'll admit; but boys of his age all have such fancies. They never amount to anything."

"Don't be too sure of that. Tom was only twenty-three when I married him."

"Yes, but Tom and Laurie are altogether different. Besides—excuse me, but I have no doubt Tom had various little affairs before he met you, dear. 'Whom first we love,' you know, 'we seldom wed.'"

"But we often want to," urged Mrs. Neville.

Margaret laughed incredulously.

"The idea is so absurd," she said. "A woman of twenty-two is ten years older than a man at the same age, and I am twenty-seven."

"But you are one of the women who never grow old, Margaret. Laurie has been with you so much. It is the most natural thing in the world for him to fall in love with you."

"What pretty flattery! No—I think you are mistaken, Lil. Laurie is a splendid fellow, and I am very fond of him. He has made a brave struggle against poverty and social extinction. I admire his genius, his perseverance, and I love to look at his handsome face; but I don't love him in the way you mean—not at all. Why, Laurie wouldn't want me to, if I could."

"I hope not," said Mrs. Neville, fervently. "If he were to love and to lose you, Margaret, it would kill him."

The conversation ended here, very properly; for Mrs. Neville left the room, in answer to a summons from below, and Margaret, taking up a white parasol, went out across the lawn down to the glen, where the after-glow was always fine.

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She had said very honestly, and she believed, that her heart was buried in the grave of Howard Lynn; but in its place there was a passionate craving for something, she knew not what. She never dreamed that it was love.

Crossing the little rustic bridge that spanned the brook, she looked down into the limpid depths beneath.

"What if it should be true?" she mused, with sharp misgiving. "Could I have been so blind and thoughtless? If Laurie—"

A quick joyous step made her turn, with the name upon her lips, to face its owner. He was coming toward her, with his dark eyes shining and a rich flush upon his smooth face.

"Miss Margaret!" he cried. "Hurrah! I've won the prize!"

"Oh, Laurie!" she answered, with genuine rapture. "How glad I am! I knew you deserved it."

"Oh, no, I didn't. It was your face that did it. I never should have won it, if you had not posed for me."

She smiled at his modesty and enthusiasm. It was so like the boy!

"Now you will rest," she said, kindly. "You are almost worn out with work."

"I never felt better in my life."

"It is excitement that keeps you up: but you will certainly be sick, if you don't stop painting for awhile. You will rest, won't you—to please me?"

The words had no meaning to her, beyond friendly affection; but he caught them up eagerly.

"I will do anything to please you," he answered, with shining eyes; and, for the first time, Margaret saw something in his face that made her shrink back with a vague fear.

"I am glad you are so happy, Laurie," she said, tremulously.

"You have made me so," he answered, in a passionate undertone. "Oh, don't you know that my heart is full to overflowing? I love you! I love you with my whole soul! I have always loved you—I shall love you till I die!"

"Laurie, Laurie—hush, for heaven's sake!"

"I have hoped and prayed for this day to come. My picture has been accepted, and the road to fame lies open to me. In a little while, I may have a name which you would not scorn to bear. Oh, Margaret, I know I am not worthy; but tell me that you will not cast me away!"

Margaret felt an icy chill creeping over her.

"Laurie," she cried, with something like terror in her tones, "you must not talk like this to me."

"I will!" he answered, with the masterful force of a great passion. "I love you. You must hear me."

"Oh, no, no, no!" she moaned, covering her face with her hands. "I cannot! Laurie, I—I never dreamed that you cared for me in this way."

"In this way?" he echoed. "How many ways of loving are there? I know but one."

An hour had changed her boyish favorite into a man before whose conquering will she trembled.

"Forgive me," she said, with tears. "I have done you a great wrong."

"Then you did not mean it?" he cried. "Margaret, don't stand there like a stone. Answer me!"

"I cannot," she said, with bowed head; and he flung himself face downward in the cool grass, uttering a low moan.

"Laurie, dear Laurie," she said, brokenly, as she went down on her knees beside him and touched his soft dark curls.

"Don't touch me," he cried, fiercely. "If you have any mercy, leave me alone."

She rose without a word, and, gathering her skirts about her, went slowly back through the twilight, with the weight of Laurie's misery pressing on her heart.

"God forgive me!" she cried, again and again. "Poor, poor boy!"

A long wakeful night of agony, and then came the news that Laurie was ill. The second day, they sent for her; for her name was always on his lips—he raved of her incessantly. But, when she did go to him, he did not know her, and for six long weeks they fought an almost hopeless battle with the fever that sapped his young life.

"There is something on his mind," said the doctor, with a keen searching glance at Margaret. "Unless we can remove from him all cause for mental distress, I am afraid—I am very much afraid for the result."

With a heart full of anguish, Margaret watched the feverish fire die out of his face, only to leave him so wan and wasted that he did not seem able to rally at all.

"He cannot recover," the doctor said, sadly, after Laurie had lain for several days almost inanimate from weakness. "He has not enough vitality to build his strength upon."

Laurie was lying, white and motionless. They thought he was asleep; but, at these words, his languid eyelids unclosed.

"Am I going to die?" he asked, faintly.

"My dear boy," said the doctor, huskily, "I have done all I can for you."

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"Thank you," he said, in a whisper. "It's all right, doctor, but—where—where is Margaret?"

"Here, Laurie," she answered—oh, so softly!—and she took his hand in a warm tender clasp.

"Lean down lower," he said, with an effort. "Margaret, you know how I love you."

"Yes, Laurie."

"And they say I am going to die. It will only be a few days—perhaps only a few hours—till all is over. Oh, Margaret, it would make me very happy if I could only call you my wife once before I died. It wouldn't make much difference to you, would it?"

She shrank a little; but the boy's pleading eyes compelled her to put her own will aside.

"It will only be a form," she thought; "and it is little enough for me to do."

"I love you," he whispered, faintly. "But, if it makes you unhappy, Margaret—"

She stooped, and for the first time pressed a kiss upon his pale lips—a kiss that brought to light a heavenly smile.

"I will marry you, if you wish it, dear," she said, softly, and Laurie had his heart's desire.

In the tender stillness of the twilight, the minister spoke the words that made them one, and all night long Margaret sat by the bed with Laurie's hand in hers. He had fallen asleep, so sweetly and calmly that the doctor bent over him with a look of hope.

"Wonderful, wonderful," he exclaimed, rubbing his hands. "I think there will be a second crisis. Ah, Miss Eyre—I mean, Mrs. Landell—I think we have struck the root of the malady at last."

Margaret rose hastily, and left the room. She had given Laurie one more chance for life; and yet, if he lived, was she not his wife? Could she feel, from her heart, truly thankful? And he did live. With the dawn, Laurie awoke smiling, and fate had cast the balance in his favor.

This was the news they brought to Margaret; and so intense was the sudden revulsion of feeling, that, worn out by protracted nursing and the fierce conflict of her emotions, she herself sank into a fever very much like that from which Laurie was just recovering.

She did not see him again for weeks. He had grown well and strong, when she was able to see him, and came bounding to her side, full of health and hope.

"My wife!" he cried, falling down on his knees and literally kissing the hem of her white dress, that swept the floor in soft folds.

"Don't, Laurie," she said, turning even paler than she was. "I cannot bear it. You must not call me your wife. I—I—did not mean you should."

He rose to his feet, white as marble.

"Margaret!" he cried, in a voice of anguish. "You will not cast me off, after all?"

She burst into tears.

"Oh, Laurie, Laurie," she sobbed, "I am so unhappy. We cannot live together. I—I do not love you. Don't blame me. I married you because I was sorry for all that had happened, and I thought you were going to die."

"I wish to God I had!" he cried, hoarsely, and, blind with misery, he left her.

Margaret sank down, in a limp white heap, on the floor.

"Oh, what shall I do?" she sobbed. "What shall I do?"

She did not love him, but her heart ached and ached.

When next she heard from Laurie, he had left Alloway.

"I know that you desire your freedom, Margaret," he wrote her from New York, "and I will institute proceedings for a divorce, if you are willing I should. I can easily claim one, on the ground of desertion, as you have refused to live with me. I need hardly say that I suggest this solely out of consideration for you. Miserable though I am, I find some slight comfort in the legal bond that unites us. But it shall be just as you say. LAURIE."

Margaret was wretched. She craved her freedom at any price, and she consented to this proposal. In a few months, she was free.

"I shall never forget your generosity," she wrote, and Laurie felt that the last tie had snapped. His picture had sold at a handsome figure, and fame had crowned him with her choicest laurels; but he was miserable. Before going abroad to study, he paid one last visit to Alloway.

It was late in the fall, toward twilight, as he stood, one evening, outside of the gate, and looked through the parted curtains into Mrs. Neville's library.

Margaret was standing by the fire. There was a red glow upon her face and dress. Laurie had never seen her look more lovely. He stood and watched her till his whole soul went out to her in passionate longing, and he turned away with a groan upon his lips.

"I cannot live without her," he cried, and a fresh flood of misery swept over his heart as he slowly descended, with bowed head, the winding path to the glen. "I cannot—I cannot!"

The drifted leaves were lying in crisp odorous heaps upon the little rustic bridge where they had met so often.

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"I wonder," he said, bitterly, "if she were to find me lying here dead among the leaves, I wonder if it would make much difference?"

His hand slipped into his pocket, and drew forth a small revolver, at which he gazed in a kind of fascination.

"It is a cowardly thing to do," he muttered, as he toyed with the trigger; "and yet—what's the use of struggling against fate? What is my life good for now?"

It was just then that he heard his name called softly, tenderly, yet half doubtfully:

"Laurie!"

Every drop of blood in his veins seemed to throb at the sound of that voice.

"Margaret!" he answered, turning to meet her.

"I saw someone coming down here, and I thought it was you," she said, holding out her hands with a glad, sweet, welcoming smile.

He slipped the revolver into his pocket, before she saw it.

"I came for one last look at Alloway," he said. "I sail for Europe on the 23d."

Her eyes drooped; she paled and flushed by turns; then she took a step toward him.

"Laurie," she cried, clasping his arm and hiding her fair face upon his sleeve, "don't go—without me!"

He caught his breath.

"Margaret!"

"Take me with you," she cried, clinging to him. "You have been so good to me, that I cannot bear to lose you. Your generosity has carried my heart by storm. Laurie, dear, I do love you—I love you a very great deal!"

She was in his arms ere she finished, and he was kissing her, murmuring words of passionate joy.

"It is perfectly absurd," she said, laughing happily. "Women are such inconsistent creatures; but, if you can forget how old I am—I am quite an old woman, you know, alongside of you; for you are nothing but a boy, Laurie."

He laughed; for he did not care what else she said, now that she said she loved him.

"If you can forget what an old woman I am—"

"Margaret, you are the loveliest woman I have ever seen."

"Your judgment is biased, I am afraid. But, if you can love me well enough, Laurie—"

"Love you? Darling, don't trifle with me. You know that you are the one woman in the world whom I would wish to call my wife, and you know that my life would be worthless without you."

It was not the extravagant boy that spoke then; but a grave and earnest man, thrilled with the majesty of a strong love, that had entered into his soul, never to depart therefrom; and Margaret was silenced.

WHEN I GO AWAY.

BY HELEN A. MANVILLE.

I THINK, if I were to die to-night,
I could close my eyes without one regret;
I should smile to see the signet white
Of the pale king, Death, on my features set.
For it means so much, when the path is steep,
And the feet are torn for the briery way:
"He giveth His well-beloved sleep!"
His love will guard, and His love will keep
All sorrow from me away.

I have no dread of that coming hour,
When my soul goes out as a bird would soar;
When it opes to life as would open a flower,
To bloom and blossom forevermore.
So do not weep when I go away
On the journey that takes me afar from you.
She is through with all pain and anguish, say;
She has opened her eyes to a better day
Than ever on earth she knew!

SONNETT.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF ARIOSTO.

How can I worthily the praise unfold
Due to thy charms angelic and divine,
Since e'en at thought of those fair locks of thine
My tongue doth fail, and speech grows dull and cold?
Though lofty style and phrase of dulcet mold,
Taught by all Greek and Latin schools, were mine,
Not half or part the meed could they assign
Of praise to those bright knots of rippling gold;
To see them shine so even and so long
In wealth of golden skeins, to many a lute
Might furnish matter for eternal song.
Ah! had I bit, like Asra's bard, the fruit
Of laurel, so my praise would I prolong,
That I should die a swan, where I die mute.

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THE MILLIONAIRE'S DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1885, by Miss Ann Stephens, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 79.

CHAPTER IV.

RATHER more than three miles from the little valley, which was almost entirely occupied by the Hollow Swamp farm we have been describing, was an old-fashioned country tavern, which had stood for many years on the cross of two rather important roads, when toll-gates were permitted as investments, and the travel which now follows the railroads was chiefly confined to turnpikes and canals. In those years, a thriving business had been carried on at the red tavern, where teamsters, taking produce from the surrounding country to the nearest navigable river, and a constant stream of emigration toward the West, were filling the turnpikes with long covered wagons, that occupied the open horse-sheds of the tavern at night, from spring till autumn.

But those prosperous days had been greatly changed, at the time of our story. Railroads and mammoth steamboats had left the once bustling activity of the cross-roads dull, and to a great degree deserted; but it still bore the signs of former prosperity, in its dimensions, which had been increased from time to time, in the season of great travel. The centre house, along which the inevitable verandah ran, had been supplemented with side-wings, and stood out between them like a motherly homestead, prepared to lead her offspring across the country. The building was scarcely more than a boarding-house now, though its original sign—on which an eagle, mounting skyward, with a bunch of arrows in its claws, almost faded out from its red background—still swung on the lower branch of a great willow-tree, separated from the house by the old highway.

Still, there was some appearance of thrift and activity at the cross-roads yet; a stream of some importance flowed by it, and the water-power which formerly ran a grist and fulling mill had given place to a manufactory, which had formed a little village of small new houses; and two or three mansions, belonging to its proprietors, had just been erected at the crossing, with bay-windows, balconies, pinnacles, and extinguishers, with which modern architecture is destroying the simplicity of a country neighborhood, and rendering designs that should only be carried out in ponderous materials paltry in the cheapness of wood.

These modern improvements did not, however, interfere much with the old tavern; for, across the green in front of it, stood the post-office, with its gable-end to the street, a church—or, as they still called it, meeting-house—with a tall wooden steeple that ran skyward like a bayonet, two or three stores, a blacksmith-shop, and various other mechanical establishments, that had been kept up with but little change since the first handful of New England settlers established themselves on the cross-roads.

If the old tavern had felt the loss of the great run of travel more than any place in the neighborhood, it had also taken advantage of the change; and, instead of chance guests for a night, took boarders from the city, for days, weeks, or months, and remained all the more popular from its stubborn determination to keep up the good old habits of former days, when turkeys were roasted in tin ovens, and anything less than a milk-pan was considered too small for baked beans or Indian-pudding, intended for a family of any size.

It was toward this tavern, that the young man who had taken tea with Mrs. Hilton was attempting to find his way, when he encountered the horseman who looked down so threateningly upon him, but spoke more peacefully than his belligerent attitude seemed to imply:

"Wal, stranger, you seem to be waiting for me to come up. I couldn't tell whether it was something human, or one of them stumps the town-people will leave along the sides of the turnpike. Seem ter be flustered about something. Give out arter a long tramp, or what?"

"Oh, nothing, thank you," answered the young man, in a cheery voice. "I am only wondering if this is the most direct road to the red tavern at Laurel Crossing."

"The red tavern? Why, stranger, I am the sort of man you are in need of jest now, for Laurel Crossing is exactly the location that I and

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the old hoss here are bound for, and where we've spent most of our nat'ral lives. Ain't that so, Piper?"

As the old horse stood with his head drooping and his hoofs planted on the road, as if he never intended to move again, there was no sign of response from him, at which the man jerked his bridle, made a rattling noise with his stirrups, and prepared to move on.

"Jest you foller me, that's all. The truth is, Piper is nigh about tuckered out; but keep up with him, and, sooner or later, you will be sartin to find yourself at the red tavern; our place of business is right opposite to it—t'other side of the green, beyond the meeting-house. All you've got to do is to cherk up, and keep pace with this 'ere hoss."

The young man surveyed that wonderful animal, in the moonlight, with laughter in his eyes.

"I think that can be managed," he said, "without any great effort. The poor old fellow does appear to be worn out."

"Jest you wait till them huffs of his git to pounding the road agin. He's a powerful critter, now I tell you. Them that tries to outwalk him will git their match, now I tell you."

Here the man and horse gathered themselves up, and Piper started off in force, literally pounding the road with his great feet; but the young man kept up with him, scarcely breathing the quicker as he went on with the conversation, which Piper's rider conducted after the fashion of his New England ancestors.

"One of them city-fellers stopping at the red tavern, I suppose without asking," he said, with insinuating curiosity, "shooting, and fishing, and sitting about loose. For them that can afford it, that kind of life must end in making a feller good for nothing else; but they seem ter enjoy it quite as much as I do my hammer and anvil, when they crash together and ring out loudest. But every one to his notion. I don't mislike a man jest 'cause he kin afford to stroll about in the summer-time. It ain't my business, anyway, and I reckon they look down on a double-fisted hard-working blacksmith, if he has made money out of it, jest as much as I huff at their laziness."

This frank criticism of his supposed life amused the young man, who rather liked the blacksmith's adroit way of asking questions; and, desiring to gather some information for himself, rather encouraged it.

"Yes, I am stopping at the red tavern. If you are the blacksmith, I have heard the noise of your hammer, ringing across the green at early daylight, many a time."

"Jest so, as it rang out in my father's time; for he built the shop, and nailed that big horse-shoe over the door, with his own hands. Anyhow, I hain't done nothing to disgrace it, though business is nothing like what it was when the roads were full of produce-carts and emigrants' wagons."

"Then you are an old resident of this neighborhood?" said the young man.

"As my father was afore me. He was one of the first settlers that made up their minds to cross the line, for these parts, from old Connecticut."

"And you know all the people about here?"

"Wal, I should think so; having shod their hosses, not to say oxen, ever since I was a boy."

"I have been wandering around in the valley, back yonder."

"Ketching sun-fish in the brooks—quiddling work; but I've done it, with my tow trousers turned up to my knees, and my feet and legs below that black with mud. But it is a good while since I have been up to that kind of fun, and all the fish may be gone, for what I know, and the ponds too. They used to be choke-full of water-lilies then."

The young man was not thinking of water-lilies or sun-fish, but came more directly to the object of his thoughts.

"There is some fine land higher up the valley. Can you tell me who owns it?"

"Who owns it? Why, the folks that live in the big white house on the side-hill. The Burritts have held that farm ever since the first tree was cut away from it; never selling an acre, but buying up land all around, till that one farm covers purty much the hull valley."

"Down to the swamp-land? Do the Burritts own that?"

This question was asked cautiously, as if in dread of the answer.

"Yes, it is that land which gave its name to the farm; but that part of it is of no account for anyone. The Englishman who married old Burritt's darter tried to drain it, but the cost was all he made out of it."

"I thought," said the young man, with an unaccountable feeling of disappointment, "that it might belong to the people who live on the road that passes it. The swamp and that little brown house seem to belong to each other."

The blacksmith shook his head.

"I reckon not. The Englishman might have been glad to give anybody a quit-claim deed, if it could have been carted out of the valley; for his wife never will let him hear the last of that money he sunk in draining the ponds. The way she hectors him about it would drive an ordinary

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man out-of-doors. The woman who lives in that brown house is poor enough, gracious knows, without having that swamp put on her."

"It is a lonely place. I almost wonder that anyone can be induced to live there," said the young man; "especially a delicate woman and girl, like those I saw just now. If they have no interest in the property around there, I wonder they choose such a place to live in. Have they been there long?"

"Wal, they came into these parts when that gal was jest the purtiest child you ever sot eyes on, and her mar something worth while, only to look at. I was at the red tavern, the night they first put up there; saw them get out of the stage that brought 'em from the railroad, tired out by the long drive."

"Where did they come from?" questioned the young man.

"There you've got me. Don't know, and never could find out. Only, she had come off a sea-voyage, and wanted to rest awhile in the country; that was all the account we ever could get out of her, no matter what questions we asked."

"But how came a woman like that to remain here?"

"There agin you have me. That woman jest stayed right straight along, and said nothing to nobody. The first few days, while she stayed at the tavern, she seemed mighty anxious, and asked about the names of people living around here, and seemed disappointed; for none of them satisfied her, and she began to talk about going away; but was took sick so sudden that it scared people. I remember the time as well as if it was yesterday; for I chanced ter be going by the winder where she sot, looking out sort of mournful, and, being kind of acquainted by that time, stopped to give her the time o' day, when all to once Squire Brooks rode by on one of his high-stepping horses. On seeing him, she gave a sort of start, and ketched her breath.

"'Tell me,' says she, 'who is that man?'

"'That,' says I, 'is Squire Brooks, as we call him. He is an Englishman, from foreign parts, and married old Mr. Burritt's darter, three or four years ago; by which means he's got one of the smartest wives, purtiest darters, and best farms in the county.'

"Jest as I said this, Squire Brooks's horse begun to rare up on his hind-legs, and tried to shake the Squire off; but he might as well have tried to upset a moniment. She didn't know what a rider he was. Scared a'most to death by the critter's tantrums, she jest riz up, white as a sheet, and dropped down on the floor, all in a heap, without so much as saying 'Oh!'

"She was took up like a dead critter, and lay at the p'int of death four long weeks, with a 'fever on the brain,' the doctors called it. When she riz from her bed at last, all the long chestnutty hair, that was thick and soft as hatcheled flax, had turned white as snow on her head, jest as it is now; and a look in her face, that seemed ter be hopeful of something, give out, and no one scarcely ever sees her smile agin. When she does, once in a great while, on her little gal, she kinder reminds one of what she was; but that don't happen often."

"She does, indeed, seem like a grave sad woman," said the young man, deeply interested.

"And allus has been, since that fit of sickness," the blacksmith continued. "How she would have got through it, I don't know, if it hadn't been for my old woman, who had both her and the little gal moved over to our house, and nussed her up as if she had been a cosset-lamb brought in from the cold; and, I tell you, we took to that child till she seemed a'most as if we had at last got one of our own, and should have been glad to consider it so to this day, without regard to the cost of keeping. But, the minute that poor pale woman could set up, she would take in sewing, and kept to work, night and day, with them trembling hands of her'n, earning money to pay for her keeping, and wouldn't eat a mouthful she didn't pay for."

CHAPTER V.

The young man reached out his hand and patted the blacksmith's horse on the neck, as the best means of showing approbation, saying:

"That was a brave woman."

To which the smith responded:

"Jest so. But it was tough work. She did not git much to do, and got so anxious that her eyes grew large and mournful, like a trapped rabbit's. So says I to my wife, one day: 'That 'ere woman is jest breaking her heart, and something has got to be done for her. What do you think of letting her keep school in the summer season, when a school-marm is jest as good as a man? They've elected me a committee-man, and I calculate it might be done—if she's qualerfied.'

"'Qualerfied?' says my wife. 'I should rather think she was. Why, she can write like a minister; and reads the Bible like one, too. She's learning that precious child of her'n something every day—figgering on a slate, and such like. I wonder that idea about keeping school never struck us afore,' says she, and I swan to man, I jest give the old woman a hug, and she kissed me, a'most for the first time in her life—that is, on her own account.

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"'Carry that through,' says she, coloring up like a gal. 'Carry it through, and I shan't be ashamed of your making a fool of yourself for once,' says she.

"Carry it through? Wal, arter that, you may calculate that I did carry it through. Our committee-men, three of us, got together and examined Mrs. Hilton with rigidity, right straight through, appointing me to put the questions: which I did, stern as a rock, jest as if she hadn't been anything to me.

"'As ter grammer,' says I, 'are you up to that, both in the Greek and Latin improvements?'

"She kind of smiled a trifle, and said that she could teach what her scholars would want of it, she was quite sure. So I didn't want to be hard on her, and went on to geography.

"'Kin you tell me which way the Mississippi River runs—east or west?' says I.

"'I think it is southward,' says she, looking a trifle uneasy.

"I didn't want to expose any little mistake of this nature to the committee, and so went right straight along, pretending not to discover anything out of the way.

"'Now,' says I, 'jest give us the multiplication table, right off the reel, and I won't be critical about ciphering; for anybody that can do the multiplication has got the best elements of mathermatics at their fingers' ends.'

"Well, she went right straight through that 'ere great conflurgation of figgers jest as well as I could have done it myself; then the committee said it was satisfied, and they stood ready to hire her on that examination, unanimous; a first-rate school-marm she made, I tell you.

"Then it was that Dorothea Brooks came into the school, and took such a notion to little Rue that they seemed to be like sisters, and grew up so: Rue going for days together up to the farm, and Dorothea coming to see her at our house, every morning that school kept. Mrs. Hilton seemed ter enjoy this, and never objected to her little gal's visits to the farm, though she never went there herself, and only seemed to know Squire Brooks's wife by sight, or when she sometimes stopped at the school-house with sewing-work which she wanted the school-marm to do for her, between whiles.

"In this way, things went on comfortable enough till they built a new school-house between here and Holler Swamp, where the scholars, being small, could get along with a female all the year round.

"We hated to part with our boarder, like p'ison; but Mrs. Brooks had sot her heart on making our committee give her up, and had her way, as she allus does, though the Squire took no part in it, so far as I could find out. Anyway, Mrs. Hilton and Rue—who had got to be a good-sized girl, handsome as a picture—moved down to that old brown house, where they have been ever since, leaving us lonesomer than they seemed ter be."

The blacksmith broke off here, gathered up his bridle, and bore down in his stirrups; for the lights from Laurel Crossing broke upon him, and inspired Piper into a trot, which the young man had some difficulty in keeping up with. When they came in sight of the great willow-tree on which the red-tavern sign was swinging, the blacksmith leaned over and shook hands with his new friend.

"Wal, good-day," he said. "I've give you a hull narrative, coming along; but it has kinder shortened the way, so no harm is done."

"On the contrary, you have made my walk a very pleasant one. Some day, I hope we shall meet again," responded the young man, accepting the hard hand held out to him.

The blacksmith answered with a cordial "Jest so," and was turning a corner, when some new idea seemed to strike him, and he rode back.

"Excuse me for being so unmanerdly," he said, "but I forgot ter ask your name. Mine is Ephraim Burnside. Some folks call it Eph, for short."

"And mine," answered the young man, "is Dayton—Charles Dayton."

"Dayton—jest so," exclaimed Burnside, with an extra grip of his big hand. "If you ain't scared at the sight of a leather apron, come round ter the shop once in a while, while you stay about here. It's worth while to be neighborly, wheresomever you go."

"I shall be glad to meet you again, there or in any other pleasant place," answered Dayton, with cordial sincerity. Then Piper wheeled around, and trotted off to the other side of the square, and Dayton entered the red tavern—weary, but so much excited by the events of the day that he walked up and down the verandah a full hour after all the lights in the village had been put out.

At last, he went to his room, but not to rest: for two distinct trains of thought were all the time running parallel in his mind, disturbing it beyond all power of sleep.

That day, he had become assured almost beyond a doubt that the discoveries he had made might open a source of great wealth—perhaps to himself, certainly to others; and, strange enough, just as this truth came like a miracle upon him,

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the presence of those two girls on the very spot where his discovery was made blended a tinge of romance with the material aspect of his good-fortune.

These girls had inspired in him feelings so opposite, that they fairly arose to antagonism in his mind; for one, all the finer portion of his nature centred with something like chivalric sympathy in her loneliness and apparent isolation from all that a refined and delicate nature must crave in life. Toward the other, his coarser animal nature went forth in worldly companionship. The young healthy life that gave such animation to her handsome person appealed to his own active and ardent character, with more effect than he was aware of; and a strong desire to hear again the ring of her joyous laughter, and watch the careless grace of her person, mingled with the ambitious dreams that his almost certain success had inspired.

To which of these girls would the benefit of his discovery belong? Was it likely to lift that tall, worldly, and almost aggressive young person, who had spent her life in the abundance of a thrifty farm, into grander opulence? Or might it draw, from the shadows of obscure poverty, a being so feminine in her refinement and so gentle in her nature that the sunshine of prosperity seemed alone necessary to strengthen and develop these fine qualities into a noble character?

"Which will it be?" said the young man to himself, more than once, as he strode up and down the verandah, that night, when the flow of distant waters alone broke the stillness around him "Must I crown that self-satisfied young creature with opulence she may not know how to use, or lend that shrinking child out of her poverty into the sunshine she so much needs? Who are these people? In what way am I to reach the information necessary to go on, without exciting curiosity?"

Hour after hour, young Dayton's footsteps might have been heard, as these agitating thoughts swept through his mind. That exaltation of spirit, which the sudden realization of almost unhoped-for good-fortune produced, made it impossible that he should rest, and he was only aroused to a consciousness that another day was dawning by the sound of a blacksmith's hammer, across the green, which was usually the first call to labor that awoke the village at Laurel Crossing into activity.

Then he hurried up to his room, threw himself on the bed, murmuring to himself· "I will know all about this before the sun sets," and fell asleep.

CHAPTER VI.

When Dorothea Brooks found herself standing on the highway, abruptly deserted by her companions, amazement kept her motionless; she looked down the road, saw young Dayton walking side by side with her humble friend, and all the pride in her nature rose up angrily in fire to her eyes and flames of red to her cheeks.

"Left to go home alone—and for her!" she exclaimed. "By the most gentlemanly young fellow that I ever saw in these parts, too. See how he bends his head toward her, as if it were somebody worth the trouble. When he sees the home she is going to, perhaps he will begin to find out his mistake!"

While these broken and angry thoughts were crowding each other upon the girl, she stood watching the persons who had offended her so bitterly, but, when a turn of the road took them out of sight, her temper rose higher and higher, till she lifted the pitcher-plant in both her hands, with a fierce impulse to dash it upon the ground. But a gleam of good-sense broke through her passion, and she slowly lowered the plant.

"No, I'll take the thing home, or they may think I cared. As if I did!"

Dorothea carried off these words with a scornful laugh, that sounded discordant even to herself, and went up the hill with swift disdainful strides, carrying her head high in the air, and stamping the earth now and then with her foot, as some new flash of resentment came upon her. As she went on, however, these stormy feelings began to subside into more reasonable expression; for, coming toward her, and walking slowly from the house, she saw her grandfather, and prepared to meet him with something like composure; for her proud spirit revolted at the thought that he might know of the slight that had been put upon her, and offer the gentle commiseration that was sure to meet any annoyance or disappointment of hers

Mr. Burritt certainly appeared somewhat discomposed, for a shade of anxiety was on his face, as he came nearer and nearer to her. She saw this, and went up to him, forcing a smile to her lips.

"Dorothea, my dear child, how late you are! Your mother was getting anxious about you, and I—well, I just stole out to see if there was any sign of you—and help along, if anything was the matter."

The old man said this in a kind deprecating way, that softened Dorothea's anger Indeed, it was almost impossible for anyone to look in that frank and supremely kind face, without sympathy in the feelings it expressed. Dorothea felt this influence, and answered him cheerfully.

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"Why, nothing on earth is the matter," she said. "Only, Rue Hilton and I left the cows to get home by themselves. Oh, grandpa, they knew me just as well as ever, and crowded around us like old friends; but everything was so natural, down yonder, that I would go deeper into the swamp, after this ugly heap of flowers, and couldn't get out by myself: and that kept us. So ma is on her high horse already, is she? Well, if she will get into such tantrums, I can't help it; but she must begin to remember that I am no longer a child. Being a young lady, as she tells me every ten minutes, I mean to be considered as one."

"Why, Dorothea!" said the old man, shaking his head, with a troubled look. "You seem to forget that it is your own mother you are speaking about. To her, the time never ought to come when you will be anything but a child."

"I am not a child, any more than she was at my age—when, if everyone tells the truth, she just took the bit between her teeth, and had her own way, in spite of everything"

Mr Burritt lifted his hand. still hard with toil, as if to ward off this wayward speech.

"Dorothea, Dorothea, you misunderstand your mother. If she is anxious about you, it is because an only child is so dear. I know what it is. One's own heart isn't more precious than the child of a woman you love. Remember that, when your mother is a little uppish with you, as she may be just now—I hope not, but she was getting a trifle nervous, especially when she saw a strange man coming along the sluice-way with you and Rue."

"Oh, that is it?" broke in Dorothea, with a rather disagreeable laugh. "She needn't have troubled herself about that young fellow. He has gone home with Rue Hilton. There is ma, now, at the door, looking as if she couldn't wait much longer."

The woman who stood in the open doorway of that white house must have been somewhat like her daughter in early youth, and still bore the same traits of character in her rather handsome face and somewhat robust, but by no means unwieldy, person. There were still traits of great vigor and indomitable will in her erect bearing and the imperious lift of her head, which Dorothea was beginning to imitate, if we may judge by the look of careless defiance with which she approached her mother.

"Well, ma, I suppose you are ready to give me 'Hail Columbia' for going off with Rue, on one of our old tramps; but wait till you know all about it, and then see if you do not find something worth being mad about beside me."

"Foist!" said Mrs. Brooks, still blocking the doorway. "Tell me what man it was that you were walking along the sluice-way with. I did not send you to boarding-school to learn music and elegant languages to throw away on young fellows about here, or expect you to even yourself forever with Rue Hilton. If that is what it is all coming to, you might as well have staid at home."

"There, now, ma, hadn't you better wait till you know just what I have been doing? The person you saw me walking with didn't belong in this location at all, but was a real gentleman from New York, Philadelphia, or somewhere: handsome and genteel. Any girl in our school would have been proud to have him walk with her."

"Young, handsome, and a gentleman? But how came he down in the swamp with you and that girl? It looked as if you were all driving the cows home together."

"Oh, ma, don't speak of that. It makes me shiver all over to think of those abominable creatures standing square in the path and waiting for us. I almost dropped through the earth, with dread that the gentleman would find out that Rue and I had been on the hill-pasture on purpose to drive them home; but they scattered at last, and skurried off just in time. You may trust me for ever starting off with Rue on a tramp of that kind again. I declare, it makes me blush all over when I think how near we were to being found out; but Rue did not seem to care at all."

"Of course not; she has never been away to school, and has no pride to keep her up. But where is she?"

"Where is Rue? Why, gone home, and the young gentleman with her," said Dorothea.

"And that young gentleman with her?" exclaimed Mrs. Brooks, flushing red. "And you here alone?"

"I thought that would rile you up, ma; but it is true as gospel. I couldn't quite believe it myself, when he lifted his hat, and, wishing me good-evening, marched off with Rue; but here I am, with nothing but this heap of swamp-flowers, that he brought to me after I had been risking my life to get it. Oh, ma, he saved me from the coils of an awful snake that lay under it. You have no idea how splendidly he plunged out of the bushes at my first scream. I only wish you had seen him. It was quite like a romance. Any of the girls would have gone wild over it."

"But who was this stranger?" demanded Mrs. Brooks, in warm but still angry sympathy with her daughter.

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"How can I tell, ma? Maybe it is some city fellow from the red tavern. That might have been why he took the lower road, which would be his way home; so, after all, Rue wasn't to blame—she didn't put herself in his way."

Mrs. Brooks gave her head an impatient toss.

"Oh, I understand: Rue is one of those soft-spoken modest creatures that say more with a timid lift of the eyes than more-talked-of girls speak out with the lips I have not watched her growing up from a child, without knowing that. See how she has wound herself around your grandfather, to say nothing of Mr. Brooks, your own pa. I sometimes think that both of them care more for her than they do for their own offspring."

"Oh, nonsense, ma!" exclaimed Dorothea, stung in her self-love by this insinuation. "How can the kind-hearted old grandfather help loving a girl he has had with him, more or less, since she was a child? Besides, she was my playmate then, and is my friend now. That is enough to make him think the world of her, and no harm to me in it. Oh, dear, how much I wish nothing had been said about this. I don't want anybody but myself to find fault with Rue; especially you, for she is beginning to understand that you never did really like her."

"So she is beginning to find out that one person in this house isn't deluded by her soft ways? But what does she expect? That I should buy a grand piano for her, as I have for my own child, headstrong as she is? Going off to hunt up the cows, indeed, just when it was brought home from the depot, with a city man to tune it."

Mrs. Brooks could not keep back the triumphant smile that beamed over her face, as she saw the flash of delight with which Dorothea received her news.

"A grand piano for me? And here—actually here? Oh, ma, let me have a look at it!"

Mrs. Brooks forgot all anger in the radiant happiness of her child She led the way into the large unused parlor, which was the most lonesome room of the farm-house, flung the door open, and, spreading her hands with a triumphant gesture, exclaimed:

"There! Look at that, and tell me if there is anything in this town that begins to come up to it. I told them to give me the grandest piano that could be bought, and, gracious knows, they have done it There it is, and all for you."

Dorothea gave a little cry of delight, as she entered the parlor, which seemed to her altogether changed by the really fine instrument that stood in splendid contrast with its usual appointments; which for once appeared to take the aspect of a room that might be occupied, for all its stiff and formal arrangement had been crowded out of place. The inevitable centre-table, with its display of annuals, dating back to the girlhood of Mrs. Brooks, from which the covers were almost bereft of gilding, had been removed from its station on the exact middle of a red and green carpet of enormous pattern, and stood in a corner, changed somewhat in its aspect of grim stability. The chairs, invariably arranged in stiff uniformity against the walls, were huddled into something like picturesque confusion, that the new purchase might have sufficient room.

Exclamations of delight broke from Dorothea, as she saw all this; throwing both arms around her mother's neck, she kissed her again and again, with passionate gratitude.

"Oh, ma, you are so awfully good! How did you get it?"

"Well, your father, for once, took a little interest in what I was doing, and went to New York on purpose to get something first-rate; and so it ought to be, goodness knows, for one could almost build a house with the money it cost. I only set my foot down about the carving: let us have plenty of that, I said to Brooks, and do just as you think best about the music. Now sit down, and let's hear what he's done in that way."

Dorothea, with the usual audacity of ignorance, placed herself at the piano, and dashed into play with the confidence of a professor.

"Ah, that is something like!" exclaimed the delighted mother. "Now let it be something that I used to hear at singing-school—Greenbank, or—"

"Old Hundred. Yes, ma, I will go in for anything you have a mind to." And she dashed into "Old Hundred" with as many variations as Joseph's coat presented in colors, which so delighted Mrs. Brooks that she opened the door and called out for old Mr. Burritt to come in and hear such music as would just set his teeth on edge with delight.

CHAPTER VII.

The old man came in rather shyly, for the room was strange to him as if it belonged to another house, and the presence of that immense heap of polished wood made it absolutely formidable; for he had never seen an instrument of such grand shape and proportions before in his life, but he was ready to be delighted with anything that gave pleasure to those two women—the dearest beings, to him, in existence—and sat down on the edge of a stiff chair, laid a hand on each knee, and, with the docility of intense

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affection, prepared to listen and undoubtedly approve.

Then Dorothea, certain of her audience, gave free course to the talent which a year of injudicious teaching had done little to improve, beyond a degree of self-confidence which made up in rattling tumult for all it lacked in harmony.

The old man listened with almost tremulous interest. Now and then, he caught a familiar note, and attempted to keep time by a hand that rested on his knee. Dorothea's wild dashes made this impossible; but that kind old face beamed with approbation of a talent that seemed beyond his humble comprehension, and, when she paused for a moment and looked around for approval, he heaved a deep sigh, and said that he had not heard anything like it in his whole life; not even when he used to sing in the same class with Dorothea's grandmother, in the singing-school, when they were young folks and had just begun to keep company.

Dorothea laughed at the idea that he should compare her music with anything he could have heard in far-away times he spoke of; then he said, with gentle apology:

"Of course, he was no judge; but there was no disparagement intended when it reminded him of her grandmother's voice, for it was the sweetest, as well as the loudest, in the whole class; and everybody thought it a great treat when she sang alone. That was what he had been led to think about, not that he meant to make comparisons."

"Oh, of course," Mrs. Brooks said, rather out of patience with her father's hesitating praise and misty eyes. "There could be no comparison between the old-fashioned singing he was always talking about, and such music as he had been listening to. For her part, she only wondered that anything so different could come into her father's mind at the same time; but then, he was always turning backward, and talking of things that other folks had no interest in."

Old Mr. Burritt answered, with pathetic gentleness:

"That is true, daughter. I ought to remember that you were only a child when she died, and couldn't be expected to feel the loss as—as—some of us did."

Dorothea left the piano, and went up to her grandfather, who arose from his uncomfortable position on the parlor chair, and was about to leave the room.

"Don't mind," she said. "Ma thinks just as much of old times as you do; only I have put her out of sorts."

"Not at all—not at all," replied the old man, grateful for this little proof of sympathy. "It is because I don't understand these things. You see, dear, I am getting old."

When the old man had left the room, feeling as if he had been turned out of it, Dorothea addressed her mother quite eagerly:

"I have just thought of something that I had forgotten. The piano put it all out of my head. That young gentleman said something about coming up to the farm to-morrow. This may be the reason why he did not take the trouble to go out of his way. I am awfully glad he didn't; for I wouldn't have had him come into this room, as it was, for the world. He would have thought it had been just got ready for a prayer-meeting. He is a real gentleman, I tell you, and knows how things are done outside of Laurel Crossing."

"Well," said Mrs. Brooks, looking around her room, "I have always thought this parlor genteel enough for any company that might come to the farm; but you ought to know, having been sent to boarding-school, as I never was. Your grandfather never did that much for me; so, in fashion-matters, I don't mean to contradict you. More than that—it is my idea that, before another year is over, you and I will leave the farm awhile, and see something of the world: at Cape May, New York, Long Branch, or Washington. I have been thinking a good deal about it."

"Oh, ma, that would be gorgeous!"

"Only, I doubt if Brooks would go with us. He is never willing to spend money on anything but horses and Durhams."

"Well, what of it?" exclaimed Dorothea. "We can go without him, thank goodness! It is the swellest thing out, for married people to go off when they like, ever so far, and live apart, at hotels and places. It is old-fashioned to live in one family all the year round. Really genteel ladies are just as likely as not to wander about in Europe, while their husbands earn money at home."

Mrs. Brooks stood looking at her daughter in blank amazement, as the girl gave this piece of fashionable information. Her eyes opened wide.

"You must not expect me to believe all this?" she said, with dignity.

"But I do, and a great deal more; these married ladies with grown-up daughters go to balls, and parties, and theatres, just as the girls do, with low-necked dresses on, and next to no sleeves on their arms, and laugh, and talk, and —and—well, flirt too, more than their daughters dare think of."

A slow fire rose into Mrs. Brooks's still fine

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eyes. Her cheeks began to burn. Quite unconscious of the movement, she rolled the sleeve from her arm almost to the elbow, as she had done a thousand times at her housework, and regarded its round whiteness with a glow of satisfaction.

"But these ladies must have gray hairs?" she said, with an humiliating thought of the silver threads in her own abundant locks.

"Oh, that is nothing; just now, white hair is all the rage—stylish people think it picturesque."

"But, Dorothea, how do you know all this?"

"Why, ma, what the girls in boarding-school cannot tell you isn't worth knowing. A good many of my classmates had just such mothers as I have been telling you of, and they loved to boast of it: mothers of that kind give style."

Mrs. Brooks sat down in the chair her father had abandoned, dropped both hands into her lap, and fell into a maze of exciting thought, while Dorothea stood regarding her.

At last, she arose with a resolute attitude, folded both arms over her bosom, and said:

"Dorothea, no matter who stands up against it, you and I will have one good look at the world you have been telling me of. I haven't saved money enough to take us all over creation, but, if we don't see New York or Saratoga before the year is out, my name isn't Maria Brooks."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE MAYS.

BY JOHN SJOLANDER.

Pretty little Mrs. May,
Through the window glancing,
Saw her darling hubby dear
Up the street advancing.

Foolish, jealous Mr. May
Saw his wife smiling,
As he thought, across the street
At rich Mr. Styling.

Pretty little Mrs. May
Tripped out in the hall-way,
To kiss her hubby coming in,
As she had done alway.

Foolish, jealous Mr. May
Came in sour and poky,
Ne'er a smile upon his face,
Nor a kind word spoke he.

Pretty little Mrs. May
Met her hubby, blindly
Offering her rosy lips,
Kissing him so kindly.

Foolish, jealous Mr. May
Looked "pitchforks and daggers";
Overcome by misery,
Through the house he staggers.

Pretty little Mrs. May
Asked, in voice so tearful—
Thinking hubby dear was sick—
If the pains were fearful.

Foolish, jealous Mr. May
Looked up, sore offended,
Tore his hair and beat his breast—
Wished that life were ended.

Pretty little Mrs. May
Could no longer smother
Fear, and loudly did she wail
For her darling mother.

Foolish, jealous Mr. May
Railed at love and marriage;
Bundled out his wife's trunks,
And looked for a carriage.

Pretty little Mrs. May,
Ev'ry pulse a-throbbing,
Cried she would not—would not—move:
Straightway ceased her sobbing.

Foolish, jealous Mr. May—
Words he would not bandy—
Went and drank a tumbler of
Vinegar for brandy.

Pretty little Mrs. May
Did not see the blunder;
But she saw her hubby's face—
Quick the bed crawled under.

Foolish, jealous Mr. May
Felt a chill run through him,
As he glanced across the street—
His wife he called to him.

Pretty little Mrs. May
Saw rich Mr. Styling
Bringing home a pretty wife—
Happy, bright, and smiling.

Foolish, jealous Mr. May
Saw his wife smiling;
He smiled too, so both did smile—
Smile at Mr. Styling.

Pretty little Mrs. May
Felt two arms around her,
Show'rs of kisses on her face
Till they nearly drown'd her.

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CAPTAIN BLAIR'S "VALENTINE."

BY MRS. SARAH F. E. HAWTHORNE.

It was the morning of St. Valentine's Day, and Captain John Blair was lounging in his sister's dainty sitting-room, when her eldest son brought in a lot of valentines, directed to different members of the family; who all surrounded him at once, in the greatest excitement, each clamoring for his or her particular missive.

In the midst of the tumult, Captain Blair puffed away at his cigar, quite unconcernedly. Uncle Jack was a millionaire; so one could afford to humor his eccentricities, and let him smoke, even in the sitting-room. He was not only a retired sea-captain, but he had made a fortune in land-speculation.

"If there is any one thing more appalling than another," he said at last, "it is to see what nonsensical fools people make of themselves—young people, I mean—on St. Valentine's Day." But there was a good-humored twinkle in his eye, as he said this, that took away much of the force of the cynical sentiment.

"Now, Uncle Jack, don't be horrid," cried Nellie. "You know, one has to do as other people."

"Whether they are fools or not?" he demanded, still with merry twinkling eyes.

"Of course not, brother," interposed Mrs. Stapleton. "But, really, young people must be allowed to be young people. The dear girls greatly enjoy the fun of it. I only wish they had more to make them happy." And she sighed lightly.

"Sadie," said Uncle Jack, "come and sit on your old uncle's knee. Now tell me, honestly, don't you think there are many people in Portland who never had a valentine?"

His niece came as directed.

"Y-yes, I suppose so," she said, reflectively. "Yes, plenty."

"Who?"

"Why," stopping a moment to think, "the woman who does our plain sewing, and Bobby Short, and—and Brownie," nervously twirling her bangles. "Oh! and ever so many more."

"Jump down, young woman," said Uncle Jack, drawing an account-book and pencil from his breast-pocket. "Your mother says valentines make people happy. Let us try. It is early in the day, so there is plenty of time to get a lot of valentines and distribute them. To begin with, who is the woman who does the plain sewing?"

Mrs. Stapleton frowned, but her brother wrote down the name and address, also that of Bobby Short, a poor deformed boy, as Uncle Jack was told.

"Now for Brownie," he cried. Who is she?"

"She is our Latin teacher, and she is so funny. Really, you ought to see her dresses."

"I suppose she can't pay Worth's prices," said Uncle John, dryly.

"Now, uncle!" cried the girl. "But Brownie doesn't need fine dresses—she has such sparkling black eyes. Her name is—"

"Brown, of course."

"No—Miss Susan Hunter. We call her Brownie, because she never wears any other color than brown."

Uncle Jack started.

"Susan—did you say?" he asked, almost sharply. "Susan Hunter?"

"Yes, sir."

For reply, Uncle John got up, and hastily left the room, without speaking another word.

"There is no knowing what Quixotic thing he will do," cried his sister, as the door closed behind him. "I suppose he'll send valentines to all those people, just because of my remark."

Meantime, Captain Blair had sought his luxurious apartments at the Falmouth, where he sat meditating on those poor people who had never received a valentine.

The name of the school-mistress, too, had touched a chord long silent in his heart; and he sighed, as a dream of "long ago" haunted him.

"Bobby Short shall have a valentine," he said, aloud. "But it shall be something useful. I'll send him a magic-lantern, a box of books, and an order for a new suit at Lang's. Rather queer things for valentines; but what is the use of money, if it does no good? That poor sewing-woman shall have coal to last her all the rest of the winter. Yes, and flannels, boots, and shoes for those five fatherless children. I'll warrant, sister Stapleton crowds her down to the lowest price. The little school-teacher shall have something, for her name. Poor Jennie! if I could but find you. Yet it won't do to send her coals, or an order for a suit of clothes. She's a gentlewoman, of course, and her pride would be up in

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revolt. It must be something that one can offer a lady: I'll call it a trifle from an unknown friend. What did my poor old mother love? Ah! I have it now. Her magazine! 'Peterson,' too. Dear old mother, what a treat it was, when you let me look at the pictures. Yes, that will be a valentine both useful and beautiful."

Captain Jack carried out his plan, but he did not forget his nieces; only, in his sensible way, he sent them books and other useful things for valentines, and surprised the two eldest, the next day, on the leafless garden-walk, reading one of them, a beautiful copy of Tennyson; while the children were delighted with their gifts.

"What do you think, uncle?" said his little niece, Sadie, as he came in, the following day, after dinner. "Someone did think of the Brownie. She told us, at recess, with tears in her eyes, that someone had sent her a year's subscription to 'Peterson,' saying it was for St. Valentine's Day, and that it was from an unknown friend. 'I know it was some of my scholars,' she said, 'and it was so kind in them. It carries me back to the days when I was young, and Jennie was never forgotten. Ah, it has been years since anyone thought of me, in that way.' And she looked so sad, as she said it, and yet prettier than ever. I wish, Uncle Jack, you could see her."

"Jennie?" exclaimed Captain Blair. "Is her name Jennie? Didn't you call her Susan, yesterday? Surely, not Jennie Hunter!"

"Why, yes, so I did—I remember. But her name, you see, is Susan Jane. What is the matter with uncle?"

The last question was addressed to her mother, for Captain Blair had rushed unceremoniously out of the room and house, even more hastily than on the day before.

Cards were out, a month later, for the wedding of Captain John Blair and Miss S. Jennie Hunter.

"I owe all my happiness to St. Valentine's Day," Uncle Jack stoutly affirmed. "Jennie says, if I had sent her anything else, she should not have been so touched by the gift. It had been her favorite, and a monthly visitor from childhood, up until her father failed; and it made her think of old times—and—and—of somebody else she had known then, and who used to read it sometimes with her. You needn't laugh, Sadie, in that sly way," shaking his finger at her. "She was so affected by the sight of the dear old magazine, she said, that she told you, and so I found her."

Five years ago, John Blair wooed her, and won her love. Their home was on the Pacific coast; but financial ruin came to her father, while Jack was away on a three-years' cruise. The bankrupt merchant did not long survive his misfortunes; and Jennie, too proud to stay in San Francisco, came East, and took up the vocation of a school-teacher. She never wrote to Jack, and Jack could not trace her; but, since then, he had remained single, and all for love of her. Only accident brought them together again. Or, rather, as Uncle Jack said, reverently: "A good Providence."

Joy is a great beautifier. Mrs. Blair is quoted as a leader of fashion, in her quiet way.

"I always notice, though," says young Mrs. Grundy, "that her toilettes are modeled after 'Peterson.'"

Moral—go and do likewise.

LIFE.

BY BENNETT BELLMAN.

What gift from the gods
Is there worthy to gain?
The breath like the breeze,
Or the tears like the rain
That falleth to earth and
Ascendeth to heaven,
And falleth again and again?

This we gain,
This we know:
We abide for a time,
Like the rain,
Or the snow
In a northern clime:
Like a wave on this infinite ocean of pain,
Or a bubble that bursts on the wine.

A little while, and we were;
A little while, and we go
Like a bark to the sea,
To be tossed to and fro.
A little while, and we laugh,
And we sigh, and we weep.
A little while, and we strive,
And sink down in deep sleep,
While the world in its circle moves on;
And the breath of our lips
Like the candle is blown,
Like the song in the reed
When the singer has flown,
Like the rose from the seed
Which the sower has sown—
Turned to ashes, to dust, in the dawn.

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EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1—Is a home dinner-dress, of pink figured cashmere and plain to match. The dress may be cut either with a round waist and overskirt, or as a long polonaise. The former is the prettier. The front of the waist is an open square, trimmed with a lace tucker. The fullness of the waist is confined by a handsome embroidered ribbon-sash, of a rich crimson color. The front of the skirt is looped up at the left side, under a bow of narrower ribbon to match; below this, is a deep plissé of the plain cashmere; the rest of

No. 1.

the overskirt falls plain and rather full from the waist. The underskirt is mounted upon a foundation of alpaca, silesia, or thin silk to match. Ten yards of figured cashmere, single width; three yards of plain pink, double fold: four yards of wide ribbon, for sash; one and a half yards of narrower, for bow. The sleeves in our model are without trimming; but a tiny cuff, with bow of ribbon, would be an improvement when the dress is worn without gloves.

No 2—Is a home or walking costume, of pin-striped woolens, combined with velvet, either to match or some contrasting color. The underskirt is kilted upon a foundation. The front-drapery extends to the bottom of the skirt, falling straight on the left side, where it is faced and turned back with the velvet. The side-panel is arranged to match, as seen in illustration. The back-drapery is rather short and quite bouffant. The waist is a pointed basque, back and front, with a velvet vest and collar. The dress-waist has a rolling collar, turned back to display the vest. Deep velvet cuffs trim the tight coat-sleeve. Ten to

No. 2.

twelve yards of double-fold goods, and one and a half yards of velvet, for facing, vest, and cuffs, will be required for this costume.

No. 3—Is a pelisse, of pin-checked Scotch woolens, lined throughout with silk or farmer's-satin. It is of new cut and style. The body-part is close-fitting. and buttons to some distance below the waist. The skirt is full and straight, and is sewed to the body all around in gathers like a dress, more fullness being given to the back than to the front and sides. The sleeves and

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No. 3.

collar are quite plain; but bands of fur, plush, or velvet can be added at discretion. Quantities: nine yards of woolens, double fold, twelve buttons.

No. 4.

No. 4—Is a simple but stylish walking or house dress, for a young girl. It is made of diagonal serge, flannel, or cloth, in any dark color. The skirt is plain, with five tucks stitched in by machine. The over-drapery is simply hemmed, and the apron-front is looped high at both sides. Back-drapery to match. Plain corsage-basque, round in front, with small postillion-back, bound or stitched tailor-fashion. Small buttons. High standing collar. Sleeves button up on the back of the arm. Ten to

No. 5.

twelve yards of double-fold material and two dozen buttons will be required.

No. 5.—Here we give the front and back of a walking-costume for a little girl of five years. It is of cream serge and crimson plush, in our model; but dark-blue, brown, or drab, with plush or velvet to match, would be more serviceable. The skirt is kilted to a long bodice, that forms the waistcoat to the open double-breasted jacket. The large plush revers terminate in a square collar at the back. The standing collar and cuffs are also of plush. The jacket opens

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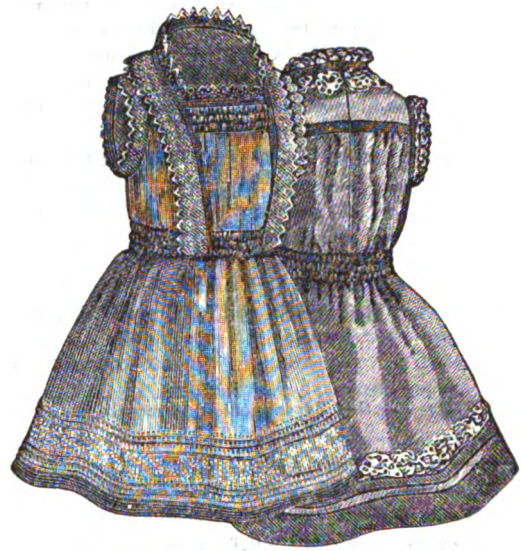
No. 6.

on the side-seams to the waist, as seen in illustration. Pocket-flaps, but no pockets.

No. 6—Is a pretty costume for a girl or boy of three years, made of striped cloth or flannel. The blouse is gathered, back and front, into a

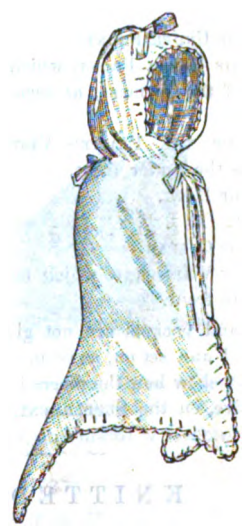
No. 7.



No. 8.

square yoke of velvet, plush, or plain cloth to match. Sash of the same, and ties at the side. The sleeves are slightly fulled into the deep cuff.

No. 7—Is a frock for a boy of three to four years, of flannel, serge, or camel's-hair goods. The skirt is kilted—except in the two front



No. 9.

plaits, which are box-plaited—into the elongated waist. The waistcoat and panel in skirt are braided with narrow black worsted braid, in groups of three rows, as seen in illustration. The front of waist has a double box-plait on either side of the waistcoat. The dress fastens

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at one side, under the box-plait. A sash of the material, edged with two rows of braid, ties at the back, passed under a knot of the same on the left side. Three rows of braid trim the sleeves. Standing collar, also braided.

No. 8.—Here we give the back and front view of a muslin apron for a little girl. The back has a square yoke, while the front forms an open square, into which the waist is gathered, both at the yoke and waist-line, as seen, with several rows of gathers. The skirt has either tucks and insertion, or a wide hem, with row of guipure lace or embroidery set on above. The illustration shows how the waist, neck, and arm-holes are trimmed. With the addition of sleeves, we have a pretty design for wash-dresses, or even cashmere ones.

No. 9—Is a cape and hood, combined, for an infant. It is made of soft flannel, and the edge is buttonholed with either white or colored silk.

BOY'S SUIT: WITH SUPPLEMENT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, for this department, this month, the newest novelty in a boy's suit, for which see engraving in opposite column.

Folded in with the number, we give a SUPPLEMENT, with full-size diagrams, from which to cut out the suit. As we said in our January number, it is always best to cut out a paper or muslin pattern first, from the diagrams, and fit it to the person who is to wear the dress—altering, etc., etc., where necessary. This is the only way in which a satisfactory job can be made. No mere paper pattern will fit everybody: and ordinary paper patterns cannot be altered.

The suit consists of seven pieces, as will be seen, viz:

1.—HALF OF UNDER FRONT.

2.—HALF OF UPPER FRONT, which is the cut-away front of the garment, as seen in illustration.

3.—HALF OF THE PLAITED VEST, which is plaited on to the under front.

4.—HALF OF BACK.

5.—SLEEVE.

6.—HALF OF COLLAR.

7.—HALF OF WAISTBAND, which fastens with a large buckle in front.

The cuffs and pockets are not given, but are simply pointed and set on, as seen. The letters and black dots show how the pieces join.

We also give, on the SUPPLEMENT, a beautiful design in embroidery, for description of which see another page.

KNITTED VANDYKE BORDER.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give a pretty design for a knitted vandyke border, knitted with white cotton, and very suitable for counter-panes and toilet-covers. It also looks well, knitted with scarlet, cream, brown, or any thick-colored cotton, for tea-table cloths, couvrettes, or to trim round small tables. The open "edge" is always the same, and, to save repetition, it is not given in full terms after the first four rows. Cast on twenty-five stitches. First row: knit

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three, cotton twice over the pin, knit two together, knit thirteen, cotton twice over, knit two together, knit five. Second row: *, slip one, knit twenty, cotton twice over (single the twice-over stitch on the pin), knit two together, knit two. Third row: slip one, knit two, twice over-knit two together, knit fourteen, twice over-knit two together, knit three, make one, knit one (knit this last stitch at the back and front to make one). Fourth row: slip one, knit twenty-one, twice over-knit two together, knit two. Fifth row: edge, knit fifteen, twice over-knit two together, knit three, make one, knit one (the cotton is always put twice over the pin). Sixth row: slip one, knit twenty-two, edge. Seventh row: edge, knit sixteen, over-knit two together, knit three, make one, knit one. Eighth row: slip one, knit twenty-three, edge. Ninth row: edge, knit eight, over-knit two together, knit seven, over-knit two together, knit three, make one, knit one. Tenth row: slip one, knit twenty-four, edge. Eleventh row: edge, knit six, over-knit two together, knit two, over-knit two together, knit six, over-knit two together, knit three, make one, knit one. Twelfth row: slip one, knit twenty-five, edge. Thirteenth row: edge, knit eight, over-knit two together, knit nine, over-knit two together, knit three, make one, knit one. Fourteenth row: knit one, slip one, knit one, pull the slipped stitch over the knitted, knit twenty-four, edge. Fifteenth row: edge, knit six, over-knit two together, knit two, over-knit two together, knit thirteen. Sixteenth row: knit one, slip one, knit one, pull over, knit three, over-knit two together, knit eighteen, edge. Seventeenth row: edge, knit eight, over-knit two together, knit fourteen. Eighteenth row: knit one, slip one, knit one, pull over, knit three, over-knit two together, knit seventeen, edge. Nineteenth row: edge, knit twenty-three. Twentieth row: knit one, slip one, knit one, pull over, knit three, over-knit two together, knit sixteen, edge. Twenty-first row: edge, knit twenty-two. Twenty-second row: knit one, slip one, knit one, pull over, knit three, over-knit two together, knit fifteen, edge. Twenty-third row: edge, knit twenty-one. Twenty-fourth row: knit one, slip one, knit one, pull over, knit three, over-knit three together, knit thirteen, edge. Twenty-fifth row: edge, knit eighteen, make one, knit one, repeat from *.

CARRIAGE OR OVER BOOTS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

No. 1.—Velvet or plush, lined with flannel, and trimmed with Astrakhan. Felt or cork soles.

No. 2.—Slipper-boot in seal plush, velvet, knitting, or crochet, lined with fur, and ornamented with a ribbon-bow. Both of these are new designs, and useful for sleighing, etc., etc.

SMALL TEA-D'OYLEY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give a new and pretty design for a small tea-d'oyley. It may be worked in fine black filoselle, in outline-stitch. Or, if it be wished to make it more elaborate, the flowers, peacocks' feathers, birds, etc., may be done in filoselle, imitating the natural colors of the flowers, birds, etc. The material should be fine linen.

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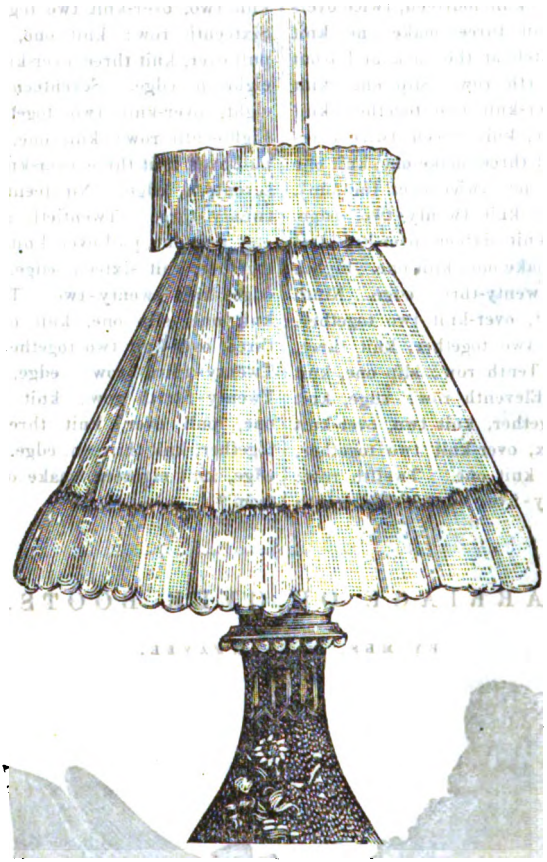
LAMP-SHADE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Everybody uses lamps now, even in cities, where they are more fashionable than gas; and, of course, they are used in the country, where no gas is to be had. We keep on giving, therefore, every month or two, designs for lamp-shades, which our fair subscribers can make up for themselves.

The present one, as seen in the engraving in the opposite column, is very pretty, yet simple. It is made of rose-colored silk, of thin quality, covered in cream lace, the edging being headed with ruching of silk. At the top, there is a second lace frill. Even a child could make a lamp-shade like this.

BRAIDED BORDER AND CORNER.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give a design for a braided border and corner, useful for children's costumes, for jackets, etc., etc. The latest style in braiding is to braid so that the braid is upright—not flat, as heretofore. These braiding patterns are always appropriate and useful.

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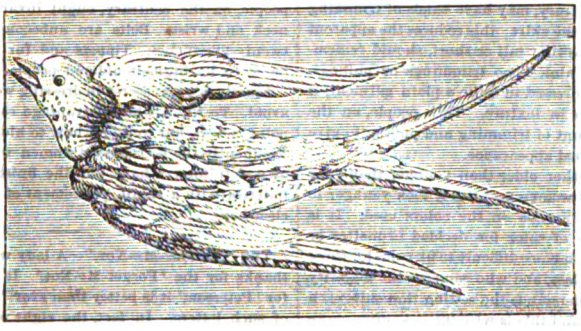
KNITTED SQUARE FOR QUILT.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give a useful pattern for a knitted square for a quilt, couverpied, etc. Use knitting-cotton No. 6, five needles No. 11. Cast on thirty-five stitches on each of the four needles. First and second round: plain knitting. Third round: knit two together at the beginning and end of each needle. Fourth round: plain knitting. Continue to knit thus, reducing at the beginning and end of each needle every alternate round, until you have knitted five rounds. Then purl five rounds, still reducing by purling two stitches together at each end of your four needles every alternate row. Repeat these ten rounds until you have only three stitches left on each of your four needles. Take them all off by running an end of the cotton through the twelve stitches, with a common needle, draw them up to a centre, and fasten off. This completes the square. A combination of these squares makes an exceedingly tasteful quilt indeed.

DESIGN OF BIRD, IN EMBROIDERY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



The embroidery can be done in either white or colors, and the motif is suitable for either pincushion, the top of an ornamental box, or for making a pocket-handkerchief. Good for almost any piece of fancy-work requiring an ornamental design.

DESIGN IN TULIPS, COLORED.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give another new and costly design, printed in colors—one of those useful yet beautiful embellishments only to be found in "Peterson." It is, as will be seen, a design in tulips, and can be used in various ways.

It may be painted on a vase, as in our illustration. Or, in the hands of an expert in modeling and decorating pottery, in raised or Barbatine work, it will make a beautiful ornament.

The same design is suitable for embroidery for trimming dresses. Bunches of tulips of large size are now either embroidered or cut out in satin, and applied to the material of which the gown is made, arranged to appear as if the flowers were carelessly thrown there.

Another use for the design is to cut it out of the paper, paste it on card-board, and put it under a press to dry; then cut a groove in a long narrow piece of wood, inked or painted black, place the vase in this, and it then forms a screen to conceal anything of suitable size behind it.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

How to Dress in Good Taste.—We are continually asked how ladies should dress, old as well as young, so as to look in good taste. We have frequently written on this subject. But, as new subscribers are always being added to our list, we give here some hints on the subject.

The special faculty of a Frenchwoman, in dress, is this very taste. She spends less money, and yet looks better, than any other of her sex. And why? *Because she always dresses in taste.* In other words, her costume is adapted to her figure, her complexion, her age, etc., etc., etc. Now Englishwomen, almost universally, and many American ones, think that a pretty gown or bonnet will look well on anybody. But this is a great mistake. If the gown or bonnet be not adapted to the wearer's style, it is a failure. Now what are the things to be considered, in selecting a gown, a bonnet, etc., etc.?

First, the great law, in art, *of contrast*, must be remembered. Thus, a short stout figure should have perpendicular trimmings to her dress, the eye being thus carried to lines marking the height, not the breadth, of her person. A tall figure, on the contrary, may have bands of trimming or tucks running across the skirt; this reduces the apparent height. Stout people, be they tall or short, should remember that they require almost no trimmings or puffings. They look handsomely dressed in quite a plain garment, if it be well cut and rich in texture. Thin people, on the contrary, take any amount of trimming and puffing to give them a sufficiently-clothed appearance.

It is safer to dress rather older than younger than your age: it generally makes women past thirty look younger to dress thus; but much depends on the colors used. It is easy to lay down rules of color for decided brunettes or decided blondes, but much more difficult to fix rules for those who belong to neither class, and who compose the majority of our sex. Nature understands the setting that suits each face better than we do, and this is why fur is so often more becoming than anything else; it is often an exact color of the hair. The only case in which matching the hair would not be suitable is when the hair is unmistakably red. When hair is of that shade, nothing but the quietest colors should be worn, with a good deal of white at the neck. Very dark shades of red and brown go best with it, but they must be chosen with the greatest discrimination. It is a safe axiom to lay down that all very bright colors should be kept away from the face; only the finest complexions can stand them in close proximity to the skin. The idea that pink is becoming to dark people is a mistake; only a very fair blonde can bear it. Maize is also most becoming to a fair skin, though it is also suitable, occasionally, to dark-haired people. Half-tints are the safest wear in the long run; and dark-colored plushes, velvets, and satins, with their lovely reflections, are becoming to all. A slight knowledge of what are called "complementary colors" in optics is useful, for it teaches the effect of certain colors on the skin. Thus, bright-blue makes the skin look yellow; mauve makes it look orange-tinted; bright-yellow gives it an ashen-blue look; bright vermilion-red makes the skin look green. Thus it will be seen that half-tints will not be so mischievous in their effects.

Transparent materials, such as lace or tulle, are the most becoming settings to old faces. For younger people, harmony in color is everything. Brown may have points of yellow or paler brown; dark-red, a carefully-selected pink. If gray be worn, a little pale-blue may be put in the bonnet. Then gold ornaments look best with brown and red, silver ornaments with gray and blue. In combining materials for a dress, it will be found that too soft or too stiff materials are more difficult to drape gracefully than one of each kind. Silk and cashmere make a very good combination, and a cheap and effective imitation of these can be made in merino and good alpaca. Short people should have out-door mantle and dress of the same color, as a contrast in these takes away from their height. But they may wear with great advantage a pelerine or mantle which comes to within two inches of the bottom of the skirt; in that case, the dress does not much matter. The fashion of tight sleeves and cuffs is very unbecoming to the hands unless they be small. The cuff ought to measure the same as the hand across the knuckles. A frill at the wrist is always becoming to the hand; but, unfortunately, not always becoming at the throat. Short-necked plump-faced people do not look well in frills round the throat: a piece of lace laid on flat is better for them. Thin long-necked people, on the contrary, ought invariably to wear frills at neck and wrist. Belts are unbecoming to all waists over twenty-five inches. Tippets and fur collarettes should not be worn by high-shouldered people.

Finally, a great secret in dressing well is to know what to avoid. To know where advantage can be taken of a good point is well, but to know how to hide a bad one is better. Frequently the best-dressed women we see are those whose own deft fingers have put the finishing touches to their toilettes with a subtle refinement of taste not to be found elsewhere.

The "Forget-Me-Not."—A lady writes: "Please accept thanks for the 'Forget-Me-Not.' It is beautiful; and, as for 'Peterson,' it is better than ever." We have hundreds of such letters. In fact, the right way, in the long run, is to publish "a good thing," and not "a clap-trap affair." We publish the "good thing," and hence our large circulation, exceeding that of all the other lady's-books combined.

Cloak or Waistband Clasps, made of antique buttons placed together and mounted, are now the style. The number depends on the size. Two buttons, joining each other and backed by a pin, are worn as a brooch. The embossed gold back of an antique watch is now utilized as a brooch, but it is more curious than ornamental.

"I Thought I Would Do Better."—A lady sends us a club, and says: "Last year, I succeeded in getting up a club of five; but, this year, I thought I would try and do better, and you see success has crowned my efforts, for I send eight subscribers now."

Perfumes Are Profusely Used, but in sachets: little flat satin bags, which are slipped into the bodices, skirts, dolmans, muffs, etc., etc. Some ladies have grown quite experienced in manipulating mixtures of their own. They are used in sofa-cushions, fur-rugs, etc.

Caught By a "Humbug."—A lady writes to us: "Last year, I took one, and it was such a humbug that I thought I would get up a club for yours, this year."

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Our Premiums For Getting Up Clubs for 1886 are three in number. One is a beautiful album, illustrated with steel-engravings, called the "Forget-Me-Not," bound in morocco cloth, an ornament for any centre-table. Another is a large-size steel-engraving, size 21 x 27 inches, called "The Angel of Paradise," fit to hang in even the most elegant parlor. The third is an extra copy of the magazine for the twelve months of 1886: a premium which many will prefer to either of the others, because it will be coming, once a month, through the whole year.

But see the Prospectus on the cover and elsewhere. *Now is the time to get up clubs.* Many persons do not care to subscribe until after New-Year, or even later. Back numbers can always be supplied. Specimens are sent, gratis, if written for by persons wishing to get up clubs.

A Very Beautiful Gift-Book—indeed, in its way, quite the most beautiful one of the season—is the "Ring-a-Round-a-Rosy, A Dozen Little Girls," published by R. Worthington, New York. It is a handsome quarto, with colored illustrations—some full-page, others initials, etc.—with accompanying verses, the poetry as well as the designs being by Mary A. Lathbury. The taste of these designs, as well as the artistic manner in which they are executed, cannot be too highly praised. The march of progress is shown in nothing more forcibly than in the difference between the books for children which were the fashion when we were young, and the books for children, such as this, now.

Among Late Works recently published, several by that enterprising firm, Lee & Shepard, of Boston, are particularly noticeable. "The Popular Speaker, containing Selections for Reading-Clubs, School-Declamations," etc., etc., is especially valuable. So is "Parlor Varieties, Plays, Pantomimes, and Charades—Part Two." So also are "The Reading-Club, Nos. 15 and 16." Of the same class, is "Five-Minute Declamations, Selected and Adapted by Walter K. Fobes." Also, "The Globe Drama Original Plays, by George M. Baker." For schools and colleges, and even private audiences, these works are all invaluable.

"Thought I Could Not Afford It."—A Kentucky lady sends us a club of six, for 1886, and writes: "I have taken 'Peterson' since 1878, until last year, when I thought I could not afford it. *But I have never ceased to regret it.* I was determined to have it, for this year, at any cost. So I have persuaded several of my friends to subscribe. Send me my copy as a premium." We suggest to others, if any, who think they "can't afford 'Peterson,'" to "go and do likewise."

An Extra Copy of This Magazine will be sent, as a premium, for two subscribers at $2.00 each, or $4.00 in all. Or an extra copy will be sent for three subscribers at $1.75 each, or $5.25 in all. These offers are in answer to numerous inquirers, who wish to get up small clubs, and say they prefer an extra copy.

On The Supplement, this month, we give a new and beautiful design, for "Oak Leaves and Acorns," to be done in outline-stitch, and which can be used for a dozen different purposes.

Never Too Young To Do Right.—A club of subscribers comes to us with the following: "I am a little girl of thirteen years old, but think I am old enough to get up a club for your magazine."

"Grows Better All The Time."—A lady, sending a club of six, says: "Your book grows better *all the time.*" We have hundreds of such letters.

Additions May Be Made To A Club at the price paid by the rest of the club; and, when enough additional names have been sent, the sender will be entitled to another premium or premiums. The additions may be made at any time, all through the year. Go on adding to your clubs!

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

A Captive Of Love. Founded Upon Bakin's Japanese Romance, "Kumono Tayema Ama Yo No Tsuki." By Edward Gray. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.*—This is a work as curious as it is interesting. It is a free translation, or rather an adaptation, of a Japanese novel, by Bakin, one of the most famous Japanese writers of fiction. The title, given above in Japanese, means in English: "The Moon, Shining Through a Cloud-rift, on a Rainy Night." The life and manners of Japan, as they existed five hundred years ago, and still exist in great part to-day, are very graphically depicted: while the story itself is one of great interest, and full of the most romantic incidents. The volume is embellished with twenty-six illustrations, copied from the original work.

Ten Boys Who Lived On The Road From Long Ago To Now. By Jane Andrews. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.*—A book for boys, with rather a higher aim than usual. The author traces, in a few simple stories of the Persians, Greeks, Romans, Saxons, etc., etc., the race to which we belong, from its Aryan source down to its present type; the object being to stimulate, not only the study of the past, but the emulation of whatever was heroic in it.

Our Father In Heaven. The Lord's Prayer, In a Series of Sonnets. By William C. Richards. 1 *vol., small* 4*to. Boston: Lee & Shepard.*—An exquisitely-printed little volume, most beautifully illustrated; a real artistic triumph, in every way. We regret we did not receive it in time to notice it last month, for it would have made a particularly suitable gift for Christmas or New-Year. It would be equally appropriate, however, for a birthday-present.

Here and There In Our Own Country. By Popular Writers. With 127 *Illustrations.* 1 *vol.*, 8*vo. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.*—A series of sketches of travel and descriptions of places in the United States, written with equal spirit and truth. The volume is profusely and even beautifully illustrated, making altogether one of the most elegant books of the season. We cannot praise it too highly, especially its typography.

Young Folks' Queries. By Uncle Lawrence. 1 *vol.*, 8*vo. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.*—This is a charmingly-written story, by the author of "Young Folks' Whys and Wherefores," etc., etc.; all free adaptations, like the present one, from the French. It is instructive, too, as well as entertaining; in fact, instruction is its primary object. The volume is very handsomely illustrated.

Worthington's Annual, 1886. 1 *vol., small* 4*to. New York: R. Worthington.*—A book of stories, biographies, papers on natural history and other subjects, intended for the young, and illustrated profusely with engravings. Really, a very elegant affair. Would make a capital birthday or other gift, and as such we recommend it.

A Woman's Inheritance. By Amanda M. Douglas. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.*—A novel of much more than the usual power. Miss Douglas always writes well, but this is certainly her best story.

Conspiracy. A Cuban Romance. By Adam Badeau. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. New York: R. Worthington.*—The author's experience of Cuba gives to this story an exceptional value. The local color is perfect.

An Iron Crown. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Chicago: T. S. Denison.*—A novel with a purpose: that purpose being the rapacity of corporations. Very well written, and full of powerful invective.

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OUR ARM-CHAIR.

THE UNEXAMPLED POPULARITY, which has attended "Peterson's Magazine" so long, is even greater, this year, than ever. The newspaper-press is unanimous in extolling it. As a type of the notices, we quote the Norristown (Pa.) Register, which says: "The January number of 'Peterson' excels even itself: it is the finest we ever saw. It has two splendid steel-engravings, either worth the price of the number. Every mother will be in love with the one called 'The Little Gardener,' and every heart will beat sympathetically with 'Homeless.' The mammoth colored fashion-plate, engraved on steel, and colored by hand, is a marvel of beauty and taste. A colored pattern in Berlin-work is also given—a most exquisite affair, that would sell at retail for fifty cents. In addition, there are some fifty other illustrations, including several very fine ones in an article on 'Damascus.' The stories, if possible, are better than ever. Two thrilling novelets are begun: 'The Millionaire's Daughter,' by Ann S. Stephens, and the 'Cedar Swamp Mystery,' by Jane G. Austin. 'Under a Cloud,' by Lucy H. Hooper, is also an unusually powerful tale. Besides these, there are stories by Frank Lee Benedict, by the author of 'Josiah Allen's Wife,' and nearly a dozen others, all original. The Work-Table department, with its patterns in embroidery and all kinds of fancy work, is very full and profusely illustrated. As we have often said before, every lady ought to take this magazine. The price is but two dollars a year, with liberal deductions to clubs, and costly premiums for getting up clubs. How the publisher can afford it so cheaply is a marvel, and can only be explained by its immense circulation." *Now is the time to subscribe or get up clubs.* See terms, with premiums, on second page of cover, etc., etc.

THE COOKING-SCHOOL.—The average girl, at marriage, is well instructed in sewing. To take her place at the head of a family without a fair knowledge of this useful household-art would be to disgrace her mother and herself in the minds of all their acquaintances. The average young bride goes to a home of her own with a few practical ideas on a matter which will have to come before her thrice a day, and one on which the health and general prosperity of herself and others must essentially depend. Then, if ever she acquire even a passable skill in cookery, it will doubtless be through much wasting and worrying and manifold non-successes. Meantime, dyspepsia or other evil angel is lurking in the shadow of her table. To the young wife and housekeeper so circumstanced, half the terrors of the kitchen are at once removed by the introduction of the ever-ready, always-reliable Royal Baking-Powder. With its proper use, there can never be failure in bread, biscuit, or cake, while the perfect healthfulness of the food produced is likewise so well assured that all who partake may defiantly snap their fingers in the face of old Dyspepsia. This point gained, the victory over inexperience and bad luck in other things is speedily won. The Royal Baking-Powder, on account of its superior powers as a leavening agent, the great facility with which it may be used, its proved economy, and its thoroughly-established wholesomeness and purity as established by the tests of Government chemists and others, has become the general substitute for cream-tartar and soda in the making of nice, sweet, light, flaky, digestible bread, biscuit, etc., etc. With its use, the young mistress of the house may take a pardonable pride in the work of her hands.

DO YOU DREAD WRINKLES?—The death-blow to youthful looks, and a sure warning that age is creeping on, are those same *dreaded wrinkles.* To defy them, to remove them, and also to prevent their coming, *use Palm Kosmeo.* It keeps the skin smooth and free from chaps and pimples. Palm Kosmeo used in combination with Palm Poudre, nothing can be finer as a complexion-cosmetic. My own personal use is proof, and I am justified in saying to my thousands of customers: Try it, and be convinced of its merits. Also Extract of Turkish Rose-Leaves, a very fine indelible tint for the cheeks and lips.

Prices, Palm Kosmeo, $1.00 and $2.00 a box. Kosmeo Poudre, 50 cents, and $1.00 a box—can be sent by mail. Turkish Rose-Leaves, 50 cents and $1.60 a bottle—cannot be sent by mail. These goods are only sold by me. Send for Catalogue of Hair Goods. Mrs. C. Thompson, 32 East Fourteenth Street, New York.

CATARRH AND BRONCHITIS CURED.—A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease, sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Dr. J. Flynn & Co., 117 East Fifteenth Street, New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

THE "GOLDEN TREASURY CALENDAR" is a very beautiful affair, issued for 1886 by the J. B. Lippincott Company As its name implies, it is a calendar for the year, with appropriate designs, mottoes, etc., etc.

HORSFORD'S ALMANAC AND COOK-BOOK mailed free, on application to the Rumford Chemical Works, Providence, R. I.

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

☞ Everything relating to this department should be addressed "Puzzle Editor," PETERSON'S MAGAZINE, Lock Box 409, Marblehead, Mass.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN JANUARY NUMBER.

No. 276.

1. Henry. 2. Amasa. 3. Ira. 4. Silas. 5. Urban.

No. 277.

B R A D
R O P E
A P E S
D E S K

HANDY KNITTING-PATTERNS.

Nun's Veil, in Shetland Wool.—A stylish affair for the head, called nun's veil, is made of Shetland wool. Cast on ninety stitches, on medium-sized wooden needles, and knit back and forward a square, using up about a quarter of an ounce. Knit off another quarter in one length with half of the stitches, and finish off. Go back and take up the other half of the stitches left on the needle, and knit down to match the other side. Finish off these two ends with a tassel. Draw up the first end, to be worn on the top of the head with a bow; then cross the other two ends at the back, and wind them around the neck. Nothing can be prettier than the effect.

A Handsome yet Cheap Portière for a doorway may be made by knitting up scraps of silk. Cut the scraps in strips about the width of your finger, and then stitch them together, crossing the ends a little way from the end. The strips may be of any length or color, and they may also be cut crosswise. The fuzzy ends should be left, however, turned on the right side. If preferred, these can be sent to some weaver, and woven into a firm fabric; but a

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knitter, with long winter evenings to be occupied, will find it entertaining to knit them up herself.

A Winter Petticoat.—Fifteen skeins of petticoat-yarn, and bone pins No. 5. Begin with scarlet for one inch, then two inches of white, then two inches of scarlet; the rest all white. Cast on a hundred and twenty stitches, and knit twenty-three inches plain, then rib by doing two plain and two purl for twenty-four rows.

Cast off. Do another breadth; and, for the third and fourth breadths, you must, after the first twelve rows, decrease at the beginning and end of each row about every two inches. If you do not like to have a gored breadth, do this one exactly the same as the other two. Join the breadths together. Knit any border for edging, or make ribs of brioche-stitch, in scarlet, and sew it to the petticoat.

For an Ordinary Quilt.—Cast on, with No. 6 three-thread cotton, two stitches; use pins about No. 14, and increase every row. Do six rows of plain and six of purl, so as to make lengthway ribs. When half a square is done, decrease at the beginning of every row. When a sufficient number of squares is finished, join together.

Arrow-Pattern in Stripes.—Cast on any uneven number of stitches, according to the width you may require: let us say thirteen. Put the wool before the needle, and knit six plain stitches. This makes seven stitches on the right-hand needle. Knit two together, the rest plain. Every row alike. A pattern easily worked, and one that is very artistic.

A Baby's Blanket.—Cast on nineteen, and rib crossways in nines. When long enough, drop the middle stitch. Cast on nine in white, rib another stripe in the same way, and drop the middle stitch. Crochet with black along every colored stripe, and join to the white with maize or orange.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

MEATS, ETC.

Irish Stew.—Two pounds of lean end of mutton, cut into small chops. Season it with a teaspoonful of salt, mixed with the same of pepper. Peel and slice thin four large onions; put them in the bottom of a saucepan; strew a little salt over them. Place the mutton on the onions, firmly pressed down, then another thin layer of onions, salted; then cover with fast-boiling water, barely enough to cover the meat. Let it boil gently for an hour and a half. Peel two pounds of mealy potatoes, all of the same size, or cut in halves; wash them well in two waters, place them on the mutton and onions, and boil them half an hour, or till the potatoes are cooked through. Some prefer the mutton and onions cooked alone; the potatoes also cooked alone; and, when balls of flour, cut each in half; place them in the serving-dish, and pour the mutton, the onions, and the liquor over the potatoes.

Oyster-Fritters.—Remove the beards, and put each oyster into a tablespoon, and fill with a batter made as follows: An ounce of rice-flour, mixed with two tablespoonfuls of water, one teaspoonful of vinegar, and two of salad-oil, the yolk of an egg, and a little salt and pepper. Allow the batter to stand, and, just before using, beat the white of an egg to a stiff froth, and mix with it. Fry the oysters covered with the batter in boiling fat, turn them, place them on blotting-paper to drain; serve on a hot dish, and garnish with slices of lemon and thin rolls of brown bread and butter alternately.

Cold Veal, Dressed with White Sauce.—Thicken half a pint of new milk with flour and butter rubbed together very smoothly. When hot, put into it some thin slices of cold veal without fat or brown outside. Simmer very gently until it nearly boils. Then add to it the yolk of an egg, well beaten with half a teaspoonful of anchovy-sauce. Stir all up together, simmer a short time longer, and serve with sippets of toast round the dish; and, if liked, a little fried bacon.

Pigs' Feet.—Pigs' feet should be scraped and thoroughly cleaned, and boiled in water, with a proper quantity of salt. When thoroughly tender, cut them in half, put them in a pan, with some lard, and fry them a nice brown. If approved, some vinegar may be added to the gravy. They may be eaten hot or cold.

VEGETABLES.

Mashed Parsnips.—Wash and scrape a large parsnip, cut it into eight lengths, and, having divided them in half, put them into a quart of boiling water, with a teaspoonful of salt and an ounce of good dripping. Boil the parsnip until perfectly tender; it will take about two hours to cook. Take it up, drain and press the parsnip in a colander, to get out as much moisture as possible, and, with a wooden spoon, mash it quite smooth, and then put it in a clean stew-pan, with an ounce of fresh butter, or a tablespoonful of milk and cream; add salt and pepper, and stir the parsnip over the fire for five minutes, and take care to serve hot.

Bread-Steaks.—Beat up an egg, with a little milk, pepper, salt, and spice. Cut some slices of bread, all of the same size and shape, dip them in the mixture, and fry them a light-brown in butter or oil. Drain on paper, pile high on a dish, and serve with tomato-sauce. Another rather less simple way is to dip them in milk only, and then cover them with egg and a mixture of breadcrumb, lemon-peel, sweet herbs, and chopped parsley, before frying them as above.

Savory Rice.—Boil a half-pound of rice in water, with one small onion chopped fine. When tender and nearly dry, stir in two tablespoonfuls of grated cheese, three of tomato-sauce, a teaspoonful of chopped parsley, and half a teaspoonful of sweet herbs, cayenne, and salt, and about an ounce of butter, or a tablespoonful of oil. It should be stiff enough to make a mound on the dish, and must be served hot.

Potato-Scones.—Mash any cold potatoes which may have been left from a previous meal until quite smooth, adding a little salt. Knead out to the thickness required, and toast on a griddle, pricking them with a fork, to prevent blistering. Eaten with butter, they are equal to crumpets, are nutritious, and more wholesome.

Potato-Puffs.—Take any outside slices of cold meat, chop and season with pepper, salt, and cut pickles. Mash potatoes, making them into paste with an egg. Roll out, with a dust of flour. Cut round with a saucer. Put your seasoned meat on one half, and fold like a puff. Fry a light-brown.

DESSERTS.

Apple-Charlotte.—This very old-fashioned but delicious pudding is prepared as follows: Get a plain tin mold, either oval or round, and about five inches deep. Cut some thin slices of stale bread into fingers and rounds, dip these into clarified butter, and line the mold completely, making one piece overlap another, so that there are no holes through which the apple can escape. Bake some apples in a greased dish, without water, till quite soft; beat to pulp, sweeten, and fill the mold. Cover the pudding with a round of stale bread dipped in butter, lay a plate on the top, and bake in a good oven, until the bread is brightly brown. Turn on a hot dish, and serve hot, with milk. Other fruits may be used, instead of apples, for a pudding of this description; but it must be remembered that the pulp must be stiff, not watery. Juicy fruit will make an excellent hydropathic pudding.

Cup-Puddings.—Cut the bread into small dice, and pour on boiling milk, to cover it. Let it soak for a quarter of

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an hour, then beat it well with a fork; add eggs—in the proportion of two eggs to each pint of milk—with sugar, and a flavoring of grated lemon or nutmeg, and a slice of butter. Pour the mixture into buttered cups, and bake till firm, in a moderate oven. Turn upon a hot dish, sift white sugar on, pour sauce round, and serve. Another variety may be made by preparing the pudding as above, then putting a layer of jam or marmalade at the bottom of a pie-dish, placing the mixture on the top, and baking till brightly browned.

Spanish Fritters.—Cut some slices of bread into any shape you like, pour a little brandy on each piece; mix two eggs with two tablespoonfuls of flour and a little milk; cover the pieces of bread with this batter, let them rest for half an hour, then fry in lard or butter, and serve hot, with a little preserve on each fritter.

CAKES.

Ground Rice-Cakes or Biscuit.—Quarter-pound of rice, or three ounces of arrow-root and one ounce of flour, one ounce of butter, two ounces of caster sugar, half-teaspoonful of baking-powder, half grated rind of a lemon, or other flavoring, a little nutmeg, one egg; whip up the white of egg to a stiff froth; rub the butter into the flour, add sugar, lemon, nutmeg, baking-powder. Then add a teaspoonful or more of milk to the yolk of egg, and add with stiff froth of white to the flour. Mix and put into greased tins, to bake for five minutes.

Scones, Made With Buttermilk.—Half-pound of flour, a good pinch of salt, half-teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, rather less of cream-tartar. Mix the cream-tartar and carbonate of soda with a little dry flour, and roll to get rid of lumps. Add it to the flour and salt; mix it with buttermilk; knead till it is a light dough, then roll it out thin, and cut in pieces. Place them on a floured baking sheet, and bake for half an hour.

Brittany Cakes.—The yolks of three eggs, one pound of flour, half-pound of sugar, half-pound of butter, a few bitter almonds. Beat the butter to a cream, add it to the eggs, mix the sugar and flour together, and beat them in, adding to it the pounded almonds; drop the mixture out, and bake softly.

MISCELLANEOUS TABLE-RECEIPTS.

To Pot Butter.—Cut up fresh butter in pieces the size of an egg; put them in a large basin, with plenty of cold water; take each piece in the hand, and, holding it in the water, squeeze it two or three times; then throw it into another basin full of cold water. When all the pieces are done, repeat the operation a second time; then put the butter on a marble slab, and pat and roll it out to the thickness of an inch. Do not work more than two pounds at a time. Cover the butter with fine salt in the proportion of one ounce to each pound of butter; work the butter thoroughly for half an hour; then put it, well pressed down, into pots, and cover each pot with half an inch of a solution of salt in water, strong enough to float an egg.

An Omelet.—It is an easy thing to do, and not often well done. The trouble lies in the fact that most cooks overbeat their eggs. A simple omelet is not a soufflé. Break all your eggs in one plate; stir, rather than beat, up the whites and yolks; to each three eggs, put in a teaspoonful of cold water; some do not like milk; salt and pepper your eggs moderately; take some parsley, and chop it; let the parsley be fine; put two ounces of butter in a pan; when the butter is very hot, pour in the eggs: just as soon as it is cooked on one side, not crisp, turn quickly and cook on the other side; double it over, when you serve it on a very hot plate; the cold water in the eggs makes the omelet light and moist.

Cheese Biscuit.—Have a little puff or short paste ready, and sprinkle over it a little cayenne, and as much grated Parmesan cheese as the dough will take; double up the paste, roll it out rather thin, and cut it with a round paste-cutter, glaze with an egg, arrange on a floured tin, and bake in a sharp oven until of a light-yellow color.

Short Crust for Sweet Pastry.—Work very lightly a half-pound of butter into one pound of flour, breaking it quite small; add a little salt, two ounces of finely-powdered sugar, and sufficient milk to make it into perfectly smooth paste; bake it slowly, and keep it pale.

SANITARY.

A Cure for Small-Pox.—It is said that "the worst case of small-pox can be cured in three days, simply by the use of cream-tartar. One ounce of cream-tartar, dissolved in a pint of water, drunk at intervals, when cold, is a certain never-failing remedy. It has cured thousands, never leaves a mark, never causes blindness, and avoids tedious lingering." We give this without vouching for it, however.

BIRTHDAY GIFTS, Etc.

A Pair of Bellows, covered with velvet, velveteen, plush, or serge, plain, or with an appliquéd bird or flower on the front side, is much appreciated as a gift, now that open fires have become so fashionable. The material required for covering is not considerable. Cut out the material the shape of the bellows, but a trifle larger, just allowing sufficient for turning in and sewing to the leather all round the edge. First tack it on, and then neatly sew over, fitting it into the leather forming the base of the bellows; some care is necessary for sewing together the pieces left for covering the handles at the top. When the material is all on, add a strap of ribbon, for keeping the handles together, with a bow to one side, and a loop at the back for suspending against the wall. In plush, these bellows are, perhaps, the most ornamental.

Velvet Bags for Working-Materials are now fashionable, and would make very pretty presents. They are to hold small pieces of work for parlor employment—which, as a rule, progress but very slowly—and the more elegant of them have silver or plated tops. They can be used also for shopping-bags.

Thin Gold Bangles, with a hook at one end, and a button formed of a pearl, coral, diamond, or cat's-eye at the other, supposed to fit the arm tightly, are presented as gifts. Three are sold together in a case.

FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

Fig. I.—Walking-Dress, of Dark-Green Cashmere. The underskirt is trimmed with five bias folds on the front. The back is plain. The tunic on the front is turned under at the bottom, and is draped diagonally; the long back-part is but slightly draped. The bodice is double-breasted, and opens at the top, over a vest of the same material as the dress. The deep rolling collar, cuffs, and buttons are of dark-red silk. Bonnet of green felt, lined and trimmed with dark-red, and having a dark-red feather.

Fig. II.—Walking-Dress, of Chamois-Colored Rough Woolen Goods. The skirt is laid in box-plaits, and has a wide trimming of brown velveteen, which extends up the right side of the skirt, narrowing very much as it nears the top. The bodice is double-breasted, buttoning diagonally from the left side to the right, and is finished with a band of brown velveteen at the edge. Collar and cuffs of brown velvet. Brown velvet hat, trimmed with a large bunch of yellow roses.

Fig. III.—Carriage-Dress, of Willow-Green Woolen Material, figured in a leaf of darker-green frisé velvet.

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The underskirt is trimmed with three bands of dark-green velvet, and the deep apron-front is also trimmed with a band of velvet. The skirt falls full and undraped at the back. The small shoulder-wrap reaches only to the waist at the back, and has small pointed ends in front. Bonnet of red silk, trimmed only with loops-and-ends of ribbon.

FIG. IV.—WALKING-DRESS, OF ALMOND-COLORED CAMEL'S-HAIR. The underskirt has a bottom edging of brown velvet. The upper skirt, of the camel's-hair, is put on rather full at the waist, hangs straight at the back, and is drawn together on the left side with a large bow of brown velvet; on the right side, it opens over a panel of brown velvet, which extends from the waist down. The bodice is plain, with a pointed corselet of brown velvet. The jacket opens over this bodice, showing the corselet, and is trimmed so as to form an open vest in front, with the velvet. It has velvet collar and cuffs. Hat of brown felt, trimmed with birds and wings.

FIG. V.—WALKING-DRESS, OF GREENISH-BLUE SERGE. The underskirt has a deep knife-plaiting. The upper skirt is loosely draped at the back, is deep in front, and is caught to the bottom of the bodice with an oxydized silver ornament. The bodice has a simulated vest, trimmed with rows of braid, of a shade darker than the serge. Hat of felt, the color of the dress, trimmed with ribbon and feathers.

FIG. VI.—BOY'S SUIT, OF DARK-BLUE KERSEYMERE. The knickerbockers are rather long. The deep cut-away coat opens over a light cloth vest.

FIG. VII.—WALKING-DRESS, OF BLACK WOOLEN MATERIAL, SPOTTED WITH CRIMSON. The underskirt is of black velveteen, laid in plaits. The woolen overdress is made with a full front, the drapery being drawn diagonally from the left to the right side, and fastened high on the hip with a bow of velvet. The back, long and full, is draped with a short puff below the waist, from which it falls in ample and graceful folds. The bodice is gathered at the neck and waist, in front, and fastens on the left side. The skirt, bodice, and sleeves are finished with black woolen lace and velvet bows. A band of velvet around the waist.

FIG. VIII.—WALKING OR CARRIAGE MANTLE, OF BLACK STRIPED WATERED SILK AND WOOLEN, the woolen stripes having frisé figures on them. It is wadded, and lined with dark-red silk. The back of the cape is formed by a piece of plain black corded silk, and this silk is also laid in large plaits down the back of the skirt. Or, if preferred, the whole wrap may be of the striped material. The revers, bottom of the mantle, and collar are all formed of black velvet, though plush or fur would look equally well.

FIG. IX.—WALKING-DRESS, OF GREEN BOUCLÉ CLOTH. The foundation is bordered with a hem and narrow kilt-plaiting. The overskirt is laid in double box-plaits. The jacket forms a zouave in front, with a long buttoned waist-coat beneath. It is edged with wooden rosary-beads.

FIG. X.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF BLUE CANVAS. The underskirt is of blue and cream-colored striped silk, and is laid in one wide box-plait, with smaller plaits on either side, on the left of the skirt. The overskirt, of blue canvas, is long in front and at the back, and opens very high up on the left side. The bodice and the fichu are of canvas, the vest of the striped silk, and the yoke, collar, bands, and rosettes on the sleeves are of blue velvet.

FIG. XI.—BONNET, OF BLACK VELVET, made with an irregular brim, and edged with jet beads. It is trimmed with pink feathers.

FIG. XII.—SMALL JACKET, OF BLACK PLUSH, lined with dark-red silk. The hood and loose sleeves are lined with the same colored silk, and edged with a plush ball-fringe.

FIG. XIII.—MUFF, OF GRAY IMITATION ASTRAKHAN. It is ornamented by a bow of gray satin ribbon.

FIGS. XIV AND XV.—COLLARS, OF GRAY IMITATION ASTRAKHAN. One has a bow of gray satin ribbon on left side, and is made so deep in front as to afford great protection to the chest. The round collar has two small dog's-heads as ornaments.

FIG. XVI.—BODICE, OF BLUE-AND-WHITE SHEPHERD'S-PLAID. It is laid in four long box-plaits at the back. A dark-blue cloth vest is inserted in front, and the pockets on the sides are of dark-blue cloth, ornamented with large buttons.

FIG. XVII.—GRAY FELT HAT, with brim bound with black velvet, and with two pale-gray sea-gulls mounted in front of a torsade of black velvet; their beaks rest on the turned-up brim.

FIG. XVIII.—DOLMANETTE, OF BLACK TWILLED CLOTH. It is lined with striped satin, and is edged with a ball-fringe; the ends cross in front, and form a muff.

FIGS. XIX AND XX.—SHOES, one of black satin, with a French heel, and trimmed with black satin bows, for evening-wear; the other, made higher on the instep, with a flat heel, and laced, for walking or ordinary house-wear.

FIG. XXI.—THE HERMIONE JACKET, OF DARK CLOTH OR VELVET, trimmed with metallic braid, with which the large oval buttons correspond. The jacket is double-breasted, loose in front, and fits the figure at the back. The basque is box-plaited from the waist, and there are side-pockets.

GENERAL REMARKS.—No decided change in fashions is ever seen at this season of the year, and, now that every woman dresses much as she pleases, all the modification in apparel is a matter mostly of personal taste.

The short dress—that is, one without a train, but reaching to the instep—is worn almost exclusively, except for ceremonious occasions, by women of all ages. Of course, the trained dress is more elegant, more stylish, but less convenient.

Woolen goods, frequently very coarse and heavy in appearance, are popular for out-door wear.

Plain and figured materials are equally popular, only the figured goods are never worn alone. They are always combined with plain ones, for out-door wear, and most usually for house-wear.

Bodices are still made to have a very close-fitting appearance, and are usually pointed in front, with a basque at the back; or else the skirt is raised over the back of the basque, and draped in a bunch on it.

Vests and plastrons are much worn, and are very becoming.

For evening-wear, or rather "dressy" occasions, bodices are made open in the neck in front, and trimmed with lace.

Trains fall in long straight folds, and are but little trimmed.

Brocades, of large patterns and exquisite colors, are largely employed for the trains of dresses; and usually, also, in that case, for the bodices also. Plain material, of the same color, trimmed with lace, is used for the petticoat or under-skirt.

A change is predicted in the fashion of skirts, but nothing will be decided for some months yet. In Paris, there are two distinct styles of toilette: One, in which there is very little fullness on the hips, the skirts long, and the bodices pointed, as is now the prevailing fashion. The other style has fully-draped skirts, which are well steeled to keep them from the figure. Some of the leading French dressmakers are making great efforts to re-introduce this latter fashion, the exaggerated paniers of past years, and the Louis XVI mode: the fashion of poor Queen Marie Antoinette. Let us hope that the graceful clinging skirt will prevail, even if we have to modify it by the huge bunching-up at the back now prevalent.

Bonnets and hats are still worn ridiculously high, and are most unbecoming.

The hair is still combed from the nape of the neck, and coiled on the top of the head, which is also not always a becoming fashion: though, if well arranged, it has a certain style of its own.

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OUR PARIS LETTER.

RUE DES PETITS CHAMPS.

The Parisian milliners are now displaying some delicious new styles. For example, a more jaunty and coquettish headgear was never invented than the Russian toque, which is just now the rage of the hour. It is copied from the high round caps worn by the male Russian peasants, and is made either all in fur, such as sealskin, or in Astrakhan, or in cloth, or in velvet bordered with a wide band of fur. I have also seen them in black velvet, with the broad encircling band in fine cut jet, rising to a peak above the forehead—an exquisitely artistic headgear.

For the cloth and fur toques, there come narrow tippets and muffs to match, the whole set being very elegant when worn together. One, made for the Princess Marie of Orleans, was in mouse-gray velvet, bordered with shaded gray Astrakhan; and a set for her sister-in-law, the Crown Princess of Denmark, was in dark-garnet velvet, with borderings of real Russian sable.

The later styles of bonnets are somewhat larger than they were at the beginning of the season, and some of the later shapes have the brim in a hollow depressed point just above the forehead. On this shape, the trimming is placed directly in front of the crown, instead of at the side of the crown, as has heretofore been the mode. This trimming is usually a cluster of ostrich-feathers, in a color contrasting with that of the bonnet: such as pale-yellow or pearl-gray on black velvet, or shrimp-pink or pale-blue on seal-brown. These feathers are set in a ruffle of cream-lace, sewed down to the bonnet, and the effect is very tasteful and dressy.

Bonnets all in jet have two jet wings standing straight up in front, with the space between them filled with a coquille of black satin ribbon, and have strings of the same ribbon. Jet bonnets, made up over scarlet velvet or satin, have the trimmings in red satin. Shrimp-pink velvet, with a bordering of seal-brown velvet and a trimming composed of a number of shrimp-pink ostrich-tips, composes a very elegant bonnet for visiting. Clusters of grapes and vine-leaves form an attractive trimming for bonnets of velvet, in the new dull shade of green.

Shoes are now made with very pointed toes, even walking-boots presenting that peculiar form—which is injurious to the foot, if in the least degree too tight. Flat low heels or half-high ones are in fashion, even for house-wear.

The newest boot is in glacé kid, with half-high heels and a shallow tip of patent leather. Another style laces up the front, and is half in patent leather and half in glacé kid. French laced boots and house-shoes are no longer made rights and lefts; so, by daily changing them from one foot to the other, the shape can be preserved and the heel does not get worn down at one side. But there are some ladies that cannot wear a shoe of that shape.

Fancy stockings are shown, with pin-stripes in contrasting colors to encircle the leg; the tints are mostly subdued, such as dark-blue and red, or very narrow lines of red, black, and yellow. Black and white stripes are also popular. For evening-wear, the plain fine silk stocking, matching the toilette in color, is the most fashionable, as it is the most tasteful. In gloves, long cream-white gloves of undressed kid are becoming popular for evening-wear.

For morning-toilette, very elaborate dresses are shown. One of the handsomest and most appropriate styles is in plush, of the Princess shape at the back, the front being in heavy corded faille or bengaline, laid in flat plaits from throat to hem. A silk cord or a two-inch-wide ribbon, in velvet, faced with satin, closes the robe at the waist. This dress barely touches the ground behind, long trains being no longer fashionable for morning-dress. It may be made with all the materials and accessories of precisely the same shade, such as ruby, dark-blue, or moss-green. Another style has the back of the dress in Pekin, and the faille frontage in some delicate contrasting color. One that I have seen worn by a Parisian "elegante" was in electric-blue faille, striped with wide stripes of plush, shading from brown to tea-rose pink. The frontage was in plain faille, in tea-rose pink, and the ribbon girdle was of brown velvet satin-faced ribbon. The slippers were of bronze kid, and the stockings in tea-rose colored silk—a Parisian lady is as particular about the dressing of her feet as she is about her full-dress toilettes.

Hand-painted crape fans continue to be the most in vogue, despite the perishable nature of the crape, and the fact that fans so composed afford little or no air. But crape is much easier to paint upon than is satin, and admits of greater variety of subjects and delicacy of treatment. Mother-of-pearl mountings are even more popular than are tortoise-shell ones, being much less expensive, but also far more fragile. The large ostrich-feather fans, and smaller ones, with hand-painted leaf and gilded or carved mother-of-pearl mounting, are always fashionable.

It is no longer à-la-mode to wear white ruching at the throat and wrists; narrow plaitings of crêpe-lisse, in the same color as the dress, being enjoined by Paris fashion. Black lace ruching is worn with black dresses, and, if the toilette be trimmed with jet, the ruffling must also be beaded with jet. In a dress made with a Russian vest of plaited surah, wide bias bands of the surah at throat and wrists supersede all other garniture. Ruchings of colored silk lace are worn in tints to match dark-colored dresses. Even the waists cut with V-shaped openings in front and at the back, which now supersede the square-cut corsages for demi-toilette, are not finished with white ruching. If the dress be black, the opening is bordered with black lace, turned back over the corsage, two or three widths being used as a trimming. Large rose-shaped rosettes, in pale-blue or pale-pink satin ribbon, placed one on the shoulder and the other at the side of the V-shaped opening, form stylish ornaments for a corsage in this shape. If the dress be considered too open for a small and informal entertainment, black or red beaded tulle—laid in flat full folds, and following the lines of the opening—can be worn over the corsage. Very wide bands of jet passementerie are also worn when a diminution of the low-necked effect of the V-shaped corsage is desirable: they start from the centre of the waist, at the back, are passed over the shoulders, and meet in front, at the waist. Half-long sleeves in passementerie are also worn in demi-toilette dresses.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—BOY'S SUIT, OF DIAGONAL-CLOTH. The knickerbockers are close-fitting. The jacket is long and cut away in front, just showing a vest of the same material underneath. Dark-brown felt hat.

FIG. II.—GIRL'S ULSTER, OF GRAY TWEED. It fastens down the front, and is laid in plaits at the back. The hood is lined with gray silk, and trimmed with a band of dark-brown plush. The collar, cuffs, and pockets are also of plush. Gray felt hat, trimmed with a band of brown plush and a loose bow of gray ribbon.

FIG. III.—GIRL'S COSTUME, OF DARK-BLUE SERGE. The skirt is laid in box-plaits. The jacket is also plaited into a yoke, and confined about the waist with a leather belt. High collar and cuffs are of velvet. Felt hat, trimmed with velvet.

FIG. IV.—CHILD'S CAP, OF DARK-BLUE VELVET, trimmed with a wing and a bow of ribbon.

FIG. V.—BOY'S TAM-O'SHANTER CAP, made of plush, and bordered with gold braid. Pompon in the centre of the crown.

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Engraved by Illman Brothers from an Original Picture.

"DEAR MAMMA."

Engraved expressly for Peterson's Magazine

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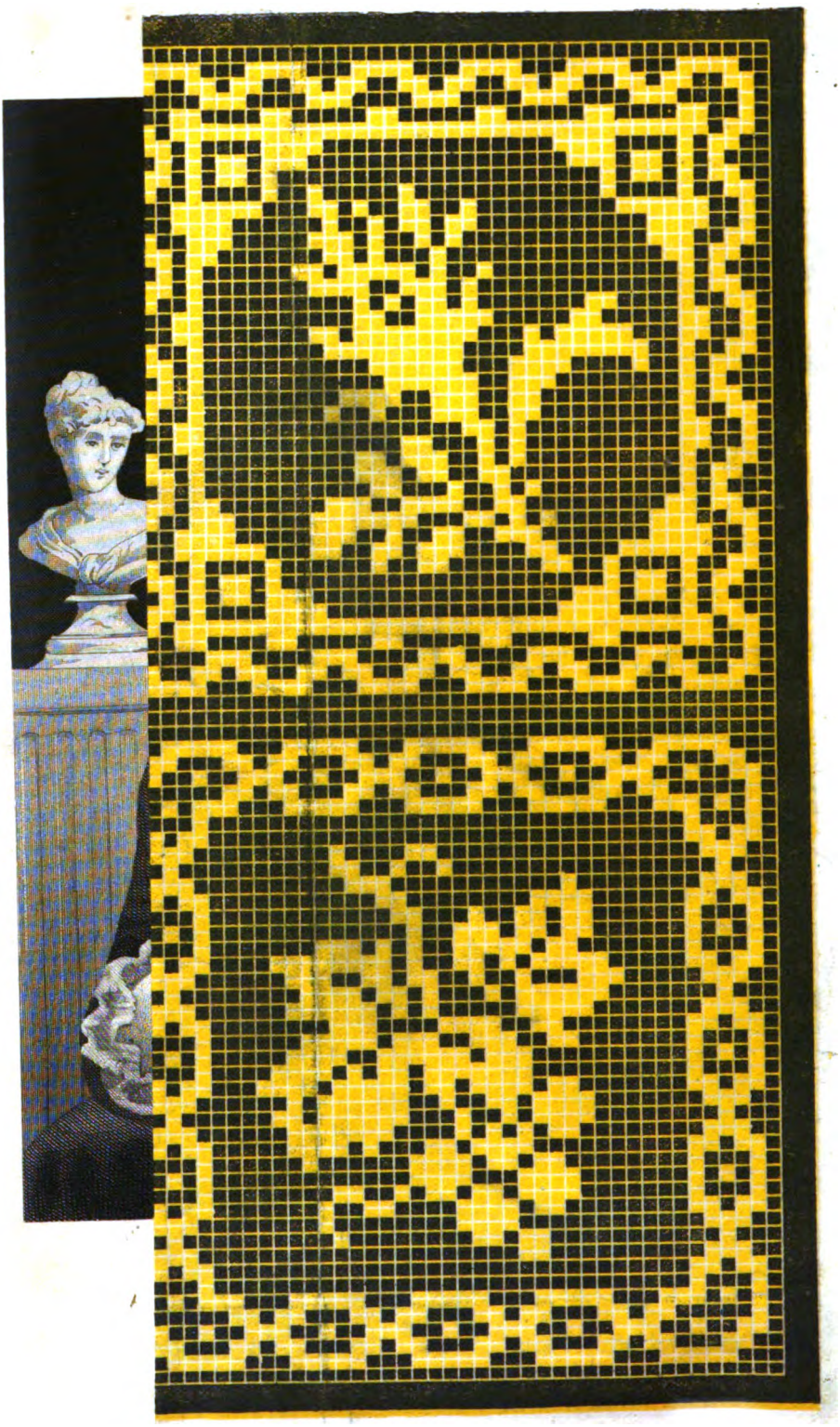

CANVAS, ETC., ETC.

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"MISS NAN." [*See the Story, "Fair Game."*]

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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR MARCH. HAT. COLLAR.

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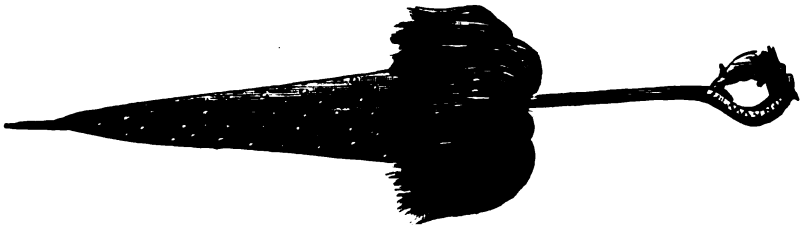

NEW-STYLE WALKING-DRESSES. PARASOL.

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WALKING-DRESS. PARASOL. NEW-STYLE COAT

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HAT. PARASOL. BONNET. JET NECKLET.

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BONNET. NEW-STYLE PARASOL. HAT. CAPE.

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Maria

DESIGNS IN EMBROIDERIES. NAME FOR MARKING.

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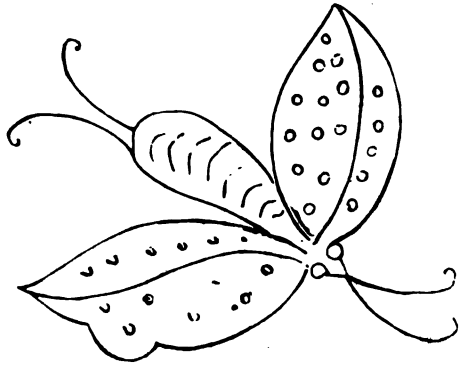

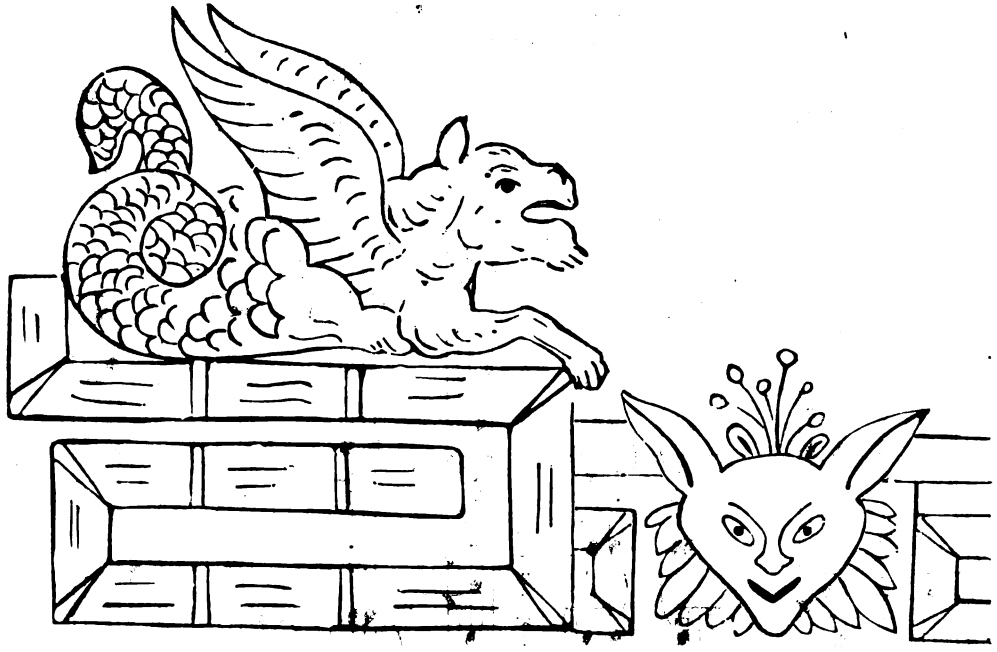

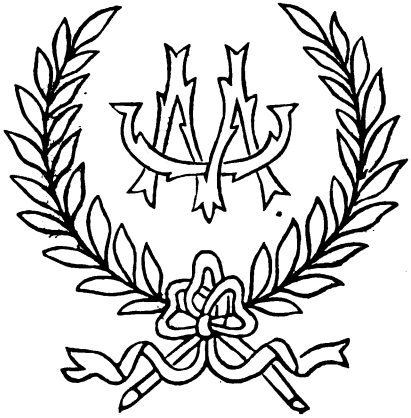

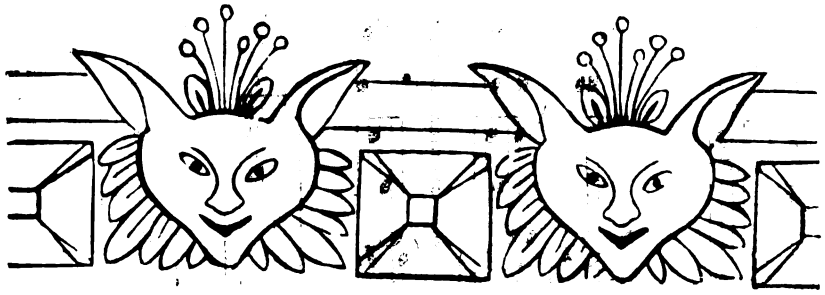

DESIGNS IN EMBROIDERIES INITIALS.

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PRETTY POLLY OLIVER.

As published by SEP. WINNER & SON, 545 N. Eighth St., Philadelphia.

Words by the author of "JOHN HALIFAX GENTLEMAN."

Edited and arranged by FRED E. LUCY BARNES.

Cheerfully.

mf

1. Pret-ty Pol-ly Ol-i-ver, will you be my own? Pret-ty Pol-ly

p

Ol-i-ver, as cold as a stone; But my love has grown warm-er as

cold-er you've grown, O, Pret-ty Pol-ly Ol-i-ver, will you be my

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own?

2. Pret-ty Pol-ly
3. Pret-ty Pol-ly

f *p*

Ol-i-ver, I love you so dear, Pret-ty Pol-ly Ol-i-ver, my
Ol-i-ver, I'll bid you good bye, Pret-ty Pol-ly Ol-i-ver, for

hope and my fear! I've wait-ed for you, sweet-heart, this many a long
you I'll not die; You'll nev-er get a tru-er true-love-er than

year, For. pret-ty Pol-ly Ol-i-ver, I loved you so dear.
I; So, pret-ty Pol-ly Ol-i-ver, good bye, love, good bye.

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HOUSE-DRESS. WALKING-DRESS.

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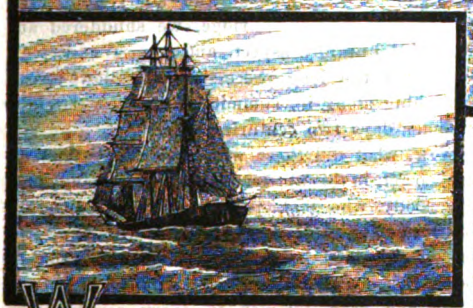
PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXXIX. PHILADELPHIA, MARCH, 1886. No. 3.

SALEM AND SALEM WITCHCRAFT.

BY HENRY J. VERNON.

THE MODERN EAST-INDIAMAN.



OLD-FASHIONED SALEM EAST-INDIAMAN.

WHEN one, fresh from New York or Boston, arrives at Salem, it seems, at first, quite a sleepy town. Its wharves are comparatively deserted; there is but little hum of traffic in the streets: an air of past grandeur, gone forever, hangs about it. Yet there was a time, and that not so very remote, when Salem was thriving and busy enough. Three-quarters of a century ago, it almost monopolized the East-India trade. In the last quarter of 1807, the duties collected at the Custom House were more than five hundred thousand dollars. Now they are hardly twenty thousand dollars for the entire year.

"In those days," says a town chronicler, deploring the extinction of the foreign trade, "Derby Wharf was lined with merchant-vessels, sometimes two or three deep." And he adds, sadly enough: "The old wharf is now fast crumbling, the warehouses falling." Yet it is not because the energy of its citizens, or even their industry, has declined, that the commerce of Salem has sunk almost to nothing. It is because steam has supplanted sails, to a great extent, and because the Suez Canal takes the place of the voyage around the Cape of Good Hope. Deeper harbors, also, are required for the enormous ships of to-day, and cities more the centres of business and distribution. Hence Boston and New York have supplanted Salem.

Those old Salem merchants, however, were grand men in their day. They were no mere petty traders, but large and liberal-minded dealers, like the merchant-princes of Venice and Florence; and, like them, they spent no small portion of their acquisitions in building stately residences, to beautify their native place. There is, perhaps, no city of its size, in the United States, which can show so many handsome mansions, in the style of from eighty to a hundred years ago, as Salem. The house where Prescott, the historian, was born is one of this kind. It is, in this sense, typical. It has a free and gracious air, combined with a certain solid, if not aristocratic, look, quite in contrast to the pretentious, half-bred, lath-and-plaster Gothic cottages,

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HOUSE WHERE PRESCOTT, THE HISTORIAN, WAS BORN.

or meretricious Queen-Anne villas, now so popular.

But the chief interest of Salem—to us, at least—was in the witchcraft-trials that occurred there some two hundred years ago. We had often asked ourselves if it was possible to explain those extraordinary affairs. When we found ourselves, therefore, in the quaint old town, our first visit was to the court-house, where the records of the trials have been preserved. Here we read, not only the examinations of the prisoners, but the warrants for their execution: the very ones on which the hapless victims themselves had looked, with eyes dazed with terror. It made our veins run cold. Here we saw also what to many persons would be even more interesting: some of the actual pins with which the persons professing to be bewitched had been tormented. The original records, with their obsolete phraseology and cramped penmanship, are scarcely readable, unless by experts. But to us they were as legible as if written in fire. The stain of blood seemed to be on every page.

After leaving the court-house, we went to the house, still standing, where many of the accused were examined. Originally a dwelling, and occupied as such continuously for nearly two centuries, it has been finally altered into an apothecary's shop. The roughly-hewn beams inside, however, testify to its antiquity. Another dwelling, that of Rev. Mr. Parris—also connected prominently with those tragedies—was standing, outside of the town, until a few years ago, but has since been demolished.

We drove next to Witches Hill—sometimes called Gallows Hill—where, in 1692, nineteen innocent persons, victims of this witch-frenzy, were put to death by hanging. A few scattered and tumble-down houses of the cheaper sort crawled up either side of a dilapidated street. Witches Hill, even from this approach, looks as if a curse were on it. But, as we descended on the other side, and glanced back at the stony, desolate ridge, we shuddered at its weird uncanny aspect, and almost expected to behold the long procession of gallows-trees stretching along its summit, as on those fateful summer days two centuries ago.

Now, what did these witch-trials mean? We are too apt, in this nineteenth century, to condemn everybody who took part in them—accusers, judges, juries, clergymen, all. But this appears to us a one-sided judgment. It must be remembered that, for several centuries, witchcraft-executions had been common in every country in Europe. Not only hundreds, but thousands, had died at the stake or gallows. Sir Matthew Hale, one of the purest judges England had ever seen, lent the sanction of his ermine to the condemnation of a reputed witch. Cotton Mather, the leading divine in Massachusetts at that time, had just written a book denouncing what he called this horrible crime. To understand the Salem trials, we must put ourselves in the places of the men of that day, when the belief in demoniacal possession was as universal as the belief in gravitation is now. The Evil One was regarded as literally "going about seeking whom he might devour." No article of the popular faith was held more absolutely than that Satan, with his myrmidons, was constantly on the alert, endeavoring to get people to sign away their souls. Just then, too, in consequence of Cotton Mather's book, followed by the preaching of the clergy, public sentiment was in a highly in-

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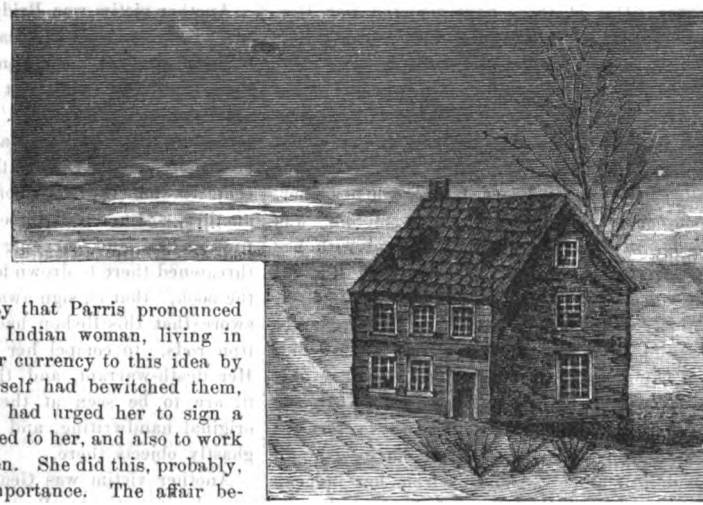
flammable condition, and it only required a spark to bring on an explosion. The spark was soon applied.

Yet, even with this explanation, the fury of the persecution at first appears incredible. But, in our own day, the fear of cholera or small-pox has led to outbreaks nearly as cruel. Witness Spain and Italy for the first, and the riots at Montreal for the last: and all this within a year, and in countries that are considered civilized and Christian. Now, to the men of Salem, the death of the body was as nothing to the death of the soul; and therefore the intensity, the fury, the horror of the uprising was infinitely greater. People told themselves, and their clergymen confirmed them in the belief, that wizards and witches, accursed of God, were going about, day and night, seeking victims. No family, it was thought, was safe. What wonder that the mother clutched her little one to her bosom—that the husband and father rose up and went forth, clamoring for the punishment of the guilty—that the milk of human charity itself was dried up? We must look at the problem through the ignorance and prejudice of that half-darkened age, and not as we would look at it now, if brought for the first time to our notice, under the electric light of this more fortunate century.

The excitement began at the home of Mr. Parris, a clergyman, settled in Salem. This Rev. Mr. Parris had two children in his family: one a niece, the other a daughter, respectively nine and eleven years old. They had doubtless heard talk, around the kitchen-fire, of witches and witchcraft; and, like many other imaginative children, began to think they saw witches for themselves, and to behave as if they had been bewitched. Or perhaps they began in a spirit of mischief, as is common with the thoughtless of their years, and afterward stuck to their story for fear of punishment if they told the truth. At any rate, they had behaved in such a way that Parris pronounced them bewitched. An Indian woman, living in the house, gave further currency to this idea by declaring that she herself had bewitched them, adding that the devil had urged her to sign a book, which he presented to her, and also to work mischief for the children. She did this, probably, to increase her self-importance. The affair became, at once, the talk of the town. The public mind thought of witches, and of nothing but witches: it was in the condition, as we said, when a spark would set it aflame. Incidents that had happened years before, but had been forgotten, were now recalled. If a cow had died, if a pestilence had seized the chickens, if there had been blight or mildew, it was declared to have been the work of witchcraft. Old mumbling crones and eccentric solitary men were, at first, the principal victims, as a rule; but, very soon, people of more consequence began to be accused, and many of them from motives—as we are forced to believe—of personal enmity.

But to return to the Parris children. Finding their story about the Indian nurse was believed, they began to make complaints against others. They accused a neighbor—"good-wife" Cory, as she was called. The woman was arrested and brought before the magistrates. Her indignation was equal to her surprise. She stoutly maintained her innocence. When asked why she had afflicted the children, she denied that she had done it. When the justice retorted: "Who did it, then?" she answered: "She did not know." She added that her accusers were "poor distracted creatures, and no heed ought to be given to what they said": one of the few wise things said in all this sad history. Yet, in spite of this, she was committed to prison, afterward tried, and finally executed on Gallows Hill, without a shred of what would now be considered evidence having been brought against her.

Other children and some half-grown girls began next to make accusations. "Good-wife" Morse was one of those arrested in consequence. When brought into court, a burst of rage broke



HOUSE OF REV. MR. PARRIS, NOW DEMOLISHED.

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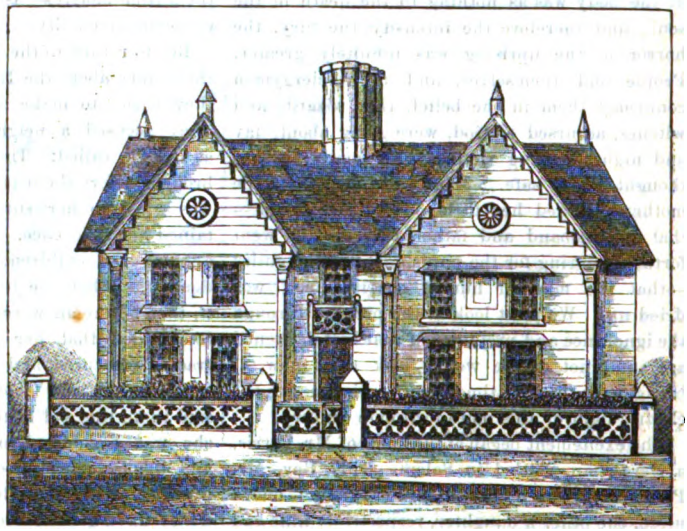
from those who asserted they were her victims. The judges made no attempt to rebuke, much less to check, the outcry. The poor woman gazed hopelessly around; but, not seeing a single sympathetic face, she exclaimed, piteously: "I have got no one to look to but God!" And, in her agony, as a spectator has left on record, she lifted up her arms, and, spreading out her hands, prayed: "O Lord, help me!" At first, the jury acquitted her. But the judge interfered, bullying them like another Jeffreys, and sent them back to reconsider their verdict. Finally, under this browbeating, they brought her in guilty. But the evidence against her had been so paltry that the Governor respited her. This, however, did not save the poor creature; for "some Salem gentlemen," we quote the words of a cotemporary, clamored to such a degree, at this respite, that "good-wife" Morse was finally executed: executed in spite of the godly life which she had lived, of her care in educating her children, of the good example she had set, and of her Christian behavior when sent to the gallows.



HOUSE WHERE THE ACCUSED WERE EXAMINED, NOW MUCH ALTERED.

Accusations began now to pour in from every quarter. One of those next arrested was Mrs. Cary—not to be confounded with "good-wife" Cory, of whom we have already spoken. Her husband has left an account of her trial. Being brought before the justices, she declared she had never had any knowledge, before that day, of the girls who accused her. But the judge was against her from the first. His treatment of her, in fact, was absolutely brutal. "She was forced," says her husband, "to stand with her arms stretched out. I requested that I might hold one of her hands, but it was denied me. Then she desired me to wipe the tears from her eyes and the sweat from her face, which I did. Then she desired she might lean herself on me, saying she should faint. Justice Hawthorne replied she had strength enough to torment those persons, and she should have strength enough to stand." And this from her judge—to whom, at least, in the eye of the law, she was innocent until proved guilty!

Another of those accused was Sarah Good. With her, as with the others, short work was made. The accusation was enough: conviction followed as of course. At her execution, she was urged to confess; but she answered the magistrate, bravely: "I am no more a witch than you a wizard; and, if you take away my life, God will give you blood to drink." More than one descendant of these Salem persecutors has remembered, down to our own day, this prophecy; has taken it for a curse; and has thought he has seen it fulfilled on him and his.

Another victim was Bridget Bishop. She also was condemned, so to speak, before being tried. "There was little occasion to prove the witchcraft," it was said, "it being evident and notorious to all beholders." Even what little testimony was given was either improbable or inconsequent. One of the witnesses deposed that "it was the shape of this prisoner, with another, which, one day, took her from her [spinning] wheel, and, carrying her to the river-side, threatened there to drown her, if she did not sign the book," that is, sign away her soul. Another swore that this Bishop had "whipped her with iron rods," to compel her to "sign the book." Her death-warrant, and the sheriff's return to it, are to be seen at the court-house, in the original handwriting, and are among the most ghastly objects there.

Another victim was George Cory, husband of "good-wife" Cory. By the time his trial came on, so many had been condemned that he saw

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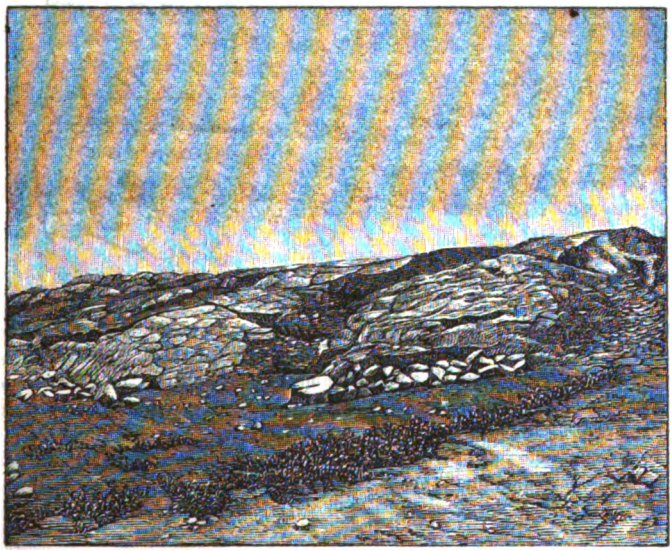
that an accusation meant conviction; and, sooner than go through with the farce, he resolved not to plead at all, but to remain contemptuously silent. The brutality of the age, as well as the frenzy of the moment, is best shown by what followed. Under an old English law, away off in the dark ages, it had been the custom, when a prisoner refused to plead, to subject him to what was known as the penalty "Peine forte et dure": that is, he was laid on his back, in the prison-yard, and pressed to death, by weights heaped up on his chest. This horrible sentence was now revived and executed on Cory—the first and last time, thank God, in American history. He was taken to a field outside the town, and there, on the 19th of September, 1692—Salem should keep the anniversary in sackcloth and ashes forever—"about noon," as the chronicle says, put to death by this lingering and excruciating process, less awful only than that by impalement, or the cross. The same cotemporary chronicle records that, "in pressing, his tongue being pressed out of his mouth, the sheriff, with his cane, forced it in again, when he was dying."



WITCHES HILL, SOMETIMES CALLED GALLOWS HILL.

Another victim was Dr. George Jacobs, an old and inoffensive man: a physician, whose knowledge of obscure diseases, and whose study of herbs as remedies, pointed him as a fit subject for suspicion. He was arrested on the accusation that had now become the usual one. He had come, in the night, a woman testified, and beaten her "with a big stick," to induce her "to sign the book." One of the saddest things about this case—for it was one of the saddest of them all, in every respect—was that his grandaughter was so worked on, by the importunities of her frightened associates and by her own natural terror of the scaffold, as to testify that he was, to her knowledge, "a wizard," and so helped to convict him. It is true she afterward repented, and with bitter tears; writing a letter—but alas! too late—addressed to her father, recalling what she had said, and dating it, to quote her own piteous words, "from her dungeon in Salem prison." Poor weak soul! More to be wept over than blamed, perhaps: but still, the "pity o't—oh, the pity o't!"

The persecution of the Jacobs family did not stop with the old physician. His property was all seized, even to the wedding-ring on his wife's finger, and his son accused and threatened with arrest. The son fled. On this the officers went to his house, took prisoner his wife, though she had been half insane for years, and dragged her off to jail. "The children," as a cotemporary says, with unconscious pathos, "ran a great way after her, crying." The poor little ones would have perished from want, if a few neighbors, less hard-hearted than the magistrates, had not come to their relief with food.

Rev. George Burroughs was another conspicuous victim. In his case, even more than the rest, the evidence was almost entirely hearsay. One of the chief charges was an unsupported one of murder—and this in a trial for witchcraft!—said to have been committed quite twenty years before. Some of the witnesses testified that, having fallen into a trance, they were carried by Burroughs up to a high mountain, and there offered all the kingdoms of the world, if they would "sign the book." Yet old Increase Mather, the father of Cotton Mather, said, long afterward, and when the frenzy was spent, and some spoke of the folly of such evidence being accepted to condemn a man, that, "if he had been on the jury, he would have voted for conviction." Other witnesses swore that Burroughs took them to a devils' sacrament, where, "with the sound of

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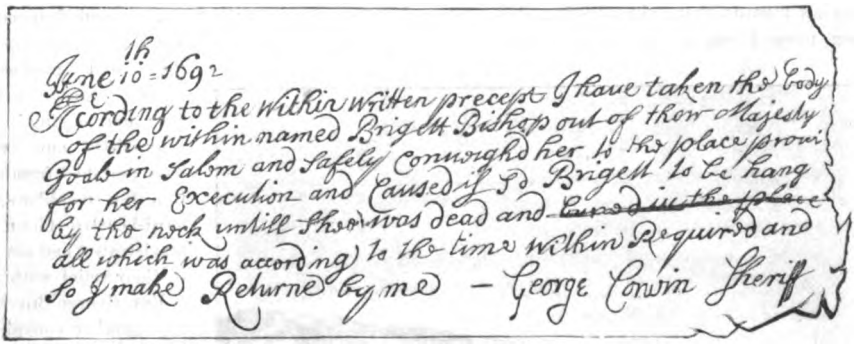
trumpet," he summoned other witches, who "came from all quarters unto the rendezvous." Others that apparitions had come to them, saying that they were Burroughs's two wives, whom he had murdered, and that the magistrates must be told of it. Here again only hearsay evidence. Frequently the witnesses, when they began to testify, fell into fits. This was taken as proof that the prisoner bewitched them to prevent their testifying. The Chief Justice himself asked Burroughs what caused these fits. He answered, he supposed it was the devil. "But how comes the devil," retorted the judge, with all the acrimony of an advocate, "so loth to have any testimony borne against you?" From that moment, the prisoner was doomed. Yet, on the scaffold, where he suffered on the 19th of August, with four others, he prayed in such a fervent manner that many of the spectators were in tears, and it looked for awhile as if the execu-


June 10th 1692
According to the within written precept I have taken the body
of the within named Brigett Bishop out of their Majesty
Goal in Salem and Safely Conveighd her to the place provi
for her Execution and Caused if Sd Brigett to be hang
by the neck untill Shee was dead and ~~buried in the place~~
all which was according to the time within Required and
So I make Returne by me — George Corwin Sheriff

FAC-SIMILE OF SHERIFF'S RETURN TO BRIDGET BISHOP'S DEATH-WARRANT.

ceedings, grew frightened, trembling for their own safety, or for that of members of their families. Finally came the king's proclamation, from over the water, which put an end to the whole thing.

Now, how can all this be explained? Popular frenzy, private enmity, the desire of notoriety, may account for some of the cases, but not for all. It is impossible to believe that the witnesses, as a class, consciously forswore themselves. Many undoubtedly believed every word they said. Probably some of these were victims of that mysterious disease called hysteria: in many phases of which, acts are supposed to be done, and scenes witnessed, that have no existence outside of the diseased imaginations of the patients. Insensibility to pin-pricks is a well-known feature, also, of this disease: and this insensibility was considered an unanswerable proof of being bewitched. These hysterical patients, and finally perhaps even others not hysterical, got to dreaming—for it was always at tions would have to be stopped. At this juncture, Cotton Mather, who was present on horseback, interfered. He addressed the crowd, saying that Burroughs, after all, had never been a properly-ordained minister, and that the devil was often transformed into an angel of light. "This," says the account, "somewhat appeased the people, and the executions went on."

The delusion was not confined to Salem, but extended to the neighboring villages, and even to Boston. As it grew, the accusers became bolder, and personal malice began often to enter into the problem: vindictive individuals seeking to avenge themselves, for real or fancied injuries, by accusations of witchcraft. At last, a charge was brought against Lady Phipps, the wife of Sir William Phipps, the governor. All along, there had been a few, ahead of their age, who discredited the whole story. These now began to speak out. Others, who had sanctioned the earlier pro-

night that these things occurred, as in the cases of Dr. Jacobs, Rev. Mr. Burroughs, and others—that people came and sat on them, or asked them to "sign the book," or carried them off to a witches' Sabbat. To gratify a morbid desire for a sensation is a characteristic of this curious malady, and explains many of the hallucinations, as we would prefer charitably to think, of that dreadful time.

But other phenomena point, perhaps, in the direction of mesmerism, or animal magnetism, or whatever that occult influence is, which some persons, as science now admits, have the power of exercising over others, at will. It is even probable that not a few of the accused, aware of the possession of this faculty, and unable to account for it, or absolutely frightened because of it, only followed the spirit of their time, in supposing that it had a Satanic origin, and so confessed. Or old half-crazed crones, leading a despised and solitary life, may have yielded to

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PINS EXHIBITED AT WITCHCRAFT-TRIALS.

the temptation of revenge, by pretending to have powers denied to others; or may, in some cases, actually have believed they possessed such powers. Optical illusions seem to have been the cause of others of the accusations.

But some of the admissions of guilt were the direct result of terror. A letter is still extant, signed by six persons, addressed to the magistrates, in which the miserable prisoners declare that, "by reason of sudden surprisal, we knowing ourselves altogether innocent of the crime, we were all exceedingly astonished and amazed, and affrighted even of our lives; and our nearest and dearest relatives, seeing us in that dreadful condition, and knowing our great danger, apprehending that there was no other way to save our lives, as the case was then circumstanced, but by our confessing ourselves to be such and such persons as the afflicted represented us to be, they, out of tender love and pity, persuaded us to confess what we did confess." This is what the poor child, the grandaughter of Dr. Jacobs, also said. Perhaps, at the last, under the strain of it all, and finding everybody believing in their guilt, some began to doubt their own innocence: for few are they, even of the bravest souls, who can stand up forever against the opinions of all about them. Poor Joan of Arc herself, as we know, at the end, half doubted her mission.

But let us not be unfair. It was a different age, we repeat, from what this is: a more brutal one, but thoroughly in earnest. When a crime was believed to have been committed, there was but little clemency for the culprit. The punishment was as terrible as it was prompt. Traitors were disemboweled alive, and their mangled quarters stuck on city gates, to bleach or blacken in the sun. Fifty years later, Dr. Johnson saw the heads of the rebel lords on spikes at Temple Bar. Offenders of less guilt were hung in chains, on the public highway, where, for long years afterward, their skeletons, in their iron cages, swung and creaked in the wind. Women were burned at the stake for certain crimes. Prisoners taken "red-handed" in insurrection, as in the Monmouth affair, were sold as slaves to the Barbadoes. When, for ordinary offenses like these, such penalties were inflicted, how could it be expected that men, or even women, believed to be in league with the Evil One, would be spared? The wonder, we sometimes think, is, not that twenty-two were executed, but that the whole hundred and fifty, arrested at different times, did not also suffer.

Our visit to Salem was made during a yachting-trip along the coast of New England. Landing at the eastern end of the town, we found ourselves in a sandy lane, or rather street, leading up from the water. Directly in front of us, half hidden by a high fence and trees, was a many-gabled house. "Why," we exclaimed, "that must be the House of the Seven Gables." And, on inquiry, we found that we were correct. At least, it is the house which Hawthorne is believed to have had in his mind when he described the Pynchon mansion. It is comparatively modern, however: belonging to the nineteenth century, we should say, from its looks.

The evening was soft and slightly hazy, when we left Salem. The twilight fell, as the shore receded in the distance. Then the darkness came; the night-wind began to blow chill; and the Salem of to-day, as well as that of the past, vanished from us like a dream

SALEM FADES IN THE DISTANCE.

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FAIR GAME.

BY EMILY LENNOX.

"WHAT are you going to do on the Fourth, Miss Nan?" said Nicholas, as she looked at him roguishly, over the top of her fan. He had been half making love to her, all the evening; and she had been evading him, as women will; though Nan, in justice to her, had no option but to keep him at bay, and chose this method as the one least likely to hurt his feelings.

"I'm going a-fishing," was her reply now. "Oh, don't be alarmed: I'm not going with you and Pip. Florence and I are going off on a little picnic of our own."

"Not all by yourselves?"

"Certainly. Why not? I think you might have asked us to go with you," coquettishly, with another glance over the fan, for even Nan could not resist this; "but we won't thrust our society upon you."

"I am sure," said Nicholas, eagerly, "I should be very glad—"

"Oh, now, Mr. Wayne," cried Nancy, in her sauciest tone, "don't fib. Pip was kind enough to tell us what you said about being bothered with girls; how they got the lines tangled, and couldn't bait their hooks, and shrieked at the worms, and—and—there's not a word of it true, of course; but we never would go, after that."

"I didn't mean you, Miss Nan," said the young fellow, flushing guiltily; "and, if I had, I'd a great deal rather have you along than catch all the fish in the creek."

"That is entirely too effusive," said Nancy, laughing. "If you'd drawn it a little milder, Mr. Wayne, perhaps I might have believed you."

"How you do love to tease," said Nicholas, in a helpless way. "You know very well that I don't care to go to any place, if you are not there; for I do love you, Nan, awfully, and—"

"Hark! Isn't that Mrs. Wayne calling, from the other parlor?" she said, cutting short his confession.

"No. And you know it isn't. Wait a moment. Why won't you ever listen to me, Nan? You'll never have a truer lover. I do not ask for very much. I could be patient, and wait—years, if you said so."

"I hate to be made love to," said the girl, tapping her hand with her fan, while her cheeks flushed a soft rose-color and her eyes fell before his ardent gaze.

"Well, I won't bore you," said Nicholas, in a slightly nettled tone. "But I want you to promise me, Miss Nan, that you won't go a-fishing, on the Fourth, all alone. It isn't safe."

"I'm going with Florence," she replied, indifferently.

"Flox is no protection to you. There are a great many tramps around, this summer, Miss Nan. I wish you wouldn't go."

"I never saw a tramp yet that I was afraid of," she said, scornfully. "But I thank you for your interest, Mr. Wayne. Never fear: Florence and I can take care of ourselves—and bait our hooks, too."

With this Parthian shot, she gathered up her airy white skirts and left him, to join the family-group in the other parlor. "Hang it!" said Nicholas, pulling at his mustache, "she's prettier than any of them, even if she is only a governess." While Nan, her heart all in a flutter, said to herself: "I may be poor, but I am too proud to listen to him. The Wayne family shall never call me a designing Circe, or accuse me of throwing myself at the head of their eldest son and heir."

"I say, Pip," said Nicholas, the next morning, to his younger brother, who bore the ancestral name of Peter, but was never called by it, "do you know where Miss Nan's going to-day?"

Pip was digging worms in the back yard, and Nicholas was rigging up the tackle, as the latter spoke.

"She wouldn't tell me, nor Flox either," Pip replied; "but I'll bet you anything they're going to the bridge."

"I hope not," said Nicholas, hypocritically. "I'd like to try my luck there, this morning."

"If we get there before they do, they won't bother us," said Pip, pointedly. "Miss Nancy won't come where you are."

Nicholas winced, but said nothing. He had fitted out his fishing-box, and, taking his light bamboo rod in one hand, he now called to Pip to come along.

He was a fine-looking fellow: anybody could see that, as he strode away in his blue tourist-jacket, that was vastly becoming to his ruddy blonde complexion.

"They ought to bite well, to-day." Pip

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observed, wisely, as they made their way to the pretty woodland through which the creek ran. "It's not so awfully hot."

"Let us go under the bridge," Nicholas suggested. So they clambered down the mossy rocks to the cool shadows beneath.

The creek was a fitful little stream, overflowing its banks in the spring, and calling for a wide span of bridge to cross it; but, in the summer, it dried up very fast, and left, underneath the bridge, two wide margins of sandy shore.

"I don't know that I have ever seen a more comfortable place to fish than this is," Nicholas observed, as he baited his hook and cast his line.

"I hope they'll bite well," was Pip's practical expression; and the sport did begin, before long.

For an hour or so, Nicholas and Pip caught white perch and catfish pretty fast, and Pip topped off with an enormous eel; which he strung, with the other fish, on a lithe willow wand, and dangled the whole catch in the water.

After that, the fish seemed to stop biting, for the day grew hot and drowsy; and Nicholas, after angling to no purpose for another hour, set his line and went to sleep.

"If anything tremendous comes along, Pip," he said, turning over in the warm sand, and piling up a pillow of it, "let me know."

"You're a fine old fisherman, you are," cried Pip, with a boy's contempt for such languid enthusiasm. "I'll be two dozen ahead of you."

"All right," murmured Nicholas, drowsily. "Give them to Miss Nancy, with my compliments."

In a few minutes, he was fast asleep; and Pip played the lone fisherman for another hour; but without success. Then he too threw down his rod, and, stretching out his young limbs, fell into a doze, from which he was aroused by footsteps overhead and the sound of voices.

"Let us try here, Miss Nancy," he heard his sister say; and then a painted cork dropped past his nose into the water. "I feel sure we'll get a bite here."

"It can't be any worse, anyhow," answered Miss Nan, from the bridge overhead, where the two girls had stationed themselves. "I never saw such fish as these, Florence. I don't believe they know how to bite."

Then another cork and line whizzed through the air; there was a faint splash, and then a moment of anxious expectancy.

This was too much for Pip. Slyly reeling in his own line, he took the rod, and, with it, gave one of the pendent lines a gentle pull.

"I've got a bite!" cried Miss Nan, ecstatically. "Oh, pshaw! It's gone!"

"So've I!" cried Flox, excitedly. "Ah-h! It got away."

"Why, isn't that funny?" exclaimed Miss Nan, pulling up a naked hook for the second time. "I was sure I had it then."

"It must be something big," said Flox, casting her line again. "It pulls like a catty."

"Oh, my!" was Miss Nan's breathless ejaculation, as she drew up again. "I must have had him out of the water then. Didn't you hear him splash?"

Pip, who was by this time on the borders of a convulsion, almost screamed.

"I won't dare bite again," he soliloquized. But a wicked thought had entered his brain, and he acted upon it.

After waiting long enough not to excite suspicion, he gently drew in one of the lines, and, slipping an eel off his string, attached it to the pendent hook. A strong pull caused Miss Nan to draw in her line. It swung underneath the bridge, and she could not see her prize till she landed it with a jerk.

Have you ever seen a girl catch an eel? If not, no pen can describe to you the wild excitement of the scene. A shrill scream ensued.

"Take it off, Miss Nan! The nasty thing! Take it off!" shrieked Flox, as the eel wriggled its slimy body over the bridge.

"I won't touch it," cried Nan, dropping pole, line, and everything, while she gathered up her skirts and made for the nearest tree.

By this time, Pip had sprung up the rocks, and was looking on in a wild convulsion of laughter; while Nicholas, startled out of his noonday nap, swung himself up on the bridge, with a vague notion that he was called to arrest some foul murder.

"Pip! Pip!" screamed Flox. "Take it away!"

Just then, the poor eel, already in its death-agonies, wriggled against Florence's foot, and, with one wild shriek, she fled as fast as her feet could carry her, never stopping till she reached home. Pip simply rolled over on the bridge, and laughed uproariously. As for Nicholas, he took in the situation, and, grasping the eel firmly between his thumb and two fingers, he gave it a peculiar twist, which broke its back and practically ended its wriggling forever.

Then, turning around, he spied Miss Nan up in a tree, though how she got there heaven only knows. She certainly did not know, herself.

The absurdity of it all overcame his gravity, and, for a few moments, he and Pip laughed in chorus.

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"I—I'm sure there's nothing to laugh at," cried Nan, with a sudden burst of tears, that sobered Nicholas at least.

"I beg your pardon," he said, contritely; but Pip only went off into a fresh gale of mirth, and, forgetting himself, took a misstep, which sent him tumbling over the bridge into the water.

He could swim like a fish, however; so he was out presently, but dripping with water and foul with mud—a fine example of retributive justice.

"You'd better go home, right away, and change your clothes," said Nicholas. "Never mind the lines: I'll bring them."

The laugh was all out of Pip, by this time; and he went home meekly enough.

When he was out of sight, Nicholas turned to Miss Nancy.

"Would you like me to help you down?" he said, with a slight twinkle in his eye.

"If you please," she replied, tremulously. "I—I don't know how I ever managed to get up here. I certainly don't know how to get down."

"One can do a good deal, under the pressure of excitement," observed Nicholas, with a faint smile. "I will help you gladly, Miss Nan; but, before I do so, I must have your attention. You know that I am desperately in love with you, don't you?"

No answer.

"I want you to tell me, Nan. Is it because you think my family will object? Dear, only this morning, mother said to me how glad she would be to have you for a daughter." Nan's heart gave a great thump. "You know very well that I want you to marry me—don't you?"

"I have heard you say so," she answered, demurely. But her heart was still beating wildly. "Then they won't object," she was saying to herself, "and all my self-denial has been useless. Oh! I am so glad."

"Well, is there any reason why you shouldn't?"

"None that I know of," she said, glancing shyly at him.

"Nan!" he cried, transported at this change in her manner, and holding out his arms to her. "Can't you love me a little?"

"Why didn't you ask me that before?" she replied, with a ravishing smile. "Dear knows what I mightn't do," with one of her half-coquettish glances, "if I had encouragement."

"Oh, Nan, you darling!" he exclaimed, with a lover's rapture, catching her in a close embrace, as she glided down into his arms.

"You're quite a big fish, aren't you?" she said, patting his sleeve roguishly.

"And fairly caught," he said. "You won't throw me back into the water, will you?"

"I think not," she said, smiling brightly. "I—I—" and she blushed furiously, "am too fond of you."

They came home late to dinner. Hunger was the only thing that brought them home at all. At the table, Pip regaled the family with his share in the morning's exploits; at which Nan might have been a little angry, had she not been too happy to think of it.

PHEBE.

BY CARRIE F. L. WHEELER.

No more the songs of robins make
  The woodlands seem enchanted;
The dusky dingles are no more
  By restless bluebirds haunted;
The groves, once all ashine with wings,
  Deserted seem, forever;
And, in a white and frozen dream,
  Sleep meadow, vale, and river.

But now and then, when south-winds blow
  And sunny days come over,
We hear a soft melodious plaint
  From many a forest cover:
That minds us of the summer-time's
  Blue skies and daisied meadows,
Of sunset's rosy glories poured
  Through purple woodland shadows.

Sweet Phebe sings as if the leaves
  About her nest were blowing,
And in the west the light divine
  Of summer sunset glowing.
She sings as if her silver call
  Were with the cuckoo's blended;
Say not all melodies are hushed
  When summer's reign is ended.

When first along the wooded heights
  We saw the green leaves turning
To russet-brown, and vivid gold,
  And crimson, rich and burning:
When silver footprints of the frost
  First whitened hill and hollow,
You winged your flight for sunnier climes,
  Oh, faithless wren and swallow!

But this sweet minstrel of the snows,
  Like friends whose hearts are truest,
Remains to cheer the chill and gloom
  When songs and sweets are fewest;
And, when more brilliant songsters come,
  In time of budding flowers,
Remember then the faithful one
  That sang in leafless bowers.

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MISS CROSSWELL'S STORY.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

I AM Miss Crosswell—Miss Rebecca; "old Miss Becky," I overheard somebody call me, the other day. I suppose people have called me so for a good many years, but somehow it gives one an odd feeling of surprise when one hears the term applied to oneself for the first time.

The name—Rebecca, I mean—used to be rather a sore point with me when I was a girl, especially as my sisters and cousins all had very poetical and flowery appellations, such as Edith and Lily and the like. A spinster aunt bestowed upon me her name and a hundred thousand dollars, all because she dropped me on the stairs, when I was a tiny baby, and left me lame for life.

Now please don't go fancying me an unpleasant cripple. As I grew up, the lameness was scarcely perceptible—just enough to make me walk slowly. Indeed, the men used to declare that it was an added grace; but then, as my stepmother observed, men would say anything agreeable to a girl who had money. She added that, so far from feeling flattered when they compared me to La Vallière, I ought to have been shocked and indignant; but I may as well own that I was not, for poor Louise was always one of my pet heroines in that wicked old French history, out of which Dumas wove such a delightful romance.

I grew up, naturally, a person of consequence at home and in the neighborhood; for, forty years ago, a girl possessing a hundred thousand dollars was a great heiress. By the terms of my Aunt Rebecca's will, I entered upon the entire control of my fortune on my eighteenth birthday, and so became the envy of all the damsels of my acquaintance, for being "my own mistress"—though I think I had always been that, for I am afraid that from childhood I had proved wilful and difficult to manage.

Still, I was not arrogant or quarrelsome—too yielding, in fact, my stepmother said—to those I loved; because, she added, I always loved the wrong people. She meant to insinuate that I did not love her as much as I ought; but I think I was fond of her, at bottom, though she had a faculty of exasperating me—of rubbing my feathers the wrong way, to use an expressive vulgarism, which often caused little unpleasantnesses between us.

Well, my eighteenth birthday and my accession to full dignity were an occasion which we and everybody about us felt ought to be celebrated in a fitting manner; so we gave a grand ball, to which half the county came.

We lived in the outskirts of a town in the western part of New York; we thought it a large fine town then, though it has since grown into a bustling city, as unlike as possible to the quiet stately place I remember. We were very grand people, we who headed society there; mostly offshoots from Albany families, boasting the best of Knickerbocker blood in our veins, and possessing all sorts of relics and traditions which dated back to the first landing of ships on the shores of New Amsterdam.

Our great old rambling house was really a picture, the night of our ball; for my stepmother had excellent taste, and, though given to a little parsimony on ordinary occasions, as was natural to a Van Hoëpfen, when an important affair like that was in question she grudged neither care nor expense.

Our greenhouses were the admiration and envy of the whole county, and they were emptied to decorate the immense hall and six huge drawing-rooms, three on a side, which we could boast. Besides, the rooms had been almost entirely refurnished; and with such secrecy, too, that even our most intimate friends only knew vaguely of the changes going on, and were quite astounded by our splendor, as I suppose we meant them to be.

I danced the opening quadrille with the representative in Congress from our district; a young man then, who has since been President; and I may as well gratify my vanity by adding that he asked me to marry him—I have often wondered if he remembers it.

As the dance finished, I heard someone say the Faulkners had arrived, and hurried away to welcome them. It was so late that I had begun to fear something had prevented their coming, which would have been a sore disappointment to me, as I admired Mrs. Faulkner more than any woman I knew.

While we were exchanging warm welcomes, I noticed my stepmother talking with a stranger: a very tall handsome man, with an air of elegance I had never seen equaled—never have, for that matter.

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"The new admirer we promised, Miss Becky," said jolly good-natured Mr. Faulkner, in my ear.

"I am much obliged, of course; but this is the first I have heard of your intention," I replied, laughing.

"Your stepmother just whispered to me that she was so busy she forgot to show you my note," his wife added. "I could only write this morning—Mr. Faulkner only brought him home last night; but I know a dancing-man is always acceptable on an occasion like this."

"Any friend of yours is always welcome here," I answered, giving her pale sweet face a second kiss.

"Well, hardly a friend—I never saw him before," Mrs. Faulkner explained. "Robert has been in Rochester, you know, for several days. Well, he met the young gentleman there, and found he was the nephew of his old college-mate, Mr. Lister. He had meant to call on us while in this part of the country, but Robert insisted on his coming over at once for a visit He really is charming; he will be his uncle's heir, too."

Just then, my stepmother caught sight of me, said something to the gentleman, and then they moved toward us.

"Now, don't you freeze him, Miss Caprice," whispered Mr. Faulkner; and I had only time to make him a mocking little grimace, and he turned laughing away.

Mrs. Crosswell came up, leaning on the stranger's arm, and in her stateliest fashion presented Mr. Herbert Lister.

I don't know what he said or what I replied; indeed, I don't think I made any remark for some seconds that was either connected or intelligible.

His first impression of me must have been that I was a raw shy girl, who ought yet to be safe in the seclusion of the school-room; but it was not any feeling like confusion or embarrassment which troubled me. It was a sensation so new and strange that I felt myself tremble, and I fairly shrank before the piercing glance of his melancholy dark eyes. I had heard and read, all my life, of presentiments, and had laughed at them, for I was not in the least given to superstitious fancies of any sort; but I could assign no other name to the sensation which oppressed me now.

It seemed to me as if I stood on the threshold of the most important crisis in my destiny: as if the man before me were in some mysterious way linked therewith. I was not thinking, as might have been natural enough, of the possibility of loving him, or of his loving me; my soul appeared to see and comprehend some strange thing, the knowledge of which it was trying to force on my mental faculties, and trying in vain. Up came the recollection of a dream which I had had, months before: which I had never been able to recall, beyond the fact that some person whom I must save at all risks was in deadly peril, and I struggling fiercely to break the bonds which held me fast.

It all sounds absurd and exaggerated, but I cannot any more clearly describe my state of mind. Suddenly I turned deathly cold and faint, and my face must have changed perceptibly, for I heard Mr. Lister say:

"Miss Crosswell, you are ill, I fear."

I shook my head; for an instant I could not speak; instinctively I glanced about, afraid the others would notice me: my stepmother was talking busily with old Mr. Landor, and the Faulkners were moving on toward the dancing-room.

"Let me bring you a glass of water—pray, sit down," he said.

But, vexed and ashamed, I fought against my weakness, and presently was able to say:

"I shall be better in a moment; please take me across the hall—I can get a glass of water there."

He understood that I wanted to avoid a scene; gave me his arm, and we went into the supper-room, which was fortunately empty, though where the waiters could be I have no idea—probably drinking champagne in the kitchen.

Mr Lister placed me in a chair, brought a glass of wine, and made me drink it, leaving me in peace for a little, with a delicacy which I thoroughly appreciated.

"I am quite myself now. I don't know what came over me—I never felt faint before in my life," I said, presently, and tried to laugh at my own expense.

Mr. Lister did not laugh; he looked anxiously at me, and, as he saw the color come back to my cheeks, a slow grave smile softened his proud mouth and lightened the strange melancholy of his wonderful dark eyes.

"Yes, you are better," he said, and again that voice sent a thrill through me; not caused by any sentimental romantic folly—simply because it sounded so familiar. "Don't try to get up yet—"

"Oh, I wouldn't be missed for anything," I interrupted. "Please don't say a word to a soul; there'd be no end of fuss, and I hate that."

"I will be as silent as the Sphinx," returned he, with a sudden gayety, which somehow surprised me. "That will make a little secret between us, and it's very nice to begin acquaintance with a secret."

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"Mind you keep it," I urged, and we both laughed. He set the glass on the table; as he turned, his sleeve brushed it, and it would have fallen on the floor if he had not caught it.

"I came near beginning acquaintance by an unpardonable bit of awkwardness," said he. "What lovely flowers! And your display of plate would make an Albany magnate envious." We were very proud of our silver—some of it was quite two hundred years old—and to-night it was all on exhibition. "You certainly don't keep such a quantity always in the house?"

"Oh, yes; our closet is burglar-proof," I answered, waving my hand toward the door set in a niche at the end of the room.

Then he noticed some old portraits hanging on the wall: nothing seemed to escape his eye. Then he said, laughingly:

"There: my pretense of curiosity has given you time to recover. You are quite well now?"

I was, and said so; and we went back across the corridor and through the red parlor into the dancing-room, and I soon forgot my indisposition and its absurd cause.

Our ball proved a complete success, and became the talk of the whole county for weeks afterward. It was broad daylight when the last carriage drove away—an extreme of dissipation very uncommon in our staid decorous community—and the Faulkners were among the latest to go.

"All the fault of this young New Yorker," Mr. Faulkner said, giving Mr. Lister's arm a shake; and we all laughed, and my stepmother thanked the gentleman, in her old-fashioned way, for having been of such assistance, as indeed he had, "winning golden opinions from all sorts of people."

"We shall hope to see you often," Mrs. Crosswell added. "I trust you propose remaining for some time?"

"Oh, we shan't let him off for a long while," Mrs. Faulkner said. "So remember that, Mr. Lister."

"You are only too kind," he answered; "but I have to be in Rochester, next week, to attend to some business."

"Very well; thanks to our new railroad, you can run over often," rejoined Mrs. Faulkner.

"And, when your business is finished, you can come back to us," added her husband; "you couldn't find a prettier spot to spend the spring, and we shall be able to write your Uncle Robert that we are keeping you out of mischief." Then he added, to my stepmother: "My old friend is in England; and, since he has sent this boy within my reach, I must do my duty by him."

"An innocent orphan of twenty-seven," said Mr. Lister, with a comic gravity which made us all laugh anew; and so, with many jests and much merry nonsense, they departed.

The next day but one, Mrs. Faulkner called, bringing her husband's excuses; but she brought Mr. Lister in person, and, if he had not done it on the previous occasion, he would have completed the conquest of my usually over-difficult stepmother, who could not say enough in praise of his handsome person and charming manners—though, indeed, they fully merited her warm eulogiums.

The Faulkners lived some five miles distant; but, during the next week, we saw Mr. Lister daily, and several of us young people had numerous pleasant drives and rides, in spite of the state the roads were always in during the early spring.

Then Mr. Lister went to Rochester, and was absent for ten days. We all missed him terribly; I mean our whole coterie, young and old, for he seemed to have carried the general favor by storm, which was not an easy thing for any newcomer to do.

It had been settled that he was to return to the Faulkners' and pay a long visit, and before he came back they had arranged a surprise for him, and a pleasure for a number of us others. Mrs. Faulkner invited a party of young people to spend several days at her house, and, the day previous to that on which Mr. Lister was expected, she drove over to see us, pleading for me to go back with her, as Mr. Faulkner had been suddenly called away on business, and would not get home until the next evening.

"You have your sister visiting you, so you can spare me Becky," Mrs. Faulkner said to my stepmother; and, as soon as it was agreed that I should accompany her, she added: "Give me an inch, and I always take an ell. Becky, you may as well come prepared to stay till you young people have made your visit. They'll all be with me by Thursday, so it is not worth while to come home just for two days."

I packed my trunk with the prettiest things I owned; and I was liberally supplied, as my eighteenth birthday had been an excuse for a fresh wardrobe, not to mention the hosts of lovely presents in the way of ornaments I had received from friends and relatives.

It was nearly dusk when we reached the house. I went up at once to the room always appropriated to me when I visited there, being a fussy body, with the making of an old maid in me, and so finding it necessary to be sure that my five-mile drive had not disarranged my dress or put my hair out of curl, even though

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dear Mrs. Faulkner and I were to spend the evening alone.

We were not to, as it happened; for, when I went downstairs into the library, I saw a tall figure standing by the fire, and Mr. Lister hurried forward to meet me, saying:

"Mrs. Faulkner told me you were here. Oh, how glad I am I ventured to come to-night, instead of waiting till I was expected. I never was so delighted, in my life, to get back to a place. Oh, Miss Crosswell, I wish you could say you had missed me a little."

And he was holding my hand, and looking down into my face with those pleading eyes and that half-pathetic smile; and I knew the truth then, even if I did not really acknowledge it to myself: Herbert Lister, short as the season of our acquaintance was, held a place in my heart very different from that any other man had ever done, though I had owned admirers and lovers in plenty.

What a delightful evening we passed! What a charming day the next was: one of those quiet and apparently uneventful seasons when one in reality lives more than in weeks of ordinary joys or troubles.

Oddly enough, Mrs. Faulkner had made a mistake in naming the day to us for which her guests were invited: they were not due till Saturday. She had not done this purposely; she really was the most forgetful of mortals, and she did not discover her blunder until we were at breakfast on Thursday morning. So, instead of one day of quiet, we had four; and Herbert Lister and I were thrown so much together that, as was natural at our age, we seemed at their close to have known each other for a long, long time.

Somehow, I felt that he was not a happy man; his high spirits had a certain recklessness to me, though nobody else appeared to notice it. Often, too, when he thought himself unobserved, there was an expression on his face which told of suffering—I fancied, even of care and anxiety. It was difficult, though, to imagine what great cares he could have. Mr. Faulkner had told me he was a favorite nephew, and had been brought up as his uncle's heir: so wealthy that neither business nor profession had been forced upon him. He had traveled abroad; possessed many showy accomplishments, chief among which was a positive genius for music; and his exquisitely-trained tenor voice, though not strong, was the sweetest I ever heard.

I may as well tell the whole truth at once, since I set out to tell it. Before those days ended, I knew that he loved me. I knew, too, that my heart had gone out to him as naturally as a bird to its nest. Yet he was careful and guarded in his language; there was not a sentence but my stepmother might have heard. Still, every glance of those beautiful eyes told me the tale.

It was Friday afternoon. I came upon him suddenly, in the library: he was standing at a window, with an open letter in his hand, and on his face a mingling of expressions so strange that I was fairly startled. Involuntarily I uttered a little exclamation. He turned quickly; as he did so, thrusting the letter into the breast-pocket of his coat.

"I am afraid you have bad news," I said.

"No; a letter of slight consequence," he answered. "I was not thinking of it. I'm in one of my odd moods—did you know I had them?"

I nodded; and he went on, with a laugh:

"Do you believe in destiny, Miss Crosswell?"

"It sounds a little heathenish," I replied.

"So it does," he said; "but one can't help it, sometimes." Again that odd expression—half pain, half fierce rage—darkened his features; but, when he saw me glance wonderingly at him, it vanished as quickly as it came. "So those people arrive to-morrow?" he hurried on. "I'm sorry. That's ungrateful—but I am. These have been four such happy days to me. I—"

Then the door opened, and Mr. Faulkner called:

"Ah, there you young people are. Lister, I have written to your uncle at last. I'm ashamed of being such a wretched correspondent; but the letter is really done. Now just please give me his address."

As he spoke, he held up the letter, and Mr. Lister said:

"I have just written. I will enclose it with mine, if you like. My uncle is on the Continent somewhere, but I shall direct to London."

"Very good," Mr. Faulkner said. "Oh, pussy, the wife wanted me to send you upstairs. She's in trouble: one of the chambermaids is ill, and she wants you to beg the loan of a servant of mamma."

So I hurried away, glad to escape, yet sorry that my tête-à-tête with Mr. Lister had been interrupted. Perhaps he would have spoken freely: would have told me something of the secret care which oppressed him, or have let his lips say what his eyes had already revealed. But, when I got so far in my fancies, I grew frightened and abashed before myself, and was glad to seek Mrs. Faulkner and forget them.

The next day, the guests arrived, and we spent

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a most enjoyable week. The weather was fine, and of an evening we had no lack of amusements: even acting charades, which were proposed by Mr. Lister, and for which several of us showed a sufficient degree of aptitude, though nothing in comparison to his talent. I remember one in which, in the first scene, he assumed the part of an old, bent, white-haired man; in the second, of a happy youthful lover; in the third, that of a desperate thwarted villain and outcast; and each personation was so complete in every particular that it was really difficult to believe the characters were represented by the same person.

The pleasant days came to an end only too soon, and we all dispersed to our different homes; though we saw a great deal of each other, as the settled weather came on, for the neighborhood seemed to have developed a sudden mania for amusement, and we had more gay doings of one kind and another than I could ever remember in double the length of time.

Then we had a fresh excitement, though not of a very enjoyable sort. Two or three bold robberies were committed—old Mrs. Anson being an especial sufferer. Her house was broken into, and she lost not only a good deal of plate and jewelry, but a large sum of money, which she had just received that day, and meant to deposit in the bank on the next; and, between fright and anger, the poor soul nearly died.

But I was too deeply engrossed to have much share in the general excitement, and my stepmother too phlegmatic to be nervous; so, as Mr. Lister said, ours was the one house where burglary was not the all-prevailing subject of conversation.

He was a frequent visitor; in fact, either at home or elsewhere, I saw him daily; and, as I have already told you my secret, I need not hesitate to admit that it grew rapidly of more importance in my life—indeed, flung every other interest so completely into the background that I went about like a person in a dream.

And the time came when Herbert Lister put into words the story which his eloquent eyes had uttered so often and—but I must tell you how it happened.

He had been spending the evening at our house; we sat by the piano, trying old songs and duets in a desultory fashion, while my stepmother and her sister remained diligently knitting and talking in the adjoining parlor.

We all went up to our rooms, soon after Mr. Lister had gone; but I had no inclination to sleep. I sat for a long while, pretending to read, though most of the time my mind was far enough away from my book—busy with the engrossing fancies and hopes which made such sunlight in my soul during that blissful season.

The clock on my mantel struck twelve. I was gazing at it, and vaguely thinking that it was high time I prepared for bed, when I heard a noise on the ground-floor. I listened for a moment, and heard it again: like the opening of a door. Our old Martin was so careful that I felt confident he had not failed to lock up the house, and my thought was that one of the servants had been taken ill. I took my lamp in my hand, opened my door, and went softly downstairs. I passed along the great corridor without a shadow of fear. A door leading into a parlor at the front of the house was open, and I entered. Then I saw a light in the dining-room, and caught a glimpse of two men, with crape over their faces, standing by the plate-closet.

Before I could stir or think, Herbert Lister dashed through the open window by which they had evidently entered, and flew toward the pair. He sprang like a tiger on the foremost man, forcing him on his knees with a muttered exclamation; and the wretch's confederate, catching sight of me as I advanced, ran across the room and jumped out of the window. In less time than it takes to write, his companion flung Mr. Lister off, and escaped also.

It all passed so quickly that I had no space even to be conscious that I was frightened; but, when I saw that Herbert and I were alone in the room, and realized what danger he had risked in that bold attack, I turned faint for the second time in my life.

I knew he was holding me in his arms and uttering passionate words, and presently I could listen and speak and hear what I already knew so well—he loved me!

After Herbert had left the house, he had sat down in the grounds, to watch the light in my room, and forgot—oh, I could easily understand it!—how the time passed.

He had seen the two men, and allowed them to get into the house because he thought he might capture them both. The window had not been broken open: it was plain that Martin had failed to lock the shutters.

We had only a few moments in which to talk. He told me that it would be better to say nothing to my stepmother: it was useless to alarm her, and for it to be known that he had been hanging about the house at that hour would expose me to comment.

He went away. I fastened the window-shutters securely, and hastened up to my room, too happy to think much about the attempted robbery. Herbert loved me—he loved me!

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I did speak to Martin, but he was confident that he had securely locked all the casements, and it was useless to argue with him. However, I knew there was no fear of his being negligent again, so I felt easy enough in my mind.

The next morning, Herbert called; and that was the beginning of a knot of the happiest weeks, I think, ever granted to mortal. We agreed to keep our secret for a little while, just because it was so sweet to have it all to ourselves; but, before he went away, Herbert was to tell my stepmother—who would, I knew, be pleased—and, before summer passed, we were to be married.

In the meantime, the neighborhood was in a ferment; for other burglaries were committed, and in Syracuse, some forty miles distant, a bank was broken open, and so large a robbery executed that it was talked of for years afterward.

Mr. Faulkner and Herbert were over there at the time, and brought us all the details; and people talked of burglary and thieves until I was sick of the words.

The weeks went on. They did not fly, as people usually say appears the case when they are very happy. On the contrary, I seemed to concentrate a year's happiness in each day—I know of no other way to express it—and yet grudged each day's flight, as if my soul had some warning that life could never again offer any approach to the bliss of that season.

And this was the end of it all—an ending so unlikely that a romancer would hesitate to employ it in a book, though the columns of our daily papers often contain incidents as improbable, and we pass them by with a glance, simply because we know they are true.

I had been out walking, one day; and, as I reached our gates, a boy, lounging about, came up to me and said:

"You're Miss Crosswell? A man asked me to give you this." And he put a letter in my hand and ran off.

I opened the sheet, expecting to find some begging petition, and this was what I read:

"Miss C.: I am going to have my revenge on your Mr. Lister, as you call him, for they've all treated me shamefully. To-night, your house will be robbed, and your fine gentleman will unlock the back door before he bids you good-night. He opened the window, that night, for the boys: but you came down, and so he trumped up that story. He is not Mr. Lister's nephew. He used to be a clerk of his: was educated like a gentleman, but the bad blood in him would out. He is at the head of the gang that's committed all the robberies, and I was one of them. They have cheated me, and I can't give them up because they have a hold on me; but I will spoil his fun, anyhow. We know he is sweet on you, and the boys wouldn't let him alone till this last haul is made. Now, you won't believe me; but, instead of showing this to him, like a fool, just wait and see for yourself."

The letter made very little impression on me. I suppose you will hardly believe that, but it is true. That evening, Herbert came. My stepmother was in Rochester, her sister confined to her room with rheumatism.

Rather late in the evening, Martin entered to bring me some message. As he went out, Herbert said:

"I declare, I keep that old boy up shamefully; he looks very tired. I ought to go."

"Martin!" I called, and he came back. "If you have locked the house, you need not stay up. I will let Mr. Lister out."

"Thank you kindly, Miss Becky," said Martin; "the doors and windows is all safe, and I'll go to bed, since you're so good, for my rheumatiz is a'most as bad as your aunt's."

He was gone—Herbert talking gayly. Can I say that a suspicion flashed into my mind when he so thoughtfully spoke for Martin? I do not really know. I think now that it must have been so.

When eleven o'clock struck, he bade me good-night; then said, suddenly:

"Oh, you have forgotten, after all, to give me that book I asked for. I wanted to send it away in the morning."

"It is in my room," I replied. "I will go and get it."

He said something about hating to trouble me, but I went upstairs. As I reached the first landing, I heard him go cautiously through the hall. I looked down, saw him unlock the back door, and return. I got the book, and went back. I was not frightened—not conscious of suffering. I only felt dazed and stunned. I did not credit the evidence of my own senses.

He went away, and I watched for an hour, in the dark, by a window at the back of the house. I saw him come up the garden-path. I saw three men wait at the gate. He opened the door noiselessly. I stood behind it. He closed it, struck a match, lighted a dark-lantern, and, as he did so, I seized his arm and turned the light full on my face. He did not utter a sound; his face grew ghastly white, and he tottered back against the wall.

"If you had wanted money," I said, "I would have given it to you. I know everything. I am not afraid. Stir, and I shall ring that bell. There are five men-servants in the house."

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"My God!" he muttered, then was silent.

"I have loved you," I said. "I am a proud woman, and cannot bear disgrace; so I shall screen you."

"Oh, my God!" he muttered again.

"No," I cried, "I'll not lie! I save you because I love you!"

"And I loved you," he groaned. "Oh, if you knew my life, you might even pity me. Yes, it's all true. I suppose Graves betrayed me. I meant to be honest, after this—to lead a new life. The men forced me to carry out our plans; but, after to-night, I was to be free. They were to have everything for their share. All I bargained for was to be left alone. I loved you—I loved you!"

"You will go away to-morrow," I said. "You will tell Mrs. Faulkner that you asked me to marry you, and I refused—that is why you leave so hurriedly."

"If—"

"Not a word more!"

I unlocked the door. He passed out.

From the window, I watched him join the other men; after a brief conversation, they all hurried off.

I watched till daylight, then went to bed. The next day, Herbert Lister departed. He wrote me a long letter, giving the full details of his past life. I pitied him. I sent him five thousand dollars. I told him that I believed he had loved me—that he was sincere when he said he had meant to try to redeem his past. As a proof of his sincerity, I begged him to use that money in starting himself in some respectable career.

Two weeks later, I was taken very ill: for two months I lay helpless on my bed. During my illness, Mr. Faulkner died of apoplexy, and his wife soon followed him; so that even the fact that Herbert was not old Mr. Lister's nephew never transpired.

The money I loaned him was returned, in time, with ample proofs that it had been honestly earned; but no line in his own writing.

Ten years ago, we met. I was in New York; he learned the fact, and sent for me to come and see him die. He had lived uprightly since we parted: had won an honored name; and, so far as was possible, had made good the losses to those who had suffered by his crimes.

I loved him still. I told him so, and he died happy, with his head resting on my bosom.

IN THE GLOW OF THE MORNING.

BY CLARA B. HEATH.

In the golden glow of the morning,
How brightly our hopes unfold!
Our castles are crowned with turrets,
Our turrets o'erlaid with gold;
The rivers of peace are deeper,
The water more sweet and pure;
The pleasures they bring more lasting—
Life's promises far more sure.

In the golden glow of the morning,
Before the toil of the day,
Our hopes, like the birds, up-rising,
Are sweet as their roundelay.

It seems so easy to conquer,
Before our strength has been tried:
So easy abstaining from pleasure,
To those who are not denied.

But the path of the day leads upward,
With half its perils unsung;
The wings of our faith grow heavy
With the burden of doubt o'erflung;
And, long ere life's evening shadows,
The heart knows a twilight gray—
For the golden glow of the morning
Forever has passed away.

HOMEWARD.

BY S. S. M'CURRY.

Through shade and shine the journey lies,
Beneath the ever-changing skies;
Our finite skill can ne'er divine
If one day shall be dark or fine—
God hides it from our anxious eyes.

How well for him who daily tries
By faith to pierce the clouds' disguise,
And sees the Father's glad design
Through shade and shine!

O Thou, Who art the Only Wise,
In mazes dark my way advise;
Let bitter days with sweet combine
To make my life more truly Thine;
Thus led by Thee, my song shall rise
Through shade and shine.

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THE CEDAR SWAMP MYSTERY.

BY MRS. JANE G. AUSTIN.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 148.

CHAPTER VII.

THE OLD BARN IN THE HOLLOW.

CEDAR SWAMP was hardly what would be called a pretty place, although it was undeniably good property, and a very handsome present for Mr. Stoughton to bestow as his wedding-gift upon his son Sam. The house was old and old-fashioned, built upon the traditional lines of a farmer's necessities: the kitchen occupying the whole southern front of the building, with its offices of dairy, pantry, wash-room, and woodshed running out behind in a rather unsightly "L" facing the east. The middle room —or keeping-room, as it used to be called— opened into the kitchen, and, as it faced the east, was a fairly cheerful place; but this was now used only as a dining-room: Mrs. Sam Stoughton finding the front parlor, called by her predecessors the "fore-room" or "square-room," none too magnificent for her daily use.

To tell the truth, when this young lady, accustomed to the refinements and luxuries of a modern city-house, was first taken over her future home, she was sincerely shocked; and, gentlewoman though she was, in every sense of the word, she could not avoid showing something of what she felt, to the companions who anxiously watched her face. These were her father, her bridegroom, and his father; and the younger man said, a little sorely:

"It is a poor place for you, Alice; and, if you prefer, we will not live here at all, or we will build a new house directly."

"Better wait for that until you are a richer man, Sam," interposed the elder Stoughton, bluntly. "You must both of you remember that this place, poor as you may think it, is a present to you; and, in my young days, new-married folks were contented to begin small, and work up. Then, again, I am willing to fix up the house considerably; and the farm is a good one, and will bring in money; so that, after awhile, if you like to build, why, you can. But, if you're not going to live here, I shan't give up the place. Marsh and Lucy can take it, I suppose; at any rate, I mean to have a Stoughton live in this house as long as I'm above ground and have my senses. It's a hundred and seventeen years since a Stoughton built it, and the old stock hasn't failed from the hearthstone yet— nor shan't, in my day."

"Oh, Mr. Stoughton!" cried Alice, the tears brimming over her beautiful blue eyes, and her pretty lips trembling, as she raised her face toward his and laid her hands upon his arm. "Don't speak so. Don't be vexed. It was all my fault, for asking if there wasn't an aqueduct, and mistaking the bed-room for a pantry. It was so stupid of me; but I didn't mean to hurt your feelings, nor to be disagreeable and fine. I hate such ways, and I am sure we shall like Cedar Swamp ever so much, and feel at home and happy just as soon as we get the house a little— er—er—"

She glanced round the forlorn sitting-room, where they were standing, evidently trying to find some word not too suggestive of utter demolition; and her father good-humoredly suggested:

"Allified? If your name were Mary, we could say mollified; but allified does just as well, to express the making your surroundings harmonious with yourself; and that, I suppose, is your meaning."

"I suppose it is, you darling!" cried Alice, with a sigh of relief and a glance of grateful appreciation.

"Let us see, then, what is to be done in the way of repairs and beautification," said Mr. Stoughton, amiably. "This is the sitting-room— or keeping-room, as my mother called it. We used to eat in the kitchen, when I was a boy at home; but John and his wife had their meals in here. In fact, Ruth was sick so much of the time, that she hardly saw any other part of the house except this room and the little bed-room opening into it—the pantry, as Miss Alice calls it." And, laughing a little, the old man turned and glanced into the tiny room opening off the sitting-room, which the original builder of the house had evidently intended for the family sleeping-room.

"Was Mrs. John an invalid?" asked Alice, with kindly interest. "I never heard anything about her."

The two old men glanced uneasily at each other, and remained silent; but Sam carelessly replied:

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"Yes, I believe so, although I scarcely knew her. I was away at college, during her time, and, though I came home to the wedding, I never really knew her much. She died soon after my brother, about a year ago."

"So Lucy said; and the poor little baby, too," replied Alice, sadly. "Was it here they died, Mr. Stoughton?"

"Oh! oh!" groaned the person addressed, sinking upon a chair and turning very red. "That pain again!"

"What pain, father?" demanded Sam, anxiously, while the others came forward with kind questioning.

"Gout. I've stood round too long. Doesn't do for me to get tired. Haven't been on my feet so long for months. Help me to that sofa, Sam, and give me a teaspoonful of that medicine in my coat-pocket. Then you all go round and see what wants to be done, and, Sam, make a memorandum. Whatever Alice wants, she shall have, no matter what it costs. Come, give me a kiss, pretty one, and get back your color. I'm not dead yet."

So the party of three finished the tour of the house, Alice using her father-in-law's carte-blanche with the freedom of a petted child who has never known the need of economy, her own father seconding her ideas with the frankness of one able and willing to help carry them out, and Sam adopting her wishes as his own with all a lover's ardor.

Thus it came about that, when Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Stoughton returned from their marriage-tour, and went, in the early autumn days, to take possession of their home, they found it a very different place from what they had before seen.

The parlor had been enlarged by a generous bay-window; the walls cheerfully frescoed in the modern style, and hung with as many pictures and mirrors as they would accommodate; the draperies and furniture rich, abundant, and tasteful; so that, from a dismal square box, it had become a cheerful and attractive room. The somewhat sordid sitting-room had been transformed into a handsome dining-room, and the pantry bed-room now took rank as a little library, with a study-table and chair in the centre, a comfortable leather-covered couch, with a lamp-bracket at the head, for injudicious readers who would also spoil their eyes, and a small but excellent selection of books in handsome oak book-cases. Upstairs, by the aid of dormer-windows, two pretty cottage bed-rooms had been achieved, and also a dressing-room for Sam, a wardrobe for his wife, and a bathing-room, only needing water to make it perfect.

Besides these, a little room for a servant had been made over the kitchen, and a lumber-room, which might be finished into sleeping-rooms, in case more should be needed as time went on.

"A very charming and very sufficient home," pronounced Alice, with much satisfaction, as, after going all over the house with her husband, they sat down to tea at their own table for the first time.

"Yes, it is a fairly good cage; but the bird is all that gives it value," said Sam, who was still in the depths of that mellifluous lunacy which we call the honeymoon.

"I'm so glad we changed the rooms about," continued Alice, practically. "For I never could have used this as a sitting-room, as Mrs. John did. It's too near the kitchen, and then the outlook is very disagreeable; that barnyard is the principal feature, it seems to me."

"Yes. I suppose the former proprietors, being simply farmers, liked to keep an eye upon all that went on in the barns and stables."

"They couldn't well see anything else, out of these windows," said Alice, lightly. "But I shall only look out at the time I am expecting you home from the train. I suppose you will always take the five-o'clock train home, won't you?" added she, a little anxiously.

"Wind and weather permitting, I shall never fail to do so," replied her husband, laughing. But Alice seriously rejoined:

"It's a promise, mind; and I shall hold you to it. At a little before six o'clock, every afternoon, I shall go and sit in that chair, and watch that turn of the road until I see you."

"That will be very pretty and wifely; and I shall look at the window, the moment I get round the bend."

"Of course you will. I suppose poor Mrs. John used to go and look out for her husband, just in that way."

"I suppose so," said Sam, absently.

"Sam, why does your family always seem to avoid talking about your brother and his wife?" asked Alice, suddenly. "I asked both Lucy and your father about them, but they did not say much. What did they die of—what disease?"

"My poor brother was killed by an accident," replied Sam, rather hesitatingly. "I was in the South when it happened, and was very much occupied with—all sorts of business; and, when I came home, my father was very ill, and we were all taken up with him, and I never asked for any details of John's death; but, from what Marsh told me at first, I fancy he was thrown from his horse, and killed at once."

"How shocking! And the poor wife?" asked

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Alice, turning very pale. Her husband noticed this, and, putting his arm around her shoulders tenderly, said:

"Yes, dear, it was very shocking; but you never saw either of them, and both are free from all pain or sorrow now. She died soon after, and not here; so try to forget all about it, and not grieve your tender little heart over what we cannot possibly undo or make better now."

If the advice sounded a little cold-hearted to the affectionate young girl, it was also good common sense; and Alice was a reasonable woman, and a self-controlled one; so she looked up in her husband's face, with a faint smile, and said softly:

"I'll try not to think or speak of it again.

"That's a good girl," said Sam, much relieved; for in truth he had, in spite of the silence of his own family, heard more details of the terrible tragedy of Cedar Swamp, from the neighbors about it, than he chose to tell.

But, the next day, after Sam had driven away toward the station, and Alice had watched him out of sight from the window in the dining-room, some impulse led her to catch up a parasol lying upon the table, and slowly follow along the road he had gone. A pretty road, bordered with that tangle of shrubs, grasses, and flowering plants one sees beside country roads, where there has not been too much clearing-up by the road-makers, with here and there a large tree, and, a little below the house, the dark masses of cedars sloping down toward the swampy hollow whence the house took its name. The house itself stood upon the top of the hill ascending from the swamp, and, a little below it, were the barn and barnyard, whose close proximity had caused Alice's remark upon the previous evening.

A few steps from her own door now brought her in front of it, and, standing still, she regarded it with unfriendly eyes. A common country barn, its large doors facing the road, and, on the side nearest the house, a range of little windows and a small door opening into a straw-strewn barnyard, denoting that here the cattle had their abode, and came out in sunny winter days for a little fresh air and exercise.

"They might at least have put the yard and the cows on the other side, away from the house," murmured Alice. "I am going to ask Sam to have it changed round."

She stood for some moments, looking and planning how the alteration could be made; and, the longer she looked, the deeper grew her prejudice against the barnyard in its present position, especially when she perceived that the pig-pen underneath the barn-floor also opened upon this yard. Just what it was that made this place so intolerable to her eyes, Alice could not have told; for it was as well kept and orderly as a barnyard could be, and just now quite empty. But, as she stood close to the fence, looking over at it, a feeling of sickening terror crept over her, and even there, in the brilliant October sunlight, a gloomy shadow seemed brooding and creeping over the place, giving the young woman a sense of danger, of horror, of oppression, almost of suffocation.

"Oh, I never, never, never can live here! There is something dreadful—some danger! I never can content myself!"

Whispering these words, Alice turned swiftly away; and, with a vague sense of running away from something, and of following her husband, she hastened down the hill, until the dense shadow of the cedars in the hollow fell across her path, bringing a sense of chill and darkness. She paused irresolutely, and, half smiling at her momentary terrors, wondered whether she would pursue her walk in this direction, or climb the hill again and choose a brighter path. As she stood thus, looking about her, she noticed for the first time a ruinous old building, quite in the depth of the ravine, and almost hidden by the cedars and some poplars which had sprung up about its doors, and with their rapid growth nearly closed in the tottering walls. Drawn by an idle curiosity, Alice approached, and perceived that this was an old barn, long disused except as a storehouse for refuse, and occasionally for such poor hay or straw as could not find room in the barn near the house. A cellar-hole, with a well beside it, both of them choked with vegetation and decay, showed where a house had stood in years gone by, while a square of greener turf, partly enclosed by a tottering wall, suggested a garden long since returned to nature's keeping.

"What a mournful desolate place!" said Alice, aloud. "The very house dead and buried, and everything else moldering away as fast as ever it can. I shall die of the blues, if I stay here. But, see here—"

And, struck by a sudden thought, Alice's face lightened cheerfully; and, throwing down her parasol, she raised her skirts in both hands, and began daintily picking her way across the grass toward the old barn, murmuring half aloud her thoughts and fancies, with a feeling that even the sound of her own voice was better than utter solitude.

"Why shouldn't we fix up this old barn, and make a yard to it, and keep all the cows and things down here, out of the way? We could

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have just a little stable for the horses and a carriage-house up there, and they wouldn't need any horrid yard, and pigs, and all. Now, let me see. Why, of course it could have a new roof, and the walls mended, and—I'll go in and look round."

Feeling very valiant as she came to this resolution, Alice inserted the tips of all her white fingers into the crack between the great doors, and tried to pull them open; but quite without success, and with so much pain to the delicate finger-tips that she presently abandoned the attempt, and looked about for another means of admittance. This soon presented itself, in a small door at the corner of the barn, almost hidden in a clump of poplar saplings. As Alice approached it, she noticed that one or two of these had recently been torn and broken away, so as to allow of the door being opened.

"I suppose Thomas goes in here to look after things; perhaps he keeps some hay here," thought she, to herself. And, opening the door a little, she called experimentally:

"Thomas! Are you in here?"

Nobody answered; and, smiling at her own timidity, Alice very cautiously and slowly stepped over the threshold, and made a few steps into the barn. The horse-stalls, to which this little door had once given entrance, had been pulled away for other purposes, and the whole area of the barn-floor lay open to view. A little coarse hay remained upon the scaffoldings, and a pile of refuse straw and corn-stalks was heaped at the farther end of the barn-floor. Some rays of sunlight, filtering through the broken roof, lighted the place with dusty shafts and columns of radiance, in which the motes and flock of the moldering place hung heavily, and seemed to tangibly prove the oppressiveness of the air.

A skurrying fluttering sound overhead suddenly broke the dead stillness of the place, and sent the blood surging first to the brain and then to the heart of the timid and lonely Alice. Glancing hurriedly up, she was reassured by seeing a flight of swallows skim through a little broken window high in the gable, the sounds dying away with their departure. Smiling faintly at her own terrors, she lowered her gaze a little, and then stood rooted fast in terror.

From the edge of the haymow, the ghastly face of a man—white, haggard, and horrible—looked menacingly down upon her.

CHAPTER VIII.

FIRE!

It was a dark breathless night in August. The moon was not yet risen, and the stars were obscured by the heavy blackness, which seemed to hang between sky and earth, more palpable than a cloud, more depressing and oppressive than the ordinary darkness of a moonless night. The waters of the pond behind the Wadsworth house lay still as if frozen, except for the spasmodic leap of a fish gasping for air, and occasionally a phosphorescent gleam playing stealthily across the dead face of the mere, as if its spirit were just then departing.

The house had been closed and locked, the day after the tragedy enacted there, and such few persons as had any business in the neighborhood took care to visit the spot in broad daylight—and, if possible, not alone. Herman Short had been the first person to discover the horror of that last night; for, on going early in the morning to fetch the pails for milking, he found the door wide open, the kitchen in great disorder, and the cat and her kittens dead upon the floor; while in the bed-room, prone on the carpet, lay the body of the unfortunate woman, who had paid thus terribly the penalty of her faults and follies.

Herman was not a very brave man; and when, a few minutes after seeing this terrible sight, he burst into Mrs. Wilton's kitchen and sank upon a chair, it was some time before she could get anything from him but broken exclamations and gasping sobs.

"Good Lord!" cried she, at length. "What's happened to you, man? Have you seen a sperrit, or have you—"

"Oh, don't you—don't you say it, Mrs. Wilton," almost screamed the craven. "It ain't lucky to talk about 'em; and, if she hears you, it'll be just like her to foller us both. Don't say it again, if you know what's good for yerself."

And then, in broken sentences and with many interruptions, Herman told his story, beginning with the quarrel of the night before, and speaking of Wadsworth's fierce look as he went toward the house. Before he had finished, Deborah Wilton seized a large tin horn from the mantel-shelf, and, standing upon the doorstep, blew a blast long and shrill, which echoed back from the neighboring hill, and rolled in piercing waves of sound over many an acre of field and wood.

"There!" said she, coming back into the house and casting a contemptuous glance at the pallid and trembling figure of Herman Short. "This is work for men, not for you and me. Zekiel will be here in a minute, for he knows I wouldn't blow the horn, this time in the morning, without he was needed bad."

And, a few moments later, Ezekiel's appear-

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ance proved his wife's confidence well founded; and, with his hired-man, he went at once to discover the truth of Short's report, and afterward to summon a coroner and other officials.

So the house, after being partly put in order, was closed up, and stood waiting until Peter Wadsworth should be found, and the law should decide upon his guilt or innocence. For he had disappeared, as if the earth had opened and swallowed him: not a trace of him could be discovered. And the slow weeks rolled by, and brought this sultry August night and the brooding darkness, out of which at last grew stealthy and ominous sounds: the sounds of careful footsteps creeping along the path beside the pond, where Sam Stoughton had reluctantly come to obey the call of a past sin, from whose power he was longing to be free; and where Lizzie Brent had come to meet him, desperate with jealousy, love, anger, and the mad desire to free herself from the chains of a hasty and ill-considered marriage.

But this stooping and furtive figure, creeping along the path—this haggard face, and wild bloodshot eyes, and pale lips writhing away from the clenched teeth—this was neither the debonnaire gentleman nor the woman comely even in her despair; it was the Cain, bearing the brand of murderer upon his brow and the curse of God in his heart. He is alone, so far as eye can see; and yet he whispers incessantly, turning his eyes to the right hand and to the left, as if addressing two companions.

"I don't want to come back here, I tell you! They'll catch me and hang me, if I'm seen around here. Is that what you want, Liz? Do you want to hang me? 'Twas you did it, old woman; 'twas you killed her—not me. Why can't you two settle it between you, and leave me alone? What did you bring me here for? Oh, my God, why can't I get away from these two?"

And, throwing himself flat upon the ground, the poor wretch lay groveling there, moaning and clutching at the bushes and stones within his reach, as if to hold himself back from obeying some pitiless force that urged him along toward the scene of his fearful crime. But the resistance was useless, and the struggle hopeless; for, in a few moments, the murderer rose slowly to his feet, glared wildly about him, and began again his stealthy and unwilling march toward the house. Arrived there, he tried the latch of the door, found it locked, went round to the front, and found that also fast; then, groaning and muttering, he went to one of the windows, and, finding it unfastened, raised it and propped it open with a stick.

"Yes, I know well enough, old woman, it's the way I cheated you when I was a boy," muttered he. "Has every little thing got to be paid for by itself?" Once inside, he struggled no longer; but, moving as if he were a machine impelled by some resistless power, he collected various pieces of light furniture, some kindling-wood left in the kitchen, and the straw from the bed remaining in the little bed-room; with these he laid a large fire in the doorway between the bed-room and kitchen, poured the oil from a full can over the whole, and then, looking around him, asked aloud:

"There, mother, are you satisfied?"

Apparently he had his answer; for, still in the same dogged and desperate fashion, he went up the stairs to the room that had been his wife's, and, from the closet and bureau, collected all her clothes, and little bits of cheap finery, and vulgar ornaments, including even a photograph of herself that was tacked upon the wall. In pulling this down, he paused, and, looking over his shoulder, said: "Can't help it, Liz; she's stronger than you. I hate you bad enough; but I'm ten thousand times more afraid of her, and she says: 'Pull it down.' Why can't you and she settle it between you, and let me alone? I'd give myself up and be hung, if I thought I'd get away from you; but I know I wouldn't. There's no chance for me in this world or any other."

And, moaning and muttering, he staggered down the stairs with his load, now including every article that Lizzie Brent had brought into the house, and heaped them upon the pile of combustibles. Then, going to the pantry, he brought out a tin box containing a good quantity of brimstone matches, emptied most of them into the heap, and, lighting several others, applied them in various crevices of the oily kindlings. The flame leaped up so suddenly as to singe the coarse red hair, eyebrows, lashes, and beard of the incendiary, and the sudden smart upon his face seemed to supply a more human terror than those besetting him hitherto. Starting back with a wild cry, partly of terror and partly of pain, he threw himself out of the window by which he had entered, and rushed madly away through the darkness, soon to be made yet more terrible by the flames of the burning house. An hour later, Ezekiel Wilton, roused by the baying of his watch-dog, looked sleepily out of his window, and said, between two yawns:

"Some of them fellers are burning brush again, I guess," and would have returned to his slumbers; but Deborah, bouncing up and looking over his shoulder contemptuously, repeated: "Brush! That ain't no brush a-burning with

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that stiddy flame. More like it's Wadsworth's house or barn. Let's go down the road and see."

And so they went; but already the roof had fallen in, and, before the farmer with his man could attempt any work of salvage, the place lay in utter ruin. But both the men and the woman noted with astonishment that, although the flakes of fire fell thick and fast upon the roof of the barn and into the dry woods about the house, none of them caught; and not a particle of damage was done, except to the house and its contents—of which, however, not one vestige remained by morning.

Nor has that gloomy charred cellar-hole ever been filled up or built upon, nor does any green thing grow within its forbidding area; and, in the softest sunniest days of June, no smile of heaven or earth ever seems to rest upon it or to lift for a moment the curse left there by sin, and suffering, and deadly vengeance. It might have been of this spot that the poet sang:

> "For, over all, there hung a cloud of fear—
> A sense of mystery the spirit daunted;
> And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,
> The place is haunted!"

The next two months were passed by Peter Wadsworth in such misery that no human heart can fail to pity him, even while confessing that he was but reaping as he had sown, and that "the wages of sin is death," or, as in this case, a gnawing remorse and terror worse than death.

Whether these causes, acting upon a naturally gloomy temperament, and combined with great physical exhaustion and privation, produced a form of mania in which the victim imagined himself haunted by the spirits of his murdered wife and mother, or whether it is to be believed that in some cases the supernatural really becomes visible to the natural senses, and the veil so thinly separating souls in the body from souls without the body is rent asunder, certain it is that Peter Wadsworth firmly believed himself delivered over to these two avenging spirits, and never for an instant was free from their presence and dominion. At their orders, he started up in the middle of the night, from some poor pretense of rest under the shelter of a hayrick or stack of grain, or from some damp lair in the recesses of the forest, and, following their guidance, made his stealthy way to some other hiding-place; at their command, he went hither and thither among the farmers' houses and barns, stealing such food as kept him alive: warned by them, he evaded with wonderful cunning and watchfulness the pursuit which for a time was vigorously, if rather clumsily, conducted by the rural authorities, and after awhile abandoned as useless.

Thus driven, thus led, the wretched man came, one gloomy autumnal evening, to the old barn in the hollow of Cedar Swamp, and, going straight to the small door of the cattle-byre, found the saplings so bent aside and broken as to enable him to open it. Before doing so, he stood for a moment, gloomily noting this.

"Yes," muttered he, at length, "you've fixed it all ready for me, haven't you? Maybe for them that's looking for me, too. Is this the place where you're going to give me up? I don't know as I care. It's like a dog worrying a woodchuck: the best it can hope is to have the last bite come." Whispering these words through white and distorted lips, the wretched man made his way into the barn, carefully closing the door behind him, and stood staring forlornly about him. The pangs of hunger were keen, for he had eaten nothing all day; and, going to a row of bins in which grain had formerly been kept, he discovered some handfuls of meal still left in the corners of one, and some corn in another. A wheezy pump still supplied water, and with this he made and swallowed a mass of sour and moldy dough, almost uneatable and very unwholesome, but still sufficient to support life for a time. Then, climbing stiffly up the ladder to the first haymow, he heaped together the remnant of old hay in such a manner as to hide him from observation, in case anyone visited the barn, and at the same time give him a more comfortable bed than he had known for some time.

It was the next morning, that Alice Stoughton, led by the desire to rid herself of the unsightly surroundings of the new barn upon the hill, penetrated to the recesses of the old barn, and, beholding the white and maniacal face of the murderer peeping at her over the edge of the mow, she fled, with a faint cry of terror, from the place.

CHAPTER IX.

HOW JOHN STOUGHTON DIED.

ONCE outside the barn, and in the crisp October air and sunshine, Alice stood still, and took herself to task for such nervous timidity, calling herself "fool," "idiot," "goose," and "ninny," with that freedom we all are willing to use occasionally to ourselves, but never are ready to accept from others.

"Of course, there wasn't a man there at all," said she, aloud, as she walked rather hastily up the hill again. "Or, if there was, it was some poor thing who hadn't anywhere else to sleep, and thought it was no harm to go in there; and, of course, it wasn't. I'll send Thomas right down to see about it, and—yes, I'll tell him to

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give the man some breakfast; of course, there's nothing to be afraid of."

With which rather tremulous bit of bravado, Mrs. Stoughton, reaching the house, went round to the kitchen-door and demanded Thomas.

"He went to town, ma'am, don't you remember, for that new hay-cutter," replied Katy, wondering that Thomas's movements should be so easily forgotten. "He's coming out, on the four-o'clock, with Mr. Stoughton."

"Oh, yes. Well, I wonder—" began Alice, hesitatingly, and then paused before she added: "No matter," and, walking across the room, stood by the stove, holding a damp little foot to the blaze. This movement brought her face to face with Aunt Chloe, who sat beside the fire, in her low rocking-chair, darning stockings.

Aunt Chloe was an institution; for she was black, and had been a slave. Some thirty years before this date, she had been the humble means of saving the life of the elder Mr. Stoughton, then buying cotton in Mobile; and he, in gratitude, had bought the woman, and brought her North to his wife, where she became the nurse of his children.

In transferring the property of Cedar Swamp to his son Sam, Mr. Stoughton had stipulated that Aunt Chloe was always to have a home there, and to be well cared for, whether able to do anything or not. Alice had assented very cordially to this arrangement, for her generous nature delighted in conferring pleasure on those about her, not to mention that she felt an affectionate relationship between herself and Sam's devoted nurse and admirer.

So now, when Aunt Chloe looked up with a smile, and said: "'Pears like you look pale, Miss Alice. Don' you feel peart, dis morning?" she replied, pleasantly: "Oh, yes, thank you, aunty; but it is a little chilly, down there in the hollow, where I was walking."

"Yes, mist's," replied Chloe, with an uneasy glance into Alice's white face. "Won' you let Katy fetch a easychair out'n de parlor, an' jes' sit down yere by de fire lilly minute? Dere's some splendid hot coffee in de pot, too."

"I believe I will, aunty; but this chair is just as good as an easy-chair: Katy keeps everything so clean and nice. There: that will do, Katy. I will pour out the coffee myself, and you can go upstairs."

The stranger gone, the door closed, and her young mistress quietly seated, sipping her coffee and drying her feet, Aunt Chloe looked scrutinizingly at her again, and said:

"'Scuse me, Miss Alice, but didn' somefin scare you, whilst you was out walkin'? Seems so."

"You're very quick, aunty," replied Alice, smiling, with lips not yet as rosy as common. "I was silly, of course, to be frightened; but I saw a man in the barn."

"In de barn?" interrupted the old woman, dropping her work, and looking over the top of her iron spectacles in a horrified stare. "Oh, you pore chile! Has *you* got to see him?"

"See whom?" demanded Alice, startled in her turn. "Whom do you mean, aunty? Did you know he was there?"

But, with the cunning of her race, Aunt Chloe saw that she had overshot the mark, and was betraying rather than hearing secrets; so it was very calmly that she said: "W'y, dat man dat was comin' to kill de pig, dis mornin'. S'pecs missy see him, didn' she?"

"Why, no, aunty. I didn't know there was any such man, or any such pig. There isn't—oh, perhaps you mean this barn, right up here, don't you?"

"Sartain, missy; de new barn."

"Well, I haven't been in there at all. It was the old barn, down in the hollow; and, when I went in, I saw a man, or I thought I did, looking over the edge of the mow. Some tramp, I suppose, who had helped himself to a night's lodging there; and I was looking for Thomas, to send him down there."

"O-h, dat was it?" exclaimed Aunt Chloe, with a great sigh of relief; and, picking up her work, she resumed her usual look and manner.

Alice watched her a moment, and then said positively:

"Now, aunty, I know you meant something more than you said. You thought I had seen something dreadful; and it wasn't killing a pig, either. What was it? Who is the 'he' you thought I had seen?"

But Aunt Chloe laughed so merrily and so long, that she had to take off the iron spectacles altogether, and wipe the tears from her eyes. At last she said:

"Lor, chile, I didn' mean noffin at all. I t'ought, if you'd seed dat pig, an' you so delikit, it'd scare you mos' to def; but I didn' mean noffin no more dan dat."

And, from this statement, she never swerved, in spite of all Alice's little stratagems for surprising something further from her lips. At last, Aunt Chloe seemed to be considering some problem very deeply, and at length asked with elaborate carefulness:

"Dis de fifteenf day ob der monf, isn' it, missy?"

"No, it's the seventeenth, aunty. Why do you ask?"

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"Is you shore, missy—dead shore?" anxiously.

"Perfectly sure, aunty. I looked at the calendar, before breakfast, to date a letter. But why?"

"Oh, noffin at all, missy; on'y, I likes to know how de days is goin'. Ch'ismas 'll be 'long pooty soon."

"Not so very soon," replied Alice, rising, and laying down her coffee-cup; for she could not help a slight annoyance at the old woman's evident reserves and mysteries. But, as she was leaving the room, Aunt Chloe detained her:

"'Scuse me, mist's, but didn' you say you'd go inter de city, some day dis week, to see yor papa?"

"Yes, I did."

"Den w'y not go to-day, missy? Dan'll come up to de house at noon-time, an' he can take yer down to de depot, an' you'd send word to Mas' Sam, an' he'd stay 'long o' you, and come home in de nine-o'clock kyars."

Alice stood still, and looked sharply at the old woman; who, in her eagerness, had risen and come close to her side. At last, she said very coldly:

"No, I shall not go away from the house to-day, although I see that you desire it very much. Why do you?"

Then, before Aunt Chloe could collect her wits to reply, her young mistress went out of the room, closing the door after her.

"Well, den," muttered the old woman, resignedly, as she resumed her work, "I can' do noffin more. Hab to leab it in de hands ob de Lord, after all, an' I don' no but what He's as able fer it as ole Chloe."

The day dragged wearily on. The same uneasy and restless feeling, that had disturbed Alice in the morning, pursued her in every attempt she made to occupy herself with books, sewing, household oversight, or even the music in which ordinarily she delighted. At last, after some poor pretense of dinner, she sat down in the little library, to write a letter; but her usually nimble pen stumbled and blundered, until in disgust she threw it down, and, selecting a magazine from those lying uncut upon the table, she established herself in a Sleepy-Hollow armchair, resolved either to be entertained or to go to sleep as a last resort.

It was not very long before this resolution fulfilled itself; and, with her lovely blonde head pillowed upon the crimson background of the chair, Alice slept profoundly. The hours went on, and the clock in the dining-room showed half-past five. Katy entered to lay the table for tea, and, noticing her mistress's sleep, went back into the kitchen, and reported the fact to Aunt Chloe, who was wandering aimlessly about.

"I didn't like to wake her up till Mr. Stoughton would be coming, she's been so lonesome-like all day," said the warm-hearted girl; and Aunt Chloe eagerly replied: "No, no; don' wake her up till mas'r comes: don' go in dere again. I'll set de table w'en he comes, an' you can go down to Brown's, an' get dat yer sugar yer said was wantin' for tea."

"All right. You'll set the table, you say?" returned Katy, pleased at the idea of a little run. A few moments later, she had left the house, and Aunt Chloe, creeping softly into the dining-room, seated herself where she could peep into the library without being visible to anyone there.

The minutes ticked themselves away, and only ten were wanting to six o'clock, when Alice awoke suddenly and entirely. But, with the languor of heavy sleep upon her, she remained for a moment perfectly motionless, her head upon the cushioned back of the chair, her eyes looking mechanically forward through the dining-room and the window whence she had promised to watch for her husband's return. This window was now wide open; and, after the first careless glance, Alice's eyes suddenly dilated and grew dark with surprise and a nameless terror.

For there, standing at the window, and looking eagerly through it, was a young woman, holding a baby in her arms. The graceful figure, and so much of the delicate face as could be seen, were attractive, and should have been pleasant to look upon; but, no sooner had Alice's eyes fastened upon them, than a vague horror seized upon her, and the conviction flashed through her mind that this was the climax toward which the whole distressful day had tended, and that this fair young mother, with the baby in her arms, was the embodiment of the fear that had made her hate that room, and that window, and all that it looked out upon. She strove to rise and run away, to call for help, to speak to this stranger; but neither muscles nor voice obeyed her will: not a finger stirred, not a sound escaped her lips, so that the old nurse believed her still asleep, and on her knees with hidden face was weeping bitterly and silently. Suddenly, as Alice stared helplessly at the open window, she saw a horseman ride up the little incline toward the barn-doors. "It is Sam," was the thought vaguely forming itself in her mind; but, as in a dream, nothing now seemed to surprise her, nothing roused her to action. The figure in the window stirred slightly, and, with a smile—wan and eerie as moonlight upon the marble floor of an empty church—she raised the

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child in her arms, and held it half out of the open window. Another moment, and the little door from the barn into the yard was thrown violently open, and the man who had just ridden into the barn rushed out, closely pursued by a bull with glowing eyes, bristling hair, and foaming jaws. The man made for the high fence around the yard; but, just as he sprang at it, the savage animal stooped his head, caught the victim upon one horn, tossed him backward, and, wheeling far more rapidly than would have seemed possible, plunged his horns furiously into the prostrate form again and again, until it lay motionless at his feet. As this brief and awful tragedy proceeded, the woman at the window stood for a moment, transfixed with horror; but, as the bull, bellowing in savage victory, threw the body once more into the air, the young mother flung out her arms in spasmodic despair, heedless that the little child fell from them, striking the sill of the window and rebounding to the earth outside, while the wretched mother sank in strong convulsions upon the floor.

At the same moment, the report of a pistol echoed from the hollow, and the sound of a horse's galloping feet and the whirl of light wheels followed instantly. It was the first sound that had broken the horror of those awful moments: for, although Alice had seen the horseman ride up and into the barn—had seen the rush of the bull, and his savage onslaught and roar of triumph—had seen, if one may say so, the wild shrieks of that poor young wife and mother, and her crashing fall upon the floor, the poor girl afterward was sure that, to the outward ear, not the faintest sound had been audible; and, had her eyes been mercifully held from seeing these events, no other sense would have revealed them to her. But, as the sound of the pistol-shot and of the galloping horse and whirling wheels came as natural sounds to her natural ear, the spell that bound her suddenly loosed; and, with a wild cry, she started from the chair and rushed into the arms of Aunt Chloe, who was coming toward her.

"Dere, honey, nebber you min'," cried the old woman; "it's all ober now, an' 'twont come agin, mebbe never. Dere, now, yo' pore lilly girl, don' you cry—don' you. Dat's what for I wan'ed you to go to de city; I knowed you'd have to see it, if you was hyar. Oh, bress de Lord, dere's mas'r!"

And, as the light wagon whirled dangerously round the corner toward the barn, Sam Stoughton looked across at the house apprehensively, and, as soon as possible, came running up to the window.

"Don't be scared, Alice, darling," called he, as, still clinging to the old nurse, his wife turned her white and stony face toward him. "I'm all right."

"Oh, Sam! Sam!" cried she, running toward him and holding out her arms. "Take me away! Take me away, this very minute! I shall die here!"

"Why, what is it, darling? That fellow's shooting at me, is it? How could you see it, in the hollow?"

"It was worse'n dat, Mas'r Sam," said Chloe, solemnly, as her black head appeared over Alice's shoulder. "It was Mas'r John and Mis' Ruth!"

CHAPTER X.

WADSWORTH MEETS HIS REWARD.

"KILL him! Kill him! That's what she keeps saying, and the other nods her head. Kill him? Kill whom? They'll kill me, before many days. I'd go and give myself up, if they'd let me. But they are too strong for me. I must do it—yes, I must kill him. But who is it? Whom do they want killed?"

Muttering and maundering after this fashion, Peter Wadsworth came creeping stealthily out of the ruinous barn, where he had lain all day. Casting his furtive glances right and left, as if to watch the faces of those unseen companions, he made his way through the swamp to a position commanding the road, but securely screened from the observation of any traveler upon it. He wore no hat: and his hair, grown long, and matted with straw and leaves, fell upon his neck like the mane of a wild beast; his eyes were bloodshot and glaring, his white lips flecked with foam, his teeth grinding together, as he shook from head to foot with convulsive tremors.

In his hand, he carried a pistol, which he had stolen, some weeks previously, from a smithy, where the owner had left it while he went into the house for his dinner.

Crouching in his hiding-place, he drew the ramrod, satisfied himself that the weapon was loaded, and waited patiently until the regular footfalls of a trotting horse rose upon the silence.

"Kill him! Kill him!" hissed the murderer, between his clenched teeth; and, peering from his covert, he saw the handsome head of Sam Stoughton, and hated him as he saw him. "Kill him? Yes, I'll kill him fast enough, Liz!" shouted he, aloud, and fired, rising to his feet and glaring down into the road.

Perhaps that shout saved his victim's life; for, on hearing it, the spirited horse swerved, and then plunged forward, throwing the driver suddenly forward, so that the ball intended for his

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brain whizzed harmlessly over his head; while the horse, frantic with terror, broke into a gallop, and could not be controlled until he had reached the top of the hill and his own stable-door.

Stoughton's first impulse was to seize his own revolver, call his servants to follow him, and rush back to the spot where he had been attacked; but Alice's condition of wild terror and excitement made it impossible to leave her for some little time; and, before he could do so, a hoarse voice in the road cried "Fire! Fire!" and Thomas came running into the house, to report the old barn in the hollow as all in a flame at twenty different spots. No engine was at hand, nor any great supply of water, so that hardly any effort was made to fight the fire, which, when discovered, was practically uncontrollable; and, before midnight, the old barn, with all that it held, lay, like the old house once near it, a pile of smoking ruins, which nobody took the trouble to disturb, then or ever. A dreary scene—an ugly blot in the landscape; and yet, perhaps, a more merciful death and burial than the murderer could have hoped for at the hands of man.

So soon as Alice could safely be moved, she was carried into the city, to her father's house, and there remained: Mr. Endicott insisting upon it that the young couple should live with him, and, after his death, reign in his stead. As soon as this was quite settled, Sam Stoughton went to his own father, and told him that he was ready to resign the property of Cedar Swamp for a small equivalent in other property; and, when his father angrily demanded the reason, replied:

"Because Alice never shall put her foot in that house again, and I have no fancy for it myself. How did my brother John die, and what became of his wife and child? I have heard Aunt Chloe's story. Please tell me yours."

"Well, it's very simple and very shocking; and it does not show a good feeling on your part to force me to repeat it," said the old man, gloomily. "But the story is simply that John, coming home one night, was told that a bull had gone mad in the stable. He laughed at the notion, and, going to the creature, unchained him, to take him out in the yard. The bull turned upon him, and—killed him. Poor Ruth, standing with her baby in her arms at the window, saw it all; and, losing her senses, dropped the child, who was killed in the fall; and she, poor girl, never had her senses again. She died, a few months ago. So there is the whole truth."

"And I wish you had told it to me sooner, father," said the young man, gloomily.

A few years later, when Edward Marsh and his wife, who had been Lucy Stoughton, inherited Cedar Swamp, they decided to build upon a pretty spot nearer the station than the old house; and that, with its barn, was pulled down and removed. A few years more, and the original growths resumed their dominion over the site where the house had been; and to-day only a memory and a vague terror remain, to show where so much anguish, and the shadow of so much sin, once made the ground accursed for their sake.

Alice never knew the whole of the sad story which had come so near blasting her life, and, in the safe and sunny atmosphere of home, soon recovered her usual sweet serenity of mind.

Children came to bless her life, and she loved her husband very tenderly and undoubtingly, but, in his inmost heart, lay an ugly secret, never dying, never long sleeping; and Lizzie Brent had her revenge in his life, if she failed of accomplishing his death.

BABY'S BED-TIME.

BY E. N. HENNINGTON.

LITTLE tot!
Little dot!
There she goes:
Cheeks like a rose,
Cute little nose.

Eyes of brown,
A little frown,
Golden hair
Floating there,
Dimples rare.

Little Miss,
Give me a kiss!
Sweet lips red;
Now, sunny head,
'Tis time for bed.

Fat pink toes,
Like leaves of rose;
Now, dainty sprite,
In robe of white,
Good-night! Good-night!

No! No! No!
Before you go,
You are so neat,
I kiss you, sweet,
From head to feet.

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THE ADVENTURES OF A PUPPY.

BY A. M. EWELL.

CHAPTER I.

It was the clearest of September evenings, warm and dry. The sun was just going down, the little west-winds beginning their evening frolic, the usual country-evening noises sounding pleasantly here and there, when The Puppy and his mistress started out for a walk together. Their way was to Westward, across a wide green stretch covered with long grass, and tall field-sedge, and scattered bramble-bushes; toward the North was the gray old house where The Puppy and his mistress resided, snugly tucked away under locust and cherry trees; to the East was a big swelling hill; to the South, more hills beyond hills; even the great field between, though it looked level at a distance, was broken into little hillocks, as if the ground were just dimpling into a smile: and everywhere, over hills and in hollows, was the warm, soft, green, beautiful grass. Away off to Westward was a wood, where the sun seemed setting the treetops on fire, and right above this wood the sky was rosy-red; indeed, it was red all over, with the prettiest pink clouds sailing about: all the air was rosy-golden, if one may so describe it. It was, to be sure, a charming evening, and The Puppy and his mistress were out for a walk.

The Puppy's mistress went first. She was tall and straight; not stiff, but swaying a little as she walked, like one of the field-sedges. Her eyes were bright yet soft, her hair a brownish-yellow, her dress the loveliest pink-color; indeed, she seemed all pink: for, what with the pink sky and her pink frock, her face reflected a soft rose-hue all over, and her hands were rose-hued too. We will call her The Pink Girl. Sometimes she would look behind, over her shoulder, at The Puppy trotting along; sometimes before her, at the sunset—and that seemed to make her sad: for, when one has anything to be sad about, one's heart always hurts most at sundown. Once she sang softly some verses of an old song; at which she broke down, looking very doleful, while a few pink tears rolled down her cheeks. But she brushed them away, and threw up her head, as brave as a—well, not as a lion, but like the nice plucky young woman that she was.

And now for The Puppy. To what shall I liken this fascinating being? How shall my unworthy pen begin to describe his charms? One glimpse of his bewitching roundness would here be worth whole pages, one hearty hug all the description possible. He was two months old, as fat as a butter-ball, and round as a dumpling; his long soft ears and silky coat and sharp nose told of gentle blood, and in truth his family was most aristocratic: the purest Setter stock. There was a beauteous white spot on his head, and another on his back; his tail waved frantically as he galloped along, his eyes stuck out with joy and fatness, his mouth was always wide open—for he panted and sometimes barked as bravely as any big dog.

"Tum along, my 'ittle pupsy! Tum along, 'ittle Peter!" said The Pink Girl, presently, looking around; for The Puppy was named Peter-Peter, after the renowned eater of pumpkins, whom we all know very well. "Was it so tired, poor 'ittle singsy-wingsy? Did his missis walk too fast for 'ittle Peter-eater? Yes, yes; she did—that she did. Never mind, my boo'ful pupsy; tum along."

This may seem idiotic, but The Puppy understood—bless his heart! He barked, and waved his tail mightily.

The Pink Girl walked on, at first very slowly, with The Puppy at her heels; then, after a while, her thoughts strayed: she forgot The Puppy. She went faster—very fast—away off toward the wood, leaving him far behind. He trotted on finely for a time; but then a big grasshopper hopped right across the path, into the grass at one side. The Puppy, being young and giddy, alas! stopped, stared, barked with all his might, and, leaving the track, ran after 'in full chase. At first, he was highly entertained: frisking about, puppy-wise, looking at everything. There was plenty of grasshoppers—here, there, and everywhere—a big fly flew buzzing over his head, a field-mouse scampered by him, the dry grass tickled his nose, the wind hummed a gay little tune, and it was all so lively and so funny that he lay down and rolled for delight. He got lost in a forest of broom-sedge, and scratched by a bramble—which last set him thinking of his mistress and her comforting sympathy: and, finding her clean gone, he began to whimper. He had wandered, by this time, quite away from the path, into a hollow, and could not tell which turn to take. This way, that way, and t'other,

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did he go; then, feeling lonesome, scared, and smarting with the brier-scratch, poor Peter-Peter stood still and cried.

Just then, there came walking across the field, from an opposite direction to that taken by The Pink Girl, no less a personage than A Young Man. He carried a gun, and from his person depended a game-bag of curiously-cut leather, empty, and some other huntsman's-rigging. About the middle height was he, and very slender, with a certain quick carelessness of gait. His hair was brown, so were his bright arch-looking eyes, so was his face—a clear sunburned brown—and his slim small hands, and the little downy shade on his upper lip. His clothes were brown, too; even his soft felt hat was brown; and, lastly, he was in a brown study, striding along, when The Puppy's wail caught his ear.

"Oho!" said The Brown Young Man. "Oho! What's this?" His voice was pleasant, his teeth milk-white, small, and beautiful.

"Bow—wow!" answered Peter-eater. "Bow! Wo-o-ow!"

The Brown Young Man stopped short, whistled, and then said slowly: "Well, I'll be dawged!"

"Ow! ow!" said The Puppy, and he looked up and jumped for joy.

The Brown Young Man took him in his arms, patted his head and back—I mean The Puppy's—and said: "Poor fellow! Poor Nups!" in the kindest and softest tone. Then he stood on tiptoe, and looked all around. Not a creature was in sight, no glimpse of The Pink Girl or anybody. Then, with The Puppy still in his arms, he walked off in a Southerly direction.

Now, not very far over yonder, huddled up behind one of the grassy hills, was a little log house, with a pig-pen, a wood-pile, and a corn-patch near it; and in this house lived A Large Black Woman and her brood of young ones. She came to the door, dressed in a purple calico frock, a green-and-yellow headkerchief, and a pink apron, smoking a short pipe, her hands on her hips, looking mighty grand: she came to the door, just as The Brown Young Man walked up with The Puppy.

"Good-evening, Auntie," he said. "Can you tell me of anyone who has lost a puppy? I found this, just over the hill there, a few minutes ago."

"Bless yo' heart, young Marser," said The Large Black Woman, taking her pipe from her mouth and making a courtesy, "bless yo' heart—no, indeedy. 'Taint none o' my 'quaintance. I never seed the little creeter biffo."

The Brown Young Man looked at The Puppy, with a puzzled air. "Really," he murmured, "I don't know what to do. I don't want to be bothered with this puppy, and yet—"

At this point, as he mused, A Small Black Boy, who was peeping with several others from behind his parent, spoke out in an eager but stammering tone: "M-m-mammy, I know dat pup-puppy. He b-b-blong ter de big house, he do. I seed 'im er chawin'—er ch-ch-chawin' de cloes off'n de line. I seed 'im de yother day."

"Clar ter goodness, Willum Henry, how you stutters! Now, is you sartain sho' dat you seed dis same dawg biffo'?"

"Sho' I is, M-m-mammy. I seed 'im er ch-ch—"

"Well, well," said The Brown Young Man, "I'm glad you told me, William Henry. Now, see here: I'll give you this, to take this puppy back to the big house, right now. Look sharp about it, and take good care of him, do you hear?"

The Small Black Boy grinned widely, grasped The Puppy and the ten-cent piece, and hied him away as fast as his legs would carry him. The red sky was fading now, and twilight coming on. Our friend, The Brown Young Man, stood for a little while, hesitating, as if he couldn't make up his mind about something; then he strolled back over the hill, into the open field.

CHAPTER II.

MEANWHILE, The Pink Girl, humming her little tune and thinking her little thoughts, had walked serenely on, away to the edge of the wood. There she turned around to come back, and found that little Peter-eater was not behind her.

"Oh, my goodness gracious alive!" she cried. "My poor little puppy, where are you?" With that, she started back, fairly running; and, if some people look nine ways for Sunday, I am sure she looked a hundred ways at once, as she went along—in the grass, under the bramble-bushes—and all the time calling: "Peter-Peter! Little Peter!" in a tone that would really have distressed even the most hard-hearted person. But, as we know very well, there was no Peter-Peter to be seen, he having been sent home with The Small Black Boy.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" wailed The Pink Girl, wringing her hands. "He's lost! What shall I do?" She walked distractedly round and round where she had last seen him, and, while thus engaged, turned at last to find herself face to face with—The Brown Young Man.

They both behaved in a most singular manner. The Pink Girl said "Oh!" and jumped like she had been shot; The Brown Young Man started, too, smiled at first quite saucily, then hung his

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head. "Is that you?" cried The Pink Girl, in a tone that would have made her fortune, on the stage, I reckon. "Is that you?"

"No—no, indeed; it isn't, at all. That is, I mean, you needn't be alarmed," said The Brown Young Man.

"It is you, and you can't deny it," cried The Pink Girl. "And you've come back again, and what will Pa say? He will be furious. Oh, why did you come back?"

"Oh, hang my Uncle," said Brown—we will sometimes call him "Brown," for short. "Oh, hang my Uncle!" pouting, and stamping his foot. "I mean, he ought to be hung. What do I care for him? I came because I couldn't stay away, and here you don't want to see me one bit."

"Oh, cruel! You know I do. But, ever since that dreadful night when you trumped Pa's trick in that awful way—ever since then, has he made my life wretched."

"Oh, hang it, now, Cousin," spoke up Brown, "it was an idiotic mistake; but I didn't mean to."

"But that was the worst part of it: you didn't mean to. Pa says if it had been an act of deliberate wickedness—a deep-laid scheme—he might have forgiven you; but he says that, as it was, it showed the innate depravity of your character. Oh, it's too bad!"

"Pshaw!" said The Brown Young Man, crustily. "Innate depravity, indeed! It was all your fault, too; for there you sat, right before my eyes, flirting with that little primpy goose of a parson. How could I mind the cards?"

The Pink Girl looked down and sighed—a soft little sigh—and then a smile came creeping around her mouth.

"But come," went on Brown; "you must be glad to see me. I find you wandering out here alone—I find you distressed, in tears—maybe I can guess the reason why."

"Was I crying? I felt like it, but I didn't know," said The Pink Girl; and, recalled to her sad loss, she began whimpering again.

"Why, gracious!" cried Brown. "Was I indeed the cause?"

"No, no. My poor little darling Peter-Peter, my dear sweet pup-pup-puppy, came out with me, and he—he's lost."

"Oh, indeed!" remarked The Brown Young Man, looking rather sulky. "Then it was your puppy that I found, a while ago." And he proceeded to tell what he had done with The Puppy; whereat she was much relieved, and I do think would have embraced him, then and there, had not just then come in sight The Small Black Boy himself.

"Come here," called Brown to him, and The Pink Girl beckoned; but The Small Black Boy looked scared at sight of them, and, instead of coming forward, went dodging behind a bush.

"He's up to some mischief," said The Brown Young Man, and he called:

"Come here, you boy! Where is that puppy?"

"Where is the little puppy, William Henry?" said The Pink Girl, and went toward the bush where stood The Small Black Boy, with mouth wide open and eyes bulging from his head.

"D-d-deed, Miss, I 'clar ter goodness, I d-d-didn' meanter loss dat lill dawg. Dee-deedy, I—"

"You lost him—lost The Puppy?" cries The Pink Girl, wringing her hands: for indeed she was really quite distracted by this dreadful news.

"Lost The Puppy?" said the Brown Young Man. "How the mischief did you do it?"

"I jest sot 'im down w'ile I ketch—w'ile I ketch dat lill Bob White bird. I sot 'im down jest two—free minit, an' dat dawg he jest clean banish away."

"Oh, you wicked Boy! And didn't you look for him, afterward?" said The Pink Girl, at this. But I am sorry to say that The Brown Young Man laughed, in the most heartless manner.

"D-d-deed, I has, Missy. I's been lookin' an' lookin' an' lookin', ever sence."

"Why, gracious alive!" exclaimed The Pink Girl. "Shall we stand here talking all night, and that poor little darling wandering—cold, and hungry, and scared to death—nobody knows where? Go home, you bad wicked William Henry! And you—you heartless being!—go away, too. I don't see anything to laugh at. I will find him myself, if it takes me till midnight."

She ran off into the twilight, and they heard her calling as she went:

"Tum, my pupsy! Peter-Peter! Peter-Peter!" fainter and fainter in the distance. The Small Black Boy sneaked off home. The Brown Young Man stopped laughing, wiped his eyes, shrugged his shoulders, and would have gone after The Pink Girl, had he not just then heard a sound in another direction.

CHAPTER III.

While The Brown Young Man and The Pink Girl were talking together, a tall stout red-faced gentleman came out of the big house under the trees, and, after looking somewhat about him, started to walk briskly along the path toward the wood, first taken by The Pink Girl and The Puppy. He carried a gold-headed cane, and

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handled it in a most dignified manner, striking the ground with it—"tap, tap, tap"—at every step. Anybody could tell at once that he was a very great person, and anybody could have told that he was not just then in the best of humor. He saw nobody, for it was gray twilight by this time, and his sight not the best in the world; and he muttered as he went: "Imprudent—foolish child—can't get her to understand the danger," and so on. Clean on to the wood's edge did he go, puffing and blowing—poor Red-faced Gentleman! There he stopped, looking terribly put out, and began to bawl: "Liza! Liza! Li-i-za!" at the top of his voice. There was no answer but an echo from the wood: "Liza! Liza! Li-i-za!"

That was the sound heard by the Brown Young Man. He stood and hesitated a while, as he did once before, that evening; then he started to walk as fast as he could toward the calling voice. He met the Red-faced Gentleman coming back, mightily flustered and still shouting feebly at intervals. "Don't be alarmed, sir," said The Brown Young Man; "your daughter is safe. I parted with her, just two minutes ago."

"You did? And who are you, sir?" said The Red-faced Gentleman, stopping to glare at him through the haze. He came up quite close: it would really have been embarrassing to most people, but The Brown Young Man did not seem to mind. "You—you—Impudence!" he said at last. "You left her, two minutes ago?"

"Well, not exactly, sir. She left me, I believe."

"I am glad to hear it," said The Red-faced Gentleman. "Where is she now, sir?" Whereat The Brown Young Man informed him how she was searching for her lost puppy. "My daughter's fondness for puppies—puppies, sir!—has more than once surprised me," remarked The Red-faced Gentleman, in a pointed tone. "I will go directly, and escort her home."

"Allow me to assist you, sir," said Brown, starting after him.

"Don't want your help," growled The Red-faced Gentleman, scuffling along. However, The Brown Young Man kept pretty well at his heels. So away they went, the old gentleman puffing and stumbling and grumbling, the young one sometimes laughing and sometimes grumbling too, across the big field together.

CHAPTER IV.

In a certain part of this big grassy field, was a hollow between three sloping hillocks, and in this hollow was a marshy-looking place, that had once been surrounded by a rail-fence, somewhat like a large pen. But the fence was now half blown down, and the rails scattered about. This space was covered with coarse grass and rushes, growing out of black, slimy, nasty-looking earth, wet even in the driest summer weather. Right in the middle of this place, was where The Pink Girl found The Puppy. She could not see him, but heard his poor little pitiful voice crying, crying, enough to break one's heart; and she called him from the solid ground where she stood, whereat poor Peter-Peter wailed aloud, for he couldn't come, being stuck fast in mud.

But his mistress was not afraid of a little mud, not she. She tucked up her pink skirts, and walked right in through the nasty black slime, and gathered The Puppy up to her warm tender breast, and kissed him and hugged him close—that she did. And Peter-Peter snuggled up close under her soft chin—dirty little rascal as he was—and was surely, just then, the happiest puppy that ever lived.

But, when it came to getting out of the marsh, The Pink Girl found herself in a sad plight. The mud was like soft putty; her feet stuck fast, and, as at each step she felt herself sinking deeper, she was afraid to budge. Oh, luckless Puppy! Oh, most unfortunate Pink Girl! She remembered now that she had heard tales of this very quagmire; how cows and horses, attracted by the green grass on its surface, had sometimes been half buried there. Would she and The Puppy have to be dug out, or prized out with long poles? Or, worse still, would they sink down clean out of sight, and never be heard of more? Gracious! What a dreadful situation! How she longed for The Brown Young Man. Even The Small Black Boy would be welcome.

But alas! where were they now? Well, the only thing for it was to "holler." Which she did, crying: "Help! help! help!" as loud as she could. Peter-Peter also howled; and, between them, they made a racket that soon reached the ears of The Red-faced Gentleman and The Brown Young Man, already coming that way.

"Here, here, my child! Coming—coming! What's the matter?" gasped The Red-faced Gentleman, fairly run off his legs and scared half to death.

"Where are you, Liza? What has happened?" shouted The Brown Young Man, who was now running by his side.

"I'm stuck in the mud, and sinking down—deep, deeper. It's already above my ankles. Oh, dear!" cried The Pink Girl.

"Just wait one minute, and I'll have you out," said her cousin, looking keenly around.

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But here put in The Red-faced Gentleman, with the most dignified tone he could command: "Wait, sir; stand back, if you please. I myself will assist my daughter out of this place. Stand aside!"

"My dear Uncle," said Brown, very anxiously, "I entreat you not to try it. You'll never get out again."

But his dear Uncle, without taking any notice, marched straight in, feeling before him with his stick, and floundering along. The Brown Young Man stood looking on; and I am afraid that, had there been light enough to show the expression of his face, it would have appeared somewhat malicious. Sunset had all faded away, by this time, and the moon was rising amid long yellow cloud-streaks, and looking like a big golden dinner-plate; but it did not yet give much light; though, if it had, it would have been pretty much the same with The Red-faced Gentleman. For, alas! his weight was too much to skim lightly over such ground as this. He had not gone ten steps before he stuck fast, and, after a little pulling and prancing, had to stand still, looking like the ridiculous old gentleman that he was: and I, for one, am not a bit sorry for him.

"How much longer do you think I had better wait, sir, before helping my cousin out of the mud?" asked Brown, at last, quite sarcastically.

"I didn't speak to you, sir. Confound it!" said the Red-faced Gentleman, with a plunge; and he continued swearing in this dreadful way for at least two minutes.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" sighed The Pink Girl; while The Puppy, feeling that something was wrong with his mistress, whimpered and whined.

"But you will speak to me before long, sir," said Brown. "You'll have to do it, you know. You'll have to ask me to help you out of that sink-hole, or stay there all night—or goodness knows how long. And I'll be frank, sir, and tell you that I'm not disposed to save your life for nothing."

"Rascal!" roared the Red-faced Gentleman, who would certainly have ground his teeth if he had had any. "Rascal! If I ever get out of this—"

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" again sighed The Pink Girl. The Puppy sobbed.

"There! I can't stand this any longer," said The Brown Young Man. "My dearest, I'm coming." He went around to the other side from where The Red-faced Gentleman stood, and, taking some of the scattered rails, laid them down side by side till they formed a very good bridge from The Pink Girl to solid ground. It was a very simple plan, but a good one, and the poor old gentleman wondered why on earth he hadn't thought of it himself.

"There, now, my sweetest dearest," said Brown, very loud. "Give me your hand—now the other one. Can't do it? Well, let me just lift you out. Put your arm around my neck—so. Hold tight. Now, I'll take you round the waist—so—there!"

"Upon my soul," shouted The Red-faced Gentleman, "this is too much!"

The rail-bridge was soon crossed in safety; and, when they stood on dry land, The Pink Girl, who was holding The Puppy with one arm, flung the other one again round The Brown Young Man's neck, and hugged him tight—which was dreadfully improper, as we all know. And The Brown Young Man kissed The Pink Girl, right in the mouth—which was also very improper. My, what a loud smack! I think he tried how loud he could make it, like a bad young man as he was.

The Red-faced Gentleman groaned. The Puppy barked for joy.

"Now, my dear Uncle," said Brown, presently, "do you want me to help you out?"

"Humph! You needn't make so much of it—it won't be a great deal of trouble to you, sir."

"But it will probably save your life, my dear Uncle; and surely, after that, you won't refuse to forgive and forget that little offense—"

"Little offense?" shouted The Red-faced Gentleman. "What, sir, what! When you were my partner, and you knew that was the leading card, third round? I can forgive it, sir; but, as for forgetting it, that's not to be expected."

"Well, well, just forgive it then, sir: that will do. But, after saving your life, you won't refuse me any little favor I may ask. For instance, your consent—"

"I'll be hanged if I give it! Upon my soul, this is too much."

"Very well, sir: stay where you are. Come, Liza: we'll be married to-morrow morning, and off on the evening train. Come."

"Oh, you bad thing," whispered The Pink Girl. But she gave him her hand, and was making off with him—or seemed to be—when The Red-faced Gentleman called out: "Wait!"

They waited. The Red-faced Gentleman coughed and hesitated. There was silence for a while, then he said: "My dear, do you want him?"

"Oh, I have him already here, sir—bless his heart!" answered The Pink Girl, meaning The Puppy, who just then made a motion.

"Pshaw! I don't mean him. I mean the other one."

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"Oh, yes, sir—that is, I mean, he wants me."

"I knew that before," growled The Red-faced Gentleman. "Well, if you want him, you may have him for me; but I'll never play whist with him again. And now help me out of here."

This was soon done, and then The Brown Young Man took his sweetheart by the hand, and said: "Now, sir, won't you give us your blessing?"

"Blessing, indeed! Blessing be hanged!" said The Red-faced Gentleman. "My shoes are six inches thick with mud. I'll never get over the effects of this night—never. It will be the death of me. Blessing, indeed!" And he hobbled off in a dreadful humor, the other three—The Puppy, The Pink Girl, and The Brown Young Man—going too, but a little way behind.

The dew was falling now, and the night-winds blowing cool. The moon was well up, and the Man who lives in it looked down on them and grinned and nodded. Then the stars came out, winking at him and at each other, and it was all very lively and charming.

The Brown Young Man carried The Puppy, and also assisted The Pink Girl to carry herself. So they got on very nicely together, and I am proud to say that Peter-Peter behaved with the greatest discretion.

And oh, what a good supper The Puppy got, that night!

"WE CAN NEVER FORGET."

BY AGNES L. PRATT.

There are faces that live in our hearts,
Though for years they have been hid away
'Neath the sod, in the silence of death,
Where ne'er comes the blest light of the day;
Yet the glance of an eye, soft and dark,
Or the smile of a stranger we meet,
Will recall all the features we've loved
Of the face that, to us, seemed so sweet.

There are voices we cannot forget,
Which, like music, still ring in our heart,
Though, since last the tones fell on our ear,
We have lived years, as strangers, apart;
Yet by chance, through the din of the world,
Comes a voice, sweet and clear as a bird,
And at once, in our heart, mem'ries fond,
Of the dear ones we loved, have been stirred.

There are words that to us cannot die—
Words of comfort and courage and cheer,
Which were spoken by saints up above,
Who once toiled and suffered down here;
And they speak to our hearts, through the years
That have passed since we heard the blest tones,
And they echo again through our souls,
And stifle our world-weary groans.

There are pleasures we knew in the past,
That are treasured in memory yet,
And, though time rolls relentlessly on,
We can never those pleasures forget;
But, when dark storm-clouds roll o'er our way,
And life has no sunshiny days,
Then the pleasures we loved in the past
Will return, with their charm, to our gaze.

Oh! the things that we cannot forget,
That we would not forget if we could:
They are treasured in memory's home,
'Mong the true and the pure and the good.
And, when life on this earth is all o'er,
And we never more labor or wait,
May we cherish those memories still,
When we enter the heavenly gate.

LOVE'S PRESTIGE LOST.

BY BLANCHE BEAUMONT.

Hark! I hear a plaintive story,
Sung in Aiden-land to-day:
"Love has lost his olden glory,
Love and bliss have fled away.

"Love repines in woodland bowers,
Feathery fern and fairy bloom;
Psyche flings her scentless flowers
O'er his airy floating tomb."

'Lack! Does, then, no promise gold
Callow wait on naked wing?
Lies there, in the shell enfolden,
Bud nor burgeon of the spring?

Where are now the tender minstrels?
Where the virgins debonnaire?
Can they sing one strain ecstatic,
Hymen peace and hope to bear?

Whispers sadful float around me:
"Where, oh where is love to-day?"
Lo! the tell-tale birds confound me:
"Love and bliss have fled away.

"Love has lost his magic token,
Olden prestige now is vain;
Troth with Psyche has been broken,
Sordidness usurps the reign."

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MRS. RITZ.

BY KATHARINE M'ILVAINE.

THE sun rises late, in the valleys of the Ozarks. But his morning rays, on one especial day, had kissed for several hours the grass and leaves, setting all the dewy tears of the night sparkling under his touch, when the gate of our suburban cottage closed with a sharp click, and the tall thin figure of a woman, in a sunbonnet, with a basket on her arm, was seen walking briskly up the path toward the house.

"Good-morning, Mrs. Ritz," I said. "It is Mrs. Ritz, isn't it?"

"Yes, zat is it. You know me? I your nex' neighbor. I haf bring you some peaches," said the tall Swiss, with the blue eyes and the wrinkled face, which had once been pretty.

"Haf I lif here long? Oh, yes—for a many years. I am a foreign woman. I not of dis countree. I come from Switzerland, and I hear my boy say zat you can spik ze French. And, oh! dear leddy, it is tirty year since I hear ze word in French. I tink I haf forget it mooch; but I can count, perhaps.

"Would you count, in ze French, for me? I not like to trouble you; but it is so many years, and I can understand zat, anyhow.

"It is! Oui! oui! It is ze French! I haf not hear it for so long time, and I know! I haf not forget.

"Un, deux, trois, quatre—it is ze same! It take me so far away!" And the old woman—hard work makes women old early—laughed, and pressed my hand; but there were tears in the blue eyes, too, and the mouth trembled. Then she went on again. But I omit her broken English.

"Do I like the mountains? But yes, certainly. They are not like the Alps, for the snow never melts from *their* peaks: it lies there always; and they are so high, and terrible too, perhaps, and the avalanche comes sliding down the mountains, and covers the villages sometimes. It is, in the end of August, the worst.

"My father, madame: he was a guide, and went to the very top of the mountains—he climbed so well. But, one day, he came not back, for the snow covered him and the beautiful English lady and her husband. Ah! it was sad for me. After that, when my father came back no more, I lived with Mère Tricot. She was old, madame, and had no daughter to milk her goats and make her cheese. When she died, I came to my father's sister; and, when they came to America, I too came: but I like it not, for they were from the German canton, and I like not the German language. I liked best to stay in my country. But they told me I should return rich with money, and that Baptiste and me, we could marry; for Baptiste had his sick mother, and, though no one could hunt the chamois so well as Baptiste—ah, madame, he was a brave hunter!—still, Baptiste could not make enough to care for both; and I came, so as to get the money.

"They told my uncle that here the ground was of silver and the stones of gold.

"We went first to the prairies in the north of this State, but we only spent money; we did not find it, and it is always the same: the sky coming down to meet the ground.

"We all say: 'Let us go to the mountains,' and we come here.

"The gold, madame? Ah, no! We never found it; and, when the letter came from Switzerland, we found no one to read it, and we know not how to read; and, after five years, I am married to my cousin Karl.

"You will read the letter? Ah, dear lady, you have the good heart. I will bring it to-morrow.

"I hope you will like to live in this rough country.

"The peaches? Ah, yes. They are fine, and we have plenty.

"Bon jour, madame." And the erect spare figure, in its plain cotton gown, moved with a quick tread down the road through the woods.

The tawny tiger-lilies in the border seemed filled with an air of intense mystery, as they straggled across the path, in the early sunshine, next day. The zinnias lifted their stiff heads with even more conscious pride than usual, while the coarse blossoms of the cock's-comb and prince's-feather looked with contempt upon the golden wild-flowers in the road.

Even the busy hum of insects seemed to whisper: "She comes, with a romance from real life."

Very unromantic looked Mrs. Ritz, as she entered, with her letter in her hand.

She handed it to me at once, and sat down quietly, with an air of pleased eagerness, not

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untouched with nervousness. This was the letter:

"MÉNON, SWITZERLAND, August 3d, 1854.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

It is now over a year since you left the shadow of our native mountains, to seek for fortune in America. I have thought of you always, Elise. The white mountains seem to point to the heavens, which are not more blue than your dear eyes, filled with tears as when I last saw them. The eidelweiss and the mountain-strawberries are still for you, my friend. This year, as you could not hold out your hands for them, M. le pasteur, who writes this for me, has given them in your name to the sick.

And now, Elise, I must tell thee that my poor old mother has gone to the good God whom she loved. Her last days were filled with peace, after the many years of pain and sorrow. In the hour she died, she took my hands in hers, and said: 'A good son hast thou been to thine old mother. God will reward thee, my Baptiste. Tell Elise.' And, with the words of our blessed Saviour on her lips, she died. Elise, dost thou remember, little one, the day of thy confirmation?

Hast thou still in thy mind that, on that day, with the radiance of thy holy vows yet upon thee, thou didst tell to Baptiste that his love was much to thee, and that for him thou wouldst wait—if need be, all the fresh years of thy youth?

Thou hast not forgotten our love, my child? In my heart, it is still as pure and strong as the snowy mountains themselves. I have still the white rose from thy chaplet on thy confirmation-day. No other young girl has ever been to me as thou, Elise. From the day when I, an awkward boy, was entrusted to lead thy childish steps, by thine excellent mother, I have said: 'Elise is to be my wife.'

My love, wilt thou not come to Switzerland—and to Baptiste, who loves thee? Shall I cross the sea to thee, Elise, or wilt thou return to the valleys of our country—to me?

My heart is calling and crying out: 'Come, Elise! Come, little one!'

Always thy devoted and loving

BAPTISTE LEROUX.

To ELISE HEMOIGNE,
Paradise City, Missouri, U. S. A."

Mrs. Ritz sat motionless in the old rocking-chair, as I read; except that her hands, clasped tightly across her breast, trembled violently. A delicate pink flush tinged her wrinkled cheek. I did not speak, nor did she. The old love, long sleeping in her heart, seemed to have awakened with these words of passion—words which had been silent to her ears: the book sealed beneath her touch for years. For a few minutes, Mrs. Ritz was again a young girl, with a chaplet of confirmation-roses on her brow. She sat thus, a tender smile on her worn lips, and a happy light in her faded eyes.

At last, the clasped hands fell from her bosom, and the expression of an awful despair passed over her features. It was nearly thirty years since Baptiste had written the letter, and she was Elise Ritz, both wife and mother.

Still she sat quietly for some time. When she rose to go, "Madame," said her sad voice, "will you write? I should like to hear of Baptiste: that he is happy, and that he has forgiven and forgotten Elise." Her voice sank almost to a whisper.

I sat by the window, looking into the leafy woods, long after the retreating figure of Mrs. Ritz had disappeared. The tiger-lilies, struggling across the path, seemed to whisper: "It is all chance—love, and all the rest of it." The murmuring ever-changing river seemed to weep: "Love is lost." Only the everlasting hills, pointing upward, seemed to silently say: "Love is eternal."

I wrote, that morning, to M. le pasteur, at Ménon, telling the story of Elise Ritz, and asking for news of Baptiste Leroux.

The frost had touched the foliage on the sides of the mountains, dashing on the color with an unsparing hand, and turning the oak-leaves a rich red-brown, and the maples into gorgeous masses of gold and crimson. Only a few late asters and spears of golden-rod had held their own against his ruthless fingers, when the answer came from the Swiss pastor. He was not the one Mrs. Ritz had known and loved in her youth, and who had written Baptiste's letter, but his successor. The old man had been dead for twenty years.

This one knew well Baptiste's story. His love for the pretty Elise had been no secret; and when, after waiting a whole year for an answer to his letter, Baptiste had started for America, the whole village wished him God-speed. One year later, he returned, so grave and sad that his simple friends hardly knew him. He had traced Elise from the prairies to the mountains in Southern Missouri. There he lost the clue, suddenly to discover it again through a woman who had just returned from a visit of many miles in the heart of the Ozarks. She told of a family answering in every particular to the description he gave. The young girl Elise had died of small-pox, she herself having had the disease; had

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nursed her during the illness, and had closed her eyes for the last time. The proof was sufficient, but the shock to Baptiste terrible, and he was very ill. The kindly Missourians nursed him faithfully; but, when he found health and strength again returned, Baptiste set forth to slowly work his way back to his native land.

"He has been dead, now, fourteen years," wrote the pastor. "He never married, but lived alone in the little hut of his mother. Baptiste was the most successful and daring hunter in the valley. He seemed to feel a particular interest in each young girl on her marriage-day, and always begged permission to contribute what he could toward her dot. To each maiden of the village, he also gave her chaplet of white roses on the day of her confirmation. After his death, a small silk bag was found over his heart. At first, it was supposed to be some sort of charm or reliquary, but was found to contain only the faded and fragrant leaves of a white rose. It was buried with him."

I put on my wrap, and carried the letter to Mrs. Ritz. She saw it in my hand, and, looking in my face, said simply: "Baptiste is dead."

Later, when I folded the letter, and, laying it down, rose to go, she took my hands in hers, and said gently, though the tears were streaming fast:

"Thank you, madame. You are very good. It was my cousin, Elise Ritz, who died."

Some days passed before the familiar figure in the slat sunbonnet came again into my small but pretty parlor. There was a knot of black ribbon fastened at her collar. Her face was bright, and she said: "It is a fête-day with us, madame. My daughter Marguerite, who has married, and lives many miles from here, has come home with her two children. They are all with the father, in the wagon.

"Do you not see the little Karl's red cheeks peeping over the side? The rogue!

"I have brought you the molasses you wanted, madame. It is in the jug on the porch. And—madame—" she hesitated—"my man Karl has been always good to me and to our children. When we are sick, he take care of us, always—and he works hard for us, too. Bon jour, madame."

On the threshold, she turned again, and, coming a step toward me, touched reverently with her finger the knot of black at her throat.

"C'est pour Baptiste," she said.

A WINTER JINGLE.

BY MRS. S. L. OBERHOLTZER.

How the bells, a-jingle, tingle!
They are stopping at the gate;
And 'tis Harry, hitching, coming—
He shall never know I wait.

"Is Miss Edna in?" I hear him.
"I will see," the girl replies.
But the servant finds me reading,
And I scarcely lift my eyes.

We are sleighing—jingle, tingle—
How the merry clappers ring!
While the fleet steed moves as gladly
As a bird upon the wing.

Sleighing! Jingle, jingle, tingle!
Is it Harry's voice I hear?
"Don't you wish," he whispers, softly,
"It were sleighing always, dear?"

Possibly my face responded;
For I had to look, you know,
Just to see if it was Harry,
Or an echo from the snow.

And whate'er I said, or said not,
I could never understand;
But I hear the jingle, tingle,
Of those bells, in ev'ry land.

WHEREVER YOU MAY BE.

BY HELEN A. MANVILLE.

Oh, chide me not, my well-beloved,
Nor call my heart untrue;
In ev'ry pulse, it has been proved
Most faithful unto you.
Where'er you are, there centres all
Of happiness for me;
The skies are only beautiful
Wherever you may be.

Your love to me is what the light
Of sun is to the day;
Were it withdrawn, it would be night
Forever round my way.
Then tell me not that I have changed,
My heart has grown untrue—
From others it may be estranged,
But never, love, from you.

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THE MILLIONAIRE'S DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1885, by Miss Ann Stephens, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

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CHAPTER VIII.

BURNSIDE'S hammer had been ringing out its cheery sound of labor, full three hours before breakfast at the red tavern was over, on the day after the blacksmith's encounter with young Dayton. He had rounded off several horse-shoes, and was still busy at the forge, when that young gentleman came sauntering up to the open window, and gave his new friend a pleasant "Good-morning."

"Good-morning, if it ain't too late," said the blacksmith, raking the coals over his horse-shoe as he gave the salutation. "Jest wait a minute, till I give this ere shoe another heat, and then I can find the time to be good-mannered. There, now: blaze away, Lem, and then I'll give you a breathing-spell, whilst I have a talk and a rest before the hosses begin to come in."

The stout apprentice-boy, who had been tugging the huge bellows up and down till drops stood thickly on his forehead, wiped that portion of his countenance with the sleeve of his red flannel shirt, and worked the bellows with renewed animation, until Burnside drew his red-hot iron from the coals, and, placing it on the anvil, sent a storm of sparks flying through the shop and hissing as they fell into the water-trough, where he left his well-molded shoe to cool. Directly, the lad disappeared, putting on his jacket as he went, overjoyed at the brief respite awarded to him.

During the few minutes thus occupied, Dayton remained at the window, resting his elbows on the sill and watching the labor of that powerful man with the attention of a mind that allows no opportunity of information to escape it, however humble the source might appear to be.

Burnside was evidently making some little preparation to receive his guest with deference. He washed his grimy hands in the trough where his iron had hissed so savagely, shook the cinders from his clothes, and, seating himself on one of two stools that stood near the window, allowed the leather apron to drop between his knees, and signified by a wave of the hand that he was at leisure to entertain company.

"Don't let the cinders scare you away," he said; "but come right in, and make yourself tu hum. I have been hard to work since daylight, and a little rest won't hurt me more than the cinders will you. Jest step round, and be sociable."

Dayton, who had an especial object in coming to the shop, swung himself through the broad window, and took the stool which the blacksmith had drawn near his own.

"Don't seem to be much the wuss for that long tramp agin Piper, last night," said Burnside, hitching his seat closer to the young man, and resting a hand on each of his own widespread knees. "Poor old Piper! He's nigh upon tuckered out; but then, there is considerable difference between an old superanerated hoss and a nimble young feller like you. Anyway, we had a good long talk, and that makes acquaintanceship easy on both sides. As for me, I got up bright and arly."

"Yes," said Dayton, "I heard your hammer while I was dreaming over all that you were kind enough to tell me, last night. I had no idea there was so much to interest one, in the neighborhood."

"You mean about Mrs. Hilton and her little darter?" said Burnside, greatly pleased. "Oh, that's nothing to what I might tell you. Being brought up in the place, I couldn't help knowing everything about the people around, if I wanted to. There ain't no place like a blacksmith's shop, to hear news in. Men must do something while they wait for their hosses to be shod."

Dayton was anxious to continue the conversation; but, before he could frame a reply that might lead to the subject he had so much at heart, the sound of a horse trotting lightly up the road drew Burnside's attention. A moment after, a tall, almost military-looking, man, mounted on a remarkably fine animal, so nearly thoroughbred that his presence in that village was a matter of surprise to Dayton, rode by the window, through which he recognized the blacksmith with a pleasant nod.

"Who is that?" asked the young man, sur-

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prised into an abrupt question by the superior appearance both of man and horse.

"Why, that's he himself—Squire Brooks—the very indervidual I was telling you about, last night. There ain't another man in this section that can set a hoss like that, to say nothing of the speed. Jest you take a good look at him: it is wo'th while, I can tell you."

Dayton, whose curiosity was enlisted, stood by the window, and watched the horseman as he rode toward the post-office. He was, indeed, a splendid rider: firm, upright, and giving himself with graceful ease to the movements of his horse, touching his hat now and then to persons he chanced to recognize in the street.

"Yes, a splendid rider and a remarkably handsome man. Thoroughbred, both man and horse," Dayton observed.

"Jest so," responded the blacksmith, nodding his head, and appropriating the compliment as if he had owned both horse and rider.

"So that man is owner of the Hollow Swamp farm?" said Dayton, thoughtfully; "and the father of—"

"The han'somest and smartest gal you are likely to meet in this vicinity. She'll be rich, too; for the Brookses have been laying up money all along. Not so allfired wealthy as some of your city highfurlutins; but whosomever marries her will get something wo'th while, for a setting-out in life."

Dayton smiled at the blacksmith's idea of wealth: that which was passing through his own brain was so grandly above it, that the comparison struck him almost with a sense of ridicule.

"You can hardly wonder that she is a fine-looking girl, after seeing her father."

"And arter seeing her mother, too," interrupted Burnside, eagerly. "In regard to good looks, there ain't very much choice between Squire Brooks and his wife: I will say that for her, though she did mount her high hoss and ride over me rough-shod, when I was a young feller, and it seemed to me as if there wasn't another female in the world, that could hold a candle to her."

"Then you have been long acquainted with the family?"

"Wal, I should reckon so. You wouldn't believe it now, but that gal's mother nigh about upsot me for life."

"That is," said Dayton, smiling, "you were rather in love with her?"

"Rather in love with Maria Burritt? Wal, now, I reckon you would have thought so, if you had seen me the fust prayer-meeting night I offered to walk hum with her. If ever a feller's heart rose plump up into his throat, mine was there, a'most choking me, when I went up to her, crooking my elbow, jest as if there was nothing particular about it, and saying: 'I reckon it's about my turn to see you safe hum, Miss Maria,' jest as if I had been used to it all my life. I believe now that the tanterlizing creeter knew, for all my make-believe pluck, that I was trembling all over from head ter foot. She didn't seem ter mind it, but tucked that scrumptious little hand of her'n through my arm, and walked off with me, easy and careless as well-fed chickens pick up corn.

"I calkerlate," continued Burnside, heaving a sigh in spite of himself, "that one never gets over a downhearted feeling, when he thinks back on a walk like that. You ought ter know that it is a purty long stretch from here to Holler Swamp farm, but it didn't seem more'en half a mile, to me; and I'd give a quit-claim deed to this ere shop, and all that belongs ter it, if I could jest live it over agin. The moon was up, high above us; it seemed ter turn the hull road to silver, as we walked along, she hanging on my arm and lifting that han'some face ter mine, and I—wal, now, it ain't of no use. Sich feelings ain't ter be sot down in words, howsomever many years may have gone by since we injied 'em. I seem ter hear that sweet sassy voice of hers, as we walked on, arm in arm, jest as cl'ar as if it was yesterday; and there never will be a time when this self-same heart, that beat agin my bran'-new vest then, won't give a flutter agin this ere leather apron, when I think of it—though I wouldn't let the little woman at hum know it, for any consideration whatsomever."

"I can imagine that," said Dayton, gravely; for there was so much of real feeling in the blacksmith's voice, that he could not help honoring even this uncouth expression of it.

"I should have been ashamed to say as much to any man living, in them days," said Burnside, touched with this little expression of sympathy, "and ought ter be more so now that gray is getting thick in my hair; but, somehow, one goes back to sich things with hankering feelings through his hull life. Wal, we walked on and on, talking like two chipping birds—or she did, and the sound of her voice was enough for me—and I grudged every step we took, because it was bringing us so much nearer the farm.

"By and by, when we got along by Holler Swamp, it seemed as if the frogs had got up a gineral training, and was hollering cusses at each other from bog to bog: then a screech-owl jined in, and you wouldn't wonder at it when

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I tell you that the gal hanging on my arm locked both hands over it and a'most leaned agin me, she was so scared, or that I bent down my head to her'n and told her not to be scared nor nothing, for, so long as she kept close ter me, nothing on this side of creation should hurt her; she took me at my word, and the rest of that walk was like a dream that you want to strike a pusson for waking you out of.

"When we got on the doorstep of that new white house—for it was only just built, in them days—we both sort of lingered and seemed ter look at the moon, as if neither of us had seen it afore that night, and—wal, there we stood, close together, on the doorstep. She didn't seem ter be in a hurry to go in, and I stood there, holding her hand and shaking it a little now and then, feeling as if I must be going, but didn't want to, when all to once she lifted her face toward mine and said: 'Good-night: when will you come again?' holding onto my hand all the time, while them bright eyes shone in the moonlight, and a tanterlizing little laugh hung around her lips, like the chirp of a bird.

"As I walked back to the crossing, that night, bird-music never seemed sweeter to me than the croaking of them frogs in the swamp; and, all the way hum, it seemed as if 'Hail Columbia' was being played all around me, and I was marching to the same.

"Wal, stranger, all that week was like one long Thanksgiving Day to me. There wasn't an hour of it, waking or dreaming, in which that tall han'some gal wasn't in my mind. In the shop and out of it, I was all the while thinking how I could make myself more enticing to her. With this idee, I went to the 'pothecary-store, when nobody was about, and bought a bottle of burgamot and a bottle of cologney-water, which I hid away in my room. I even sneaked up to mar, one day, and asked her to put a trifle more starch into my collars, and slick up my dickeys with an extra touch of the flat-iron, a thing that riled up her pride so that she sot down and had a good cry over it, thinking that her way of doing things was getting unsatisfactory to her own son. I mollified her the best way I could, without letting on too much, and there wasn't a more snowy-white collar and bosom went into the meeting-house, the next Sunday, than I wore. After meeting, when I come downstairs, she asked what it was that made the air so sweet all around, as if a puff of wind had jest come out from a flower-garden, when I went by her.

"Self-praise is no praise, but I will say that the young feller about my size that went out of our house and turned into the Holler Swamp road, that Sunday night, might have held his own agin the hull crossing, for neatness and a fust-class go-to-meeting outfit. His coat wasn't exactly a swallow-tail or a frock, but between the two, invisible-green in color; and the corner of a red silk han'kercher stuck out of the pocket behind, jest enough to show that it was bran'-new.

"As that young feller went along the road, he swung a knotted cane in his right hand, and wore his silk hat a trifle on one side of his head, as an independent citizen of America ought to when he feels hisself dressed up to kill.

"When I got to that white house, and knocked at the front door, it was opened the fust minute by Maria Burritt herself, smiling all over and perlite as a basket of chips, dressed up in her best go-to-meeting clothes. I knew that she had been expecting me, by them and the bright wood-fire that blazed in the front room, where two tall candles stood ready to be lighted up, with the snuffer-tray between them, which looked sociable and kinder inviting.

"The settee that ginerally stood agin the wall had been kinder dragged up to the fire, convenient for two, and the shades at the winders were all rolled down so that no one could look in.

"When she took me into this room, and I sot down in the fust chair from the door, she come right up, with her hand out, and says she: 'Shall I take your hat and cane?' jest as sweet and nat'ral as could be; so I took off my hat and give it to her, with the cane, which she carried out into the entryway, shut the door when she come back, and asked if I wouldn't draw my chair nearer to the fire.

"With that, she sot herself down on the settee, and I kinder slid into the other end of it, trembling cl'ar down into my boots, and wondering what on arth I should begin to talk about fust. For there she sot, shading her face from the fire with one hand, and looking at me from behind it, as if she was making fun of me in her heart.

"This riled up my courage a little, and I made a break on the weather. 'It's getting colder and colder,' says I; 'shouldn't wonder if there was considerable frost afore morning. In fact, I got eenamost chilly, coming along.'

"'Still, you seem to be afraid of the fire,' says she, with a pervoking toss of her head.

"'No,' says I, 'it ain't exactly the fire,' and with that I give a hitch along the settee, half scared out of my wits, and holding my breath. She didn't seem ter mind it, but sot there looking into the fire, contented as a kitten.

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So I give another hitch, drew breath agin, and landed close by her. Then I heaved a deep breath, and says I: 'It seems ter me as if I could set here forever—if it was agreeable ter other folks as it is ter me.'

"With that, I reached out softly, and my hand was creeping toward her'n, where it lay in her lap, a little on my side; but, jest as my fingers were scraping acquaintance with hers, she started up all to once, and says she: 'Are you fond of sweet cider? We have got some, jest sent in from the mill, all from russet-apples, sich as ain't to be got every day.'

"With that, she started off, and come back with a pitcher in one hand and a tray of red apples in the other. I swan to man, you never saw a han'somer creeter than she was, pouring out the cider and holding her tray of apples, telling me ter 'help myself' in that sweet voice of her'n, as if she had taken a sip of the cider, and its luscious taste was still in her mouth. But—would you believe it?—the tanterlizing creeter sot them down on the hearth at last, and huddled herself up on the t'other end of the settee, saying that the fire was getting rather too warm; and there she watched me travel back agin, from the corner of her eyes, so sassy that my dander begin to rise, and says I to myself: 'I reckon it takes two, if a game of that sort is ter be carried on.' So I took the jacknife out of my trousers-pocket, opened it, and begun to pare my apple, independent as a woodsawyer's clerk: and, when I had got through, says I: 'If you'll hand your'n over, I'll pare it for you, without breaking the peel,' says I.

"With that, she come and sot down close by me, with the apple in her hand, which I took and pared in one long scrumptious peel, which curled in red rings around her hand. 'Now,' says I, 'supposing you and I twist this three times round our heads, and see what kind of letters it will curl up into,' says I.

"She took the peel, and swung it round her head, laughing all the time, and telling me to look as it dropped behind her. I swan to man, stranger, if that apple-skin didn't twist itself up into the han'somest 'B' that I ever sot eyes on! She blushed red as fire, when I said this, but owned up that it was a fust-class 'B,' and no mistake. Then she would have it that I should try, and said it was beyond anything when I stood aside and she saw a fust-class 'M' curlecued at her feet She didn't believe much in sich signs, she said, but them two letters r'aly did seem curious.

"'Curos?' says I. 'Now, it r'aly seems to be a'most like a prophesy.'

"She colored up beautiful, and said, says she: 'Oh, sich things ginerally go by contraries; besides, there are more Marias than one, in the world.'

"'Not for one pusson I could name, but won't,' says I. 'But, supposing we try agin.'

"Wal, we did try, standing back to back. When her apple-skin dropped, she kinder looked over her shoulder, to see how it curled up, and I did the same; and, before I knew it, our faces were so close together that—I say nothing; but, when we stooped down to read the letter, which took me a good while, for I wasn't anxious to look up, her hull face, neck, and all was red as a rosey; and, looking at the apple-skin, she said she hadn't a doubt that I had twisted it into a 'B' with my foot, and it wasn't honorable to take sich advantages.

"There were ever so many sassy smiles around her mouth, as she said this, or I don't know what I should have done to make up with her; but I jest snatched up the letter 'B,' and flung it into the fire.

"'What are you doing that for?' says she, standing up tall and straight as a hollihock. 'What has that poor letter done to you?'

"'It has gone agin the Scripters, and led me into temptation. It can't suffer wuss crisping up in the fire, than I do under the fire of sich words,' says I.

"'Oh, if you are sorry, of course one must be a little forgiving,' says she, 'especially as there wasn't no sort of meaning in the letter. They allus do curl up to suit people. Now, supposing we eat the apples, and count the seeds. There is arithmetic in that.'

"So we sot down on the settee, close together, and eat our apples, jest as Adam and Eve did in the garden; only she took a bite at mine, and I in hers, in a reconciling way, till each of us had a little heap of seeds to count over. True as you live, them in her hand counted out my name without one to spare, and mine did the same—not to speak of two or three seeds that slid between my fingers. I chewed up the seeds, saying that they were sweeter than peppermint-drops to me. From that, we grew more and more sociable, till the clock in the hall struck up twelve, and I went hum with a taste of something besides apple-seeds between my lips.

"Wal, every Sunday night, after this, a feller about my size, with his heart beating in his bosom like a trip-hammer, knocked at the front door of that ere white house, and was let in by the smilingest gal that ever 'ticed the soul out of a man, till I made up my mind to speak right out,

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and ask her to clinch things with an engagement, afore another week was over.

"It was getting colder then: the orchards were stripped, both of apples and leaves. But the hull way was like spring-time ter me; for I had made up my mind, and felt sartin as anyone could on this arth that I should go back jest as good as a married man, with one of the smartest, han'somest, and high-steppingest young creeters that could be found in the county promised to be my wife. But, as I was a-saying, the very thought of it made me serious and full of thankfulness, and, when I knocked at the front door and stood listening for her step in the hallway, it seemed as if I couldn't keep from taking her in my arms and blessing her for making me so happy.

"The step came. It seemed ter me a trifle heavy, afterward; but that was nothing to the way she stood in the doorway, with one hand on the latch, as if she didn't know my knock.

"'Oh, it's you?' says she. 'I didn't quite expect you every Sunday night, but walk in.'

"I follered her into the best room, where we had sot together so many Sunday nights; but there wasn't a sign of fire on the hearth, and only one candle a-burning on the stand, which she nearly put out with the snuffers. I saw that her hand shook as she purtended to stir up the wick, which had a crust on it like a toadstool—a bad sign, allus, the old mother used to say.

"'What is the matter?' says I, feeling my heart sink. 'You seem ter be kinder narvous about something. Has anything upsot you, that I don't know of?' says I.

"'Only this,' says she, stealing away from my arm: 'I may as well say, once for all, it ain't of no use for you ter be coming here, jest as if the house and all that is in it belonged to you. Folks are beginning to talk about it, so we may jest as well break off now as later. Then they will understand that there is nothing in it—as we have, all along.'

"Stranger, you mayn't believe me, but I turned cold from head ter foot; and, if ever a human heart settled down into a chunk of lead, mine did when these cruel words struck it.

"'What do you mean, Maria?' says I, and the words seemed choking me. 'What have I done to set you agin me?'

"'Nothing,' says she; 'nothing at all. Only this: you ain't no match for my father's darter, and ought to have known it from the fust. It seems ter me, too, as if you didn't know how to take the mitten like a gentleman.'

"'The mitten? Maria, do you say that, arter—'

"The words choked me. I couldn't finish the sentence, and she took it up.

"'Arter what, I should like ter know? R'aly, now, you can't purtend that I ever give you the least encouragement?'

"This riled my pride into wrathfulness; but I did not hammer it back in words. Maybe I didn't know how to take the mitten like a gentleman, being only a blacksmith; but I wasn't a feller to give back insult for insult from the lips of a woman. So, without another word, I went to the door, bowed to her as if she had been the queen she thought herself, put on my hat, and left the house."

CHAPTER IX.

Dayton had listened to the blacksmith's story with great interest. His quaint Yankee language, which had not yet died out in a neighborhood settled entirely by families from New England, had the charm of novelty for him, and the frank sincerity with which the blacksmith particularized the details of his courtship won his respect. A more refined or better-educated man might have buried them under his wounded pride; but Burnside had felt too deeply for that, and, finding sympathy in the young man's attention, made a prompt effort at cheerfulness, and went on with his story:

"At fust, I had been so dumfounded with surprise that I didn't seem ter have much feeling; but I grew wrathier and wrathier, every minute, as I was going hum, cutting the heads off from every dead thistle that I came ter, with my cane, and stomping down the pebbles along the road with every step that I took. It was hard enough to get the mitten, anyway; but ter be sneered at and insulted, in the giving of it, was enough to rile up the temper of any live man."

"The mitten?" said Dayton, permitting his curiosity to break into the blacksmith's kindling resentment. "What does that mean?"

"In course, you highfurlutin college-chaps, that can afford to board at taverns all summer, call it by some other high-sounding name, sich as giving a feller his walking-papers, or a rejection of him; but we Connecticut-bred people called it 'getting the mitten,' when a youngster who had been hankering arter a gal got 'No' slapped into his face. Then it was enough to say sich and sich a feller had 'got the mitten,' and that was adzactly what was said of me all over the crossing, afore that week was out; for a gal that will act as Maria Burritt did is jest as sartin ter go off and brag of it as she is ter live.

"I needn't tell you that I was so cut up in my pride, and so heart-sick, that I jest wanted to

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keep out of the way, and never went to so much as a husking or apple-bee, that fall; for, to make things more and more aggravating, it got about that Maria Burritt had shipped me because she was in love with a young feller that her par had hired out of the street: a strange ferrener, that nobody knew anything about."

"Ah! I understand. That was the man she married," said Dayton: "the person who rode by just now."

"Jest so," answered the blacksmith.

"But how was it brought about? I am curious to know."

"Wal, I'll tell you, jest as I heard about it at the time:

"They call him 'the Englishman,' to this day; and folks like him, for all that, though they don't know much more about him than they did when he fust come along the road, and, looking over the barnyard-fence where old Mr. Burritt was feeding his stock, asked if there was anyone about there who wanted to hire a man.

"Burritt was jest going to say 'No,' but there was something downhearted in the man's voice that kinder touched a tender spot in his heart, and he come along to the fence and took a survey of him.

"Now, Brooks is a trifle more than six feet, without his shoes, and, in them days, han'some as a moniment. He wore good clothes, too; and, when Burritt come up, lifted his hat, as if he had been speaking to a minister of the gospel.

"'What kind of work is it that you are after?' says Burritt, perlitely, for the old man allus was good-mannered.

"'Anything that will give me bread and shelter,' says Brooks.

"'You don't seem much calkerlated for farm-work,' says Burritt, looking down from the beaver hat and thin shoes, both covered with dust, that Brooks wore, with silk stockings under the latter, though it was getting cold weather.

"'I am strong, willing, and can l'arn easily,' says Brooks, trying to smile; but there was something in his eyes too anxious for that. Old Burritt saw it, and felt for him.

"'Mebby you understand something about cattle?' says he, more and more kindly.

"'Oh, yes,' says Brooks, cherk enough. 'I know all the best breeds remarkably well.'

"'Jest so,' says Burritt. 'And hosses?'

"'Ah, there I can recommend myself.'

"'Wouldn't mind doing chores about the house, when the wimmin-folks make a call on you?' Burritt went on, feeling ashamed to ask the question, though he couldn't tell why.

"'I would refuse to do nothing that is not absolute servitude.'

"'Wal, then, I reckon you and I can strike up some sort of a bargain. I've got about through here, so we will go into the house, and, after supper, talk things over. Where do you put up?'

"'Put up?'

"'Where have you been staying, about here?'

"'I—I staid—that is, I stopped to rest at an inn, some miles away, last night.'

"'Oh, yes: the red tavern. Got any baggage to send for from there?'

"Brooks turned red, and seemed to choke a little.

"'I have very little baggage,' says he, at last; 'a few things only.'

"Burritt stopped asking questions, arter this, they seemed to hurt the poor feller so much. They both went into the house together, and sot down to supper with the wimmin-folks, so cosy and sociable that they took to him at once, especially Burritt's darter.

"Wal, the long and the short of it was, that Burritt hired the young man right off-hand, though everyone at the farm knew that he wouldn't be wo'th shucks when the hard work come on; but winter was drawing nigh, and he had notions about cattle that pleased the old man. When it come to hosses, he beat all. Never stopped to let down bars, when he rode across lots, but made them jump the fences and stun walls, with him on their backs, in a way that made your hair stand on end.

"All this took with Maria Burritt, and she seemed to like nothing better than staying at hum, evenings, and playing checkers with him, and reading sich old books as lay about the house, specially them as had any poetry in 'em. Like me, she wasn't seen much in company anywhere, though quilting-frolics and tea-parties had been her delight till then. She even let the minister's donation-party go by without coming near it, though her par sent a load of produce, as he allus did, to the minister.

"It wasn't long arter Maria Burritt had upsot all my plans, when a lively snow-storm come on, covering the hull country knee-deep with the best sleighing you ever sot eyes on. This stirred the young folks up for a grand jollification, and the hull neighborhood was up in arms to fit out things accordingly. Everything that could be put on runners was brought out and furbished up for the 'casion. Double-hoss sleighs and cutters were brushed up and painted over, and ordinary pungs so dressed out with red blankets and buffalo-robes that you couldn't tell them from fust-class turnouts.

"More than one feller asked Maria Burritt for

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her company, for plenty of 'em stood ready to try their chances; but she give out that she was engaged a'ready, and would be on hand among the fust and foremost of us. But nobody knew who she was going with.

"I might have told you afore, but somehow it come awkerd: Sally Ann Storms, a modest young creeter, with brown eyes like a timid rabbit's, and a sweet soothing manner that was more full of sympathy than words, was sewing at our house then. Of course, she knew all about Maria's treatment of me, and felt it a good deal. I could see that, when she used ter lift them brown eyes to mine, as if she wanted ter say something, but was afraid of hurting my feelings. My staying to hum was a good deal on that account, for her low voice sounded sweet to me, arter Maria's highfurlutin dash; and it was like resting arter a storm, to set and watch her sewing on my winter clothes, by candle-light. In course, it was nat'ral that I should ask this gal out to the fust sleigh-ride; but, when I did it, it seemed to me as if Maria Burritt had never been han'somer than she was, sewing away there for dear life, as if she was afraid to stop or look me in the face; but, all the time, her eyes were shining under their lashes, and tienty little dimples were swarming round her mouth, like bees about a full-blown honeysuckle.

"Did you ever jine in a reg'lar old-fashioned sleigh-ride, when the snow was two feet deep, and the air full of frost, and sunshiny at the same time? No? Then you have lost something wo'th living for, let me tell you. Jest calkerlate on from twenty to twenty-five sleighs, all running over with hilarious young fellers and fust-class gals, chuck full of fun, snowballing each other from sleigh to sleigh till the air is jest lively with snow, all drawn up in front of the red tavern over there, waiting for a start, and you have got some idee how a sleigh-ride was mustered in the days I am talking about. The one I am telling of was about the last we ever got up, in these parts, for the railroads have driv sich things out of the county; but it was as well wo'th looking at as a gineral training, for all of us did our darndest to make the display wo'th while.

"Wal, jest as we were meandering our teams in and out, in front of the tavern, trying to get into line, Mr. Burritt's new fire-red cutter, with Maria and that English work-hand setting together between the buffalo-robe and a great black bear-skin, came flashing down the Holler Swamp road, the crankiest-looking thing you ever sot eyes on. In front of it was old Burritt's high-stepping black hoss, with a double row of bells round his body and a string about his neck, with a red topknot standing up from his forehead, like a sojer's feather; and the way that Englishman sent him along was enough ter make your eyes snap. Up they driv, ahead of us, he setting up straight as a ramrod, with the bear-skin robe pushed down far enough to set his arms free, and she holding the black fur up to her bosom and looking over it, han'some and more sassy than ever, with the brightest provokingest eyes you ever see a-flashing round on all of us, as if she had been the Queen of Sheba herself, and the work-hand by her side King Solomon in all his glory.

"When that black hoss dashed into the edge of the crowd, sending out a hail-storm of music from his bells, and drew up sharp, Maria half riz from her nest of furs, took a gineral survey around the crowd, and, waving her hand, called out: 'I hope we haven't kept anybody waiting for us to lead off.' And, afore any one of us could catch his breath, off went the black hoss, and we arter him like a flock of sheep follering its leader over a stun wall.

"Stranger, you never come across a day like that, in your born life. The hull country was one great sea of crusted snow; among the gray naked trees, the hemlock, spruce, and pine stood out as green as spring-time, and, over all, the sun shimmered and shone.

"You may believe the young fellers along the line felt wrathy enough about Burritt's hired-man taking the lead. Bill Hine, who had a fust-rate team, and had allus been at the top of the heap, made a dash for the lead, and, as he come up to the cutter, called out: 'Behind us is manners for you!' But the black hoss let himself out and kited ahead, sending a storm of snow from his huffs and a sassy clash of music from his bells, leaving Bill cl'ar behind, cracking his whip in the air.

"Arter that, no one attempted to cut the feller out, and we let him lead us into the country town, which we made gorgacious when we dashed up its main street to the tavern, where a su'ptuous supper was ordered, that was to end off with a ball, which we calkerlated would last till about daylight. Here we helped our gals out, and they went off like a pack of birds, to take off their wraps and titivate themselves up for the supper and ball.

"You never sot down ter a sleigh-ride supper with sich an appetite as one gets arter a fifteen-mile drive, like that, in the frosty air, with turkeys, chickens, pies, pudding, and, above all, plenty of oysters, cooked every which way, placed temptatiously afore you. The gals come

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down to a supper like this, dressed out to kill, a good many of them in white summer dresses, with roses, feathers, and things in their hair, all looking bright and chipper as birds. When supper was over, up we marched into the long ball-room, which had a raised platform at one end, where the fiddler sot waiting for us, like a king on his throne.

"The old fiddler begun to tune up, and Maria Burritt took her place at the head of the crowd, as she ginerally did, and the Englishman with her, looking as if he had jest as lief have been somewhere else. The fiddler stomped his foot, and they led off, he half walking, half sliding along, and she mincing her steps and sidling in her balansays as if she was afraid to swing as she used to do. The hull line got to whispering and smiling at their fineyfied dancing, afore they got half-way through; and I, for one, made up my mind to show that feller what genuine dancing amounted ter in a free country; so, when Sally Ann and I got to the top, I took her hand in mine, lifted it up high, and swung her twice round, easy as a windmill, went down the outside like a shot, up agin, and balansayed in the centre, with my best double-shuffle, ending it off with a flirt of pigeon-wing. Sally Ann was slender as a willow-branch, in them days, and danced like a bird. I never did see her so smiling or full of life afore or since, and, when she stood by my side at the foot of the line, rosy with dancing, and still keeping time ter the music with her foot, it was a satisfaction ter know that Maria Burritt was there to see how well she danced and how sweet she looked. Maria Burritt didn't seem satisfied with her own display; anyway, she let one dance arter another go by without jining in, but sot talking with the Englishman as if none of the rest of us were good enough to speak to. By and by, when the fiddler was a-rosining his bow for a new figger, Maria Burritt went up to the platform where he sot, and seemed ter be asking him ter do something that puzzled him considerably, for he drew the bow across his fiddle-strings agin and agin without satisfying her. At last, he ketched a tune she wanted, and then she went back to the Englishman, who met her half-way and led her into the middle of the ball-room, while we all sot looking on, wondering what it all meant

"There, right afore the whole 'semley, he up and put his arm right round her waist, she put one hand on his shoulder, a-turning her smiling face so close to his that I had ter grip my fist to keep it from striking somebody, while he, holding her other arm out with his, like a bird's wing, set his feet a-going lively enough this time, and whirled her round and round till you couldn't tell which was one and which was t'other. This didn't last more than a minute, for the old fiddler all to once drew his bow from end to end across the strings of his fiddle, in a way that made them scream out as if something had set them mad; then, laying the fiddle flat across his knees, he shook his bow at the two dancers, and sot looking at 'em stern and solemn as a minister of the gospel.

"The Englishman stood still, with his arm round Maria, looking as if he didn't know what had stopped the music, and she flushed up till her face and neck was red as a piony, and, saying something to him that none of us heard, went right up to the platform, and asked the old musicianer what he meant by breaking off the music so.

"The cranky old fiddler put one hand up into his frosty wool, leaned over, and says he: 'Miss Marier Burritt, I'se a poor colored pusson, anyhow—nobody knows dat better dan I does; but, being de fader ob two da'ters as are jest beginning dar steps, an' de 'spectable head ob a family, I won't play no music for sich carryings-on: not if de hull ball-room keeps back dem two dollars 'greed on for dis night's entertainment.'

"You see," said Burnside, apologetically, "I give the old feller's speech in his own words: it wouldn't seem the same, if I put it into good English, like our way of speaking; but, sich as it was, everyone in the room seemed to jine in with him, for a good many of 'em larfed right out, some whispered, and the rest looked on, wondering what would come next.

"For once, Maria Burritt was so dashed that she couldn't speak, but stood there turning red and white under the stern eyes of the fiddler, so mad or so stunned that she couldn't answer, till the Englishman walked up ter her side and asked, in his low-voiced way: 'What is the matter?'

"'Matter?' says she, blazing out all to once, and flinging a scornful look down the room. 'Only this, Mr. Brooks: it's of no use trying to l'arn these aborigines what's genteel and what isn't.'

"With this, she put her arm through his, and sailed out of the room, scorning to speak or bow to any of the gals, who hadn't got over the shame of blushing for her, while some of 'em seemed as if they couldn't keep from crying; for, jest as they were getting ready to top off the ball with a gineral reel all round, the old fiddler had been so riled up that he had tied his fiddle up in its green bag, and was carrying it down the room, and the ball broke up in a hubbub.

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The sleighs were brought up, and we scattered off toward the crossing jest as it happened, most of us out of sorts and so aggravated that we had no notion of being sociable or keeping together.

"For my part, I was dreadfully upsot. In spite of all she had done by me, I couldn't help feeling the disgrace she had brought on herself, and was thinking it over so arnestly that I scarcely spoke ter Sally Ann till we were more than half-way hum. I reckon the poor gal felt this, for the late moon was shining, and more than once I could see her soft brown eyes lifted ter mine, as if she was dreadfully disapp'inted about something.

"I have been telling you that the sleighs all went hum promiscuous. Every once in a while, some of 'em tried to pass us on the road; but none of 'em could make it out till Burritt's black hoss come along, and he went tearing by us like a house afire. The Englishman held him in, stiddy enough; but, jest as he got by us, Maria must have been scared: for she screamed out, and, ketching at the lines, tried to jerk the hoss away from the bank, that was steep on her side. The next minute, the hoss threw up his fore-huffs in the air, and plunged with an awful crash over the bank, a-dragging the sleigh with him. Then came a sharp scream, the half-smothered jangle of bells, and the fierce snorting of a hoss fighting for his life.

"I flung the lines tu Sally Ann, jumped into the snow and down the bank, where Brooks was tussling to keep his crazy beast from plunging onto the rocks further down. There, lying agin the stump of a tree she had struck, lay Maria Burritt, with her poor face turned up to the moon, as cold and as white as the snow she lay on. I lifted her up, and held her closer tu my heart than she ever had been afore, or ever will be agin, feeling a sort of satisfaction in it, though she lay like a dead thing on my bosom, while I carried her up to my sleigh. Sally Ann reached out her arms, folded the poor gal close to her bosom, under the buffalo-robe, sobbing like a baby all the time.

"Brooks was still wrassling with his hoss. I called out for him to cut the creeter loose, ride to the crossing for dear life, and have the doctor up and ready when we got there. Then I driv on as fast as I dared for fear of hurting the poor gal, who lay so still and deathly in Sally Ann's arms.

"A minute after, Brooks and the hoss, both trembling all over, come a-staggering up the bank, and, arter one look at Maria's face, Brooks sprung on the creeter's back, and tore away down the road like a flash of lightning. When we reached the Holler Swamp road, he and the doctor met us; but, up to that time, Maria had not moved, though Sally Ann had been rubbing her cold hands and begging her to look up and speak one word, all the way.

"It was nigh upon daylight when Brooks and I carried that poor gal up to her room, neither of us knowing whether she would ever speak agin or not: where we left old Mr. Burritt, with the doctor and Sally Ann, shivering and white as a ghost.

"I spent a long time alone, in dead stillness, afore Sally Ann come out of that room, with tears in her eyes, but, with them, a look of thankfulness.

"'She has moved; she has opened her eyes; she has tried to speak. I am sure that she knows me, for she held on to my hand a little. I shall stay with her till she gets well, or—or—'

"Here the kind-hearted creeter bu'st out a-crying. My heart was as full as her'n, so I drew her up agin it, and, afore I knew it, my lips met her'n, and that was the fust kiss I ever give tu Sally Ann. It was weeks afore that loving gal left the farm, for Maria had been dreadfully hurt— some of her bones were dis-j'inted; but the worst part of it, the doctor said, was the shock: that made her so narvous.

"It wasn't more than nat'ral that I should be going up tu see how she was getting along, every day or two, when of course Sally Ann told me everything that was going on. Besides, it was awful lonesome in our house without her, and she was the only pusson that could tell me all I hankered to know about Maria. Brooks, she told me, had been so cut up by the accident, though it was all Maria's own fault, that he scarcely left the house till she was out of danger.

"It was wonderful how different the people around felt toward that poor gal when she was sick and a-suffering. When she left the ball, that night, the young folks had nothing but harsh and scornful words to give her; but, in a little while, they softened down into pity and praises. Even the hired-man, Brooks, came in for his share, he had been so careful and anxious ever since she was hurt. Arter a while, he went to Mr. Burritt, one day, and told the old man that he had made up his mind tu go away and try to get a place where he could be more useful, for he couldn't help feeling that he wasn't wo'th much on the farm, and it seemed tu him that he was born to bring bad luck on everyone who wa kind to him.

"Burritt was hurt by this, and did his best tu make the young man alter his mind; but it was of no use.

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"Sally Ann was by when Mr. Burritt told this tu Maria, who was getting better, but hadn't but jest begun to set up yet. It seemed to stun her, at fust; then she hid her face in the piller, and trembled so that the bed shook under her. Sally Ann got frightened, and tried tu comfort her: but she was pushed off, and told tu go away a little while.

"When Mr. Burritt come out of his darter's room, Sally Ann said that he looked so worried and full of trouble that she wanted to do something for him. He took no notice of her, but went into the room where he saw Brooks a-walking up and down, by hisself, in a melancholy way. The old man meant ter shet the door, but his hand was so unstiddy that it slipped the latch, and left a crack wide enough for Sally Ann to see and hear through.

"Mr. Burritt went right up tu his work-hand, and touched him kinder timidly on the arm.

"'Mr. Brooks,' says he, 'you mustn't think of going off in this way. If you parsist, it will be likely tu kill my poor gal, and that will end the hull family.'

"'That seems tu be my destiny everywhere,' says Brooks, looking down at the old man.

"Mr. Burritt dropped his eyes to the floor, and seemed tu choke. At last, says he:

"'Maria is sich a warm-hearted gal, and has so much feeling, that the fust word I said about your going away upsot her dreadfully. She's jest sot her heart and soul on you, and all the rest of the world is nothing to her: not even her old father, who loves the ground she stands—'

"The poor old feller's voice give out, arter he had said this, and he stood there, half scared and half beseechful, looking as if he would sink tu the arth with shame, afore his own hired-man.

"Brooks did not speak, at fust; for he was all took aback. Mr. Burritt felt this, without looking up; and says he, all in a hurry:

"'My Maria ain't a bad match for any man: the day you get married to her, I will deed over this hull valley and the woodlands around it—half ter you, half ter her; all that I have got on arth won't be tu much, if she is only happy.'

"Brooks turned upon the old man, as if he was going to say 'No.' But, instead of that, his stern face softened a trifle, though it grew whiter and whiter all the time.

"'My kind friend,' says he, with a sort of sob in his throat, 'give me a few minutes, tu think this over. Not the lands: but that you have mentioned them, I should not hesitate to give you a life that is wo'thless as mine, without question. It would be but a poor return for all your ginerous goodness to me.'

"Saying this, Brooks went up tu the winder, and seemed tu be looking out of it, long minute after minute. When he turned back agin, his face was still pale, but more sot than it had been.

"'Mr. Burritt,' says he, 'you are a'most the only friend I have got left, in the world: a ginerous good man, who deserves a better son-in-law than I can ever be; but my life, were it better wo'th your disposal, is yours, to do with as you think best: all I ask is that any arrangement you may decide on will be among ourselves, and private as possible. That your darter has honored me with her preference is more than I had a right to expect.'

"With that, Brooks wrung the old man's hand in his, and went out of the room. In less than a fortnight arter this, Maria Burritt and the young Englishman were married, with so little parade that our minister, when he come back arter the ceremony, was the fust to tell the news at the crossing: for Sally Ann Storms had gone hum, to get ready for her own wedding. And, if you have any notion of seeing her, she'll be on hand tu give you a good cup of tea or a bite of dinner, jest as if she'd known you all along."

"So you married the brown-eyed girl, and got bravely over your first love?" said Dayton, with a questioning smile.

The blacksmith leaned forward, and looked down upon the earthen floor very thoughtfully; then, thrusting his hand under the leather apron, he drew a rusty old wallet from his trousers-pocket, and took a slip, cut from a newspaper, and handed it to Dayton.

"My wife ain't one of the wimmin that forage through their husbands' pocket-books, every chance they get, or I shouldn't have kept that so long as I have; but it seems tu me as if them sentiments will be mine at my dying day, though few men think more of their wives than I du of mine."

Dayton took the scrap of paper, somewhat crumpled and soiled with much unfolding, and read:

"The love of his youth was a love so lasting
That even the shadows that death is casting
Quench not the immortal gleam
And glory of love's first dream.
For the love that is first is the love that is longest,
The love that is first is the love that is strongest.
For longer than life is its length,
And stronger than death is its strength."

More than once, as Dayton walked toward the Hollow Swamp farm, that morning, he repeated these lines in deep self-questioning thoughtfulness.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1—Is a stylish costume, of marine-blue cashmere or camel's-hair cloth, piped and faced with red: in surah, velvet, cashmere, or camel's-hair. The skirt is kilted in very large kilts, and

No. 1.

the contrasting color arranged as the under-plait, showing only a narrow piping of the red as it escapes from under the kilt-plaiting. A border of the red, as a tiny knife-plaited ruffle or a fold, edges the skirt. The tunic forms a short apron in front, which turns up like a washer-woman-tunic, and falls in a short puffed drapery at the back. The jacket fits tight in the back, with a double box-plait from the waist-line, to give enough fullness over the tournure. The front of the jacket opens over a full vest, which is faced with the red, ornamented with small buttons, as seen in the illustration. High standing collar of red, also the deep cuffs to the tight coat-sleeve. Ten to twelve yards of the blue, in double-fold material· three to four of the red.

No. 2.

An oxydized clasp fastens the collar of the jacket.

No. 2—Is a pointed shoulder-cape. The plastron is of velvet, and the pelerine is of ribbed plush. The front is pointed, and the back round. The collarette is of rosary and gold beads, or may be of jet. A pretty and useful little wrap for between seasons.

No. 3.—For a young miss, we have a pretty costume of serge. Our model calls for a light-mastic color for the kilted skirt, and a dark blue, green, or garnet for the overdress; or the entire

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costume may be made of one color, which is the better taste. The kilted skirt is mounted on to a deep yoke. The waist has a square yoke at the back: same in front, except the right side, which is cut to cross over and button at the left shoulder, with one button. The entire waist, back and front, is plaited from the yoke to the waist-line, and below it to form a rounded point in front, the plaits graduating to very tiny ones as they narrow to fit the waist. The tunic is

No. 3.

plaited high on each side: short and full at the back, to display the kilted underskirt. High standing collar, and deep cuffs pointed on the inside of the arm, complete this costume. This model is also suitable for cashmere or albatross, in light evening-shades, for evening-wear: pretty, also, for a navy-blue flannel for seaside-use. Twelve to fourteen yards of double-fold material.

No. 4—Is a home-dress, for a married lady. The material may be of any of the many elegant or cheap woolen stuffs now so popular, and to be had at almost any price—from fifty cents to two dollars per yard, for fortysix-inch to forty-

No. 4.

eight-inch goods. Our model is of gray homespun, trimmed with velvet or plush. The front

No. 5.

and sides of the skirt are plain, and trimmed with three wide bias bands of black velvet or

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plush. The back-drapery covers the entire back, from waist to hem, arranged as seen in the illustration. The basque is close-fitting; buttons from throat to edge of basque, with jet buttons. A band of velvet finishes the basque, put on above the hem, and following the opening in the

No. 6.

back seam, as seen. Tight coat-sleeves, with cuffs and high standing collar of the velvet. Ten yards of homespun and two yards of velvet or plush, cut on the bias, will be required.

No. 5.—Skirt of this costume is of velveteen. The overskirt and basque of the new and fashion-

No. 7.—Back.

able bouclé, or tufted vigogne. The tunic has a deep square front, one side, next to the puffed back-drapery, which is drawn high to show skirt, finished with long loops of ribbon. Bodice plain in front, or open over a vest of the velveteen. The back forms a postillion. Cuffs and high collar of velveteen. Six and three-quarter yards of velveteen, eight yards of plain material.

No. 6—Is a style most favored, as it can have two or three vests, simulating as many dresses:

No. 7.—Front.

navy-blue, black, green, or prune, of superior all-wool serge, with vest of same, or of contrasting colors, such as cream or red. Kilted skirt; short full apron-front; long full back-drapery;

No. 8.

jacket-bodice, with turnover collar and revers, showing the under-vest. High standing collar on the vest. Tight coat-sleeves, buttoning on the outside of the arm. From ten to twelve

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yards of double-fold serge will be required, three-quarters of a yard for vest.

No. 7.—We give a novelty in the way of a wrap for a young girl. Our model shows the back and front view. The back has a seam in the middle, and forms a hollow plait for the skirt below the waist-line. The front and sleeves are in one, and the under-sleeve is adjusted.

No. 9.

The fronts are trimmed with a wide band of velvet. The Capuchin is lined with surah and faced with velvet, which turns over. High velvet collar. Petite fantaisies of passementerie ornament the Capuchin as epaulettes. The wrap may be made of any light texture of cloth, and lined throughout with silk. It is intended only for between seasons.

No. 8.—For a little girl of four years, we have here a street-costume of pin-striped woolens. The elongated waist has a short skirt, trimmed with two box-plaited ruffles, with a band of velvet above. The upper one forms the waist-band, and is fastened with a clasp. The shoulder-cape is adjustable, and fastens under the turn-over collar, which belongs to the dress. Edge of cape, collar, and cuffs are edged with velvet to match the skirt.

No. 9.—For a boy of four years, we give a blouse with skirt attached. Waistband and collar of plush. Short shoulder-cape, edged with braid, as are the cuffs of the sleeves. The blouse fastens in front, with large square buttons, two of which form a clasp for the waist.

LADIES' DRESS-PATTERNS.

Any style in this number will be sent by mail, on receipt of full price for corresponding article in price-list below. Patterns will be put together and plainly marked. Patterns designed to order.

Princess Dresses: plain,	$ .50
" " with drapery and trimming,	1.00
Polonaises,	.50
Combination Walking-Suits,	1.00
Trimmed Skirts,	.50
Watteau Wrappers,	.50
Plain or Gored Wrappers,	.35
Basques,	.35
Coats,	.25
" with vests or skirts cut off,	.50
Overskirts,	.35
Talmas and Dolmans,	.35
Waterproofs and Circulars,	.35
Ulsters,	.35

CHILDREN'S PATTERNS.

Dresses: plain,	$ .25	Basques and Coats,	$ .25
Combination Suits,	.35	Coats & Vests or Cut Skirts	.35
Skirts and Overskirts,	.25	Wrappers,	.25
Polonaises: plain,	.25	Waterproofs, Circulars, and	
fancy,	.35	Ulsters,	.25

BOYS' PATTERNS.

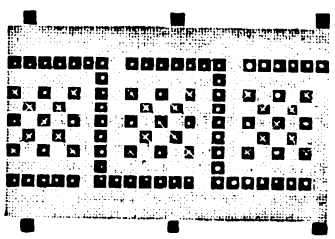
Jackets,	$ 25	Wrappers,	$ .25
Pants,	.20	Gents' Shirts,	.50
Vests,	.20	" Wrappers,	.30
Ulsters,	.30		

If the pattern desired be of some fashion in the magazine, then send the number and month of magazine, also number of page or figure, or anything definite, and also whether for lady or child. Address, Mrs. M. A. Jones, 28 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia.

CROSS-STITCH BORDER.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

Cross-stitch borders are now very much in vogue for ornamenting the ends of towels, small table-covers, etc. Worked in red and blue French working-cottons, they are very effective and easily laundried.



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DEMI-SAISON JACKET, WITH SUPPLEMENT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give here, as the most stylish thing of its kind out, the latest Paris fashion for a "Demi-Saison Jacket." Folded in with the number, we give a SUPPLEMENT, with full-size patterns for this charming affair. They are four in number, viz:

1.—HALF OF FRONT.
2.—HALF OF BACK.
3.—HALF OF SIDE-BACK.
4.—UPPER AND UNDER PART OF SLEEVE.

Be particular to note that, on the diagram (No. 1) for half of front, the dotted line shows where the pattern turns over for the front.

This jacket may be worn open or closed, as the flap or revers, which is in one piece with the front, and which is marked by the dotted line, may be faced with plush, velvet, or fur.

Woolen plaid is the most popular material for this style of jacket, as it can be worn with almost any costume. The metal buttons should be large, and the high collar and cuffs match the revers.

We also give, on the SUPPLEMENT, two artistic designs, in embroidery: one of wild roses with leaves, the other of cat-tails with grasses. They may be done in outline-stitch. Or, if they be filled in, then in Kensington-stitch. For directions as to these stitches, see our January number. The wild roses may be done either in white or delicate pink, with the centres in yellow, the leaves in green, and the stems in brown or green. The cat-tails can be done in a rich dark-brown, the leaves in green, and the grasses in various shades of green.

DESIGN FOR PYRUS JAPONICA.

In the front of the number, we give a design for a spray of pyrus japonica. The flowers should be in bright-red, the leaves green and shaded in red. Work in outline-stitch. We also give other tasteful affairs, a name for marking, etc.; they do not require description.

DESIGN FOR DRAGON AND CATS.

In the front of the number, we give a fanciful design in embroidery for dragon and cats. It can be done in etching, or on linen, or for embroidery in colored cottons or silks—brown, pink, red, green, and blue.

Work each head in a different color, the uniting bands being worked in solid satin-stitch, with brown filoselle, edged with gold, the Maltese cross between the heads to be done in blue or red.

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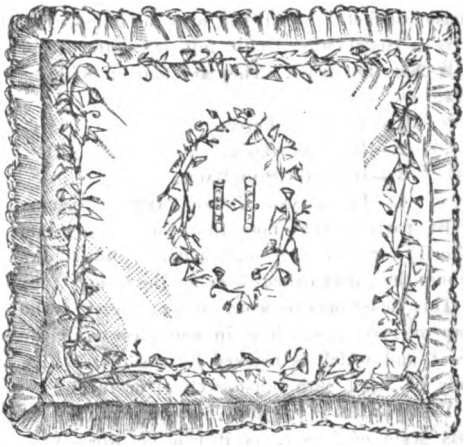
PILLOW-SLIP, WITH DETAILS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We give, here, a new and very pretty design for a pillow-slip; and, below and on the next page, two designs in detail, in embroidery, for it. One, as will be seen, is in morning-glories, and the other is a strawberry-vine, with leaves, blossoms, and fruit: both very beautiful and artistic patterns.

The embroidery is done on fine linen, with French working-cotton, in stem-stitch and Kensington-stitch. The centre-piece of the pillow-slip has the initial set in a wreath of the flowers, etc. The pillow-slip may be made up with a ruffle buttonholed on the edge, or a hemstitched border, as taste may decide.



DETAIL OF PILLOW-SLIP.

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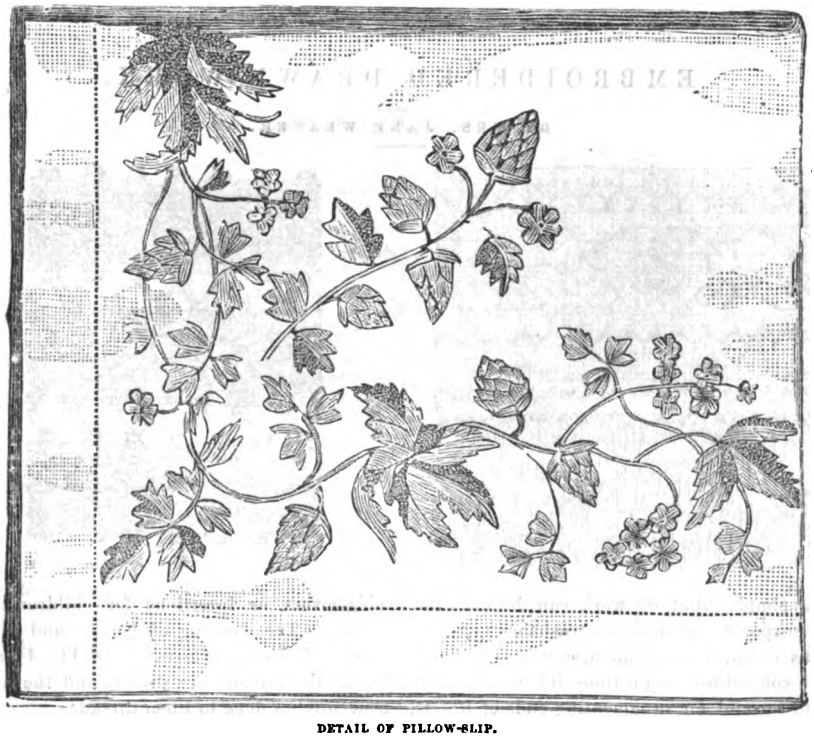
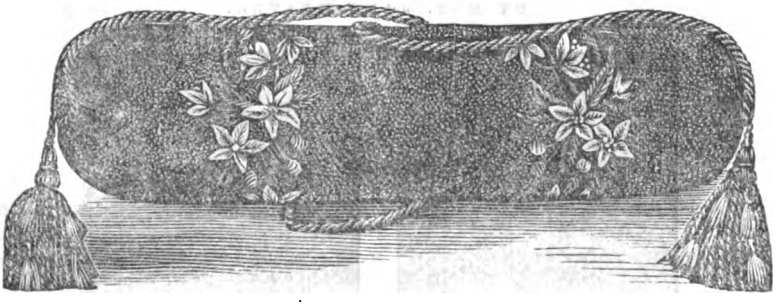


DETAIL OF PILLOW-SLIP.

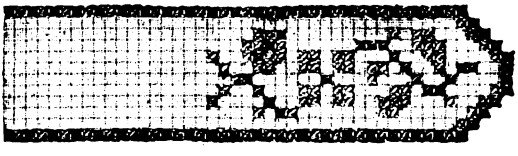
HEAD-REST FOR EASYCHAIR.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This is an old-fashioned arrangement, but one still cherished by elderly ladies who wish to enjoy their forty winks comfortably. The material is cloth or plush, on which the design is worked in silks. Stuff with feathers, draw in the ends, and finish with cords terminating with tassels, as seen.

BAND, IN CROSS-STITCH: TWO COLORS.



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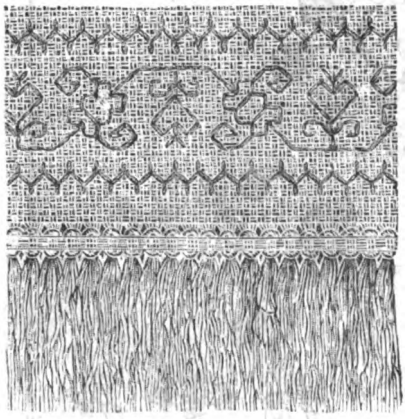
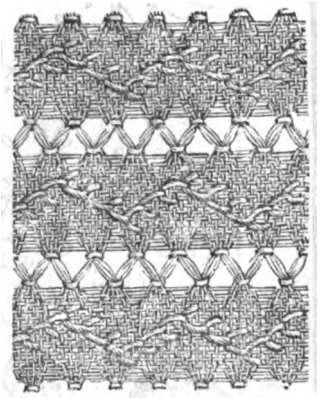
EMBROIDERED DRAWN-WORK.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

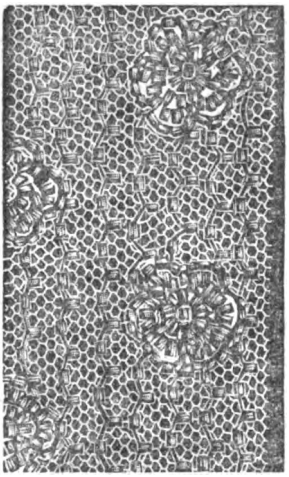


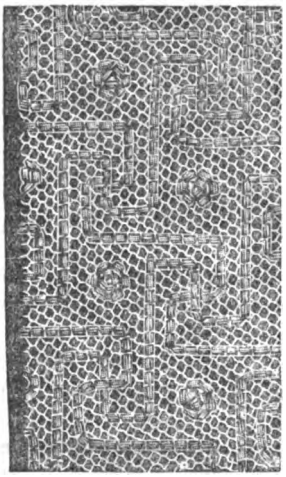


This simple kind of work can be used for many purposes. If done on washable material, such as crash, butcher-linen, etc., and done in French colored working-cottons, it is very durable and most useful for ornamenting ends of towels, table-covers, or insertions for children's wash-dresses. The forming of border and fringe is clearly shown in illustration in Fig. 1; and, in Fig. 2, the threads are drawn, and the herring-bone-stitches done in linen thread.

BEAD-EMBROIDERY ON NET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.





This kind of bead-work is now much used for trimming veils, dress-fronts, sleeves, waists, etc. It is quite easy to carry out these designs with beads of various shapes and colors.

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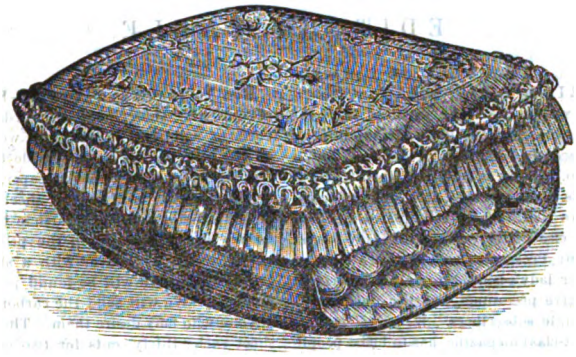
EGG OR ROLL COSEY.

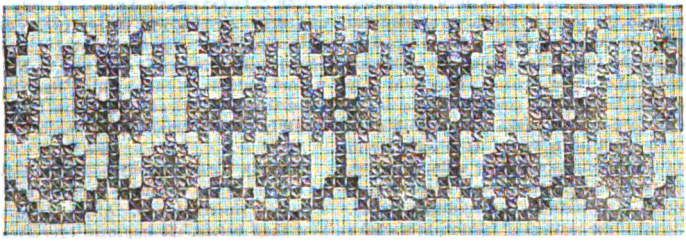
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This box-like receptacle may be used either for eggs or rolls. It consists of two squares, joined by side-bands, wadded and quilted inside. The lining, which may be either of cashmere or satin, contrasts in color with the outside; which may be of any warm material, from flannel to plush, surrounded by a quilling and ruching of satin ribbon. The decorations on the top may be in any simple design, done in silks or crewels in outline-stitch or arrasene, according to taste. These coseys are very useful in keeping either eggs or rolls warm when brought to table. Rolls should always be first wrapped in a napkin, prior to being brought in.

DESIGN IN RUSSIAN CROSS-STITCH.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



These patterns, in Russian cross-stitch, always come into play for some purpose or other. We therefore give one, this month, which may be employed for a variety of uses, according to the taste or needs of the person working it, or the object for which it is to be employed.

NAME FOR MARKING.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

WE HAVE NO AGENTS, as we have so often said, for whom we are responsible. One or more swindlers have been going about, recently, offering "Peterson" for a dollar, with a "chromo." Now, it is impossible to furnish such a magazine as this, even to clubs, at a dollar: magazines at that price can neither give steel-plates, original stories, nor anything else costly or elegant. Our lowest terms are stated in our Prospectus, and they are cheaper than those of any other lady's-book, especially if merit be regarded. We do not give premiums, whether "chromos" or anything else, to single subscribers. *We put all into the magazine itself.* No first-class magazine has to bribe people to take it, by giving a premium in addition. The thing, in fact, is absurd. Common sense teaches that whatever the premium costs has to be taken out of the magazine: which, to that extent, is just so much the poorer. To offer a premium to subscribers for subscribing is as much as to say that the magazine is not worth what is asked for it. Be on your guard. See the "CAUTION" on the second page of cover. Either remit directly to us, or subscribe through a news-agent, or join a club got up by some person that you know to be reliable. When remitting to us, if you follow our directions, we take the risk of loss by mail. See the Prospectus.

WORTH has pronounced against cloth dresses. From his point of view, too, he is correct. The ladies who are his customers, in Paris, London, St. Petersburg, and elsewhere in Europe, are all rich, all have their carriages, and none ever go out on foot to pay visits. For them, therefore, a walking-costume, in the sense in which we employ that phrase in America, is quite unknown. They can wear velvets and silks all the time; they run no risk of having them soiled by the mud of the pavements; they want only carriage-dresses. But here in this country, where nearly every lady goes on foot, even to make calls, a cloth dress has a good deal to be said in its favor. It is certainly in better taste, for a pedestrian, than silk, or satin, or velvet. Besides, if made well, and if the wearer have a good figure, a close-fitting cloth costume is exceedingly stylish. The right way, in all these matters of fashion, as we have often said, is to consider the fitness of things. Worth is perfectly right in his dictum, as applied to Paris, London, etc.; but, if he lived in America, he would alter it, for he is too great an artist not to know that the proper thing is that which is most suitable.

BACK NUMBERS CAN ALWAYS BE HAD by writing to us and enclosing the price, viz: eighteen cents for each number. "I have tried repeatedly at the news-agents'," writes a lady, "for back numbers; but they say the numbers are out of print." Now this is not correct. Back numbers can always be had, but news-agents often will not take the trouble to re-order them, and hence reply that they cannot be had. In such cases, write to us.

WRAPS FOR THE SPRING will be worn rather short and probably a good deal trimmed, as a reaction from the straight tailor-made jackets which have so long held sway. Lace, fringe, and rich passementerie ornament these mantles, etc., and they are most frequently made of the same material as the dress.

HOW TO TRANSFER PATTERNS.—For the benefit of many of our new subscribers, who ask how to transfer the patterns upon the SUPPLEMENT, we give the simplest way of doing it: which is, to provide themselves with one or two sheets of thin transfer-paper, on which the pattern is easily traced; with another sheet of carbon-paper, which is laid face down upon the article to be stamped, then the traced pattern over it in the proper situation, and the whole design gone over with a sharp-pointed leadpencil (hard), the design will be found perfectly traced upon the material. We will send the carbon and transfer paper to anyone who may desire them. They cost fifteen cents per sheet each: thirty cents for two sheets, and six cents for postage: postage-stamps will do. But these, and other things relating to transferring and stamping outfits, are advertised, every month, in our advertising-pages, by regular dealers in them.

OUR PARIS "FASHION" LETTERS.—This is the only lady's-magazine, it should be remembered, that gives a Paris letter about fashions, really written in Paris. Other magazines fabricate such letters in America, and pass them off as written abroad; taking care, however, to publish them as if from an anonymous correspondent. We, however, give the real article. All our letters are written by Mrs. Lucy H. Hooper, wife of the American Vice-Consul at Paris, and her position gives her exceptional facilities in this matter. In a word, these letters, as everything else in "Peterson," are the best of their kind.

HER "TWENTYSIXTH YEAR."—A lady sends us a club, and writes: "This will be my twentysixth year as subscriber to your magazine, and I have had every year bound; *and it improves, every year.*" No other magazine, we are quite sure, has anything like the number of such subscribers: old friends, who have been taking the same monthly for a generation, and some for more.

"BETTER THAN BEFORE."—Says a lady, who had sent us a club: "The magazine received as promised. Please accept my sincere thanks. All the ladies like it better this year than before. It improves every year." Yes, and it will continue to improve, if further improvement be possible. It always has been, and always shall be, "the best as well as cheapest."

LIGHT COLORS SEEM TO BE GROWING IN FAVOR for walking-dresses, though black and the darker colors are by no means abandoned. The faded sickly tints so fashionable a year or so ago are no longer seen: except, it may be, in combination with something more decided.

THE CRY IS: "STILL THEY COME!"—Club and single subscriptions continue to pour in for "Peterson." It is never too late to subscribe. And those, who once take it, rarely give it up. Says a lady: "Again I send you a club for your beautiful magazine, which I have taken for sixteen years."

TO REMOVE THE SMELL OF PAINT.—"How is this to be done?" writes Alice. The simplest way, in the country, is to place in the room painted a large basin of cold water, with a good handful of hay in it.

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Our Premiums For Getting Up Clubs for 1886 are three in number. One is a beautiful album, illustrated with steel-engravings, called "The Forget-Me-Not," bound in morocco cloth, an ornament for any centre-table. Another is a large-sized steel-engraving, size 21x27 inches, called "The Angel of Paradise," fit to hang in even the most elegant parlor. The third is an extra copy of the magazine for the twelve months of 1886: a premium which many will prefer to either of the others, because it will be coming, once a month, through the whole year.

Thus, for either of the following clubs, the premiums mentioned in connection with them will be sent, gratis.

"*The Forget-Me-Not.*"—For two subscribers at $1.75 each ($3.50 for the two), we will send, gratis, the magnificent premium, "The Forget-Me-Not," postage free, to the person getting up the club. Or, for three subscribers at $1.50 each ($4.50 for the three), we will send the same superb premium.

Large-Sized Engraving, "The Angel of Paradise."—Or, for getting up either of the above clubs, we will send, *if preferred*, the large-sized (21 x 27) steel-engraving, for framing, "The Angel of Paradise," as a premium, postage free.

An Extra Copy of the Magazine for 1886 will be sent, as a premium, for four copies at $1.62½ each ($6.50 in all), or for six copies at $1.50 each ($9.00 in all), or for ten copies at $1.40 each ($14.00 in all).

An Extra Copy and "The Forget-Me-Not" will be sent for five copies at $1.60 each ($8.00 in all), or for seven copies at $1.50 each ($10.50 in all). Or, for *twelve dollars*, eight copies will be sent, and both an extra copy and "The Forget-Me-Not," and the engraving, "The Angel of Paradise."

But see the Prospectus on the cover. *Now is exactly the time to get up clubs.* Many persons do not care to subscribe until after New-Year, or even later. Back numbers, to January inclusive, can always be supplied. Specimens are sent, gratis, if written for in good faith by persons wishing to get up clubs.

In Parasols, We Are Somewhat in Advance of the need for them; but, in making early purchases, it is well to know what will be used. Parasols still continue to be used quite large. They have one great fault, however, as the heavy handles, and the fringe or lace used to decorate them with, make them very weighty to carry. The unlined lace parasols are quite a new feature; they are extremely pretty for an open carriage and a dressy occasion, but for very hot weather they are but little protection against the sun.

"For Fifteen Years."—A lady says of this magazine, in a recent letter: "It grows in popular favor each season. For three years, I have added new names, and they in turn make clubs. One of the ladies in this club has taken your magazine for fifteen years."

The Useful and Pretty French Plaid Silks, which seem to have fallen out of favor for some time past, are now revived, combined with plain silks.

"Four Times The Price."—Says a lady, remitting her subscription: "I would not do without your magazine for four times the price of it."

See The Supplement for some beautiful designs in embroidery. It is only in "Peterson" that such large ones are to be had.

Woolen Materials are as popular as during the winter, but are of much lighter and softer quality for the spring weather.

Additions May Be Made To a Club at the price paid by the rest of the club; and, when enough additional names have been sent, the sender will be entitled to another premium or premiums. The additions may be made at any time, all through the year. Go on adding to your clubs!

Our Colored Pattern, this month, is one of those for working on Java canvas, for which we receive so many applications. It may be done, also, in crochet, if preferred.

A Tracing-Wheel, for tracing the dress-patterns, will be furnished by us, to any subscriber, for fifteen cents.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

Sweet Cicely, or Josiah Allen As a Politician. By "Josiah Allen's Wife." With Illustrations. 1 vol., 12mo. New York: Funk & Wagnalls.—Our readers are already familiar with this authoress. She made her first appearance in "Peterson," nearly twenty years ago, and has maintained her reputation ever since. Her humor, at its best, has no superior in American literature; while her pathos is as true as it is profound. Several volumes of her sketches have been published in book-form, of which this, the latest, is not the least interesting. Among the chapters in "Sweet Cicely" is the visit to Washington's tomb, which appeared in our January number. Numerous handsome engravings illustrate the text, while the typography of the volume is especially to be commended.

The Master of L'Etrange. By Eugene Hall 1 vol., 12mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—It is really a pleasure to see a book bound in such finished taste as this. It gives one, moreover, a sort of surety that the contents will be in keeping. Nor is the reader disappointed. The story is thoroughly American, is full of dramatic interest, and is what all good novels should be: a love-story, first and last. But we err, perhaps, in calling this a novel Critically speaking, it is a romance, and therefore even more exciting, and in some senses more powerful, than any mere novel could be. We believe this is a first venture. Let us hope we may hear often from the author.

The New Agriculture; or, The Waters Led Captive. By A. W. Cole. 1 vol., small 8vo. New York: The American Angler.—A book designed more especially for farmers and market-gardeners, but one that ought to be in the hands of everyone living in the country. It teaches a system of subsurface drainage and irrigation which vastly increases the productiveness of the soil, whether for cereals or fruits. The text is profusely illustrated. It is really a work of the very greatest value.

Evolution and Religion. By Minot J. Savage. 1 vol., 12mo. Philadelphia: George H. Buchanan & Co.—A lecture originally delivered in the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, and now printed in this very elegant little volume. Among exceptionally beautiful specimens of typography, this is one of the most beautiful. The firm, a new one, we believe, cannot be commended too highly for its enterprise.

The Poems of Henry Abbey. New Revised and Enlarged Edition. 1 vol., 260 pp. Kingston, New York: Henry Abbey.—A very neatly printed volume of verse, which we regret we have not space to commend in detail. We may say, however, that among the best of these excellent poems are "The French Marshal" and "Along The Nile."

A Lucky Waif. By Ella E. Kenyon. 1 vol., 12mo. New York: Fowler & Wells Co.—A story for mothers, of home and school life, full of valuable suggestions, and characterized everywhere by sterling common-sense.

Household Receipts. 1 vol, 18mo. Boston: J. Burnett & Co.—A little volume of receipts, valuable alike for excellence and economy. We can recommend it conscientiously

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OUR ARM-CHAIR.

WHAT THE NEWSPAPERS ALL SAY.—Among them, the Brookhaven (Miss.) Leader, says: "If once you subscribe for 'Peterson,' you will never be satisfied without it." The Athol (Mass.) Chronicle says: "Grows better as it grows older." The Barrington (Ill.) Journal says: "The January number is the finest we ever saw." The Washington (Ohio) Republican says: "The most attractive we have ever seen." The Brewster (N. Y.) Standard says: "Worth three times its cost." The Clinton (Wis.) Herald says: "The model fashion-book of the age." The Monongahela (Pa.) Republican says: "Pure and good, best and cheapest." The Hastings (Mich.) Democrat says: "No lady's-magazine equals it in interest and value." The Annapolis (Md.) Capital says: "The literary contents are of the highest order." The Luling (Texas) Signal says: "The steel-engraving is alone worth the price of the number: 'Peterson,' however, is noted for the beauty of its engravings." Finally, the Boston (Mass.) Times says: "The last number is one of the finest we have ever seen; the literary contents even better than usual: it is a magazine which should find favor with every lady." These are only a few out of hundreds of notices just received.

BITTER BREAD.—Complaint is frequently made by those who use baking powders that they leave, in bread, biscuit, or cake raised by them, a disagreeable bitter taste. This taste follows the use of all impure baking-powders, and is caused either by their containing alum (introduced to make a cheap article), by the impure and adulterated character of other ingredients used, or from the ignorance of their manufacturers of the proper methods of combining them. These baking-powders leave in the bread a residuum formed of lime, earth, alum, or other deleterious matters, not always, though frequently, tastable in the food, and by all physicians classed as injurious to health. The Royal Baking-Powder is free from this serious defect. In its use, no residuum is left, and the loaf raised by it is always sweet, light, and wholesome, and noticeably free from the peculiar taste complained of. The reason of this is because it is composed of nothing but absolutely pure materials, scientifically combined in exactly the proper proportions of acid and alkali to act upon and destroy each other, while producing the largest amount of raising-power. We are justified in this assertion from the unqualified statements made by the Government chemists, who, after thorough and exhaustive tests, recommended the "Royal" for Governmental use because of its superiority over all others in purity, strength, and wholesomeness. There is no danger of bitter bread or biscuit where it alone is used.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

FISH.

Fried Fish, to be Eaten Cold.—Fish to be fried should be well washed in water, rubbed in with salt, dried, rolled in a cloth, and placed for a few minutes before the fire, previous to cooking. Salmon, cod, and halibut should be cut into thick slices, other fish into convenient-sized pieces. Soles are done either whole or in filets. Have ready a dish of beaten eggs, and another of flour; turn the fish well over first in the eggs, and then in the flour, so that each piece is completely covered, then place it in a pan with plenty of the best olive-oil at boiling heat; fry the fish in it gently till of a fine golden-brown color on both sides. When done, it should be placed on a drainer before the fire, for the oil to drain off. Great care should be observed that the oil has ceased to bubble before the fish is put in, or it will be greasy. It is a good plan to try it with a crust of bread first. The oil can be used several times, if carefully strained and put aside in a jar, adding a little fresh each time if necessary.

Codfish with Cream.—Pick out carefully, in flakes, all the flesh from the remnants of some boiled codfish; melt a piece of butter in a saucepan, and add to it a large pinch of flour and a gill of milk or cream, with pepper, salt, and grated nutmeg to taste, also the least bit of cayenne; stir well, put in the fish, and gently shake it in this sauce until quite warm. If the composition be too dry, add a little milk or cream; then add, off the fire, the yolks of two eggs beaten up with a little milk, and serve.

MEATS.

Breast of Veal, Stewed.—Time, twenty minutes to each pound: five pounds take one hour and forty minutes. Make the gravy thus: A piled tablespoonful of flour, mixed smoothly with three tablespoonfuls of cold water; upon this, pour a pint and a half of boiling water, so as to "set" the flour like starch; an ounce of butter can be added or omitted. Let this boil, and then shred into it one onion, cut fine. Fry the meat-side of the veal brown, which may be cut in half for convenience. When it is brown, and the gravy boils, put the meat in, the brown or meat side downward. Let it boil quickly, then slowly, for the needful time; but, fifteen minutes before it is ready, chop an onion very fine, and stir into the boiling gravy, to cook for the remainder of the time; or, instead of the onion, boil, in fast-boiling water, some parsley, a minute and a half, chop it fine, and add it to the gravy when taking up the meat. Serve with rashers of bacon, fried or toasted, and rolled over a knife, and in a separate dish.

The same process is followed for a breast or neck of mutton. For a change, a little nutmeg may be added to either mutton or veal.

Baked Pork and Beans.—Take one quart of white beans; wash and pick out the imperfect ones. Let the beans soak for one hour, in cold water; then put them to boil, in water enough to cover them. When they come to a boil, pour off the water, and add fresh cold water; let them boil until nearly done; then pour off the water, and put them in a deep pan. Have ready one pound of pickled pork, that has been soaked in cold water for three hours, and then stewed until tender. First gash the pork, and then put it in the dish with the beans; season with pepper and salt, and pour over the top a pint of the water that the meat was stewed in. Bake until the beans are soft and the meat is done.

Turkey Patties.—Mince some cold cooked turkey very fine; season with pepper, salt, and mix it with a little cream and melted butter. Fill the patties, and bake for a few minutes.

VEGETABLES.

Creamed Potatoes.—One cupful of milk, a teaspoonful of butter, salt and pepper to taste; put the butter in a small frying-pan, and, when hot, but before it browns, add enough flour to thicken; stir till smooth, and gradually add the milk; have your cold boiled potatoes ready sliced, turn them into this, and let them gradually heat through; a very little nutmeg, grated over the potatoes before frying, improves the flavor. Salt and pepper, and serve.

Scalloped Salsify.—Boil the salsify, and cut it into pieces half an inch long. Add some cream to the sauce, instead of lemon-juice and parsley, with pepper and a little anchovy sauce; put in the salsify, give it a toss in the sauce, then put the pieces into scallop-shells, squeeze a few drops of lemon-juice on each, sprinkle plenty of breadcrumb over, and put the shells in the oven to brown.

Croquettes of Hominy.—Soak a breakfastcupful of hominy in boiling water. Put it into a quart of milk, and boil it about half an hour, or till tender. Stir in a piece of butter, one egg, salt and cayenne to taste, and set it by to

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cool. Then shape it in balls, egg and breadcrumb each, fry in oil or butter, and serve with tomato or onion sauce poured round.

Fried Salsify.—When boiled, split each piece in half, and steep all for a quarter of an hour in tarragon vinegar, with pepper and salt, then drain, dip in batter, and fry in hot lard. Serve with fried parsley.

SANITARY.

Beef-Tea.—To one pound of leg or shin of beef, minced up small, add three half-pints of water, and let it stand all night; in the morning, put it in a nice clean saucepan, and let it come slowly to the boil, watching that it only simmers gently; then put in a little salt to flavor, and a top-crust which has been toasted a dark-brown. Keep the lid close, and simmer gently for three hours, then pour it off, and, when cold, remove the fat; it is then ready for use.

Diphtheria.—Put one teaspoonful of flour of brimstone into a wineglassful of water; stir it with the finger, and use as a gargle—swallowing some of it, if possible. If a patient cannot gargle, take a live coal, put it on a shovel, and sprinkle a spoonful or two of flour of brimstone upon it; let the patient inhale the fumes, and the fungus will die. In extreme cases, blow the sulphur through a quill into the throat, and, after the fungus has shrunk, give the gargle.

Carragoen, or Irish Moss.—Take one ounce of the moss, wash it well twice in boiling water, pour a little cold water on it, and let it stand all night; the next day, add to it one quart of fresh milk, a little lemon-peel, and two blades of mace; boil all slowly until the milk is thick; put loaf-sugar in a basin, and strain the milk on it. It should be stirred while boiling, to prevent the moss settling on the bottom of the saucepan.

Cure For Burns or Scalds.—An application of common whiting and oil—or water, if oil be not at hand—draws the fire out of the burn or scald, and gives immediate relief. Make the ingredients into a paste, and lay it over the part affected, covering it up with some old linen and cotton wadding.

Cure For Bronchitis or Suffocation.—One tablespoonful of salad-oil to three of old French brandy. Put it into a bottle, and shake well until it is a froth. Dose, one tablespoonful when necessary; likewise, use a little of the liquid to rub the throat and between the shoulders gently with a warm hand.

Cure For Boils.—A tablespoonful of yeast taken every day, mixed in half a tumblerful of cold water, for three months, is a certain cure

Headache.—Sponge the head all over, night and morning, with water as hot as you can bear it, and rub dry with a coarse towel.

CAKES.

Carraway Biscuit.—The great art of making biscuit of this kind lies in the kneading and beating; and some strength is required in making even as much as the quantity given here. Dissolve two ounces of lump-sugar in half a pint of cold water. Cut up a quarter of a pound of butter in a pound of the finest flour, put in a saltspoonful of salt, make to a stiff dough with the sugared water, mixing well with a knife. Let the dough stand for two hours, then take it out of the pan, knead it well upon the board, working in two ounces of carraway seed. Roll the paste out into a large thick sheet, and beat very hard on both sides with the rolling-pin. Cut it out into round thick shapes, beat each a little, and prick through with a fork or skewer. Put the biscuit on a lightly-buttered baking-sheet, and bake to a gold-color in a slow oven.

Flemish Rusk.—Mix with two pounds of the finest flour a tablespoonful of sifted sugar and a large pinch of salt. Dissolve two ounces of yeast in a pint of lukewarm milk, melt a quarter of a pound of butter, beat up two eggs, stir all together, and pour on the flour. Knead the dough thoroughly, and let it rise in a warm place for an hour, or until it is very light and sponge-like; then make it into cakes the size and shape of buns, and bake on a floured tin, in a quick oven, for twenty minutes. When done, cut each cake in half, put all back on the tins into the oven, and let them dry a light-brown. As soon as they are cold, put them away in a canister.

OUR ARM-CHAIR.

GARDEN-SEEDS, ETC.—We would call the attention of our readers to the announcements, under a special head, of seeds, plants, and shrubs. As there are so many reliable and responsible seedsmen throughout the country who make their business known through the medium of this publication, we have thought proper, in order to facilitate the labor of those who are looking for announcements of seed-houses, to place them all under one head. This has been done for two or three seasons past, with gratifying results. Many of those who advertise their business under this head are personally known to us; and we can say, without qualification, that they have always proved reliable in their statements about their goods, and we confidently assert that all who want seeds or plants, and choose to purchase of these houses, will not only not be disappointed, but, upon the contrary, will possess the gratification of seeing results in the growing garden that will abundantly pay any extra effort made to secure the seeds from such reliable sources.

CATARRH AND BRONCHITIS CURED.—A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease, sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Dr. J. Flynn & Co., 117 East Fifteenth Street, New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

"TIME AND TIME AGAIN."—A lady, who sends us a club for this year, says: "I have sent you a club, every year, for the last twenty years. The magazines are not only read, but are re-read, time and time again. It is no uncommon thing, in my house, to pick up a volume that is ten or fifteen years old, and devour, with a relish, all the reading in it."

PERFECT SATISFACTION with any article, on the part of a discriminating constituency, is unimpeachable evidence of its worth; and this expresses precisely the condition of affairs respecting the rich and elegant perfume, Cashmere Bouquet, made by Messrs. Colgate & Co. It is the preferred odor of the period.

"COMPARE IT WITH OTHERS."—One of the leading weeklies says of this magazine: "The best thing to do is to write for a specimen of 'Peterson,' which will be sent gratis, and compare it with others, when you will be certain to subscribe or get up a club for 1886. Now is the time for this."

"CAN'T GET ALONG WITHOUT IT."—This is the almost universal cry. Says a lady: "I did not take your magazine this year (1885), but find I can't get along without it so I have asked some of my friends to take it, and now send you a club of seven." Hundreds write the same.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE IN INEBRIETY.—Dr. C. S. Ellis, Wabash, Ind., says: "I prescribed it for a man who had used intoxicants to excess for fifteen years. He thinks it of much benefit to him."

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PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

☞ Everything relating to this department should be addressed "Puzzle Editor," PETERSON'S MAGAZINE, P.-O. Box 328, Marblehead, Mass.

No. 278.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

My 1, 2, 3, is in defense of.
My 4, 5, 6, 7, is to puzzle.
My whole is to offer for consideration.

New York, N. Y. BENIMBER.

No. 279.—CHARADE.

My first is a sharp-pointed iron tool.
My second in lamps is often seen.
The delights of my last may be marred by a fool.
My whole is a fiction of Dickens, I ween.

Boston, Mass. DESIRÉE.

Answers Next Month.

POETRY OF FLOWERS.

THE SUNFLOWER, ETC., ETC.—A flower which rears its head with especial dignity is the old-fashioned sunflower. This gaudy and handsome plant is rich in traditionary and legendary lore, and has become interwoven with many curious superstitions. It is first mentioned by Gerarde, who notices it in the year 1596, under the name of the "Flower of the Sun, or the Marigold of Peru." He further tells us that it has grown to the height of fourteen feet in his garden at Holborn, producing flowers that measured sixteen inches in diameter. One of its popular French names is "Tournesol," from the old fancy that its blossoms always turn to the sun, a notion to which we find frequent allusions in the literature of the past. Thus, it may be remembered, Moore, in one of his Irish melodies, says:

The sunflower turns to her god, when he sets,
The same look which she turn'd when he rose.

Darwin, too, describes how the sunflower

Climbs the upland lawn,
And bows in homage to the rising dawn;
Imbibes with eagle eye the golden ray,
And watches, as it moves, the orb of day.

Thomson, again, reminds how this "lofty follower of the sun points her enamor'd bosom to his ray," and St. Francis de Sales relates how "all yellow flowers, and what we call sunflower, not only rejoice at the sight of the sun, but follow with loving fidelity the attraction of its rays, gazing at the sun, and turning towards it from its rising to its setting." According to tradition, one species is supposed to have sprung from the tears of Helen of Troy, to which Drummond refers in his lines upon the death of Prince Henry:

And thou, oh flower! of Helen's tears that's born,
Into those liquid pearls again now turn.

Another legend informs us that the nymph Clytie, famous for her devotion to Apollo, was transformed into the sunflower. In Peru, where the worship of the sun lingered till the Spaniards reached its shores, the priestesses, when officiating, were crowned with sunflowers of pure gold, wearing the same in their bosoms. Closely allied to the sunflower in appearance is the marigold, a flower so called from the popular tradition that the Virgin Mary wore it in her bosom. One of its popular nicknames is "spouse of the sun," an old fancy noticed by Shakespeare, who speaks of—

The marigold, that goes to bed with the sun,
And with him rises weeping.

In America, the marigold is known as the "death-flower," from a legend that this flower made its appearance "on grounds on which had been spilled the blood of the unfortunate Mexicans who fell victims to the love of gold and the thirst of power which induced the Spaniards to destroy those unoffending people." It is called by the Italians "the flower of all months," and Chaucer knew it by the name of "gold." Margaret of Orleans, maternal ancestor of Henry IV, had for her device a marigold turning towards the sun, she wishing to express by this device that all her thoughts turned towards heaven, as the marigold does towards the sun. In the reign of Henry VIII, the marigold was called "souvenir," and wreaths of them were worn by ladies, intermixed with heartsease.

FASHIONS FOR MARCH.

FIG. I.—WALKING-DRESS, OF LIGHT-BROWN CAMEL'S-HAIR. The underskirt, which is made on a foundation, is of satin in gay stripes, and is quite plain. The skirt, of camel's-hair, is attached to the waist in small plaits, and is caught up at the back. Over the plain round waist is worn a shoulder-cape, to which there is a hood attached, lined with the striped satin. Brown felt hat, trimmed with striped satin and a red bird.

FIG. II.—VISITING-DRESS, OF MOSS-GREEN WOOLEN MATERIAL, STRIPED WITH VELVET. It is made in the Princess style, opening over a gathered front of moss-green gros-grain silk. The lapels on the wrist are of green velvet. The Princess form of the dress only extends to just below the waist, where a drapery of plain moss-green woolen goods is added, and which falls nearly to the bottom of the dress. Very high velvet collar. Hat of very dark-green straw, trimmed with red ribbon and a dark-green bird.

FIG. III.—WALKING-DRESS, OF DARK-BLUE SERGE. The plaited skirt is trimmed with five rows of narrow dark-blue velvet ribbon. The panier overskirt is loosely draped at the back. The bodice is plaited into a dark-blue velvet yoke, back and front, has a short basque, which opens under the arms, and is worn with a dark-blue velvet belt. Collar and cuffs of dark-blue velvet. Dark-blue felt hat, trimmed with velvet and light-yellow feathers.

FIG. IV.—CARRIAGE-DRESS, OF DARK-GREEN OTTOMAN SILK. The skirt, of ottoman, hangs in wide straight plaits. The front of the dress is of a lighter shade of green surah, laid in narrow plaitings and caught down near the bottom by bows of narrow green watered ribbon. A wide sash of wide green watered ribbon passes around the waist and is tied on the left side. The jacket-bodice, of ottoman, falls over the watered sash, and opens in front over a plaited plastron of the lighter green surah. Brown straw hat, trimmed with feathers of the lighter shade of green and with a facing, loop, and a roll of velvet of the darker shade of green.

FIG. V.—WALKING-DRESS, OF A SILK AND WOOLEN MATERIAL, of a pearl-gray, plaided with light-brown. The skirt is made plain, with side-panels of plaited brown silk, and the bottom of the skirt is trimmed with a shell-ruching of brown silk. Over the brown silk bodice, is worn a short jacket-bodice of the dress-material, which is lined with brown silk, and is double-breasted at the top, fastening on the left side. Collar and cuffs of brown silk. Hat of brown straw, trimmed with white lace and roses.

FIG. VI.—WALKING-DRESS, OF PLAIN DARK-GREEN AND DARK-GREEN AND DARK-RED STRIPED WOOLEN. The full untrimmed underskirt is of the striped material. The tunic is of the same material, turned over on the right side as a deep hem, and the back is draped. The jacket-bodice is of the plain dark-green material, opening over a surah vest, which is gathered beneath a pointed surah waistband. The jacket is edged with rosary-beads. Bonnet of dark-green felt, trimmed with dark-green ribbon and a red bird.

FIG. VII.—WALKING OR HOUSE DRESS, OF BLACK VELVETEEN AND SOFT GRAY CAMEL'S-HAIR. The skirt, of the velveteen, is edged with a very narrow plaiting of black satin. The overskirt is long and plainly draped. The

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bodice, which is laced up the back, though it would look equally well buttoned down the front, is plain on the shoulders and slightly gathered into the pointed waistband of black velveteen. Collar and cuffs of velveteen. Hat of gray felt, trimmed with bands of black velvet and bows of gray satin.

FIG. VIII.—NEW-STYLE PARASOL, OF DARK-RED SILK, covered with black spotted lace. The fringe is of silk, plain and fancy twist combined, and the handle is one of the prettiest of the new carved wooden ones which have appeared.

FIG. IX.—WALKING-DRESS, OF GRAY SHEPHERD'S-PLAID. The skirt is mounted in wide plaits, but is untrimmed. The panier-tunic is draped to the back, and terminates in a full tunic, which falls over the skirt, which is laid in narrower plaits at the back. The plain bodice has a plastron vest, sash, and collar of dark red-blue silk. Hat of dark-blue felt, trimmed with gray feathers.

FIG. X.—COAT, OF BROWN AND DARK-RED STRIPED SERGE. It is made quite long, is gathered at the back, but falls straight in front, fitting the figure rather closely; but it has no seams at the waist. The sleeves are of the pagoda-shape, and are turned up with dark-red silk: the pointed hood and collar are also trimmed with the silk. Hat of green straw, trimmed with green and red ribbon.

FIG. XI.—PARASOL, OF GRAY SILK, trimmed with white lace. The wooden handle is carved in low relief.

FIG. XII.—NEW-STYLE PARASOL, OF BLACK LACE, made without any lining. The lace is plaited on fully, and is kept in place by the frame of the parasol. The handle is of black wood, with a large silver knob at the end.

FIG. XIII.—BONNET, MADE OF JET. It can be made in beads of any color—garnet, dark-blue, etc., etc. The jet or beads are put on between rows of black lace or net. The trimming in front is of wired and beaded lace, and there is a bow of black velvet in the brim.

FIG. XIV.—HAT, OF BEIGE-COLORED FELT. This felt is of a new and soft variety. It is lined with a golden-brown velvet. It is trimmed with white and beige-colored lace and a bow of ribbon with a picot edge.

FIG. XV.—JET NECKLET, arranged to form an open pattern. It is tied at the back with a velvet ribbon. A necklet can be arranged with any colored iridescent beads, to suit any costume.

FIG. XVI.—NEW-STYLE PARASOL, OF WHITE LACE, made without any lining. It is edged with a row of white lace, and trimmed with a bow of emerald-green ribbon. The handle is of Japanese cloisonné enamel.

FIG. XVII.—HAT, OF BLACK STRAW, faced with black velvet and trimmed with a fan-shaped ornament of black silk.

FIG. XVIII.—BONNET, OF JET, pointed in front, and having a bow of rose-colored ribbon under the brim. It is trimmed with bows of black satin ribbon and a pink bird.

FIG. XIX.—SHOULDER-CAPE, OF DARK-BROWN PLUSH. It has a vest of primrose-colored satin. The collar and revers are also of primrose-colored satin. Three buttons on each side ornament the cape.

FIG. XX.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF WHITE ALBATROSS. The front is made of piece white lace, and is edged with several rows of narrow knife-plaiting. Above them, are coquilles of white edging lace. The back-drapery is of the albatross, laid in very full narrow plaits. The short apron-front is tucked under and brought high up to the waist. The bodice is plain, pointed back and front, and has bretelles, back and front, of sapphire-blue velvet ribbon. Long loops-and-ends of the blue velvet ribbon fall over the skirt.

FIG. XXI.—WALKING-DRESS, OF MYRTLE-GREEN CASHMERE. The skirt is laid in wide side-plaits. The bodice is plain. Around the waist, is a narrow waistband of dark-green plush, with a very large bow-and-ends of plush forming all the trimming of the skirt. The shoulder-cape is of plush, and has a pointed hood, lined with green striped satin. Hat of green felt, trimmed with surah silk and large loops of plush.

GENERAL REMARKS.—We give, this month, both here and in the Chit-Chat, some of the newest suggestions for the coming spring and summer fashions. Many of our dresses are in advance of the weather; but, at this intermediate season, ladies frequently do much of their spring dressmaking before the warm weather sets in.

Surahs and silks of light quality, for summer wear, were never more beautiful or cheaper than now. The American silks are now quite equal to the imported ones, and the black silks of this make are thought by many to wear better than the French ones. But the seasons are disregarded now: velvets are worn in summer, and crèpes in winter, and heavy and light goods are combined in a manner which would have been thought impossible a few years ago.

Percales, sateens, chintzes, and other cotton goods are usually of some solid ground, with only medium-sized figures. Some rich red ones have appeared, which make up charmingly for young people or for house-dresses for young married women. The dark-blue and olive-green tints are also very beautiful.

White dresses, whether of nun's-veiling, albatross, crèpe, or of cotton goods, will be popular for the summer. The woolen materials will be trimmed with ribbons, lace, etc., the cotton ones with embroidery.

In the mode of making dresses, there seems to be nothing absolutely new. Indeed, so great is the present variety that the most fertile brain would be at a loss for an invention here. The threatened return to the huge hoops of Marie Antoinette's time has not as yet found favor in Paris, but perhaps the present crinoline is the beginning of this revival.

Our fashion-plates give so great a variety, both in skirts and bodices, that it is unnecessary to say more on these topics.

Long coats, ulsters, etc., will be so long as to nearly cover the dress: there will be little medium between the quite-short and the quite-long wrap.

Bonnets cannot get higher; so, as fashion decrees so many changes, they must be made a little lower, and consequently more becoming.

Hats, which have followed the style of the bonnets, are already altering somewhat. During the late winter, very pretty and becoming toques have been seen, much better suiting all faces than the hard high hat; and now straw hats, somewhat sailor-shape, put in an appearance in the shop-windows here and there, though it is too early in the season to see them on the street.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

RUE DES PETITS CHAMPS.

In the way of evening-dresses, very lovely creations are shown by Worth, who comprehends to perfection the art of converting masses of tulle or of crape into delicate and charming ball-toilettes. The Empress of Russia, who is one of his constant customers, delights in wearing these airy fabrics, which are just suited to her dainty loveliness and girlish figure. White tulle, embroidered with silver and made up over a multiplicity of underskirts of plain tulle, is farther decorated with long garlands of white roses, starting from the skirt-waist and curving around the hem. A very striking tint for evening-dresses is the new deep vivid shade of orange known as "Capucin," or, more appropriately, as "nasturtium." A dress composed of tulle of this color, embroidered with silver roses, and having a skirt-front in velvet of the same shade, trimmed with silver embroidery and curved garlands of nasturtiums in velvet, beautifully shaded in imitation of the real flower, is one of Worth's latest marvels. Black satin, trimmed with black

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jetted net, jet fringes, and pink roses, is very much in vogue for dinner-dress. One of these toilettes had the train bordered with two massed rows of large pink roses, above a full ruching of black lace, while over the train fell a wide scarf-sash in rose-pink crape, veiled in jet-dotted net. The front and sides of the skirt were ornamented with great branches of roses, with stalks and buds and foliage, caught on seemingly anyhow, although really disposed with exquisite art. The sides of the skirt had full draped trimmings of jet-embroidered net and jet fringes. Black lace short dresses, made up over pink, or pale-yellow, or white silk or satin, are much worn at small dinners, or evening parties, or at the theatre.

Velvet costumes for visiting, receptions, or demi-toilette occasions of any kind are made as simply as possible. The skirt is caught up in ample draperies, and is edged with a plaited flounce, but has no trimming of any kind. I have seen one elegant black velvet suit, with the plain corsage bordered around the throat and wrists with a row of large flat beads in blue jet. Another black velvet toilette had the corsage slightly open down the front, and caught together, so as to show an inch-wide vest in cloth of gold.

Nothing more elaborate is sanctioned on these velvet dresses, now, by the strict decrees of fashion. Over a velvet underskirt is sometimes made an overdress of heavy corded silk, cut short at one side and gathered into large round folds. The corsage has a vest and cuffs of surah in some delicate or brilliant shade, contrasting with that of the velvet and silk, which must both be of the same dark color. This vest is set in, in a combination of twisted folds, exceedingly graceful, but difficult to describe or to imitate. The cuffs show in full folds inside the silk sleeves of the dress, or escape from a slashing at the under side of the arm. One dress that I saw in this style was in dark-olive silk and velvet, the vest and cuffs being in gold-yellow surah.

Crape evening-dresses are very much worn by young ladies, and are shown in the fashionable shades, such as cream-white, pale-pink, light moss-green, or a delicate lilac. They are self-trimmed, additions of flowers or ribbons, with the exception of a wide sash in watered silk of some contrasting hue, being considered as inappropriate to the material. Worth trims the front of the skirt of such dresses with a large heavy ruche, edged with satin of the same hue as the crape, set at the hem. He drapes the skirt-front and train with his inimitable grace. At one side of the train, fall two ends of very wide moiré ribbon, which is of moss-green on pale-pink crape, pale-blue on lilac, etc., etc.

Worth is using now the best manufactured quality of black crape for mourning-dresses, and makes them in a severely simple style.

The new fans of the season are still in gauze of various colors. Some of the new designs in gold or in silver are very pretty, especially a flight of silver butterflies over a fan of scarlet gauze, or of golden birds over a blue or black one. Pearl sticks are going out of fashion, on account of their fragility. They are too heavy, also, for the gauze leaves, which do best on light mounts of violet wood, or of ebony, or of carved ivory. Tortoiseshell mounts are still used with ostrich-feathers, for full-dress fans; but fashion no longer prescribes a fan to match the dress.

Black or scarlet plumes may be carried with any toilette. For mourning-wear, fans in black gauze, painted with groups or figures in shaded gray and white, are elegant and appropriate. A very pretty style is for a lady to have the portrait of some dear friend or relative painted in water-colors on a white silk or satin fan-leaf. The likeness is copied from a photograph, and, when well done, the effect is certainly very pleasing. One American lady in Paris has a half-length of her young and beautiful daughter painted on one side of her fan, in a walking-dress and furs, as Winter, and on the other in a rose-trimmed white ball-dress, as Summer, the figures being set in a framework of appropriate flowers.

Dark-gray gloves of undressed kid are very much worn, as are also cream-white ones; but tan and wood colors preserve their popularity.

Perhaps the most universal element of a fashionable toilette nowadays is beads. They are worn of every hue and style, from a tiny imitation pearl up to a big imitation sapphire. Collars, formed of rows of colored jet beads, falling from a band of velvet, are worn over woolen house-dresses. Others of the same style, but in pink or blue or white pearls, with the band in satin of the same hue as the beads, form a pretty finish for an evening-dress. Large beads border the low-necked corsage of a ball-dress, being set above a bias band of velvet or plush; and they likewise edge the throat and wrists of velvet walking-costumes. They form fringes, and are introduced into passementerie and embroidery. Interlaced strings of jet beads form a charming adjunct to the flounces of a black lace skirt.

Steel-gray is a color that is much worn, especially in velvet and in velveteen. It is particularly elegant in the first-named material, when trimmed with fringes of cut-steel beads. Ornaments of cut steel are again becoming fashionable; they are very finely executed, and are almost as brilliant as diamonds.

Corsages in gayly-tinted or pale-colored velvets are much worn for demi-toilette, with skirts of lace and surah, or of crape or sicilienne, in evening-dress hues. Thus a corsage of very pale mignonette velvet is charming with a pale-pink or pale-blue skirt, a golden-brown velvet with a cream-white skirt, and olive velvet with pale-yellow.

The latest novelty in jewelry is a necklace formed of small diamond roses, fitting the curve of the wearer's throat. With this necklace, was worn a brooch in diamonds, in the form of a rose with stalk and leaves. The rose could be unscrewed, mounted on a pin, and worn in the hair.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—GIRL'S DRESS, OF DARK-BLUE FLANNEL. It is plaited into a yoke, both back and front, and fastened about the waist by a yellow leather belt. The sleeves are slightly gathered into a ruffle, and the collar is rather large. This costume may be made sufficiently large to wear over a dress. Straw hat, bound with dark-blue velvet and trimmed with loops of velvet ribbon.

FIG. II.—GIRL'S COSTUME, OF CHESTNUT-COLORED CLOTH. The waist is rather loose, and is fastened to a skirt, which is laid in large box-plaits. This skirt is trimmed with a band of dark-brown velvet. Silk sash, of chestnut-colored silk. The cuffs and collar are trimmed with dark-brown velvet. The large cape, which can be left off in warmer weather, is also trimmed with brown velvet. Hat of chestnut-colored felt, bound and trimmed with dark-brown velvet and a tuft of chestnut-colored feathers.

FIG. III.—GIRL'S COSTUME, OF PLAIN AND CHECKED NAVY-BLUE VICUNA. The bodice and skirt are in alternate plaits of the two materials. The cape and cuffs are of the checked vicuna. The sash and collar are of red serge silk. Hat of dark-blue felt, trimmed with dark-blue feathers and two upright red cock's-plumes.

FIG. IV.—YOUNG GIRL'S HAT, OF GRAY FELT, trimmed with stiff gray feathers, gray ribbon, and poppy-colored flowers.

FIG. V.—CHILD'S COLLAR, OF WHITE LINEN, spotted with red.

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Painted by Meyer Von Bremen. Engraved & Printed by Illman Brothers.

THE LITTLE PILFERER.

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RIS
PRI

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HOLLY BRANCH AND BERRIES

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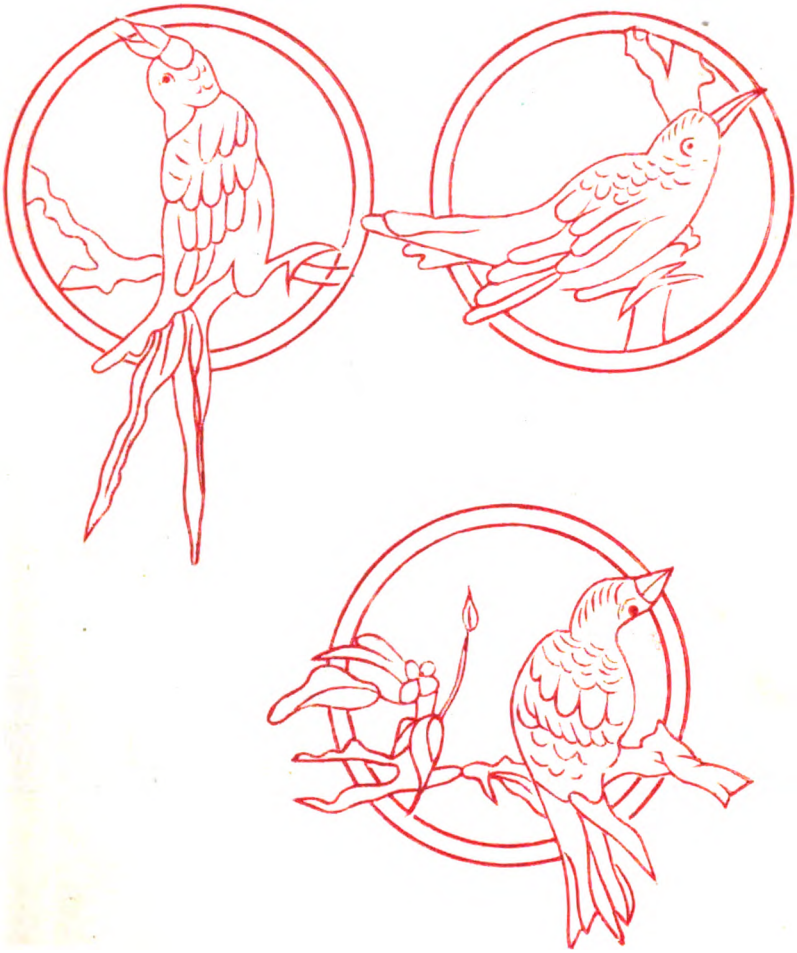

DESIGN OF BIRDS

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THE RISING STORM. [*See the Story, "On the Roxbury Sands."*]

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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR APRIL. NEW-STYLE HATS.

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LATEST STYLES FOR WALKING-DRESSES.

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LATEST STYLES FOR HOUSE-DRESSES.

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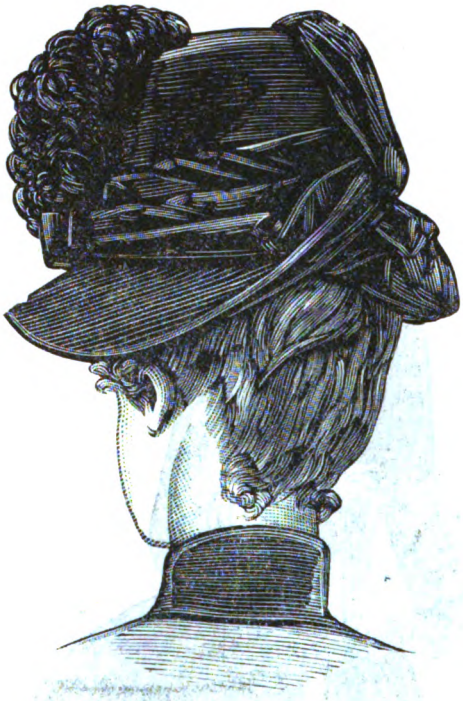

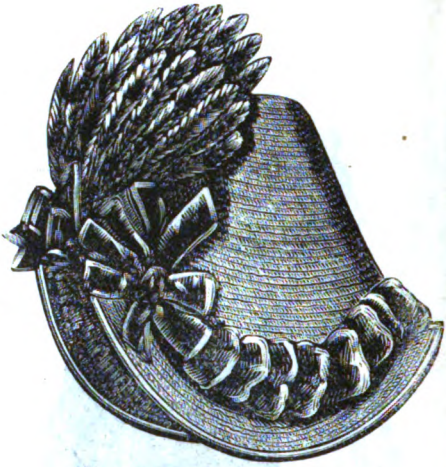

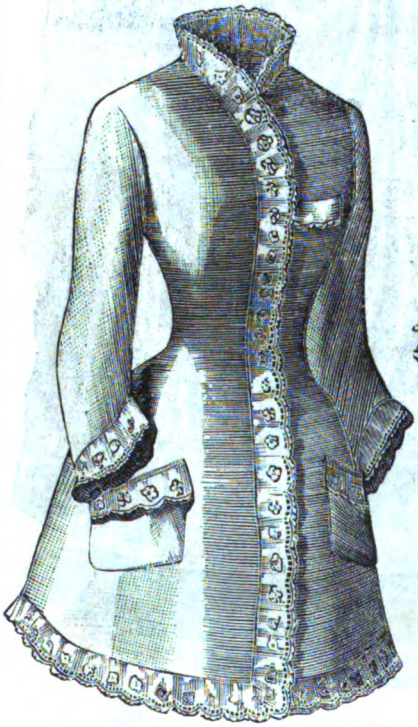

HATS. HOUSE-JACKET. STREET-JACKET.

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BONNET. HAT. CAPE. NIGHT-DRESS.

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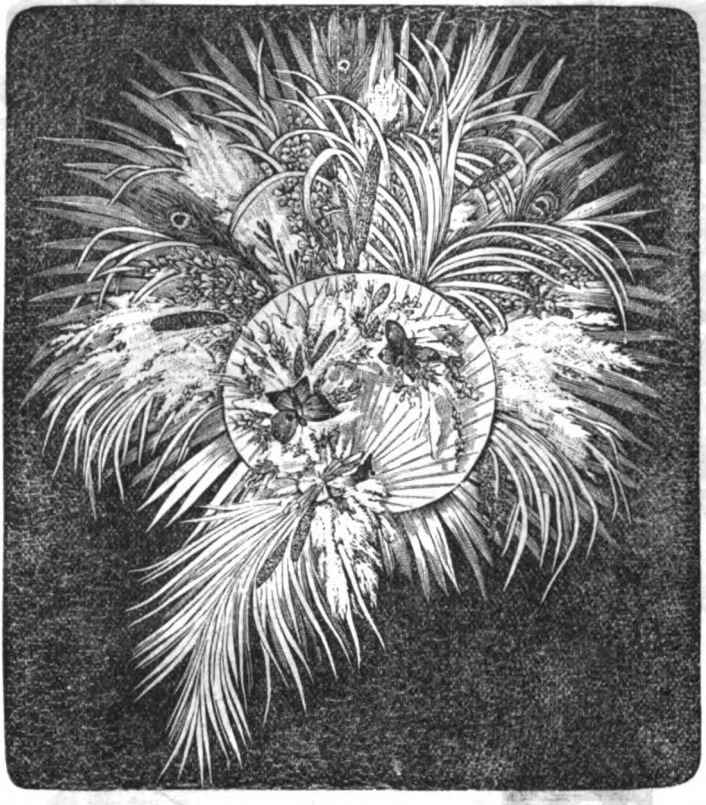

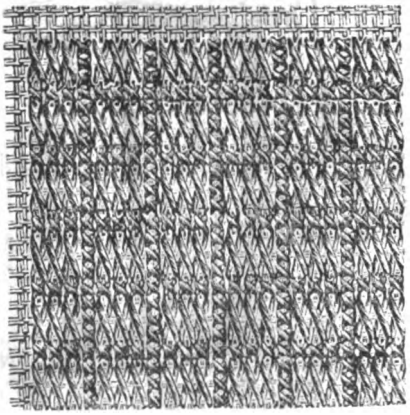

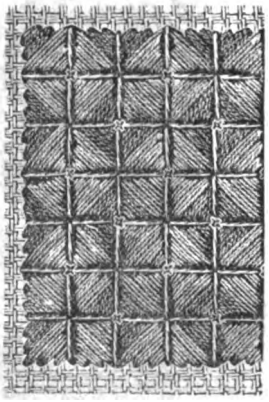

MAKART BOUQUET. FILLINGS FOR BACKGROUND OF CUSHIONS.

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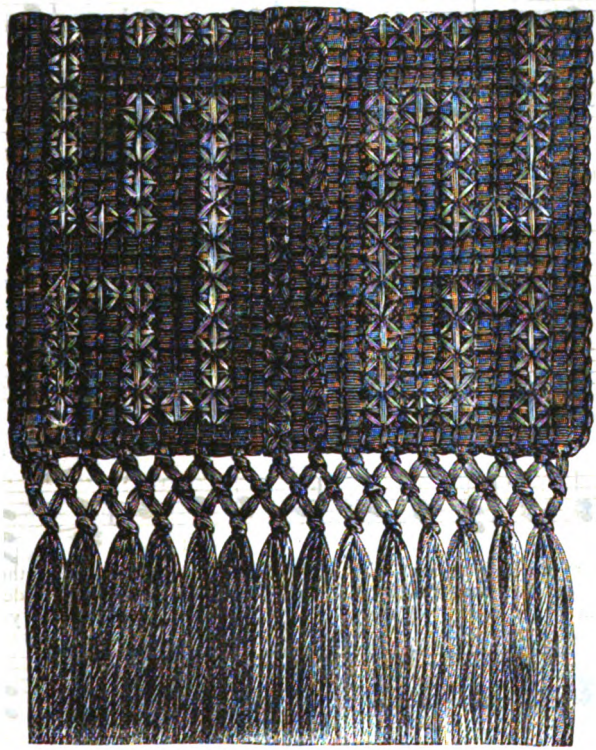

HANGING-BAG. TRICOT BAND FOR BASSINET.

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HIGH AND LOW.

As published by SEP. WINNER & SON, 545 N. Eighth St., Philadelphia.

Words by R. A. GATTY. **Music by ALFRED SCOTT GATTY.**

Allegro moderato.

p

1. When the win - ter day is done, Soft - ly sinks the crim - son sun;
2. Trav - el - ers pass up and down, From the coun - try, from the town;
3. Deck'd a - bout the house are seen Smil - ing sprays of ev - er - green;

In the gar - ments of a bride, Snow-clad sleeps the coun - try side,
La - den trains with Christ - mas cheer, Plung - ing thro' the fog ap - pear,
Yule - logs on the hearth-stone roar, Wild winds beat a - gainst the door;

mf *f*

Star - tled from their froz - en lair, Wild fowl rise up in the air,
Snow-drifts choke the nar - row ways, Caus - ing dan - gers and de - lays;
Fond eyes at the frost - ed panes Peer in - to the snow - y lanes.

mf *f*

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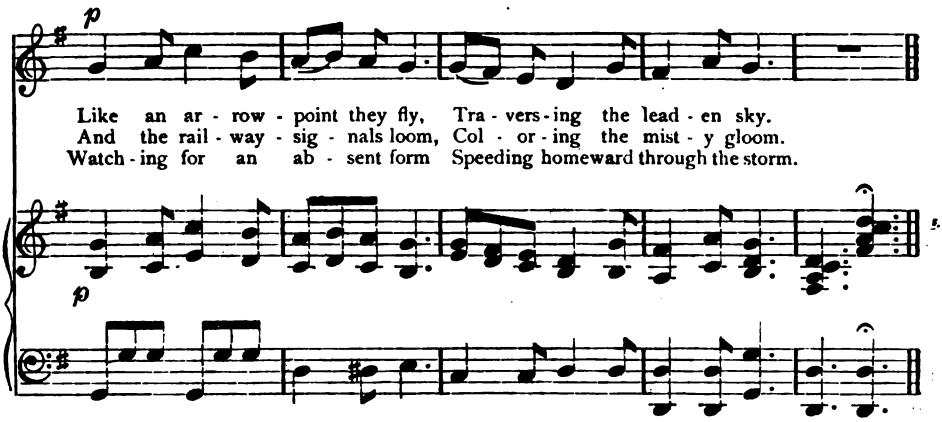

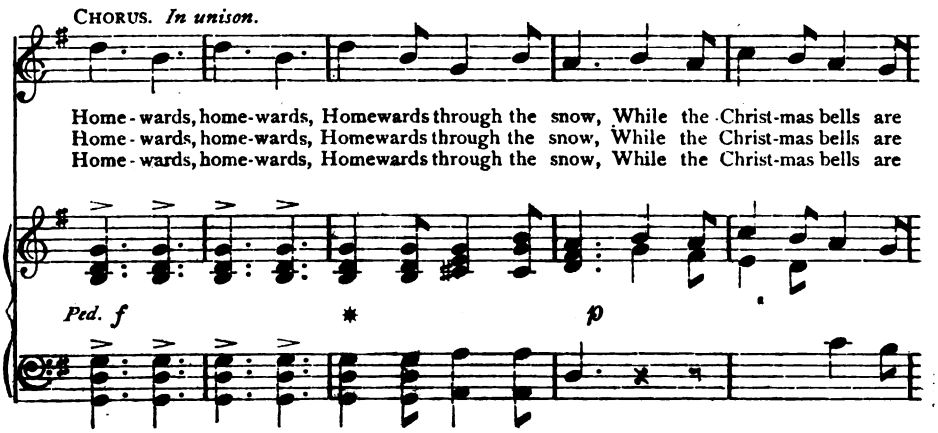

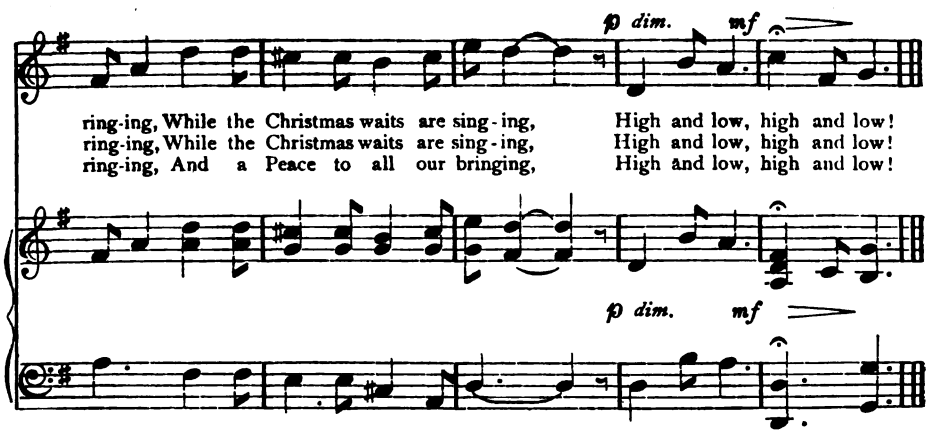

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EVENING-DRESSES.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXXIX. PHILADELPHIA, APRIL, 1886. No. 4.

BLINDMAN'S-BUFF.

BY MARY V. SPENCER.

EVENING had come, and two young men, at a fashionable summer-hotel in the mountains, were lounging in the room of one of them.

"I had such an adventure, to-day," said Harry Despencer to his former chum at college, Mortimer Stanley. "I was strolling in the woods, when I heard singing—such a clear, virginal, bell-like voice—and suddenly came in sight of the vocalist—"

"A pretty girl, of course," interrupted his friend. "There'd be no romance in it, without that."

"Yes, a pretty girl: in fact, one of the prettiest I ever saw. She was sitting on the limb of a tree, that hung low, and arranging some flowers in a basket as she sang. A friend was with her, a little way off, who was gathering flowers. I pretended to have lost my way in the woods, and asked if she could direct me to the hotel. It was a transparent pretense, and I've no doubt she saw through it. But, for all that, she answered very sweetly, and I soon found that they were guests in this very house. They arrived late last night, and breakfasted before we did—which explains our not having seen them at table, this morning."

"Oh, I know all about it now," responded Stanley. "I took a look at the register, after you went for your stroll, and found two fresh names of ladies there—Miss Campton and Miss Hildreth. They are an heiress and her companion, the clerk told me: Miss Campton the heiress, and a very great one, it seems."

"Those are the same parties; for I presented my card, of course, and my wood-nymphs told me they were respectively Miss Campton and Miss Hildreth. Both are pretty; but the one I first spoke to—and who, it seems, is the companion—is by far the prettier."

"A very fair distribution of what you call the eternal fitness of things," said Stanley. "Beauty to one, and riches to the other."

All this happened last summer. Despencer and Stanley had both been educated as lawyers; but, while the latter had inherited a large fortune, the former possessed only a very moderate competence. "Enough, however," he would say, philosophically, "to keep the wolf from the door till I can get a practice: and, after all, I would rather make a fortune than have inherited one." But Stanley thought differently. "I pity you, old fellow," he would say, "and all like you who have to work for a living. It's deuced bad form, you know—you'll excuse an old friend for saying so. Better own up, and admit that it would be pleasanter to be worth a million and have no sordid cares. I'm going to Europe, in the fall, in my own yacht; and I only wish you'd come with me, and let the law alone, as I intend to. It's all very well to have studied law: it's a sort of proper finish to a gentleman's education; but to practice law is a different matter. Pshaw! Only think of the stupid clients one has to conciliate, and the dirty witnesses and juries one has to meet." The truth is, Stanley was something of a "dude," and thought himself made of quite too fine clay for everyday life.

A few days after, another conversation took place between the two friends.

"Look here, Harry," said Stanley: "I want you to be frank with me. We've got deuced familiar with those two girls, but the prettier one is the one I fancy you like the best; while I, for

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my part, prefer the heiress, for she has the more substantial charms."

"Don't speak in that venal way, Mort," replied the other. "You do yourself injustice."

"Tut, man, what nonsense! For any fellow to talk sentiment, in this nineteenth century, is absurd; but, for a lawyer, it is idiotic. Come: I'm in earnest. A million is not to be despised. Added to my own fortune, it would enable me to live quite the 'grand seigneur.' But I'll be fair with you, out of regard for old times. If you really have any idea of going in for Miss Campton, I'll give way. You couldn't do a better thing, my boy, than marry her, and cut the law."

"Thank you," said Despencer, dryly. "Miss Campton is a very lovely girl; but marrying is not in my line. It will be fully twenty years before I shall be able to afford that luxury. Meantime, if I were to fall in love at all, it would be with Miss Hildreth."

"Great Jupiter!" interrupted the other. "What a donkey! I grant that your inamorata is the brighter of the two, as well as the prettier. But then, the million! 'Gad, my boy, since you decline, I'll not be such a fool, but begin to make my innings at once."

And he did begin, from that very day. No one could be more assiduous in attentions than Mortimer Stanley became to Edith Campton. As the two girls, however, were almost inseparable, this threw Miss Hildreth constantly into Harry's society. "Be a good fellow," Stanley

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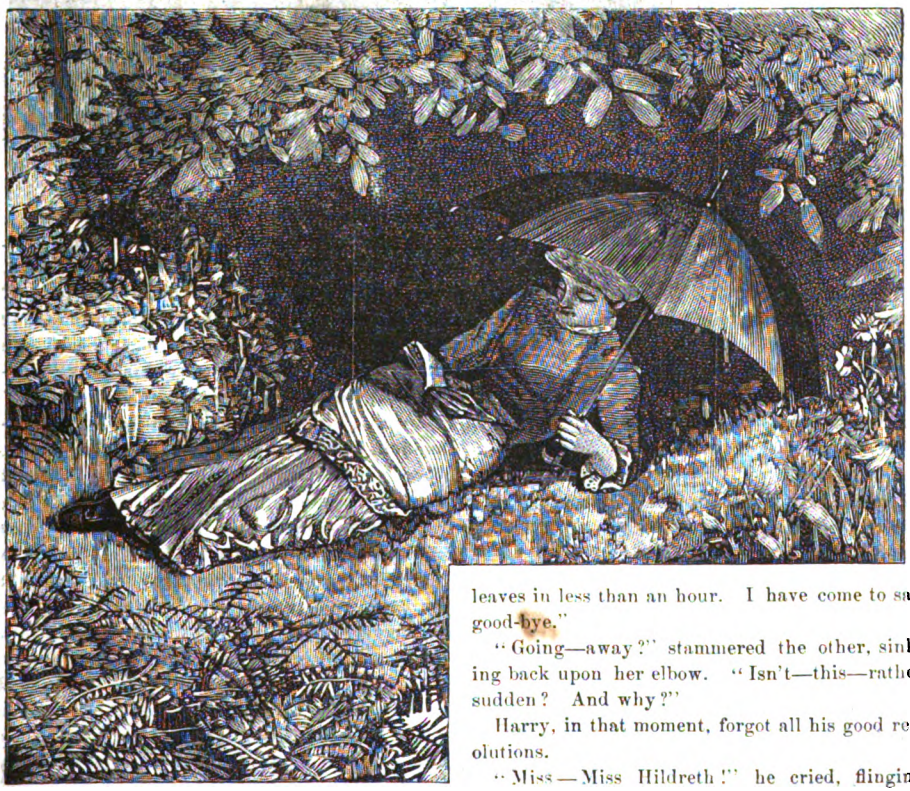
had said to his friend, "and take her off my hands: I shall never be able to get a word alone with Miss Campton otherwise." Harry, nothing loth, had consented. "I shall have some delicious days," he told himself. "And then I'll go back to my dray-horse life: she'll never care for a penniless fellow, as both girls know I am; and, as for me—well, I'll take the risk of falling in love." But very soon he found that he had counted without his host. To his amazement, he discovered that he was hopelessly enamored of pretty Miss Hildreth, who had not a penny, except her salary as companion to the heiress.

When Despencer made the discovery that he had lost his heart, he acted like the brave and honest fellow that he was. He proceeded to pack his portmanteau, called for his bill, and secured a seat in the coach that was to leave at one o'clock. "There is but one thing to do," he said to himself: "and that is, to fly." A deep sigh. "But I must bid her good-bye. She is not in the parlor. Ah! I remember: Mort told me she and her friend were going for a walk in the woods, and that he intended to join them about this time. And here Mort himself comes."

Stanley was at his side the next moment, and, putting his arm into Harry's, said: "I have been looking for you everywhere, old fellow, to keep our engagement. I want you to do me a real favor: beguile Miss Hildreth off into some by-path, so as to give me the heiress alone; for I'm going to propose, to-day, if I get a chance. I think the dear creature is ready to fall into my very arms. There's Miss Hildreth yonder, under that tree, with her parasol up, half sitting, half lying—'gad! what a pretty picture she makes—and, further on, I see my fair charmer kneeling among the long grasses, picking flowers. She has heard our footsteps—or rather mine—for she looks up and around: a happy sign. Wish me good-luck, old fellow."

It was not until Harry was close upon Miss Hildreth that she lifted her eyes, and, with a start, rose to a sitting posture. A swift rush of color came to her cheek; for Harry, unconsciously, had shown, in his looks, the feelings that he was too self-centred to express in words.

"Pray, pray, don't rise," said Harry, as the girl, with evident embarrassment, began to get on her feet. "I have but a minute to stay. I find I must go away, to-day: and the stage



leaves in less than an hour. I have come to say good-bye."

"Going—away?" stammered the other, sinking back upon her elbow. "Isn't—this—rather sudden? And why?"

Harry, in that moment, forgot all his good resolutions.

"Miss—Miss Hildreth!" he cried, flinging

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himself on the turf beside her. "Oh! forgive me, if what I say should offend you. Why do I go? It is because I have discovered that I love you"—again that sudden flush all over the fair countenance—"and that I must fly, for the sake of my own peace. I know, too well, you would not encourage—ought not to encourage—a penniless lawyer. For you, with your beauty, your accomplishments, your noble heart, there should be a higher destiny. But," with a sudden proud uplifting of the head, "if things were different—if I were rich, like Stanley—daring, presumptuous, as it might seem—I would not fly. I would stay, and stake all—"

The bosom of his fair hearer had been visibly agitated, all this while. Her eyes had been averted. All at once, she looked up, with a quick searching glance.

"Stake all," he went on, now utterly carried away by his passionate affection. "Poor as I am now, I feel I must, some day, win success: and then—then—I would have something to offer. But alas! I cannot, now, ask any woman, in fairness, to be my wife; because I should have to ask her to wait, perhaps for years—"

"But—but," said the other, falteringly, and blushing now over brow and neck as well as cheek, "why is it necessary for one like you to ask a girl to wait? If she loved you, wouldn't she be willing to make sacrifices—"

"Oh, Miss Hildreth!" cried Harry, impetuously. "Would you be willing to wait for one you loved—"

"Certainly, *if* I loved him," interrupted the other, decidedly.

"But you don't love, in this case: that I see," cried Harry, disheartened by the emphasis she had laid on the "if." "Forgive my folly, Miss Hildreth. I will not trouble you again." He was rising to his feet, as he spoke.

"But what if I should say that I would wait? Or that I would share his lot, even in poverty?" she said, coloring more hotly than ever.

At these words, Harry quite forgot everything. His arm was around her waist in another moment, and he was kissing her sweet lips.

"Oh! my darling," he cried, rapturously, "and are you really willing to be a poor man's wife, when many a rich one would only be too glad—"

A mischievous sparkle came to her eyes.

"Many a rich one? Not your friend—Mr. Stanley—at any rate," with a merry laugh. "Do you know I have been hardly fair to you? My friend and I, as you know, happen to occupy the room next to yours, and have heard you and him talking. He expresses himself very unequivocally about marrying a poor girl; and so," now with a little hesitation, "we have let a mistake into which you had fallen, about our names, go on, unexplained. In short, though I did not start the deception, Mamie coaxed me into letting it continue—and—and I hope I haven't quite forfeited your good-esteem; for I am not Miss Hildreth: I am Miss Campton; and—and, if you don't change your mind," a rapturous kiss the answer, "you'll not have to slave at the law, unless you wish to. And I'm so glad; for, do you know, you are so proud, that, if you had known who the heiress was, I don't believe you would have permitted yourself to fall in love with her. Now, too, I am sure I am loved for myself—a happiness I had almost reconciled

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myself to never enjoying; for everyone was like your friend—Mr. Stanley—and cared only for my money."

We drop a veil over the next quarter of an hour. Neither of the two, happy as they have both been since, will ever taste such perfect bliss again—the bliss of newly-discovered, newly-acknowledged first-love: a bliss that comes but once in a lifetime. They were roused, finally, to the consciousness of ordinary life, by quick footsteps approaching. Springing simultaneously to their feet, they saw Miss Hildreth, until now known as Miss Campton, approaching, laughing.

"It has been better than a comedy," she cried, clapping her hands. "I told you, Edith, that memorable night, when we overheard him talking, that I'd make that man propose, if only to have the fun of rejecting him. Thank you, dear, for letting me play the comedy out. If I had given in to your dear Quixotic notions of never allowing deception, even in the smallest matter, I should have lost no end of fun. You should have seen him when he plumped down on his knees in the grass, and, in almost Grandisonian pomp, offered me his hand and heart. His heart, forsooth! If he hadn't been such a coxcomb, my look of contempt, as I glanced round at him, when he came up, would have saved him the mortification of a refusal. He went off, just now, as sulky as a bear. But wouldn't he have been angrier than ever, if I had accepted him, and he had discovered that I was the poor girl, and you the heiress?"

Then Miss Hildreth had to be taken into the confidence of the lovers.

"Oh, it is no news to me," she cried. "I have seen it, all along. I told Edith, from the first, that you and she were made for each other. But I had such difficulty to keep her from telling who she was. Ah! if you had known at first, you'd have run away, you're so proud."

"So Edith has already told me," retorted Harry, smiling. "But all's well that ends well, isn't it?"

When the three got back to the hotel, they found that the stage had already gone, taking Stanley with it. A hurried note to Harry said: "I've made a confounded fool of myself, so I take your seat, as you're not here; and I shall sail for Europe, in my yacht, at once."

Harry was married just before Christmas. Miss Hildreth had already become a wife; for she had been engaged before coming to the mountains.

She and her husband, that winter, saw Stanley in Paris; but he kept aloof from them, saying to himself:

"Jupiter Ammon! how near I came to selling myself out in that matter. Thought the heiress the companion, and the companion the heiress. 'Gad, a regular BLINDMAN'S-BUFF!

SILVER FLAKES.

BY EDITH EARLE.

Over the earth, so bare and brown,
Silvery flakes are falling down,
Robing it rich as an ermine gown
  Fashioned for fairest queen.

Silvery flakes, that, here and there,
Glisten and glint through the sunlit air:
Brilliant as gems a belle might wear,
  Decked for her wedding-day.

Glittering flakes—ah, who could tell,
Since the bare old earth they clothe so well,
  That, underneath where they softly fell,
  Desolate fields now lie?

E'en as the snow, with mantle bright,
Covers the dreary land from sight,
And robes it with garment pure and white
  As garment e'er can be—

So may the Father, who ruleth all,
Over my faults, both great and small,
Soft let the flakes of His mercy fall,
  Till He hides them from His sight.

GOD'S HYMNS.

BY MINNIE C. BALLARD.

The birds must set a sentinel
  To watch for dawn, so sharp and clear
  To sound one voice doth oft appear.
Like a shrill 'larum its song-notes swell;
Then, after time perceptible,
  To list'ning ear, from far and near,
  Rings out th' awakened chorus dear:
Robin and wren and phœbe tell
  Their joy for sleep, and day new born—
Then the shrill piping sparrows sing
  Their song, of music wholly shorn.
Yet may we learn from this slight thing
  God's hymn of praise, not quite complete
  Till all souls join the harsh with sweet.

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ON THE ROXBURY SANDS.

BY JULIA A. FLISCH.

I.

THE world was in the heyday of its youth and beauty, on that especial evening, when Kitty Massengale first caught sight of the Roxbury sands.

Not that there was much beauty, either of nature or art, in the low-lying dreary stretch of sand, with its squalid collection of huts perched just above the reach of the storm-crested waves, and the sombre background of stunted scrubby pines. Nor was there much of dignity, or grace, or culture in the muscular swarthy fishermen or their sunburned wives and children, who alone found a home on this bleak wind-swept coast.

And yet the sun, now near its setting, filtering in wavering bars of gold through the dark pine-boughs, toned down the dreary outlines of the landscape with its soft golden mists, and the water crept up over the shells and pebbles with a little musical gurgle—splashing up, here and there, in tiny foaming bubbles, bright with prismatic colors.

The misty twilight, the undulating waves, the soft murmuring of the waters, pleased Miss Massengale. They appealed to her love of the beautiful, her sense of luxury. What could be more delightful than to lounge in that dainty shell of a boat, with no care or shadow in the heart, and no task save the gratification of her taste and fancy? What more pleasurable than to send her boat dancing gayly along, or, with her oars at rest and her sketch-book on her knees, to sketch hasty glimpses of coast-scenery?

She had rowed all the way from Salem Point; and now, as she came opposite the sands, she allowed her boat to drift idly along, while she drew a pretty picture of the little settlement, with the boats drawn up on the sand, and a few barefoot children splashing in the shallow water.

"Quite a success, I flatter myself," she said, scanning her sketch with a critical eye. "Now, I wonder if I could not get a good subject for a character-sketch out of some of those very children on the sands? I think I will try."

The boat was turned accordingly into a little inlet, where a landing could be made safely.

And now Miss Massengale stood up. There was about her an air of perplexity that was charming, and a seeming indecision that made her a lovely subject—worthy an artist's pencil.

Never before had Roxbury sands beheld so beautiful a picture as this young girl, with her dainty muslin, all frilled and tucked and puffed; the soft lace at her throat; the jewels sparkling in her ears and on her fingers; and, above all, the exquisite rose-tinted face, with laughing eyes and dewy lips.

The dirty unkempt children ceased playing, that they might stare at her in open-eyed wonder, while two sharp-visaged, dark-browed women, who had been indulging in a war of words, put their arms akimbo and gazed at her suspiciously.

Dismayed by these unexpected accessories to the picture, Miss Massengale stood, sketch-book in hand, uncertain whether to advance or retreat, when a quick firm step sounded on the shingly beach, and a tall well-knit young fisherman, who was striding along with an easy swinging gait, paused and looked in some surprise—first at the boat and its lovely occupant, then at the lowering faces of the two women.

He was clad only in the common garb of his profession; yet the dark handsome face, with its bold frank expression and rich coloring, was like a revelation to one weary of the stereotyped and effeminate features of the spoiled darlings of society. Miss Massengale was denominated, by many a victim, "a heartless flirt." And, alas! it was only an insatiable thirst for admiration and conquest which induced her, now, to turn to the young fisherman, with a glance and a smile that had wooed to his fate many a man better versed in the ways of the world than Robert Calvert.

"I am Kitty Massengale," she said, sweetly, "and I am staying with my aunt, Mrs. Rudolp, of Salem Point. Perhaps you know her." And her beautiful eyes rested for a moment on Robert Calvert's face.

A deep flush mantled his dark cheek, as he helplessly stammered: "I—yes'm; I've sold her fish, often."

"Have you?" she queried, brightly. "Why, I have never seen you—that is strange. You see, I was told of some beautiful views along this shore, and I have been making a few sketches."

"What's that?" asked one of the women.

"Drawing pictures, like this," Kitty answered, opening her book at the last sketch. "Do you think it pretty?"

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The group had been considerably increased by accessions from the settlement; and, as Kitty stepped ashore, she was the object of eager eyes, whose owners had quickly become deeply interested in her handiwork. Presently a brown but well-shaped hand was thrust over her shoulder, and a clear voice exclaimed: "Here, hand that article over, and let me take a look."

"Aye, Nan, it be pretty, that it be," said one of the women, "and the leddie fixed it wi' her own hand."

Having handed the book over, Miss Massengale turned to look at the newcomer, whose face was of that type one would have pictured to oneself upon hearing her voice. Handsome, with a wild free beauty of its own; a complexion of a deep olive, as perfect in its way as that of any city-belle, only with a color which vied with the crimson heart of a rose. Her eyes were gray and flashing, deep and passionate; and thick masses of dark hair fell in careless abandon over her shoulders.

There could scarcely be imagined a stronger contrast than was presented by the two girls standing there: the one, with her crimson jacket setting off the lithe well-developed figure, with force of character written on her brow and lips—passionate, untaught, with no guide save the dictates of her own heart; the other, with all that wealth and education could give—slight and graceful of form, with soft brown eyes and brown hair, in the soft meshes of which the glimmer of the sunlight was tangled.

Whilst Kitty, with some curiosity, was watching Nan, the latter looked up, handed the former her book, and bluntly remarked:

"It's prettier nor the sands be."

"Oh, no," said Kitty; flattered, nevertheless. "I have drawn it exactly as it is."

"You haven't put in the holes where the rain leaks in," said Nan, with a bitter little laugh; "nor the doors falling down, nor the shutters all broken."

"Ye're right, Nan," said several women, approvingly. "Ye've got it down straight."

"How could the lady know all that?" queried Robert Calvert, speaking a little sharply. "The lady didn't make the leaks, nor the broken shutters, Nan."

"Nay, Rob, I didn't mean that," said Nan, humbly. "Not as I mind it, either," with a careless laugh and a proud uplifting of her head. "I'm no worse off nor others, I guess; I can stand it, if they can."

"Will you come up, lady?" asked Rob, hesitatingly.

"Ah, that's what I wanted to tell you," said Kitty. "I wanted to draw some picturesque faces—something out of the common run, you know. That little fellow there, with the auburn hair, for example. See!" And, with skilful hand, she hastily sketched a picture of a rosy freckle-faced urchin, who peeped at her shyly from the folds of his mother's dress.

The women gathered about, in eager freely-spoken wonder and admiration; but Rob Calvert's eyes never left the young artist's face.

To him, Miss Massengale was a revelation from another world: a vision rare in his commonplace life. True, he had seen beautiful ladies, rustling in silks and sparkling with jewels, in his occasional visits to Salem Point, Greenville, and other places along the coast; but they were far above him, moving in circles from which he was excluded. But this lovely being had voluntarily come among them, had spoken to him, had even smiled upon him.

His whole heart went out to her; not, as yet, in love: rather in reverent worship.

The sun was sinking like a ball of fire into a downy mass of clouds, and the shadows were creeping over the sands, when Kitty, stepping back into her boat, pleasantly asked:

"May I come on Wednesday, then, and draw and paint the pictures of these rosy children?"

"Aye! aye!" was the hearty response. "Come again; none of us'll gainsay you."

"And you—what did you tell me was your name?" she said to Rob, who stood waiting to push her boat from the shore.

"Rob," he answered; "Rob Calvert."

"Ah, yes; what a pretty name! Thank you, Rob. I hope I shall see you again soon." So, with a parting nod, she was off, calling back gayly: "On Wednesday, then."

Rob stood on the beach, watching the little boat as it danced over the waters, until, one by one, all the group had dispersed—all save Nan, who stood a little aside, her hands clenched tightly together, and her eyes moodily fixed on the sand.

"Is she not beautiful, Nan?" said Robert, turning to her at last.

"What brought her here?" questioned Nan, harshly. "She don't belong wi' such as us. What made her come here?"

"Why, Nan!" he said, looking at her in utter surprise. "What did she come here for? Why, what's come over you? You heard her say why she came. And I know there's not many fine ladies like her would be so soft-spoken and kind."

"She's come for mischief," cried Nan, passionately; "with her white baby-face and white fingers: a poor white puny little scrap, that—"

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"Nan!" And Rob's voice was sterner than it had ever been to her before; and the look he gave her checked the flood of angry words that was on her lips.

"I don't know what's come over you," he continued; "but, if you're going to have one of your tantrums, I'm off."

So he left her, wandering over the sands to recall the beautiful face that had smiled on him a few moments before; while Nan, with such a misery and desolation creeping over her as she had never known, stood beating her bosom with her clenched hand. She was in a fit of tumultuous grief and rage.

II.

Poor, rugged, and hard had Nan's life been; but, from such agony of heart as she now experienced, she had been free.

Until Kitty Massengale had come to Roxbury sands, Nan had lived happily. Her beauty had elevated her, among her associates, to a sort of queenship. For her smiles and her friendship, the young fishermen had striven. Hers was the place of honor, where there was no distinction of wealth, since all were equally poor; nor of class, where all were of the same station.

It was as though a gorgeous poppy, flaunting its scarlet head above the host of humble weeds, had been placed beside a dainty rose, in comparison with which all its fancied beauty faded into coarse insignificance.

Lying on the sands, studying out the meaning of this strange trouble and pain, Nan felt the tears welling up in her eyes, and she sobbed and wept like a grieved child, every bitter feeling being swept away by deeper emotions at the fancied neglect of her lover. Long after her sobs had subsided, she sat on the beach, watching, with tearful eyes, the gradual approach of night, until the moon crept up like a wan spirit, touching every crested wave with its white fingers.

But, at the sound of a voice caroling some old familiar catch, she started to her feet, and stood with her lips parted and head bent forward to listen.

"Rob!" she called, softly. "Rob!"

He heard, stopped a moment, then came forward to meet her.

"What is it, Nan?" he asked, carelessly.

"Oh, Rob," she sobbed, "I can't a-bear to have you angered with me."

"Who's angered?" he asked. "Not me. It was you as got on a rampage, Nan."

"Because I can't a-bear to have you go agen me, Rob—you as I have played wi' sin' I was a wee baby."

"I agen you?" exclaimed Rob. "What do you mean? We're too old a-mates to fall out now, Nan."

"Yes," she said, quickly; "too old a-mates, Rob." And she clasped her hands about his arm, and looked up, with a deep earnest resolve shining in her eyes. "Rob, if anybody steals your heart from me, they must die—or me!"

"Tut! tut!" he impatiently exclaimed. "This is crazy in you, Nan. Come, let 'lone, and see what I've brought for you from Salem Point; only you've been so contrary, I couldn't give it to you."

He held up a crimson silk handkerchief, as he spoke; and Nan, catching it with a long quivering sigh of gratitude and relief, said lovingly:

"I'll wear it, Rob, for your sake; it will never leave me wi' life." And, with her hands clasped in his, all fears and suspicions seemed for a time to sink into oblivion.

Miss Massengale came again on Wednesday, and Rob was waiting to tie her boat to the stake. This done, he moved respectfully aside; but Kitty said sweetly: "Ah, Rob, I am glad to see you," and held out her hand.

Could Robert Calvert resist the sweet thrill that quivered through every nerve at the touch of those white fingers? Could he repulse the wild sweet hope that sprang into his heart at the upward glance of these bewitching eyes?

He was poor, rough, obscure, it is true; but he was a man. And, with the passion that surged in his soul at the inspiration of this lovely woman, is it any wonder that he lost sight of all these facts, in the golden days of the next few weeks?

For Kitty Massengale—who would not have touched his hand with the tips of her fingers, when the eyes of her own world were upon her—here, away from sneering criticism and prudish condemnation, led him on as she had led many another, with her smiles, her subtle appeals to his vanity, her caressing voice.

One there was who saw every look, who brooded over every word. Nan had long ago found out where Rob's heart had wandered. She alone resisted all Kitty's overtures—was to be won neither by smiles nor enticing words.

While others gathered around, to admire and wonder at the skill of the artist, Nan would stroll away and lie for hours on the sand, watching the changes of the sky and the sea; all the while, nursing in her heart the bitterness of death.

But, one day, Rob was not at hand when Kitty

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came; his boat was out on a fishing-cruise, and had not been heard from for several days. The sketching dragged, that day; and, sooner than usual, Miss Massengale rose to go.

The sky had been gray when she left Salem Point, and the sea-breeze cooler than usual; and Kitty had hesitated at first about starting, lest a storm should come up. But, saying to herself that this was a foolish alarm, and that the day would yet prove fair, she set forth; first, however, changing her dress for a warmer one: a close-fitting tailor-cut habit of cloth, that showed every curve of her beautiful figure. This new costume awoke even more admiration, in its way, than the dainty lace one in which she had first appeared. Nan was more jealous than ever when she saw Kitty in it. "Whatever she wears," said the fisher-girl to herself, half angrily, "she looks pretty in. What can be the secret of it? Ah! if I only knew how to dress that way, and had the money to do it."

When Miss Massengale rose to go, she saw that a great change had come over the sky and sea: the former was grayer than ever, and the latter was thundering in, in great billows, that broke, in showers, on the shore. She took a turn or two up and down the beach, watching these ominous signs, holding her hat on with her hand; for the wind had come on to blow almost a gale. How she wished the young fisherman was there, to take her home! She was beginning to be frightened. Nor were her fears lessened by what next happened.

"There's been a storm out at sea," said one of the women, as she paused at the end of her walk, "and it's drivin' in on us; happen, miss, you'd better stay here till mornin'."

"Oh, no! no!" exclaimed Kitty, though she heartily wished she were at home. "I must go. Aunt Mary would be wild with fright. I must return, at all hazards."

"If one on our men had been here," said another; "but they're all off wi' the boats, happen you'll need a stronger arm nor your'n."

Then Nan came forward. She, who was usually so passionate, so fiery, so uncontrolled, spoke now in a voice low and quiet as Kitty's own, yet with a strange repressed earnestness too.

The misery of the past weeks was written in the haggard lines of her face; the rich color had given way to an ashy pallor; her lips were set with a resolute purpose.

"You need a stronger arm than your own," she said. "Come, let me go with you."

"Oh, no," said Kitty, shrinking from the strange gleam in Nan's eyes. "You—you—"

"There is no time to lose," said Nan, still in that strange voice. "Do not be afraid: we shall both be safe before the storm gets to its worst." As she spoke, she led the way to Kitty's light craft, that was sheltered in the cove near by.

She took up the oars; and Kitty, seeing no help, stepped in. Nan threw off the mooring-chain and pushed off, turning the head of the boat out from the little inlet.

"Be careful, Nan: go steady," shouted one of the women, as the boat began to rock, when it had reached the open sea.

"Aye! aye!" said Nan. "Don't fret for me, Sibbie; I'll be all right in the morning."

Something in the wild bitter laugh, which accompanied the words, jarred on Kitty's nerves; but Nan was looking across the troubled waves with steady eyes. The shore receded fast.

"Do your best, Nan," said Kitty, by and bye, with an attempt to speak lightly; "or the storm will be stronger than your arm."

"And what then?" queried Nan, looking suddenly into her face. "'Tis soon over, lady. One heave, and over goes the boat, and we goes off. It's an easy way, lady; we just slip off, like; we're out of trouble, and go in wi' the tide in the morning."

"But I don't want to die," cried Kitty, with a shudder, for the girl frightened her. "I want to live. You don't really think there's danger?"

"Aye," cried Nan, all the pent-up passion bursting forth, "you want to live—you want to steal Bob's heart away from me. He loved me once, before you came: now, he dreams of your baby-face, your white hands."

"Rob?" interrupted Kitty, scornfully. "Rob Calvert? Do you suppose I care the snap of my finger for him—a low common fisherman—a clumsy—"

The look in Nan's eyes stopped her. The girl was bending forward with one hand clenched against her breast, her eyes gleaming like fire.

"You don't love him?" she cried. "What did you come for, then? What for did you look at him with your shiny eyes?"

She struck her hands together, and one of the oars slipped, and went floating off on the water.

"The oar!" cried Kitty. "Nan, Nan, the oar's gone!"

"Aye," cried Nan, with a wild triumph in her voice, "and here goes the other!" And, suiting the action to the word, she flung it from her.

"What have you done?" cried Kitty, wringing her hands in despair. "We are lost!"

"Aye," said Nan, passionately, "you took him from me, lady; but you shan't go back to break the poor boy's heart. 'Tis better for us both to lie dead on the sands, than that."

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The wind was now blowing more fiercely than ever; they were a mile and more from shore; the great billows threatened to swamp the boat, as it rocked helplessly from side to side. The oars were carried farther and farther away, and Kitty Massengale looked death in the face.

It was a terrible thing for her, with her light frivolous life staring at her from out the past, to be launched into that awful future of eternity. Clasping her hands, she began to pray as she had never prayed before: begging, pleading for life—only for life; shrieking and sobbing in her wild despair. But Nan, with the fire in her gray eyes deepening and burning, and her face upturned to the stormy sky, sat silent.

"I cannot die," sobbed Kitty. "Oh, Nan, Nan, have pity on me. I am so young—life is so sweet. Oh, Nan, dear good Nan, save me!"

Then Nan turned: something in the white despairing face, in the hoarse pleading, touched a tender chord in her passionate yet generous heart.

"Lady," she said, gently, "'tis too late. I can't save you. 'Twill not be hard to die."

"No—I cannot die!" cried Kitty, springing to her feet.

The boat tilted suddenly: a wild scream, a sudden dash of foamy water; and the boat, bottom upward, drifted away.

It was an awful storm. The waves dashed in billowy masses on the Roxbury sands. The winds howled and wailed, as though the spirits of the lost were chanting a requiem; but the morning dawned clear and calm, with naught but the restless waves to tell of the night's terrible work.

In the early dawn, when the first rosy gleams of light tinted the sky, the boats came in; and Rob, springing out on the beach, saw a little group gathered about some object on the sands. Approaching with hasty steps, he pushed them aside and looked down.

Nan! Lying there with the dignity of death on her marble face, with sea-weed twisted in her long dark hair, and the token he had given her pressed to her heart with one stiffened hand. Faithful Nan! The waves, having tossed her to sleep in their white arms, had gently drifted her ashore in the morning. But her fair false rival, with her sins on her head, through the storm and the darkness of that awful night, had gone out to the burial of the winds and the waves, alone, and was never seen again!

FAITH.

BY HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.

The storm was o'er me drifting—
I watched its skirts uplifting
Along a crimson glory of sunset, sky, and sea;
And, slowly forward coming,
From out the misty gloaming,
A little child sped lightly across the plain to me.

A little blue-eyed maiden,
With fading flowers laden,
Which, ever as she journeyed, she fondled tenderly.
"Dost thou not fear to wander?"
I said. "A storm breaks, yonder."
"It will not fright or harm me," serenely answered she.

"And these, thy fading flowers—
The sunshine and the showers
Of all the bygone springtime would fall on them in vain.'
But, with her sweet eyes shining,
Her hand in mine entwining,
She answered: "Heaven's sunshine can make them bloom again."

And so, serenely smiling,
She goes, the way beguiling,
And fearlessly I journey toward the darkling sea;
For, as I follow onward,
The way which leadeth sunward,
Sweet Faith, the blue-eyed maiden, goes hand in hand with me.

UNDER THE SNOW.

BY AGNES L. PRATT.

Softly the white snow is falling
Over the ground;
Tenderly now it is cov'ring
Each lonely mound.

Where the lone sleepers are lying,
Silent and cold,
There doth the pure white snow drifting,
Their graves enfold.

Over the soft stainless carpet,
No footsteps go.
Silent and still are the sleepers
Under the snow.

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SISTER DOROTHY.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT,

AUTHOR OF "AN AMBITIOUS WOMAN," "A GENTLEMAN OF LEISURE," ETC.

When her only sister, Sara, was married in New York to Mr. Larchmont Bartlett, the intelligence of this event reached Dorothy Truman among the lovely mountains of Lucerne. Dorothy at once wrote home a crisp characteristic letter.

"Haven't you hurried up matters marvelously?" the letter ran. "It seems to me only yesterday that I heard of this engagement, and now it is a marriage. I have not an idea what Mr. Larchmont Bartlett is like, though you sent me that beautiful photograph. The only use for photographs, I find, is to have them remind you of people. If you expect that they will enable you to do anything more, you are always sorely mistaken. My warmest congratulations, of course—I mean, or I ought to mean, for the man who has been lucky enough to win my beloved and incomparable little Sara. . . . This place is a dream of beauty, in May. I am living in a cheap 'pension'—eight francs a day—with all sorts of odd people; but, then, think of having Mount Pilatus, the big gray sentinel of all the other Alps, greet you every morning from your bed-room window, sometimes doffing his cap of cloud to you in the most chivalrous way. . . . Expect me home in two months, at least. Mrs. Bondurant is growing homesick, poor woman, now that her other malady is cured, and thinks more and more every day of her transpontine spouse and babes. It is wonderful, dear Sara, how our sentiment increases with our appetite. . . . Love to mamma, and tell her I can scarcely understand how I have permitted her to be so long out of my sight. Love to papa, and tell him that I shall meet all further messages on the subject of an increased letter of credit with severe silence; I have not yet spent half what he has given me. . ."

Sara read a few sentences from this letter, to her newly-married husband. It was just after the return from their honeymoon. They had come back to the house of Sara's parents; they were to live here; the whole of the second floor of this handsome brown-stone mansion in Fifty-seventh Street had been allotted them, making five spacious rooms in all. Mr. and Mrs. Truman had gone one flight further upstairs for their accommodation.

Larchmont Bartlett, who was seated at the side of his young wife, took this letter of her sister Dorothy's somewhat languidly from Sara's hand, and surveyed through his eyeglasses its square secure chirography. He had a long yellow mustache, a diminutive and dainty sort of nose, a lank thin figure, extremely slender white hands, and the air of always dressing himself with an eye to the reigning mode. And yet you would not—despite even the eyeglasses—have permitted yourself to call him a mere dandy. It might even have occurred to you that he was a person of considerable interred, repressed, covert ability—which he was. When a fool gives himself absolutely up to the grasp and sweep of "caste," as an idea, we never have the least doubt about the completeness of the surrender. But it is otherwise with a man of brains. Intellect always dies hard, and there are few modes of absolutely hiding it. The most zealous worshiper of patrician forms will invariably betray it. He wears his robes of office just a little awry. His fatuity does not perfectly fit him, like the supple native idiocy of the born fop.

Larchmont Bartlett regarded Dorothy's letter for some little time. His glasses were not an affectation; he was near-sighted to a most inconveniencing degree.

"I can understand, my dear Sara," he at length said, "that your sister is a very different sort of person from yourself." He said it with a drawl; but there have often been more relentless elongations of English syllables than that which he gave, and affectation has arts of speech beyond any of those he employed.

"Different?" echoed Sara. "I think no two people could be more unlike in every way." This statement might have been construed unfavorably toward the absent Dorothy; though Sara, in her guileless geniality, never dreamed of dispraise. She herself was a blonde of the willowy fragile type; all the pure candor of her soul seemed to look forth from the lucent mellow blue of her eyes; and, with hair so golden and so rippling, with cheeks and chin so finely and softly molded, with a figure whose litheness retained so many gracious curves, she had every right to be called a beauty.

"But I am very anxious for you to like my

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sister, Larch," the young bride pursued, in a tenderer tone. "You do think that you will like her, don't you?" And here Sara put one hand on her husband's arm, and sought for his evading eyes.

"What on earth made her go to Europe in that cheap way?" muttered Larchmont.

"Poor Mrs. Bondurant had bronchitis dangerously, and couldn't go in any other."

"Who is Mrs. Bondurant? Rather a common sort of person, eh?"

Sara would not have called her mother's old friend a common sort of person six months ago. But now it was somehow different. She had, meanwhile, met Larchmont Bartlett, been wooed by him, and married him. She now said, with a stealthy little blush of guilt and a hesitating voice:

"Well, Larch, I should not call her common. No. She hasn't the—ah—fashionable air, and—"

"My dear Sara, don't use that dreadful word 'fashionable.' It always makes me hear the snipping of a milliner's scissors."

Sara laughed buoyantly. "I am afraid, if I said 'swell,' Larch, you'd think it slangy."

"Say 'respectable.' It answers every purpose."

Sara gave a sudden start. "Good gracious!" she exclaimed. "Mrs. Bondurant is respectable!"

"Is she? Well, let us drop her, and talk of something else. As for this matter of liking your sister, my dear, it will all depend upon how she accepts me. Do you understand?"

Sara thought, reverently, that she did understand. Larchmont, with perhaps an unconscious vanity, had alluded to himself as if he were a new religion or a piece of recent political reform. And possibly his wife, in a certain undefined way, placed him on a level with just such notable questions as these.

The home-coming of Dorothy Truman was not without its dramatic accompaniments. She looked all about her, so to speak, after crossing the threshold of her father's house, with alertly-poised head and vigilant wary eye. She had a face full of vivacity and spirit, and a good deal of her sister's neat flexibility in figure, without a trace of Sara's inseparable languor. Indeed, briskness was the most emphatic trait of all that Dorothy said and did; it was never absent from her manner and speech, any more than its salty tang is absent from sea-water. Some of the people who are always judging a woman by her possibility of winning male admirers used to say of Dorothy that spinsterhood held earlier and keener threats for her than for most girls, she was so independent, so accentuated, so sharp. Now, they asserted, her youth dyed all this in a rosy mist; but, when the mist faded, too little yielding femininity would be left behind it. If Dorothy ever heard an echo of these comments, it may be set down as certainty that she merely laughed her silent contempt for them. It had always seemed to her highly possible that she would never marry. She had a good many theories as to what men ought to be, and she knew very well that men do not like the women who have those. The woman who represents recreation and not discipline to the mind masculine is she who walks to church, under a bridal-veil, the quickest. And, if a man were like the sun and moon made into one, Dorothy had often told herself she would not marry him without genuine love.

She had not been home more than three hours before her whole individuality was in a stir and flutter. She considered Larchmont Bartlett odious, and thought Sara had made the most mistaken of matches. At dinner, that evening, Mr. and Mrs. Truman exchanged more than one melancholy glance. They had dreaded that the coming of Dorothy would summon discord from its lair, and they had not been in error. It must be admitted that both Sara's parents were, somehow, under the spell of their son-in-law's magnificence. He had so dazzled them, that they had forgotten to disapprove of him. Years ago, when her husband had made his first valiant pile of thousands, in the retail hardware business, Mrs. Truman had attempted to secure a foothold in so-called patrician New York society.

But she had never forgotten the attempt, poor woman. She made a tour of the summer watering-places with her husband, that year, and they must both have cut very sorry figures. It is possible that his tailor was as much to blame as her dressmaker. Mrs. Truman was now dimly conscious of wearing rings outside of her gloves, during this momentous pilgrimage, and Mr. Truman could remember that he generally attired himself in evening-dress at about two o'clock in the afternoon. The years, and their daughters who grew up with the years, had brought radical changes. Mrs. Truman had learned why she had failed, with all her wealth, to "get into society." She had carried away with her, from that disastrous campaign, a good deal of potent chagrin; but she had carried away, as well, a keen respect for "the aristocracy." Nor had matters been very different with her husband. Mr. Truman's estimate of his own social importance underwent a change from which it never recovered. He realized,

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after that summer, how there were certain things which his money could not give him or do for him. Like his wife, he grew to secretly reverence high social standing, and gradually acquainted himself with the various family-records and personal histories included under such august Knickerbocker names as those of "Amsterdam" or "Manhattan." Sara had, in a measure, shared these feelings, and several years spent at a school filled with the daughters of New York nabobs had by no means diminished them. But Dorothy had always tossed her head in great scorn at the idea of anyone possessing them. She dearly loved both of her parents, but hid this fondness under a frank familiarity, which, to many an English eye, might have seemed the essence of filial disrespect. Dorothy, however, would not have minded the mute censure of all the English eyes in the world. She had always prided herself upon being an American of Americans, and her recent trip abroad had only intensified this national sympathy.

"Which country in Europe do you like the best, Dorothy?" asked Sara, that evening, as they were seated at dinner.

"Oh, Switzerland," was the answer, made without a moment of hesitation. "I believe there is no country in the world half so beautiful."

Larchmont gave one of his thin cool laughs. "It is so spectacular," he said, "it always makes me think of a chromo, or something like that."

Dorothy pursed her lips a little. "It is popular and healthful," she said, in crisp undertone, "and so the dainty people run it down." Then her black eyes sparkled a little, as she went on with changed voice: "But this modern fashion of sneering at it will die away, and its sublimity and grandeur will remain. I met some people who spoke as you did, by the way; but I afterward found out that they had done so entirely from affectation."

"Oh, Dorothy!" murmured Sara, with an alarmed look at her husband.

"Dorothy does not mean to be uncivil, I am sure," hastened Mrs. Truman.

"I fear that I am often thought so, when I tell the plain truth," said Dorothy.

"The plain truth shouldn't always be spoken, my dear," said her father, with a kind of nervous jocoseness.

"I can't bear to hear my beloved Switzerland talked of in that snobbish way," declared Dorothy.

"I thought you were such a very loyal American," said Larchmont, only half concealing a sneer.

"A loyal American!" cried Dorothy, gayly. "Loyalty is no word for me. If I were ashamed of my own country—like some Americans whom I have met in London and elsewhere—I should be ashamed of myself."

"You seem to have met some rather unsatisfactory people, across the ocean," said Larchmont, with his drawl made skilfully tantalizing.

Dorothy now felt distinctly nettled, and at once said: "Unfortunately, not all of them are to be found across the ocean."

At the end of dinner, after she had fired not a few peppery little shots of this same sort, Dorothy was privately interviewed by her mother.

"My dear," said Mrs. Truman, "it looks as if you were going to make matters very unpleasant for Larchmont."

Dorothy steadily regarded her mother for some little time. Then she answered, with a slight pained smile at the corners of her lips, and a series of quick little reproachful nods:

"Oh, it does, does it, mamma? And then you don't think your son-in-law at all blamable for the way he treated me?"

"Larchmont's manners are perfection," said Mrs. Truman, with an airy sort of reverence, as though she were saying colloquially a fragment of some sacred litany.

"He has no manners at all," exclaimed Dorothy. "He is all mannerism. I detest such a type of man as that."

"Dorothy!"

"And to think that our darling Sara should have married him!" Here the tears flashed in Dorothy's eyes, as she vehemently tossed her head. "She never should have done it, if I had been home—never!"

Mrs. Truman clasped both hands together, in a grief-stricken way. She was a very silly woman, and the pernicious snobbery of our metropolis, with which fate had brought her into contact, had made her still sillier.

"Oh, Dorothy!" she moaned. "It was such a splendid match for our Sara! Your father was delighted, and so was I. Why, only think: his mother was a Castlegarden, and his grandmother was a Brooklynheight! He couldn't be more swell than he is. It puts our family right up. Why, I just mentioned casually, this winter, to Larchmont, that your father and I would like to go to one of the Patriarchs' balls, and he got us cards so easily! And 'everybody' has called on Sara since the wedding. Some days, we would have a perfect stream of carriages in front of the house, for the whole afternoon. You couldn't help remembering that the neighbors must be watching, behind their shades. And there was

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that Mrs. Pillsbee, next door, who never returned my visit, seeing it all! I declare, Dorothy, there's so much to be downright grateful for, and yet here are you coming home to turn a blessing into a trouble."

"That's a cheerful way of describing my arrival," said Dorothy, as she bit her lips. The bald rude straightforwardness of her mother's discourse was nothing new to her; she had heard other gentle tirades in just the same glaring taste as this. "Mamma," she now went on, "answer me one question: Is Mr. Larchmont Bartlett a person of any means whatever?"

"Not much," said Mrs. Truman, coloring a little.

"I thought not," asseverated Dorothy. "This marriage has been simply a downright sale—nothing more."

"Oh, Dorothy Truman!" cried her mother, in plaintive anger. "How can you—and how dare you?"

Here Dorothy threw both arms around her mother's neck. But she did not kiss her; she scolded her, instead.

"Oh, you goose! You foolish stupid old goose, you! Between papa and yourself, you may have shattered poor Sara's life. I don't know how I can ever forgive either of you. Do you suppose I don't already see just how matters stand? You've gone down on your knees—all three—before this shallow, pompous, conceited young fortune-hunter. And what does he give you, in exchange for your devotion? A languid half-amused contempt!"

"Contempt? Oh, Dorothy!"

"It's true. I mean to watch his conduct toward Sara narrowly enough, you may be sure of that. What this marriage will mean to Sara is, after all, the important question. I saw that he left the house almost immediately after dinner, this evening."

"He must have been annoyed at you," said Mrs. Truman. "He usually goes an hour later."

"Oh," said Dorothy, "then he usually does go, eh?"

"Well, yes."

"With Sara, or without?"

"He hasn't taken Sara much lately."

"Oh, he hasn't? And does he tell her where he goes?"

"Yes. He goes to his club—the Gramercy Club, you know. It is the most select in New York: smaller than the Metropolitan, and nearly all made up from our very first families. And he has promised to use all his best influence to have your father made a member of the Gramercy."

"Indeed!" muttered Dorothy. "What a pretty figure he'll cut, among all those popinjays."

To her father, Dorothy was equally outspoken, though in a different way. "Upon my word," she affirmed, "you don't deserve to have the enviable repute that you possess, as a man of brains and honesty. The idea of caring for this fiction—this phantom—this will-o'-the-wisp they call caste! You! In a smaller man, one could forgive such a smallness. Why, these so-called American aristocrats are the surprise and the ridicule of Europe. And to let our Sara marry that mere fashion-plate of a man, simply because he can take his wife among the snobs of the F. C. D. C. Dancing-class without having to cringe and struggle getting her there! Oh, it's petty, and at the same time monstrous!"

"Look here, Dorothy," said that young lady's father, laying one hand on her shoulder: "You're going to make trouble in this house—I can see it in your eyes."

"I'm going to prevent trouble," said Dorothy, stolidly, "if I can."

"What do you mean?" asked Mr. Truman, with the bluffness of a man whom subtleties irritate.

"You shall see, father," said Dorothy. She was always very serious, very much in earnest, when she called him "Father," like this.

"Now, Dorothy," said Mr. Truman, showing a burst of that firmness which he could maintain so capably where it was a question of will and opinion going together, with all except this energetic young daughter of his, "now, Dorothy, you just listen to me, and let well alone. Sara is getting on nicely enough with Larchmont. She and he understand one another perfectly."

"Oh, they do?" said Dorothy, with scathing irony. Several days had now elapsed since her conversation with her mother, and she had, meanwhile, used a good deal of shrewd though covert observation. "Do you call it 'understanding one another perfectly,' to be on dog-and-master terms? Sara is completely neglected by her husband, and yet so much in awe of his assumed greatness that she does not, for an instant, venture to complain. How long can this sort of thing go on? Until her gentle patience gives way at last under the pressure of that man's cold-blooded selfishness? Then all remedies will arrive too late. As it is, there is some hope of saving Sara's future. That hope rests entirely in appeal to her husband. Such an appeal I must, and shall, make."

Mr. Truman heaved a sigh. There was no use of opposing Dorothy when her mood took this

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resolute and sybilline aspect. He had himself begun secretly to chafe under the "de haut en bas" attitude of his son-in-law. There was, nowadays, a certain patronage in the way Larchmont condescended to seat himself at the Truman dinner-table, occupy his sumptuous apartments, even draw the generous allowance made by his wife's father.

"Dorothy's right," at length declared Mr. Truman to his wife. "It mustn't go on like this forever. If Dorothy could only win Sara into trusting her, and even joining forces with her, the chances of success would be much better."

"But, Ira—" began his wife.

"You trust our Dorothy, Adeline. She loves Sara, heart and soul, and we know it. All we can do is look on and see the fight. We can't take sides with her, I suppose, because she won't let us."

Dorothy had a very difficult time before she could move by a single inch Sara's rooted loyalty to her husband. But she knew very well that some such dislocation as this must now be effected, or a tumultuous ruin would soon follow in its place.

"Be as devotedly and as deeply fond of this man as you can be," she said, "and, the fonder you are, the more sincerely glad will it make me. But, Sara, to let him treat you as he is doing proves no love on your own part. Who sees you abroad at his side? You valued his 'position'" —Dorothy could never even pronounce any of these words, expressing patrician rank, without a certain bellicose tartness of tone—"you valued his 'position,' I say, when you married him; but now you are not reaping a single advantage from it. I don't declare that he merely holds you 'something better than his dog, a little dearer than his horse'; but I do declare, my sister, that he thrusts you out of sight, as if he were ashamed of you. If he had married you, not loving you, he would have been committing a cowardly, a villainous act. I do not think he did this. No. I have watched him closely, and I believe that he does care for you sincerely, at heart. But he makes you drop into the place of an inferior; he does not let you hold, beside him, the place of an equal. It reminds me of those morganatic marriages in Europe: you are only half his wife. Mamma spoke of the stream of people who called upon you. But who calls now? Larchmont prefers that you should not pay visits. To pay visits means to receive them, and both together mean being 'in society.' But Larchmont does not want you to be 'in society.' It necessitates the bore of taking you about; and that he shrinks from. He is 'in society' himself, and—I must say it, Sara—papa's money enables him to enjoy himself there."

Poor Sara's lip quivered. She wanted to resent her sister's words, and yet there was a tenderness in Dorothy's look and mien which forbade such a course. Then, too, the voice which now addressed her seemed like an audible corroboration of her own growing fears. She dropped her eyes for a moment, and sat quite silent, knowing that her sister watched her. Then, as she suddenly raised them, Dorothy saw that they swam in tears.

"Oh, Dorothy," she exclaimed, while her voice fell pitifully, "I'm—I'm glad you think that he still really loves me!"

About a week later, on a certain Monday evening, as Larchmont Bartlett entered the drawing-room, in his usual full-dress, he found his sister-in-law standing near a table, on which lay two brilliant and costly-looking bouquets.

"Pretty, aren't they?" said Dorothy, carelessly.

"Yes," said Larchmont. Meanwhile, he had seen that Dorothy's attire was of unaccustomed richness. She was, by no means, above the wearing of a handsome gown now and then, and rather prided herself upon following the prevalent fashion without going conspicuously beyond it. "Are they your flowers?" her brother-in-law added.

"One bunch is mine," said Dorothy, "and one is Sara's." She began to draw on a pair of long white gloves as she thus spoke.

"Sara's?" repeated Larchmont.

"Yes. We're going to the opera together. It's 'Carmen.' I am passionately fond of 'Carmen.' I've taken a box for Sara and myself."

Larchmont changed color. "I saw my wife at dinner," he said, almost under his breath, "as you are aware. She did not, then, mention any such plan."

"No?" said Dorothy, who was coolness itself. "I suppose she forgot. You forget to mention so many of your plans to her."

She saw an exasperated look cross his face, as he walked several steps away from her. "Won't you come with us?" she now asked. "It's one of those small boxes, you know; but we shall have two empty seats."

He was pale, as he turned toward her again. "Excuse me," he said, visibly biting his lip: "you will have three, I think—my wife's, as well."

Dorothy smiled, and threw back her head a little. "You are mistaken," she said. "Ah, here is Sara now."

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Sara was indeed just then entering the drawing-room. She looked very pretty, in a dress of soft blue material, garnished with ample puffs of more ethereal texture. She gave a slight start, on seeing her husband, but glided at once to her sister's side.

"Here is your bouquet," said Dorothy, handing her one of the two nosegays. "White and pink will just make the right contrast with your dress."

There was a silence, while Sara bent her face down toward the flowers. And then her husband broke the silence, saying:

"Sara, may I ask why you have not consulted me about this proposed evening at the opera?"

Sara's voice was firm, as she answered, looking mildly but unflinchingly at the speaker:

"You go where you please, evening after evening, and never consult me. I took your indifference on the subject for granted."

"I see," said Larchmont, as if he were speaking between his teeth. "You have made a singular error, my dear. I forbid you to go to the opera, in this way."

"You forbid!" cried Dorothy, with a high burst of laughter. "Oh, that is too delicious. Ah, there's the carriage; I heard it stop outside; and here is Marie, with our opera-cloaks."

The presence of the servant, who had now appeared, wrought at least a momentary effect on Larchmont's gathering wrath. He stood and stared at his wife, while she allowed herself to be wrapped in the cashmere cloak Marie extended. But, just as Sara had begun to button it, he walked up to her side and said, in a husky voice which hardly seemed his own:

"Remove that cloak. You remain at home. I command you."

As the last word left him, Dorothy slipped between himself and his wife.

"Let me see you dare to keep her home, Larchmont Bartlett—that's all," she said, very quietly. "Sara has no enjoyment—none whatever. You neglect her, and now you blame her for seeking her own pleasures. I say she *shall* go. Now, let us see who is the stronger—you or I."

He drew backward, and his face became quite colorless. "I am speaking to my wife," he said.

"And I am speaking to you," shot in Dorothy. "You have no rights of interference—none whatever."

"Then I will assume them. I happened to know and love my sister a good many years before you married her. You've had matters entirely your own way, in this house, quite long enough. I don't propose to see Sara crushed and buried by you any longer. Oh, I'm not in the least manner awed by either your frowns or your sneers. Sara is going to the opera with me, this evening. Please understand that. This evening!"

And here Dorothy drew her sister's unresisting arm determinedly within her own.

"You shall repent this vulgarity," said Larchmont, in a choked voice.

Dorothy gave one of her laughs.

"Vulgarity!" she echoed. "That is always the way men of your absurd views treat any woman who speaks her mind, and urges her common rights. To have a particle of real spirit is to be 'vulgar.' The word comes to your lips as easily as the brandy you sip at your clubs. And, if it isn't 'vulgar,' it's 'American.' Now, be good enough, always henceforward, to realize that I'm as vulgar and as American as possible. It may save a great deal of future misunderstanding between us. Come, Sara."

She led her sister to the door of the drawing-room, with a high head and a firm step. But, just as they both reached the threshold, Larchmont hurried several paces after them.

"I'll make you regret this, Dorothy Truman," he exclaimed. "Mark my words, I will."

"I don't want to miss the first act of 'Carmen'," said Dorothy, with another laugh, looking at him across one shoulder. "I'll see you later."

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

AT EVENTIDE.

BY BENNETT BELLMAN.

In the dim sweet twilight,
Distant bells are ringing;
And I hear sweet voices
All in chorus singing.

As some soul, unshriven,
Hears, amid its pain,
Holy songs of heaven—
So they come again!

Now, but silence lingers;
Darkness falls anon:
And the night is chilly,
And my dreams are gone.

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THE HEIRESS OF LYNDEHURST.

BY M. M. ELDREDGE.

THE funeral was over; the rich widow had been carried to her last resting-place; and now her idolized child, her cherished blue-eyed Dorris, who up to this time had known no sorrow deeper than the death of a favorite dog, was sitting forlornly in the library, trying to realize her loneliness and desolation.

The young girl was almost a stranger in England; for her mother, Mrs. Philip Luxmoore, was a Frenchwoman, and, after her husband's death, had chosen to live principally in her own country; so that now her grief-stricken young daughter felt herself very strange and alone in the fair Devonshire home that was henceforth to be her own.

Yet no, not quite alone: no indeed, for wasn't there Cecil? Even in her heavy affliction, the remembrance of her betrothed lover had power to warm her heart with comfort unspeakable. The young man had hurried from London, at the news of Mrs. Luxmoore's sudden death, and, although he had been obliged to return immediately after the funeral, his presence had been consolation unspeakable to the mourning girl.

Dorris had promised to marry Cecil Vaughan, only a few months before, and the time that had followed would have been a sort of Paradise to the young people, had not very prosaic considerations intervened to cast a faint shadow over their happiness. Alas! Cecil was poor, and Dorris very rich; and as, up to this point, the young man's stubborn pride had rebelled at being supported by his wife, no time had been set for the marriage. He must make his way first, he said. The world should not call him a "fortune-hunter."

She had no near relatives, but a maiden aunt, a half-sister of her father; whom she saw, almost for the first time, at her mother's funeral. The day after, this aunt—Miss Alice Jamison—entered the room.

"Dorris," she said, gently and very seriously, after a short silence, "your mother, a year ago, confided to me a secret; which, in case of her death, I was to tell you. There is someone who has a right to be here—someone very little older than yourself."

"But, Aunt Alice, how could that be possible? I have no relative but you."

"I am not your only relative, Dorris: you were not your mother's only child."

"No, Aunt Alice, I remember; there was a little boy, who died before I was born," began Dorris, wonderingly.

"Yes, dear. But there was still another, and that is the sad story I must tell you. Your mother was almost heart-broken, when your little brother died. A year after, in France, another child was born. Your mother's one hope and prayer was that it should be a boy; and, when it not only proved to be a girl, but one somewhat deformed, she conceived such a hatred for it that she swore never to see it or own it, and this oath she kept to the letter."

"Oh, Aunt Alice! And the poor little baby—what became of her?"

"The poor little baby is now a woman, four years older than yourself, Dorris. Your father, seeing that nothing could induce your mother to retract her word, could do nothing better than give the child into the care of a family of distant relatives going to New Zealand; and there she has been, ever since."

"So I really have a sister?" cried Dorris, in a voice quivering with intense emotion. "And she, of course, will come home, and we shall be together? Thank you, thank you."

"Alas," she continued, after a moment: "I haven't told you the whole story yet. Your poor mother has made a will, leaving everything to her, with a solemn charge to share all with you, as if it were divided by law. This, dear child, I was to tell you, with your mother's love and blessing. She begged your forgiveness; but she thought it her duty to do as she did."

"Oh, dear darling mother!" sobbed Dorris. "As if it could make any difference!"

A few months after, Margery Luxmoore arrived to take possession. Dorris, with glowing cheeks, and eyes suffused with happy tears, threw her arms around the slender black-robed figure.

"Yes, Dorris, I am quite well," said the new sister, but without the least display of emotion; "excepting, of course, my fatigue. I am naturally very glad to be with you at last. Of course, I am pleased to be at home, in the position to which my birth entitles me."

Dorris looked at her sister, with large half-disappointed eyes, feeling vaguely chilled.

"Would you like to go to your room, dear, and rest, before dinner? May I go with you?"

"Yes, Dorris, I think I will; but I would

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rather go alone. I have always had a foolish fancy for privacy when in my own room, and may as well begin as I intend to go on. By the way, what is your dinner-hour?"

"Seven," responded Dorris.

"Ah! I have been used to dining at six. Would you mind if I changed the hour?"

"Certainly not. Everything here must be as you wish," answered Dorris, meekly, realizing suddenly that she was no longer the mistress.

"Oh, aunt, what is the matter?" cried Dorris, as soon as her sister had gone. "Have we done anything to offend her? She seems so strange and indifferent. She scarcely spoke to you at all, and only kissed me once, in such an odd way."

"Dorris, my child," said Miss Jamison, very tenderly and seriously, after a long silence, "I hope that you and your sister will have a very happy life together; but, darling, if things should ever go wrong with you, remember that there will always be a corner in my cottage, for you, where you would be welcome as the flowers in spring."

"Thank you—thank you, dear Aunt Alice," cried the girl, gratefully. "But you forget Cecil—"

"Sure enough," answered Miss Jamison, a sudden relief shining in her eyes. "I beg your pardon, dear. Of him, I haven't the least doubt in the world. Only—you know that it will be some time before he is able to marry.

"That's his nonsense," cried Dorris, gayly. "Why should we wait? I've enough for both."

"You forget, Dorris, how circumstances have changed. My dear, you have nothing to bring your husband now but what your sister's fancy may choose to bestow on you."

"Why, you dear foolish old auntie, it's all the same as if the money belonged—half of it, at least—to me. You seem to think oddly of Margery."

"I confess, I don't understand it. Our friends in New Zealand wrote that she was so like your father; and I am almost sure that I heard her eyes were blue, like yours," Miss Jamison said, absently. Her thoughts were evidently not with Margery's eyes.

Cecil Vaughan, at that time visiting near Lyndehurst, was one of the first to make the acquaintance of the elder Miss Luxmoore, in whose eyes he seemed to find decided favor. This was a matter of much satisfaction to Dorris. It had been one of her fancies that her sister should not be informed of the engagement, for the present. It should be kept as a surprise for Margery, until she had learned to value her future brother as he deserved. Obedient to Dorris's order, therefore, Cecil made himself very agreeable to Margery, though somewhat grudgingly, be it confessed; for he candidly avowed his lack of admiration for Miss Luxmoore, declaring that his affections were entirely monopolized by Dorris and Aunt Alice.

Cecil's vacation was but short. Two weeks after Margery's arrival, he was obliged to return to London. Deprived of his cheering presence, Dorris began dimly to realize that, in gaining a sister, she had lost a great deal: her independence, her unchecked freedom of word and deed, the lavish indulgence accorded to every wish; moreover, she felt that her sister was not only arbitrary sovereign of Lyndehurst and all its belongings, but also of herself.

All was changed, in fact. Dorris had been accustomed to an unquestioned command of money, and the domestic expenditure had been lavish and unstinted. But the new mistress instituted a very different régime. A rigorous examination was instituted into the household economy. Servants were dismissed who had served the family before Dorris was born; more than half the horses were sold; even the family meat and drink seemed to have deteriorated.

As for Dorris herself, she was given to understand that hereafter her sister would make her a monthly allowance, to which she was expected strictly to limit her personal expenses. And, alas! this sum was very little more than enough to meet the charitable calls upon her purse.

Dorris still had one great comfort in the presence of her aunt. But this consolation did not last long. Margery, from the first, had looked upon her aunt as an intruder. Moreover, she watched with unreasonable jealousy her affection for and influence over Dorris.

"How much longer does Miss Jamison intend to stay at Lyndehurst, Dorris?" she asked, shortly, one day, when the two girls were alone in the library.

"Oh, Margery! A very long time, I hope," cried Dorris, startled and distressed. "You surely can't object to her presence?"

"As she was here before I arrived, I had, of course, nothing to say to a visit of moderate length. But she seems to forget that an invitation from the mistress of the house is usually considered necessary, especially when the visit seems of such indefinite duration. I am ready to take care of you, Dorris; but I can hardly be expected to harbor all your relations."

"Do not make yourself uneasy, my dear," said a quiet voice from the doorway, for Miss Jamison had entered unobserved, in time to hear the last speech. "I have remained here in

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fulfillment of a promise made to one who was mistress of Lyndehurst before you were; but now I shall return home to-morrow. Dorris, remember that my doors are open to you always."

"Dorris," cried Margery, violently, almost before Miss Jamison had left the room, "if ever you leave my house for that woman's, I shall wash my hands of you altogether. Don't forget that you are entirely dependent upon me."

With her aunt's departure, went all the brightness from Dorris's life. Still, she did not give up all hope of happiness with her sister, when they should have grown a little more accustomed to each other. She left no effort untried to win Margery's heart. She was full of sympathy, especially, for the girl's deformity and the suffering she imagined it must cause, though she had been much surprised at seeing so little trace of it.

"I am so glad that your lameness seems so trifling, dear Margery," she ventured to remark, affectionately, one day, as she sprang forward to hand her sister her crutch, which had fallen on the floor. "I really think you have grown much better since you came to Lyndehurst."

To Dorris's surprise, Margery flushed to the roots of her hair, while she answered, in a voice tremulous with anger: "I can't imagine anything more heartless than your making my misfortune a subject of comment."

Another time, Dorris was alone in the library, curled up in her favorite window-seat, concealed by the heavy curtains, when her sister came in and seated herself at the table, to write a letter. Dorris looked up absently; then, without speaking, went on with the book she was reading. Soon, to her utter amazement, Margery arose, picked up her crutch, and, without its assistance or a trace of lameness, walked toward the door. With one spring, Dorris was beside her, and, throwing both arms around her neck, she cried, in tones of loving exultation: "Oh, Margery, Margery, I am so glad! You must be quite—quite well!"

In an instant, the clinging arms were thrown off, while the face upon which Dorris had pressed her sweet lips was convulsed with rage. In a voice trembling with fury and hatred, Margery cried: "How dare you? How dare you, you hypocritical cheat? Do you think I will submit to being watched and spied upon, and in my own house? If I ever detect you in such a thing again, you shall leave immediately. I swear it!"

Rooted to the floor, Dorris, with frightened white face and staring eyes, gazed speechlessly after her sister as she left the room.

From this hour, Dorris resigned all hope of the happiness of which she had so fondly dreamed, in Margery's society; and, for the first time, in a long letter to her lover, eased her heart a little of the bitter disappointment and grief which oppressed her, and which loyalty to her sister had hitherto caused her to keep a secret in her own breast.

Cecil answered the piteous missive, which filled him with astonishment and indignation unspeakable, in person; and Dorris found, to her mingled dismay and relief, that her affairs had passed from her own control into the hands of one possessing abundant strength and determination to wage open warfare with everything in the way of her peace and happiness.

Margery received the young man with beaming smiles and a marked friendliness, which she had vouchsafed to no one else in England; all of which was accepted by the young man with a cold indifference, amounting almost to open aversion, which he now was at no pains to conceal, but which at first only caused redoubled efforts on Margery's part to win his favor, until even Dorris's eyes were opened to the fact that Margery was only waiting for an opportunity to bestow herself and her wealth upon the handsome visitor. Gradually, however, Cecil's rebuffs showed the mistress of Lyndehurst a glimmer of the unpalatable truth, and gradually her manner changed to a rude insolence, which suited that young man much better.

Cecil was staying with the cousin he usually visited when in that neighborhood, and one of his first moves was to insist upon Dorris consulting the family physician as to her fitness for a residence in India, whither he was seeking for an appointment, as he now told her.

"But, Cecil, dear," she said, "what difference can it possibly make? To tell the truth, I have not the least intention of going to India. If you would only look a little less dismal, I should be decidedly pleased with Dr. Gray's decision; for now you will be obliged to stay in England with me, and allow me to help a little toward my own maintenance. Shall I promise never to presume offering to buy you a single cigar or pair of gloves?"

"Dorris, my darling, I shouldn't be able even to buy the cigars and gloves; and you forget that you are now as poor as I am," was the despondent answer. "Always the thought of living on your money was horrible. However, I could have borne that far better than giving you up. But how can I ever bring myself to accept anything at the hands of a woman I so heartily despise, as I do your sister? I must inherit a few hundreds a year, from an old uncle, later;

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but that may not be for years, and it is weary work waiting for dead men's shoes."

"And that we shall never do, Cecil," cried Dorris. "Part of this property is, morally, as much mine as it ever was; and I don't propose to allow your stupid and groundless scruples to interfere with my happiness, I assure you."

"As you will, Dorris. I can do anything but give you up," exclaimed the young man, fervently, drawing the girl beside him, down to a rustic seat, where he covered her hair, hands, and face with kisses innumerable, which told her that her cause was won indeed.

"I must talk to your sister, to-morrow morning, Dorris," said Cecil, as they entered the house, half an hour later. "Remember, she hasn't even been told of our engagement yet."

Dorris came singing blithely down the stairs, rather late, the next morning, expecting to find the breakfast-room still and deserted, as it usually was at this hour. Her naturally light heart and happy disposition had utterly refused to be saddened, even by the trials and disappointments she had lately had to bear. This morning, elation over the victory she had won over her lover, the evening before, lent an added brightness to her eyes, and a warm flush to her cheeks; and the knowledge, so dear to a woman's heart, that she was most becomingly dressed, contributed much to her satisfaction. She reached the foot of the stairs, a most charming apparition, in her morning-dress of white muslin, embroidery, and lace, with here and there a knot of palest blue peeping forth from among the frills, just in time to be almost upset by Cecil in his hasty exit from the breakfast-room, where the open door showed the mistress of Lyndehurst standing with frowning brow, set lips, and furious gleaming eyes, gazing vindictively after the young man; truly a contrast to her blooming young sister.

"Cecil, Cecil, what is the matter?" cried Dorris, frightened at the stern angry light in her lover's eyes, as she drew him for an instant in through the open library-door.

"Dorris, it means that your sister utterly refuses her consent to our marriage. She calls me an unprincipled fortune-hunter; and, after coolly reminding me that you are totally dependent upon her bounty, she distinctly refuses to give you a penny, if you marry me. She has also turned me out of her house, which she forbids me ever again to enter. Oh, my darling, must I leave you in the power of such a heartless fiend, such a diabolical—"

"Hush, Cecil," said Dorris, in a low firm voice, which quieted her lover's passion in a moment. "No house is my home, where you are not welcome. I shall go to Aunt Alice, as soon as I can write, and receive an answer from her. From henceforth, I have no sister. She has never been one but in name."

"Heaven bless you, my own true girl. To-morrow, when my head is a little clearer, I will write to you, as I cannot come to you here again. For the present, good-bye." And, with a long lingering kiss, he was gone.

Dorris walked steadily into the breakfast-room, and, with head erect and sternly-accusing eyes, confronted her angry sister.

"May I ask why the man," she said, "to whom I am betrothed, with my mother's knowledge and approval, has been so grossly insulted in this house, where he had an established claim, long before you ever entered it?"

"How dare you call me to account in this manner, you impertinent ungrateful pauper, who must starve but for my bounty?" cried Margery, furiously, almost beside herself with rage, disappointment, and wounded vanity; for she had loved Cecil Vaughan as much as was possible for her selfish heart to love anyone, and had firmly resolved to become his wife.

"Of the burden of my support, your combined insults to my lover and myself have relieved you," replied Dorris, coldly and scornfully. "This is also the last time that my impertinence will offend you, as these are probably the last words I shall ever speak to you. I leave this house to-morrow, never to return as long as you are mistress of Lyndehurst."

An instant's astonished pause followed. But Margery, concluding this to be an idle threat to startle her into consent, went on almost immediately:

"You are rather premature in arranging your marriage without my knowledge or consent," she said. "You are completely in my power. I swear that not a penny of my money shall go to enrich a penniless shameless adventurer. We shall see, now, whether he was in love with your doll-baby face or with the money he hoped I was going to be fool enough to give to you. Mark my words: you will see very little more of Cecil Vaughan. I shall take good care that he never forces his way into my house again."

The last words were said to the empty air; for, with one glance of flashing scathing contempt, Dorris had left the room. She was met in the hall by a servant, who handed her a letter, just left by the postman—a letter from the only one to whom she could fly in her trouble, her Aunt Alice.

The letter was short, merely to announce a piece of news, which, at any other time, would

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have interested Dorris greatly. It was that the relative who had been as a mother to Margery, in New Zealand, had, unexpectedly to all her friends, arrived in England, the day before, and was now at Aunt Alice's cottage. She had been a dear school-friend of Miss Jamison, and had stopped for a day to renew the acquaintance, on her way to the home of her beloved niece, Margery, whom she was all impatience to see again. She wished to give Margery a delightful surprise, and should arrive the next day without any announcement.

Dorris hardly gave a thought to the substance of this letter, as she immediately sat down to answer it, giving a full account of what had happened at Lyndehurst, and beseechingly throwing herself upon her aunt's love and protection.

"Dear Aunt Alice! How well I know what she will answer," she murmured, as she sealed her letter.

The next morning brought a letter from Cecil, announcing his intention to try and obtain some diplomatic post in Europe, as his education had fitted him for very little else. "If that fail, darling," he wrote, "I must resign myself to India, and wait for dead men's shoes. I am not magnanimous enough to break our engagement, unless you ask it. If you carry out your determination of going to your aunt, I shall hope to see you often during the next few months. Can't you meet me, for a few moments, to-day at noon, on the river-walk near the church? I must go to London, to-morrow."

Of course, Dorris met him. As she sorrowfully returned from the rendezvous, a carriage drove up to the door, and brought suddenly to her mind the expected arrival of Mrs. Lawrence from New Zealand. The two ladies entered the house together, and, as Margery was nowhere visible, Dorris made an effort to conquer her despondency, and received the visitor with as much cordiality as she could muster.

"You are Mrs. Lawrence, I suppose," she said, simply, as she ushered the lady into the drawing-room. "I am Dorris."

Instantly the girl found herself enfolded in a warm motherly embrace, which touched her affectionate heart at once, and caused her to like, in spite of herself, Margery's protectress and friend.

"Tell Miss Luxmoore that a lady has called to see her," said she, turning to a servant at the door, and purposely omitting to give Mrs. Lawrence's name.

"And now tell me all about yourself and Margery, darling. Are you very happy together?" said Mrs. Lawrence, as she drew Dorris beside her.

Truthful Dorris fidgeted a little, changing color visibly. Fortunately, in the awkward pause which followed this question, Margery's step was heard on the stairs. Mrs. Lawrence caught the sound, and, with flushed eager face, rose to her feet; while Dorris's warm heart, forgetful for an instant of all her sister's unkindness, beat high in sympathy for the joy of such a meeting.

"Margery, Margery, don't you see? It is Mrs. Lawrence. Oh, it has been too much for her!" she cried, the next instant, in frightened amazement. For Margery stood motionless as a spirit, in the door. Her crutch dropped from her trembling hands, her eyes almost started from her head; and, upon her face, which had turned an ashen kind of gray, a horrified despairing consternation was seen, terrible to behold.

Dorris, with wondering startled eyes, turned to the visitor, who was regarding Margery with some curiosity and surprise. "Well, Jane," said she, after a moment's pause, "how do you do? You are not looking very well. Where is your mistress?"

Total silence followed this extraordinary speech. Dorris wondered vaguely if she herself, or everyone else, had gone mad. Then the figure in the door said slowly: "I—I don't—know. I will—go and see," and disappeared suddenly.

Dorris, speechless, waited for what would happen next. The visitor turned indifferently to the window, as if nothing out of the way had taken place.

"What a magnificent lawn you have, Dorris," she said. "Jane is looking badly. I never liked that woman, and hoped that Margery would have gotten rid of her, long ago. How long Margery is in coming! Dorris, child, are you quite well?"

At last, Dorris found her tongue.

"Mrs. Lawrence," she said, "I don't understand. That—that—was Margery."

"Nonsense, child. We are playing at cross-purposes. Or else," hesitating, "you are trying to play some joke upon me."

"Yes, yes, Mrs. Lawrence," was the anxious, almost impatient, cry. "I tell you that was Margery—Margery, my sister—who just went away."

"And I tell you," said Mrs. Lawrence, slowly and impressively, "that that was Margery's maid—Jane Wilson—whom I engaged, two months before Margery's departure from New Zealand, to accompany her to England."

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An awful terrified silence followed. The two women stared at each other—breathless, dazed, incredulous. Then Dorris gasped, almost inaudibly:

"Then, where is Margery? For she never came."

"Dorris, tell me, quickly, all you know of this woman," cried Mrs. Lawrence, in low horrified tones, as she seized Dorris by the arm, with a grasp that made the young girl fairly wince. "Tell me everything. I very much fear there has been foul play."

Dorris, trying wildly to subdue the throbbing of her heart and the beating of her temples, told all there was to tell of her supposed sister's arrival and subsequent life at Lyndehurst. "She said that her maid died, on the voyage, and was buried at sea," she concluded.

"Oh, my Margery! My sweet, my darling! I see how it all is," cried Mrs. Lawrence, sinking back in her chair, in an agony of grief. "Don't you understand, Dorris? Your sister must have died at sea, and that wretched woman has taken advantage of the knowledge which she had gained of Margery's affairs, to pass herself off in my sweet girl's place. Yet, surely, never were two human beings more unlike. Send for the woman immediately, Dorris. She must confess her guilt now."

A servant was hastily dispatched; and a pause, which seemed an eternity, ensued, before his return. Mrs. Lawrence walked excitedly up and down the room, moaning and sobbing wildly. At last, the man came back. "Miss Luxmoore is out, Miss Dorris," he said. "Before she went, she left this for you."

With trembling fingers, Dorris tore open the strip of paper, and read:

"Miss Luxmoore died, and was buried at sea, six weeks before my arrival in England. It is useless to attempt to follow me. You will never see me again. JANE WILSON."

Stumbling to her feet, Dorris threw her arms around Mrs. Lawrence, and the two women mingled their tears, weeping over the sad fate of the girl sleeping so quietly beneath the cold sea-waves. It was hours before the joyful remembrance took possession of Dorris's mind, that she was free from the tormentor who had brought upon her such trials and perplexities. She was mistress of Lyndehurst, and free to marry the man she loved.

The next day brought Cecil Vaughan and Miss Jamison to Lyndehurst, ready to sympathize, heart and soul, in the combined joy and sorrow which this event had brought upon the place.

Dorris could not long mourn the sister she had never known. But Mrs. Lawrence never quite recovered the blow; for Margery had been the joy of her heart. Cecil, of course, gave up his Indian career, and afterward became a model country gentleman; but respect for the girl lying under the broad Pacific caused the wedding to be postponed for nearly a year.

It never rains but it pours. Before the wedding-day arrived, Cecil's uncle had paid the debt of nature, leaving his nephew lord of his modest possessions; so that young man had the satisfaction of being abundantly able to buy his own cigars and gloves, independently of his wife, after all.

HOMEWARD.

BY. J. H. MAY.

YES! I am coming—coming to you.
What is the light I have seen
Gliding my pathway, and guiding me through
All the long desert between?
Darkness behind me, darkness around—
Only the pathway is bright.
Lightly my footsteps are touching the ground:
I shall be with you to-night.

Yes! I am coming—coming to you.
What is the music I hear,
Filling the road I am clambering through,
Growing each moment more clear?
Danger behind me, discord around;
Yet I am filled with delight.
Through the dim distance is winding a sound—
I shall be with you to-night.

Yes! I am coming—coming to you.
What is the touch that I feel—
Lifting me, drawing me, ever anew,
E'en as the magnet the steel?
Onward, right onward, I airily bound;
Something is holding me tight,
Helping me over the slippery ground:
I shall be with you to-night.

Is it the flash from the blue of your eye
Lighting my pathway along?
Does the long road, as I gayly draw nigh,
Echo the trill of your song?
Ah, how the outstretching arms of your love
Draw me with infinite might!
Bliss is around and before and above,
Sweet! I am with you to-night!

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A WEEK'S BURGLAR-ALARM.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

THE burglar-alarm was put up, and Aunt Penelope pronounced herself happy at last.

"It's only a wonder that we have not all been robbed and murdered in our beds a hundred times," she said, in a voice as full of reproach as if she rather suspected me of having connived at some such tragedy. "I've prophesied it, over and over; but nobody listened. Now, thank goodness, I have taken the matter into my own hands, and my mind is at rest."

Dear Aunt Penelope! She was eight-and-fifty, if a day, but as timorous as a girl of sixteen. But she was a good old soul, and I was very fond of her. As a rule, we lived very amicably together; and, though occasionally she vexed me by her manias and inconsistencies, I seldom interfered, unless where her son and daughter were concerned. She was an affectionate mother, but a very unwise one; and, after having inordinately indulged her offspring while they were little, seemed now often to forget that they were grown up, and would fret herself and them by trying to assume the reins of government with a firm hand, invariably pulling in the wrong direction.

Just now, the old lady had seen fit to oppose a mutual fondness between her daughter and a distant cousin, which had been allowed to grow, undisturbed, till opposition would be useless—except to worry us elders and distress the young people. This as preliminary to my story.

She was so impatient to try her "alarm," that she went to bed, that night, a full hour before her time, having first adjusted the machine, which was in a room next hers and quite near mine. Half an hour later, as I was reading comfortably, there came a noise as if the roof had fallen in. Downstairs and upstairs rushed family and servants, in great excitement, all supposing that we had had a burglar-nibble, if I may so term it, on this very first night.

But Aunt Penelope presently appeared in her doorway, and observed, with dignified composure:

"I hadn't adjusted the machine exactly right; some jar must have set it off."

As she said this, she glanced about with a benign smile; but her remark was received in such dead silence, and she met such black looks from relatives and domestics, that she retreated without another word; though, amid the sudden confusion visible in her face, I descried an expression of triumph which caused me to say to her daughter Minnie:

"I believe she did it on purpose; she couldn't resist setting it off, any more than a boy could a pack of fire-crackers."

"I've not a doubt of it. Really, mamma is too exasperating with her fads," Minnie replied; for, that very day, there had been a fresh discussion in regard to Tom Everett, during which Minnie's feelings and temper had both been severely excoriated.

The next morning, pretty Mrs. Warner came to stop over-night with us, on her way to Washington. We gave a dinner-party, and a reception afterward, in her honor, and it was past two o'clock before we got safely to our rooms.

I was half undressed, when again that awful racket shook the house. I heard a violent slamming of doors, a swift skurrying of feet in the halls, and then Aunt Penelope shrieking, in tones of rejoicing rather than terror:

"Burg-lars! burg-lars! Come, come—all of you!"

I reached the corridors as the servants descended—all, alas! in costumes more picturesque than proper; while Aunt Penelope, on the threshold of her door, looked at least seventeen feet high, in a white night-gown and a tower of a cap, valiantly brandishing a poker as she jumped up and down, still yelling:

"Burglars! Take 'em! hang 'em! Burg-lars! burg-lars!"

Then, out of her bower, rushed pretty Mrs. Warner, in a captivating deshabille and a state of great confusion, half laughing and half crying, as she said:

"I'm the burglar; I did it. Oh, Mrs. Lawrence, I am so terribly ashamed! Mr. Montagu, you will never forgive me. I took a fancy my room was too warm, and I put up the window, forgetting all about the alarm."

"Never mind, my dear," said Aunt Penelope, with a beaming smile; "it is not the least matter. Indeed, an occasional false summons will keep the servants on the alert; I am rather glad than otherwise."

I saw the entire band glare at her in turn as

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they retreated, but my aunt paid no heed thereto. "It makes a beautiful whirr, doesn't it?" she cried, enthusiastically.

At this, we all laughed like maniacs, and retired.

The next evening, old George went out, and omitted to tell us that he was going; he had lived in the family for forty years, and naturally did as he pleased. On his return, he set the alarm off in trying to open the back-door; of course, remembering the "institution" just a second too late

The following morning, Aunt Penelope discovered that the machine was out of order; it took the workmen two days to set the thing to rights, so for a couple of nights we had peace and rest.

"George and one of the other men must sit up," my aunt announced with great decision, as bed-time approached, on the first evening of this loss of our metal Cassandra. "I certainly shall not risk being chloroformed and—and burglared—without some effort to prevent it."

"Good heavens, mamma, what an idea!" cried Minnie; the two had just had some words in regard to Tom Everett, and the bitterness of Minnie's feelings was audible in her voice. "Have George and one of the men been sitting up every night all these years?"

"No matter what they have or have not done," rejoined Aunt Penelope, with dignity; "two of the servants will guard the house to-night. It is never too late for people to begin to do their duty. If you would remember that, you might show a little common gratitude, instead of sneering at your mother for her efforts to keep you from being murdered or carried off."

"I wouldn't care where I was carried to, if I could only get away," muttered Minnie. Then for a few moments the atmosphere of the library was far from serene, and the storm ended in Minnie's retiring to her chamber in a shower of tears.

I doubt whether George and one of the other men held vigil, though they received strict orders to do so; and, into the bargain, Aunt Penelope eloquently impressed on my mind the desirability of my getting out of bed now and then, to see that they were at their post—a cheerful request, which I received with Machiavelian responses.

On the fifth night, the "institution" was again in order, and animated by a diabolical eagerness to find some work to do. It roused us about three o'clock in the morning, and once more we dashed downstairs and along corridors like a troop of sheeted ghosts urged by some irresistible summons to begin a frantic promenade.

This time we were all prepared to believe in the presence of the much-sought-for burglars, because, an instant before the alarm sounded, George had heard a window bang in the second-story hall.

However, Minnie presently remembered that she had left it open, and then we all remembered that the spring was loose and frequently gave way; but the recital of those facts did not prevent our being forced to search the house from garret to cellar. Aunt Penelope refused to allow a soul to go to bed until this was done.

The next morning, two of the men-servants threw up their situations and departed, declaring that "they wouldn't stop another night in a house where such a dratted machine was kept to harry people's lives out—no, not for double wages!"

"And small blame to 'em," the under housemaid observed in the hall. Aunt Penelope overheard the remark, and gave the girl a month's warning; but Mary Ann vowed that she would leave on the instant, and did: not so much, I fancy, to assert her independence, as because one of the masculine rebels was her "young man," and she wanted to live in the same establishment.

After breakfast, George went into town, to leave word in regard to our needs at the intelligence-office; and several applicants for the vacant situations presented themselves before noon, but none of them pleased my aunt's fastidious taste. Fortunately, a fine capable-looking young fellow, who wanted a place, heard of this opening, through some acquaintance, and came to try for it. He was a stranger in Acton, but he showed excellent recommendations signed by a couple of people in Buffalo whom we knew; so Aunt Penelope engaged him, and he entered upon his duties at once, his appearance meeting even with the approval of old George, who was rather more fastidious than his mistress.

So the sixth night of our possession of that bulwark of safety, the "institution," came on; of course, we had another commotion—this time about eleven o'clock. Aunt Penelope had a bad headache, and went to bed quite early, not forgetting to wind the alarm before she did so.

Her son Joe arrived home unexpectedly after an absence of a month, and, seeing by the lights that the family had not retired, was seized with the inspiration—in any case that ever came under my observation, invariably an unlucky one—to give his affectionate relatives an agreeable surprise by appearing unheralded in the library.

So, having his pass-key in his pocket, he

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opened the outer door with its aid; was greeted by that terrific explosion whose music the rest of us had learned to know so well; generally assaulted in the hall as a first-class burglar before we recognized him, all muffled up as he was in his ulster: while he nearly throttled the new young man, in his wrath at being pounced upon in that inhospitable fashion.

I was very glad to have Joe back; not only because I had missed his society—for he was as genial and companionable a young fellow as ever an old-bachelor uncle delighted in—but I trusted to his influence in aiding me to soften Aunt Penelope where Minnie and Tom Everett were concerned, and to render the young people themselves less impatient and rebellious.

Matters had reached their present unhappy climax since Joe's departure. Before that, my aunt's newly-awakened opposition to the tenderness between the pair had been nearly tacit; but, the very week Joe left, Tom had the misfortune to offend her hugely, and the most unpardonable point in the matter was that the course of events had shown him to have right on his side.

Out of the goodness of his heart, he warned her against some woman who had appealed to her ready sympathies with a piteous tale; and a terrible rating Tom received for his pains. When the woman was soon proved an impostor, my aunt was more angry than ever; seeming to consider that what she called Tom's unwarrantable interference and slanderous aspersions had been, not the result, but the cause, of the creature's misdemeanors.

Besides this, a disagreement between Tom and the widow of his former guardian had culminated in a law-suit, which, as it ought to have done, had gone in the young man's favor. Mr. Townley had been no business-man; his books were in a state of terrible confusion; and, to add thereto, his muddleheaded old wife had chosen to act as administratrix, and she was noted for getting everything wrong she undertook.

Tom had letters and documents in plenty to establish satisfactorily the justice of his claim; but Mrs. Townley flew into a rage at the first mention of the matter, and, from that, took refuge in tears and wounded feeling. Tom tried to settle the affair amicably; I tried; a lawyer-friend used his best efforts; but good old Mrs. Townley was not to be induced to hear reason. She even refused to submit the matter to arbitration; so Tom, thoroughly vexed at last, brought the threatened suit.

Mrs. Townley and my aunt had been friends since childhood. They quarreled fiercely once in three months—I think, for the pleasure of making up; and Jemima's woolly-headedness was always a source of contemptuous amusement to Aunt Penelope; but, on this occasion, she elected to believe Jemima clear-headed and correct.

Mrs. Townley had quite convinced herself that not only had her husband, to her certain knowledge, paid Tom Everett the money, but he never had owed it; and, whatever story she happened to believe when talking, my aunt believed also. She anathematized Tom as the despoiler of a helpless widow, the defrauder of an innocent struggling woman—which was delicious, as the old lady had an income of over ten thousand a year—and threatened him with her own everlasting displeasure, unless he dropped that iniquitous suit.

This, of course, Tom declined to do; so, when he won his case, Aunt Penelope banished him from the house, and ordered Minnie never again to exchange a syllable with the bold-faced Barabbas.

Minnie was about as obedient as the generality of American girls; and I knew that she met Tom out, and corresponded secretly with him. Nor could I much blame her therefor, though I lectured them both on the duty of submission, and the wisdom of leaving time to show the mother her error.

My common-sense advice met with the reception such counsel usually receives: my aunt was angry with me for taking the young people's side; and the young people considered me a flinty-hearted old bachelor, with a dog-in-the-manger's dislike to see anybody happy.

I related my difficulties to Joe, and we had a long chat, before we went to bed. Joe promised to talk to his sister and Tom. We knew that expostulation would only increase Aunt Penelope's obstinacy; but Joe thought we might succeed in bringing on some dispute between her and Jemima Townley, which would cause a rapid change in her sentiments: so I went to rest, exultant in a malicious determination that the two old friends should be set by the ears on the first possible occasion.

The next day, Joe came to me somewhat crestfallen by the lack of success which his efforts had met.

"I don't know who is the most unreasonable and wrong-headed among the whole set," he said. "I'm very fond of Tom, but he nearly succeeded in quarreling with me; and Minnie wept like a water-nymph, declaring that I had joined her enemies."

"You've had a slight taste of what I have been undergoing for weeks," I rejoined, sorry for him

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and disappointed at his failure, though feeling that peculiar satisfaction we all do, in spite of ourselves, when other people's efforts are proved to be as impotent as our own.

"Then I met Mrs. Townley," continued Joe, "and she wanted to tell me her wrongs; but I stopped that. And the 'mater' has been at me with her tale. I feel as if I had been under a douche for half a day."

"I hope you didn't exasperate her by any opposition?"

"Not a bit. I just fell to and abused Minnie, until she began to defend her; and declared that, except in this one instance, she had always been the most dutiful girl that ever lived."

"Good!" cried I. "There's something gained."

"Not a gain!" retorted Joe, slangy, but emphatic. "Minnie came in, just then; and mother—she was looking over her laces—gave her a bit, saying something about its being worth its weight in gold; and Miss Minnie burst into high tragedy, and asked if lace could bind up a broken heart, or some such rubbish."

"And, of course, Aunt Pen got angry; so matters are worse than they were," said I, disconsolately.

"No, they're not," replied Joe; "mother was in a melting-mood, and beat Minnie doing Niobe."

"Then there is some hope. Any change must be for the better," I exclaimed, with renewed cheerfulness.

"Matters are just where they were before," retorted Joe, tired and disappointed enough to feel in an exasperating humor, while I was in one easily to be exasperated.

However, we had the wisdom to smoke a pipe before saying anything further, and soon got all right, though we were far from cheerful; for Joe shared my fears that the young pair would do something desperate. They both looked on themselves as first-class martyrs, and, being alike terribly headstrong, the danger was they might elope, some fine evening; and I had a horror of anybody connected with me causing gossip or remark.

The next day came and passed; the burglar-alarm went off once, of course; but it was in the morning: Aunt Penelope had forgotten to arrest its harmful powers before she came downstairs.

Still another day was upon us, not altogether a pleasant one; for Jemima Townley called, and began to abuse Tom before Minnie, thereby evoking a battle in which the young lady rather worsted both god-mother and parent.

That evening, visitors fortunately came in, and we remained in the library for awhile after their departure. Minnie was a wonderful mingling of melancholy and dignity, and Aunt Penelope vibrated between severity and fractiousness, and Joe and I talked politics diligently, which annoyed them both.

Suddenly, my aunt discovered that it was nearly twelve o'clock, and ordered us to our rooms.

"The hours people keep in this house are ridiculous," she said; "those poor servants are worked to death. I am only afraid the new man won't stand it; and he's a perfect treasure. Minnie, you ought to have been asleep, long ago. Get to bed at once."

"It's of no use to go," replied Minnie. "That horrid alarm is sure to go off; we may as well wait till it does."

"If it sounds to-night, without rhyme or reason, I'll smash it," cried Joe, roused to wrath by the memory of the inhospitable reception he had met on his return home.

"Really, you two children are dreadful," sighed Aunt Penelope; "I should think you would be afraid of a judgment. To talk in that way of a safeguard which—which—well, it is so precious, one feels as if the man who invented it must have been fairly inspired."

"I hope he's gone, or will go, where he'll get his deserts," said Joe. "In that case, he will be surrounded by burglars and burglar-alarms through endless ages."

Minnie laughed, for the first time that evening, and poor Aunt Pen looked so hurt and shocked that I hastened to add:

"This is the seventh night the machine has been in working-order. There's luck in odd numbers, so perhaps it will let us rest."

"The machine, as you call it, will do its duty," said Aunt Penelope, far from appeased; "I wish I could be certain that all the human members of this household would always prove as trustworthy."

"That's a hit at you, Uncle Ted," cried Joe; "all because you owned you didn't pay the insurance this morning."

"And we may be burned in our beds this night," said my aunt, in tones of solemn reproach.

"Well, if we are, the money wouldn't help us," I retorted.

"We might find ourselves houseless," pursued Aunt Penelope. "Oh, I wonder at the example you set your cousins, Edward Montagu—a man of your age."

"I shall be older before the insurance is due; for that won't be till next week. I had no chance to explain, when you asked before those people," said I, calmly.

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"I will bid you all good-night," Aunt Penelope observed, after a brief silence, and departed without other leave-taking.

There was no alarm that night. I awoke several times, and blessed the quiet. I overslept myself, the next morning; and it appeared, later, that Aunt Penelope and old George had done so too—an unexampled misfortune, on the latter's part; and, in consequence, all the servants were behind time.

I was awakened by George's abrupt entrance into my chamber, calling despairingly: "Sir—sir—we've been robbed! The pantry-safe's been broken open. Every blessed bit of silver is gone. The medals and coins—and the new servant is gone, too."

By the time I hurried into my clothes, Aunt Penelope and Joe were roused, and coming out of their rooms. We went downstairs to examine things. The state of the safe showed that it had been opened by an experienced "cracksman." The dishes and remains of eatables in the servants' hall proved that our "treasure" had called in a couple of confederates to assist him, and that the trio had supped daintily before their departure. Further examination made it clear that, during the previous day, the "treasure" must have disconnected the burglar-alarm wires in the basement, so that he could open the door to his friends without risk of disturbing the household; and, even in the midst of her consternation, my aunt called out triumphantly:

"I knew the alarm couldn't be in fault—I knew it!"

The silver was exceedingly valuable, and a good deal that we usually kept in the bank had not been returned there since it was brought home to be used at a large entertainment we had given about a fortnight previous. Then, too, my collection of medals and coins was such as to make me quite famous among people interested in such curios.

While we were discussing the manner in which the robbery had been committed, after the imbecile fashion people always do on such occasions, one of the maids rushed into the room, crying:

"Oh, Mrs. Lawrence, the burglars have carried Miss Minnie off! She's gone—she's gone!"

Aunt Penelope neither shrieked nor fainted; she put her hand to her head like a person who had received a sudden blow. She walked upstairs in silence, and Joe and I followed, after pausing to exchange a single word, which we pronounced simultaneously:

"Eloped!"

We found my aunt in her daughter's chamber, which exhibited no sign of confusion. The bed had been slept in, and the windows were open. The poor mother stared at us in such a dazed speechless fashion that I feared a paralytic stroke might ensue, and knew that to tell what I was certain must be the truth would prove a relief, compared to her present horrible dread.

"Aunt, aunt," I cried, "it isn't what you fear! Minnie couldn't have been carried off without some of us hearing the struggle. She has run away."

"Run away?" my aunt repeated, vaguely, unable to take in the significance of my words.

"Yes, mother—she has eloped with Tom," said Joe, putting his arm about the poor creature, who was growing more stony each instant. "She's a wicked girl, to make us such trouble; but it's better than having her kidnaped! Tom's a good fellow, and will make her a capital husband."

Aunt Penelope pushed her son aside; went, without speaking, to the bureau, and opened the drawers; they were heaped with neatly-folded articles of wearing-apparel. Then she set a closet-door ajar, exposing to view a goodly store of dresses hanging within, and pointed from closet to bureau, saying, with difficulty:

"Kidnaped—my child has been kidnaped! Save her—oh, you are men—save her!"

She sank into a chair and closed her eyes, and Joe whispered to me:

"I'll drive to Tom's lodgings at once—of course they are married and off, hours ago—try and convince her."

He departed, and I did my best to obey his request; but, though at times she tried to believe, my poor aunt could not. "No girl," she said, "would elope without taking some of her wardrobe." She strove hard to control herself, but we spent a dreadful half-hour. I was never more relieved than when I heard the sound of the wheels which warned us of Joe's return.

Aunt Penelope rose; I held fast to her, afraid she would fall; the door opened, and in rushed Tom Everett, the whitest man I ever saw.

"You thought we had run away," he groaned. "Oh, if you'd only given her to me, I'd have taken better care of her than this. I know nothing of her. Where can she be? Oh, my darling!"

Joe had followed into the room, and he and I stared at each other in dumb horror, while my aunt flung herself into Tom's arms, crying:

"Find her; bring her back! She shall be your wife. I always loved you, Tom. Go: go quick! Only find her."

Suddenly the door opened, and Minnie herself appeared.

She stared in palpable wonder at the sight of

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her mother in Tom's embrace, and the sound of our united voices shrieking:

"Minnie! Minnie!"

Tom dropped Aunt Penelope, and got foremost in the rush we made: seized Minnie in his arms, actually lifting her from the floor, and danced about like a maniac.

"Set me down," she cried. "Are you all crazy? What on earth has happened? The front-doors are open; not a servant to be seen; not a sign of breakfast—"

"We're to be married: your mother consents," broke in Tom, hugging her tighter.

"Set me down this instant, or I'll never speak to you again," she threatened. "Ted! Joe! do stop this lunatic! What *is* the matter?"

Aunt Penelope had now fainted away, and Joe and I were occupied in lifting her on the sofa. Tom let Minnie free, at last, and she hurried forward, frightened enough now, but able to employ the needful remedies, like the sensible efficient girl she was, to restore her mother.

We hastily explained what had happened, and our fright; and Aunt Penelope came to in time to hear Minnie's side of the story.

She had risen early, Minnie said, and the autumn morning was so gorgeous that she was inspired to something entirely unprecedented in her experience—take a walk. She remembered about the alarm, and so left the side-door ajar, knowing that the servants would soon be down; anyway, it gave into the centre of our large grounds. Passing the house of a poor widow, who was a protegée of my aunt's, she found the worthy soul in great distress; one of the children had just fallen and broken his arm. Minnie sent the oldest boy for a doctor, bidding him return by our house and leave word where she was, and stopped till the doctor arrived and set the arm. In his excitement, the lad doubtless forgot all about leaving the message, and Minnie had been too much occupied to remind him of it.

"But she's found, Aunt Pen; so your promise holds good," cried Tom, again making a dash at his recovered prize, as if prepared instantly to undertake the rôle of kidnaper himself, if any refusal followed his words.

But Aunt Penelope could only cry and hold out her arms beseechingly; and, after she had hugged them both well, she was too happy to oppose her child, if she had felt inclined.

Before the day was over, she had attacked Jemima Townley and forced an explanation into her head, and the old lady was more delighted than anybody at the reconciliation. By the end of a week, if anyone had told her she ever had a difficulty with Tom Everett, she would indignantly have denied the fact, and, better still, have firmly believed what she affirmed.

The "treasure's" recommendations proved forgeries, of course; but, after awhile, the thieves condescended to enter into communication with us; we paid a great deal of money, and finally got back the silver and other valuables.

In the meantime, the burglar-alarm was found to have been so much injured by the "treasure's" performance on the wires, that Aunt Penelope was induced to dispose of it, and peace again reigned in our dwelling at night: indeed, Jemima Townley always blamed the "institution" for the robbery; and I am not certain but Aunt Pen did, too.

"Anyway," said Tom Everett, impertinently, at his wedding-breakfast, "there's nothing left in the house to guard. You keep your silver in the bank, and I've got Minnie safe at last in my own keeping, so you're sure all the valuables are secure."

CHILDREN'S LAUGHTER.

BY JOHN SJOLANDER.

Children's laughter, pure and sweet
As an angel-choir complete,
'Neath my rooftree ringing;
Music for the gods well meet,
Purest pleasure bringing.

Oh! it hath a magic spell
O'er my heart I ne'er can tell,
All life's ills dispelling;
Bringing sweet content to dwell
With me in my dwelling.

Children's laughter, wondrous charm!
Cheers the heart, and keeps it warm—
Thankful, trustful ever;
Charms me from all ways of harm,
Never failing—never.

Dark would life be without this
Wondrous charm and spell of bliss—
Children's merry laughter.
Miss it? Rather would I miss
A joy or so—hereafter.

Bless the laughter, pure and sweet
As an angel-choir complete,
'Neath my rooftree ringing;
Music for the gods well meet,
Purest pleasure bringing.

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MRS. BROWN'S "GREAT BARGAIN."

BY HELEN J. THORNTON.

"OH, such a bargain as I've got," said Mrs. Brown, to a neighbor who had just come in. "I'm so glad you called, for I must show it to you. I bought it at Sewell's. A beautiful brocaded silk, as thick as a board almost, and so cheap! They sell so much lower at that store, that they'll soon be getting all the custom."

She unfastened the bundle, as she spoke, and revealed to her visitor what at first did seem a brocaded blue silk, in two shades of that color. But, when she named the price she had paid for it, Mrs. Armour, her visitor, took up the fabric and began to examine it more closely, for it seemed to her incredible that such a silk as it appeared to be could be sold so low.

"Mr. Sewell said they had never had such a bargain before," volubly went on Mrs. Brown. "It was the last dress-pattern too, and, when I hesitated a little, he told me I had better take it at once, for they were sure to sell it to the very next customer that came in."

"Perhaps it was smuggled," said Mrs. Armour; "that would account, in part, for the low price." For, though she had made up her mind about the silk, by this time, she was too well-bred openly to depreciate it.

"I hinted as much," was the reply; "but Mr. Sewell assured me I was mistaken. 'Oh, no,' he said, 'we never deal in such goods.' But I more than half suspect I was right, for he had a sort of conscious look. For my part, I don't care whether it was smuggled or not—that's none of my affair; my business is to get an article as cheap as I can, and ask no questions. Besides, I don't see why the Government should make me pay duties: I'd cheat it in a minute, by smuggling, if you call smuggling cheating."

Whatever reply Mrs. Armour might have made was prevented by the appearance of Mr. Brown, who had come home to dinner. Overhearing his wife's remark, he said, as he shook hands with Mrs. Armour:

"You'd smuggle, if you could, you say, my dear," addressing his wife. "Spoken like a true woman. I never yet knew one that could be made to understand that it was as wrong to defraud the nation as to defraud a private individual. Every lady seems to be a born smuggler—"

"Oh, no," interrupted Mrs. Armour, but good-humoredly. "Pray, except me. I, for one, couldn't smuggle." And she would have added: "Nor buy smuggled goods knowingly," only she was too much of a lady to say it in the presence of Mrs. Brown.

"Well, I take back my assertion," said Mr. Brown, laughing. "It was sweeping, I admit. But let us look at this wonderful bargain of Ellen's. We are all interested in that. You must concede, Mrs. Armour, that every woman likes a bargain. She seems to take a wonderful pleasure in overreaching a shopkeeper."

"Now you are cynical and severe again," remarked Mrs. Armour. "Of course, we like a bargain; but it isn't that we wish to overreach the dealer: it is because our sex is naturally thrifty."

"But what is thrift? Not buying a low-priced article merely because it is low-priced." He had taken a fold of the silk up between his fingers, and was feeling it all this while—without looking at it, however. "I know something about that. Last year, I was tempted to buy a suit of clothes, because I'd only have to pay about one-half what I generally paid. I said to myself, if the clothes only lasted half as long, there could not be any loss."

"A very natural thought."

"Yes. But, when I came to wear the clothes, I found the trousers began to bag at the knees, the very first day. The cloth, you see, was the vilest shoddy; not so good as common flannel: it was without any firmness. In a week, waistcoat and coat also were shabby. I got ashamed of the suit, and gave it away. So, you see, apparent cheapness is not always real cheapness: the true policy is to buy a good thing, and that of course means paying a good price. People can't afford to work for nothing. First-rate material, and first-rate labor in making it up, must have first-rate pay. That is, when there is fair dealing all round; for, if an article be stolen or smuggled, then even a good one can be sold below price. But no honest man or woman wishes to have such bargains as that. Or, if the article be not what it pretends to be, then also it can be had at what seems 'a bargain.' In that case, however, it is no bargain at all, as the purchaser soon finds out."

"I have had an experience, too, in that direc-

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tion," said Mrs. Armour, laughing pleasantly. "We thought, last fall, we'd buy a cheap carpet for one of the chambers, and for the same reason you bought your cheap suit: for we could get it at half-price. But, dear me! it is worn in holes already, in places; while the carpet in the next room, that cost not quite double, has been in wear for five years, and is good still."

"Exactly so," replied Mr. Brown, holding the silk up between him and the light. "Now, my wife thinks she has a great bargain here. She fancies that this is a real brocaded silk—"

"Of course it is," she interrupted, vehemently. "Didn't I buy it for such?"

"I'll bet anything, my dear," said her husband, with a smile, "that, whatever you thought, Mr. Sewell never said so, in so many words. Now, try and think. Did he?"

Thus put into the witness-box—to be cross-examined, as it were—Mrs. Brown, after some hesitation, acknowledged that she could not declare positively that Mr. Sewell had said it was a brocaded silk. "But its looks are enough," she added. "It wasn't necessary to say anything about it."

"I'll venture to assert, he never guaranteed it to be a real brocade; I know old Sewell too well. He will sail just as close to the law as he can; but he'll take very good care not to get into its clutches. He'll let people make mistakes about his goods; but he'll not commit himself by a lie in words. He thinks that 'smart,' as a great many men do. For my part, I think it cheating. Now, this silk is not a real brocade—"

"What? Not a real brocade?" interrupted his wife. "Why, John, see the figure!"

"Yes, my dear; but the figure is not woven in, as in a true brocade: it is stamped, as furniture-velvet is stamped. You'd have found it out for yourself, if you hadn't been in such a hurry to secure a bargain. Come here and look at it, in this light."

As his wife turned to go to the window, Mr. Brown caught Mrs. Armour's eye. She gave a little nod, as much as to say she had already discovered this fact.

"The deception has been very well managed, my dear," said Mr. Brown. "I don't wonder that you were taken in; anybody would be, at only a casual glance. But now, don't you see that the figure has been stamped? Look here, at the back: the indentation is evident. Oh, they do these imitations admirably."

"I'll take it back to Mr. Sewell," cried Mrs. Brown, indignantly. "It's a regular cheat—"

"No, my love," interrupted Mr. Brown, in turn. "I am a lawyer, and know you have'nt any case: for you couldn't swear he sold it as real brocade. You'd only make yourself a laughing-stock, for having been imposed on so easily. Better give the stuff away, as I did my suit of shoddy clothes."

"Of course, I could never wear the thing," said his wife, "now I know it is a sham."

"Exactly," said Mr. Brown. "Nor would I wish you to wear it. 'Be, and not seem,' is my motto. If one can't afford to wear the real thing, get something of a different kind, though not so expensive. Get a cashmere, if you can't afford a silk; but don't wear sleazy silks."

"That has always been my rule," remarked Mrs. Armour, "with the single exception of the cheap carpet. And there," with a laugh at herself, "I got just what I deserved."

"Yes," said Mr. Brown; "the true rule is always to pay a fair price, and get a good article. Never buy an inferior thing of its kind: get good cloth, or good silk, or good cashmere, or whatever else you can afford; but never buy a thing merely because it's cheap: for merely cheap things always turn out dear, simply because they are worth next to nothing."

A good many years have passed since these incidents happened; but the lesson she learned, that day, has never been forgotten by Mrs. Brown: she no longer comes home boasting of Her Great Bargains.

APRIL.

BY J. T. B. WOLLASTON.

At morn, at noon, at setting of the sun,
There is a sense of quickened life, that stirs
The stillness of the woodland sepulchres,
And sets the birds a-singing one by one;
There is a feeling as of work undone,
When toilers murmur not, and no one grieves.
The pattering rain-drops swell the budding leaves,
And teach the honeysuckle-vine to run.
The sunlight, dreaming of the coming sheaves
Of golden corn, urges the lingering spring—
Till she, o'ercome, smiling and weeping, leaves
Her southern home, and blesses everything;
And, in the perfect joy of new-born life,
The earth forgets her travail and her strife.

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THE MILLIONAIRE'S DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1885, by Miss Ann Stephens, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

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CHAPTER X.

DOROTHEA BROOKS went about the farm-house in high spirits, the next morning after her encounter with Dayton. There was a dash of romance in this adventure, which aroused her vanity and promised to give some interest to the very commonplace life to which she had returned. The advent of that grand piano, and the hint that her mother had given of a crusade into the fashionable world, inspired her with so many lofty ideas of the future that her very dreams were full of them, and she awoke in the morning exhilarated by the prospect before her.

"Ma," she said, entering the kitchen, where Mrs. Brooks was busy doing up her work, "I am sure that we shall have company, from the red tavern, to-day. Why did that young gentleman speak of having business here? Of course, it was only an excuse for letting me know that we might expect him. Take my word for it, he is sure to come: so let us bustle about, and have things fixed up accordingly."

Mrs. Brooks, who superintended her own housework, both in the kitchen and parlor, gave a jerk at her checked apron with some impatience.

"Well," she said, "there will be no peace till you have your way. That piano and this strange young man have just turned your head."

"No, they haven't," said Dorothea; "but, ma, if that young gentleman were to catch you in a checked apron, and with your hair twisted up into a knot, like that, he never would shake hands with you as a lady, anywhere among fashionable people, and it would just keep me back forever. Nothing does hurt a girl so much as to have a mother who is laughed at. You ought to consider these things, if you really mean what you said last night, and may as well begin now."

"Perhaps you will give me the first lesson," retorted Mrs. Brooks, with infinite scorn.

"Exactly," answered the young lady. "The new style is to crowd things into your best room, helter-skelter, tables about in corners, chairs scattered all over the room, and so on. I will show you how, ma." And, with the word, she proceeded to shift the parlor furniture.

"Well," said Mrs. Brooks, casting a bewildered look around this best room, as if taking leave of its solemn rigidity—of which she had been so proud—with regret, "it looks as if we were dragging things out for a vendue. Gracious knows how anyone can be expected to move about the room; but, if you think it the genteel thing, I suppose I have got to give in."

"Yes, yes, ma—I know all about this. But we must not stand talking all day. Do go and look up some bright chintz, old silk, or something, for these sofa-pillows. See: I have got them about square, and am waiting."

Mrs. Brooks, whose iron rule in the household was beginning to yield to the cool selfishness of her daughter, as tyrants will sometimes yield to the persistence of less passionate egotism, went in search of the desired material, unconscious of her obedience, or that she was taking a second place in her own household. She came downstairs with the skirt of an old orange-colored silk dress in her hand, which, up to that day, had been held as a sacred relic of her own youth, in the chest of drawers that had come to that country from Connecticut, and was perhaps the most ancient piece of furniture within twenty miles around.

Dorothea seized upon the silk, ripped the breadths apart with a sharp sound that set her teeth on edge, and went to work upon them with a want of reverence for the fabric that greatly disappointed her mother.

"Now, ma," she said, "do, for pity's sake, get rid of that apron. Put on another dress, and fix up a little. I don't want that young gentleman to take you for a hired woman."

Here Mrs. Brooks flamed into crimson wrath, and swept out of the room, exclaiming:

"Take me for a hired woman! Me!"

Dorothea smiled complacently, and went on with her work; and, soon after, her mother came down from her room, in a neat summer-gown, such as she would have worn to an afternoon-tea, with a lace collar at the throat, and her still abundant hair twisted in a coil under a pretty cap trimmed with carnation-colored ribbons.

"Will this do?" she questioned, with an air

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of lofty sarcasm, as she appeared in the parlor again. Dorothea, who was complacently smoothing out the cushion, looked up.

"Oh, ma, dress makes so much difference with you. No wonder people call you 'the handsome Mrs. Brooks.' I only hope that I shall be as good-looking, at your age."

Again Mrs. Brooks's cheek crimsoned; but it was with a warmer and more generous feeling than had burned there when she left the room: no woman is insensible to a compliment. Just then, a clock in the entryway struck twelve.

"Oh, ma, how the morning has gone!" cried Dorothea, starting up and beating the new sofa-cushion between her hands, before she laid it on the settee. "I must get fixed up a little, myself. Thank goodness, you are ready to receive him. I will be down in no time. Oh, what should we do, if he happened to come just as the work-people were flocking in to dinner, with grandpa at the head?"

But Dorothea was spared this. The dinner-horn had blown, and the meal was over, when she reappeared: but he had not come yet.

"Ah, now we have the whole afternoon before us," she said, "and he may be along at any time. I wouldn't have had him hear that dinner-horn tooting down the valley for the world. Why, ma, with people of real fashion, this isn't much more than breakfast-time. Only think of dining at seven o'clock in the evening."

"At seven o'clock?" exclaimed Mrs. Brooks. "Why, one might as well put it off till next day, and have done with it. You can't make me believe that, Dorothea."

"But they do, ma; and go to parties afterward—two or three of them, sometimes. If you don't believe me, wait till you get to Saratoga."

"After all," said Mrs. Brooks, leaning thoughtfully back in her chair, "it seems to me that it isn't worth while for a woman of my age to break up her home, and go into a world where one must wait till pitch-dark for a dinner. It may be very grand for young people; but—"

"Young people?" broke in Dorothea. "Why, ma, it is only married women, with young looks like you, that ever enjoy fashionable life. The girls complain awfully about that. Married women get most of the attention; it is so safe to pay all sorts of compliments to them. They cannot be twisted into a proposal, you know."

Mrs. Brooks made a slight disdainful gesture, as if all this talk of the outside world was unworthy of her matronly dignity.

"They dance too, ma," continued Dorothea.

"Of course, young people are always ready for that; but my dancing-days were over long ago."

"Over long ago? I declare, ma, one would think you as old as the hills, by the way you talk. Plenty of ladies, ten years beyond you, waltz half the night through, while some of the girls are turned into wall-flowers and watch them, ready to cry with the neglect they get."

"Waltz?" said Mrs. Brooks, with sudden animation. "That was what your father tried to learn me. Oh, how beautifully he used to whirl me around this very room, practising for a sleighride-ball he took me to. But you have no idea of the row it raised when we tried it on. Your father, who had always danced that way, thought the people had gone crazy, and never would dance a step after that."

"Don't you be too sure of that, ma. We don't know what pa may be doing, when he goes away from home. He must be enjoying himself somewhere, or he wouldn't stay weeks together, as he does. If ever a man was made to make a figure in fashionable life, that man is my own pa and your husband. All the girls said as much, when he came to see me at the school. In fact, they went quite wild over his splendid air and princely appearance. They wouldn't believe that he was a farmer, though I wasn't mean enough to conceal it, and girls that hardly ever spoke to me before got sociable as kittens, all on his account."

Mrs. Brooks started upright, as her daughter said this, stung by a sharp pang of jealousy into wilder ambition than all her daughter's eloquence had hitherto inspired.

"My husband admired in this way by a lot of school-girls, no older than his own daughter?" she exclaimed. "And I on the farm, settling down into an old woman, and saving money for other people to spend? Not that he ever uses more than he gets out of his own horses, but who knows how much that may be?"

"Exactly," said Dorothea, with a significant nod of the head. "I have noticed that he, and the horses too, are always going where races are advertised, and they are held where the fashionable people I tell you of crowd together. Of course, he must be among them. Trust such women as I have seen come to visit their daughters, for finding him out. Why, ma, it's what they call a 'card,' to be seen going about with a man like pa."

Mrs. Brooks started from her chair: flushed one moment, pale the next.

"Dorothea Brooks," she said, with emphasis, "my mind is made up. We will get ready at once, and find out for ourselves what is going on in the world. As you say, I am not so very old, after all. Only last week, that foolish fellow,

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Burnside, met me in a store at the crossing, and blushed as red as his own fire, when I bowed to him, and he said that it seemed to him as if I hadn't changed a bit since we went to the same singing-school. I suppose your father never stops to think whether that is so or not."

"Let him once see you dressed up in silks and satins, and the ladies who have worn themselves out trying to look young will be nowhere with him," answered Dorothea, consolingly. "How can you expect a man, genteel as pa is, to be proud of a wife, though she is handsomer and smarter than the finest ladies he sees, if she will stay rusting out on a farm. The truth is, I think it fortunate that you sent me away from home, to find things out, before it was too late."

"We will show them that it is never too late," exclaimed Mrs. Brooks; but she was hushed by footsteps at the parlor-door.

CHAPTER XI.

When Dayton left Burnside's shop, he went through the village, and turned up the Hollow Swamp road, thinking over the quaintly-told story he had heard, and arranging his plans with some degree of reference to it. His mission in that part of the country had been an important and delicate one. More than mere scientific knowledge was required to make it successful. It was important that he should know something of the characteristics peculiar to such persons as his object might bring him in contact with. For this purpose, he had gone to Burnside's shop, and lured the honest man into a continuation of his gossiping reminiscences, that had proved so interesting the night before. Fortunately, such details as the blacksmith loved to dwell upon were closely connected with the Burritt family, and in it the enterprise that had brought Dayton to the place seemed destined to centre.

It had rained a little, in the night, and drops of moisture hung upon the shrubbery, giving the air delightful coolness, and the fragrance of such wild-flowers as grew beside the highway. Dayton was not thinking of that: for, under the sward on which these lovely things were growing, he imagined mines of wealth, toward which his errand tended, and turned out of his way more than once, in order to explore some point in the valley which had been of interest to him in his former examinations. Thus, it was late in the morning when he came in sight of the old brown house, on the margin of the swamp, where Mrs. Hilton lived. The house was still in shadow, and he forgot his mission of gold long enough to pause a moment in admiration of the picturesque bit of scenery it presented, with the dew glittering on the delicate moss and tufts of houseleek that grew along the sloping roof, and the swallows that were circling around the old stone chimney.

As the young man drew near the house, he could see a gleam of warm color break through the clustering purple of morning-glory vines that covered the porch, and had not yet felt enough of the sunshine to close their bells. Dayton's heart beat quickly, and a smile came to his lips. After all, there was something more precious than gold in the young man's nature; for he lost the calculations he was making, and the sea of wealth that he believed to be sleeping under his feet.

"It is she. It is the girl Rue—pure as the morning-glories that shade her—bright as the dew they have not yet given to the sun. Shall I pass by? Shall I speak to her? Will that sweet shy look brighten up when she recognizes me? Or will she start like a bird, frightened from its nest, and flutter into the house?"

With these thoughts in his mind, and fairly holding his breath like a timid school-boy, Dayton drew close to the house, but with footsteps so hesitating that the girl in the porch did not hear them.

Books lay upon the bench that ran down the side of the porch where Rue was sitting, and one lay open in her lap. She was not studying it, but sat motionless, with her small hands folded on the open pages, and her eyes lifted to a break in the vines, through which a patch of blue sky shone.

The young man drew nearer and nearer, till his hand rested on the gate. Then the very breath faltered on his lips, and seemed to form itself into a word in spite of his will: "Rue!"

The girl started, closed the book in her lap, and was about to flee indoors: but hesitated, and turned her face toward the gate, with a timid salutation.

"Will you not speak to me?" said Dayton, after waiting a moment for the sound of her voice.

It came hesitatingly as a child answers:

"If my mother were here, she would ask you to come in."

Dayton lifted the latch, and walked toward the porch.

"As she is away, I will content myself with asking to rest a few minutes here—unless I disturb your reading or your lessons."

He took the volume from her hand, and glanced at the open pages before he laid it down. She blushed: and, as if apologizing for some fault, said timidly:

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"My mother thinks that I am old enough to learn something beyond our own language."

"And she is your teacher?"

"I have had no other, all my life."

Rue spoke with smiling animation; she always did, when speaking of her mother, naturally as flowers brighten in the sunshine that gives them life.

"I do not know which to envy most—the mother, or her pupil," said Dayton, pushing the books aside, and seating himself where they had been. "Tell me something about this dainty mother of yours."

The young man could not have won that shy girl into cordial sympathy on any theme but this. Perhaps his worldly tact came in here; for that lonely mother was all the world to Rue, whose loving heart opened with the very mention of her name.

Directly, she was chatting and smiling pleasantly in her talk, but in no childish fashion, though her manner and language were almost child-like: the thoughts they conveyed were full of rare intelligence—sometimes almost poetic in their originality.

It was not till a flash of sunshine came down the valley—drinking the dew from the moss on the roof, and closing the purple bells of the morning-glories above the porch, one by one—that Dayton remembered that more than one hour had passed, and that he must enter into the world again.

He rose with an effort, and held out his hand. She laid hers in it, smiling, but with downcast eyes.

"I hope my mother will be at home when you pass by again," she said. "She liked you so much."

"I am glad of that," Dayton replied, with frank sincerity. "And you—may I hope as much from her daughter?"

"How can I help it, when she likes you so much?" said the girl, lifting her innocent eyes to his.

Dayton was not quite satisfied with this answer, or with the frank look that accompanied it. He would have liked it better had the hand been more conscious of his warm clasp, and was disappointed that no blushes followed his prolonged leave-taking.

"I wonder if she will go back to her lessons, as if nothing had happened," he thought, casting a glance behind him as he passed up the road.

No; she sat there, in her simple dress, her hands folded on her lap, looking into the distance.

He could not see the expression of her face; but the attitude was that of one dreaming.

CHAPTER XII.

The gentle slope of the hill which Dayton was ascending, toward the farm-house, was covered to the top by a fine apple-orchard, and a meadow which bordered the road down into the valley. A few days before, this meadow had been one waving sea of grass, restless as water under the changes of the wind; but this had been leveled by the scythe, and lay in windrows down the slope of the hill, scenting the air that passed over him, with a smell of new-mown hay, so dreamily that he lingered in his walk: even turned from his path, and rested his elbows on the stone wall that divided the highway from the meadow, to more perfectly enjoy the sweetness of it.

Thus he obtained a view of a gang of workhands around a huge wagon, which was so loaded with hay that the wheels, and even the oxen that drew it, could hardly be seen bending their necks under their heavy yoke, and waiting patiently for orders to move on.

"It must be old Mr. Burritt and his men," he thought. "Suppose I throw myself in his way, just as the chance offers. It will be less awkward than asking for him at the house."

It was a characteristic of this young man, to think and act at the same time. He vaulted over the wall, and was walking toward the group of workmen, before another person would have made up his mind what to do.

Several hands were around the haycart, helping to load it; others were near at hand, raking up the windrows. All were hard at work, and formed a cheerful picture in the middle of that hayfield.

An elderly man, who was lifting heavy masses of hay to a mow on top of the load, paused at his work, and looked around, as if warned of some stranger's approach. Seeing Dayton, he thrust his hayfork into the ground, and came forward cordially, as if it were some friend he had been expecting.

This was old Mr. Burritt. Dayton knew that at once, from the idea he had formed of the man, though he was taller, more upright and courteous, than he had expected to find in a man born on the farm he was tilling.

"A pleasant morning," said the old man, without showing any sign of surprise. "You find us making hay while the sun shines."

"And a fine crop you have to gather in," answered Dayton, accepting this cordial greeting

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as an introduction. "I was just envying you the pleasure of it."

"Oh, but my men-folks would tell you that there is hard work in it, and plenty of it. Still, to my thinking, work is the pleasantest thing we have in life, take it one year with another."

"I was almost thinking so, Mr. Burritt, as I watched your people over the wall. It was that which gave me the courage to intrude upon you; for I was going to the house up yonder."

"I hope it was to see if I could do something for you. If that is so, this is just as good a place to say it in as you can find."

"I am sure of that," said Dayton; "but my errand was a very simple—you may think it a silly—one. I happened to be wandering about in the valley, yesterday, and was fortunate enough to give some little help to a young lady who had got frightened at something in the swamp. It was of no real consequence; but, as she seemed somewhat disturbed, I turned a little out of my way, this morning, to inquire if she had quite recovered from the shock."

"Oh, you mean our Dorothea?" said the old man, beaming all over as the girl's name was mentioned. "She did get a trifle scared, yesterday; but it was nothing. Only, I am glad to shake hands, and thank you for the way you helped her out. She ain't a girl to be easily scared, but that don't make us the less thankful for what you did. She has got over it, though; and, when I went in to breakfast, was a-playing on her new pianner till you could ha' heard it half-way down the orchard. Depend on it, she'll be glad to see you."

The old man drew his figure up more erectly, as he mentioned the piano: for a vague sense of its grandeur had possessed him since the night before, when "Old Hundred" had come back to him from its keys as a thrilling memory of the wife so long dead. Besides this, the old man felt a little pride in the proprietorship of this grand instrument, and gave innocent expression of it in his desire to exalt Dorothea in the stranger's estimation.

Dayton, seeing that the man upon the haycart was standing still and watching them, said:

"Do not let me disturb your men in their work. I should like very much to help them a little. May I?"

Here, he took Burritt's fork from the ground, gathered a quantity of loose hay upon it, and, with an effort of strength that made the old man smile, attempted to toss it on to the load: but it fell upon the man who was waiting to stow it away, and was scattered back in a shower over himself.

Baffled and somewhat mortified by this awkward failure in a thing that seemed so easy, Dayton handed the fork to its owner.

"Not so easy as I thought for," he said. "It seemed like boy's-play while you were handling the fork."

"It takes a good deal of practice to make any work come natural as play."

Before Burritt could complete his gentle effort to console the young man, a long sharp sound came ringing through the orchard, and died in a hoot down the valley.

"It is the dinner-horn," said the old man, beaming with hospitality. "Supposing you go up to the house, and take a bite with us. The women-folks will be glad to see you, I can answer for that."

"You are very kind; and I am hungry enough to hold my part at the table, if nowhere else," said Dayton, laughing, as he shook the loose hay from his garments.

As a compliment to his guest, Mr. Burritt put on his coat, while the cart gave a lurch, and the patient oxen, half buried under it, proceeded with creeping slowness toward the orchard, beyond which were the great barn and the house.

With this gang of men, all in their shirt-sleeves, and only a little more silent than usual because of a stranger's presence, Dayton and his host followed the cart in its short-cut through the orchard, where the apple-tree boughs, laden with green fruit, brushed over them as they passed. Now and then, some of the men would thrust their hands up among the leaves, and, regardless of consequences, crunch the half-formed fruit between their teeth, while others lagged behind—talking, laughing, and pelting each other with the crude fruit they were too cautious to eat.

Between the yawning doors of the great barn, the haycart went lumbering; the oxen were taken out to be fed; and the workmen proceeded through a broad old-fashioned garden, crowded full of vegetable-beds, to a pump at the back-door of the farm-house, where one of the number pumped up water, in which the others washed their hands and faces, as it flowed through the mossy nozzle.

After this, each workman wiped his hands at a roller-towel in the porch, and, considering himself in "full-dress," went into the kitchen for dinner.

Burritt and Dayton went through this free-air toilet like the rest, except that the hospitable old man offered his guest a slice of yellow soap for his use, and was careful to roll down the cleanest place on the towel for his accommodation.

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Half the work-hands were seated and helping themselves when Mr. Burritt took his place at the head of that long table, and placed his guest in one of the empty chairs nearest to him.

From this post of honor, Dayton could obtain a full view of the table, which a long walk since morning, and the keen appetite it had brought, made an object of interest to him. Surely, if abundance were the object of a repast, nothing could have been more satisfactory. The huge mass of corned beef that loomed up from a dish before the host; the platter of broadside pork at the opposite end; the milk-pan full of baked beans in the centre, with dishes running over with vegetables; plates heaped with bread; broad slices of golden butter; saucers green with pickles, and ruddy with apple-sauce, were scattered down the whole length of the table, with a prodigality that might have appeased the appetite of a regiment.

The celerity with which this wholesome food disappeared gave the zest of sympathy to Dayton's already keen appetite, and it is doubtful if the strongest laborer of that healthy crowd ate his dinner, that day, with more absolute delight than it gave to the young man. He was helped plentifully from dishes around him, asked for baked beans, drank hard cider with a relish, and, when the cherry-pudding came on, quivering in its dish from cone to base, spotted through and through with red cherries, he delighted Burritt's heart by asking for a second supply, and said, honestly, that it was the most delicious thing he had ever tasted in his life.

"Now," said Mr. Burritt, as the workmen had, one by one, disappeared from the table—some to smoke in the back-porch, others to visit a large wooden bottle that always occupied a place there in harvest-time—"now, while the men are enjoying their rest a little, we may as well try and hunt up the women-folks. Since our Dorothea came home, they have taken a notion to eat dinner by themselves. I reckon we shall find them in the out-room or somewhere. Then, if you hain't no objections, I'll go back with the hands. They don't seem to get along so well without me: though I ain't of much real use, in these days."

It was in response to this invitation that Dayton followed Mr. Burritt to the parlor-door, and disturbed the conversation which we have already related, between Mrs. Brooks and her daughter.

Mr. Burritt halted on the doorsill, as he usually did when approaching that room; for, to him, it was like going into a strange house; and he stood there now, waving his hand that Dayton should precede him, saying in a hurried nervous way:

"Marier, Dorothea dear, this is the gentleman you have been talking so much about. He has had his dinner with the rest of us. Now you must try and make him feel to home."

Mr. Burritt did not wait to understand the consternation into which his words had cast the two persons who received this speech with absolute dismay, but went away rubbing his hands softly together and smiling in bland satisfaction that his part of the affair was so pleasantly over.

CHAPTER XIII.

When Dayton found himself standing on the threshold of Mrs. Brooks's parlor, he was astonished to see that the persons it contained had started to their feet, and stood regarding him with looks of actual perturbation.

The elder lady, whose eyes were beginning to flash and her lips to curve, stood a little in advance of her daughter, who shrunk back and was blushing from brow to hands, as if she longed to sink through the floor and escape the handsome face that challenged a pleasant greeting from her.

Mrs. Brooks regained her composure first, and came forward, holding out her hand.

"It is so like my father, to leave guests to introduce themselves," she said; "though it is not often that he asks them to dinner without informing us."

"My dear madame, I really forced him into giving me the invitation," said Dayton, understanding that something had discomposed the persons before him, and ignoring their confusion with great tact. This, Mrs. Brooks met with scarcely inferior ability; for, turning to her daughter, she said, with a forced laugh:

"Really, I do believe your grandfather has taken the gentleman in to dinner with the work-hands—at this time of the day, too. What must he think of us?"

Dorothea instantly caught her mother's spirit, and came forward, still blushing but reassured.

"What will he think? Only that we are like other farmers, and consider our work-people first in harvest-time; but he may be certain that we do not permit them to interfere with us. Grandpa likes to sit at the head of the table, to keep order. We cannot help that; but it is too bad that he should have taken you there."

"If there was anything wrong in that, certainly it was my fault. I intruded on him in the hayfield, and, when the hands went in to dinner, he could not well help asking me to join them; and a capital dinner it was. I never tasted such a cherry-pudding in my life."

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"Cherry-pudding?" repeated Dorothea, lifting her hands in dismay. "We might have known that grandpa would have that. And you absolutely liked it?"

"Liked it? I only hope you will encourage the kind old gentleman to invite me again. This one day has made me in love with farm-life. It must be full of interest."

"Full of interest and hard work. I only wish someone would take the whole concern off my hands, now that my only daughter is prepared to go into the world. I long to get rid of it, at any price. Being her mother, I have no right to praise her; but I leave it to you, sir, if it would not be a shame to keep her chained down here all her life, as I have been, just because we own the land."

A swift flash of light came over Dayton's face. He hesitated an instant, then said:

"Would you really sell the land, if you had a good offer?"

"Sell it? Let someone make me a good offer—that is all."

"And you have the power?"

"The power? Well, I should think so. If I were to burn this house, and sell every inch of land within sight of its doors, there is no one who could hinder me, or want to."

Dayton arose and went to the window. It looked down the whole length of the valley, and he knew that Mrs. Brooks's lands ran over the hilltops, and some distance beyond them.

"It is an estate, rather than a farm," he said, turning away from the view. "Would you really sell it?"

"Why not?" answered the woman, now somewhat excited by the subject. "I know, by experience, that it is just slavery to live on the best farm that was ever cleared. The sooner I can get off from this, the better I shall like it. So, if you happen to learn of anyone who has a fancy for country-life and any amount of land, just mention the place known as 'the Hollow Swamp farm' as a desirable property, and for sale cheap."

Dayton remained silent a few moments, looking down upon the carpet; then he said, slowly but with deliberation:

"I do know some people who wish to buy a tract of land like this, and I have authority to make the purchase almost at once."

Mrs. Brooks opened her eyes wide and eagerly. Dorothea started from her seat, in an ecstasy of surprise and delight.

"Oh, ma! ma! isn't this providential?"

"I have been over the lands, and know the length and breadth of them. So, if you are really willing to sell, there is nothing on our part but the price to consider. But will your husband consent to this?"

"My husband? What, Brooks?" answered the purse-proud proprietor of the land, with a careless laugh. "He has never interfered with anything I wanted to do, in his life, and it isn't likely that he will begin now."

"And your father?"

"My father hasn't got an inch of land in the world, that I know of. What need will there be of asking him?"

The cold arrogance with which the woman spoke shocked Dayton; for Burnside had told him that every rood of land she was so ready to bargain away had been the munificent gift of the gentle old man he had encountered in the hayfield; but he was acting as a business-man, and gave no sign of the repulsion that chilled him.

Dorothea, however, spoke out with some feeling:

"Oh, mother: grandpa ought to have a good deal to say about it; for it was his generous old self that gave you all that he had. And hasn't he taken grand care of it ever since, for you? I don't like to hear you speak of grandpa in that way."

Dayton turned an approving glance on the girl. By a chance that seemed almost marvelous, he had accomplished the object that brought him to that house; but the young man possessed in his own nature something more than that commercial sense of honor which is often held as the stock-in-trade of purely business-men. He recognized a higher and grander sense of right and wrong than could be subdued to this limitation. The very ease with which he had reached this point of his negotiation troubled him. The self-sufficiency with which the mistress of that house decided a question which affected more destinies than her own, made him feel like a traitor to the old man who had received him with such blind confidence, and to the husband whose interests and wishes seemed altogether ignored. He therefore turned away from the subject, with a feeling of revolt against himself and the woman who seemed to consult nothing but the supremacy of her own will.

After that rather aggressive defense of her grandfather, Dorothea had risen pleasantly in his estimation. She appeared brighter and far more beautiful to him than he had believed her, the day before. Unconscious of the dainty preparations she had made, both in her dress and surroundings, he felt the refining effect, and

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yielded to it, as a refuge from his own vague self-reproaches.

The little artifices of an emancipated school-girl, which are so transparent to men of the world, but alluring to the student of human nature, had been practiced with success in Dorothea's preparations for this visit. A small round table, once kept sacred to the old Burritt Bible, now stood by a window, on which she had placed a basket of floss-silk and gorgeously-tinted worsteds, in proximity with an embroidery-frame, at which she might seem to have been working. The grand piano was open, and the stool pushed aside, as if the white keys had but just ceased to vibrate under her fingers. On another small table, was the pitcher-plant he had brought to her from the swamp, with all its cups full of water, surrounded with pansies, that shed their royal purple over the pale greenish-gold.

These objects were in such contrast with the scene he had witnessed in the kitchen, that its charm fell pleasantly on the young man; and, when Dorothea retreated to the farthest window, as if disposed to go on with her embroidery, he broke off all business-conversation with the mother, and followed her.

The girl was so humiliated by the way in which he had been introduced into the house, that her manner lost all its dash, and was almost timid when she offered him a seat, and took her own, pretending to count her stitches and sort her silks, while he looked on admiringly.

Of course, this affected interest over a pile of working-silks could not continue long, between two ardent young persons, to whom acting of any kind was a submission to constraint. Dayton began to feel this, when he saw that Mrs. Brooks had disappeared. He arose, sauntered around the room a minute or two, and took his hat.

"The cool shadows in the orchard there are tempting me," he said. "I wonder you can resist them. The smell of new-mown hay from that point is delicious."

Dorothea pushed the silks from her lap, and was at his side in an instant.

"There never was a lovelier old orchard than ours," she said, pausing in the hall to tie a sun-hat of braided straw over her bright hair. "Besides, there is the maple-camp, and—and—lots of places, that you have never seen."

Thus these young people went into the sweet summer air, and rambled far beyond the orchard. When they returned, and he took leave of her at the front-door of the farm-house, a cluster of wild-flowers he had gathered was on her bosom, and the heart under it beat with wilder ambition than it had ever known before.

CHAPTER XIV.

Days passed: more than a week, even. Dayton had honorably decided on this: He would give the people at the farm ample time for consideration; it should not be said, even by his own conscience, that he had taken advantage of the greed or enthusiasm of a woman, to secure a property of which she did not know the value. There must be time for old Mr. Burritt to understand his offer, and for Squire Brooks to advise with his wife. Even after that gentleman had been at home several days, Dayton kept aloof from the farm and its inmates, when a note from Mrs. Brooks, asking a reason for this delay, reached him at the red tavern. He went to the Hollow Swamp farm at once, prepared to offer, for its lands, fifty per cent. more than the valuation of that kind of property in the neighborhood, and to that he added a secret resolution which would redeem him from all possibility of reproach for the course he was taking.

Mrs. Brooks had consulted no one but her daughter, regarding the offer made for her farm. She had never taken counsel of anything but her own wishes, and was far from feeling the want of it now, either from her husband or her father.

When Dayton came to the farm-house, she received him alone in the parlor, and, scarcely giving him time to inquire after the family, entered at once on the subject nearest her heart, in words that scarcely veiled a demand for the price he was ready to offer for her home.

She was absolutely startled by what seemed to her the magnificent sum offered, and repeated it over and over to herself, with the hesitancy of unbelief.

"I know," said Dayton, calmly, "that my friends are offering far more than the lands are worth for farming-purposes, and it is but fair to let you know that they are not purchased for tillage. As capitalists, they can develop products that I think exist here, to far greater advantage than would be possible to you, as farmers. It is for this privilege we are ready to place the price of your property so high that the interest of your money will be far more than any crops it ever has produced."

Mrs. Brooks found it hard to subdue the sudden delight that swelled to triumph in her bosom. She repeated the sum over and over in her mind: "Thousands! thousands! Oh, we can live like princes on that anywhere—anywhere: even in the great world my Dorothea is pining for." Then words of impatient greed burst from her lips, like water through a flood-gate:

"But the money—the money: how is it to be paid? When will it be ready?"

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"The money is here."

"Here?"

"Here; and ready for payment, on delivery of the deeds."

"And the deeds: what keeps them back?"

"Nothing but the want of proper signatures. The notary has them in the hall."

"Nothing but the signing of my name? Give me the deed. Hand me that pen yonder."

"But your husband and father—"

"What have they to do with it? The land is my own."

"I know. But, excuse me: I cannot complete this transaction without their presence."

Mrs. Brooks started up impatiently, and went into the hall. Dayton heard her call out: "Brooks! Father! Dorothea!" Then her voice was lost for a minute or two, and she came back, followed by the tall soldierly man Dayton had seen from the blacksmith-shop window, old Mr. Burritt, and Dorothea.

"I have called you in, because Mr. Dayton thinks that you ought to be here. I have sold the farm—house, land, stock, and everything that is on it—and want you to be here when I sign the deed and take the money."

The two men, who stood just within the parlor-door, halted abruptly, and looked at each other in blank dismay. Dorothea sank to a chair, pale and half frightened.

Mr. Brooks recovered himself first. The old man leaned feebly against the door-frame. He could not utter a word; but his lips moved, as if he thought himself speaking.

"Will this gentleman kindly explain?" said Brooks, advancing to the table, leaning one hand on it, and addressing Dayton.

The young man did explain, in a few brief words: that, several days ago, leaving plenty of time for a family-consultation, he, in behalf of a company he represented, had made a liberal offer for the Hollow Swamp farm, which, he was told, belonged to Mrs. Brooks, and was there to complete the purchase at the written request of that lady.

Brooks looked steadily, not to say sternly, from his wife to her father, while Dayton was speaking. Never in her life had she seen such stern disapproval in his glance; for one moment she was subdued by it. Then the old spirit of domination broke forth, when he said:

"You have done this without consulting your father, Marin? Was that kind? Was it even respectful?"

"Why should I consult him, or anyone else? The place is mine—all mine. I have made up my mind, and sold it."

"No! no!" said the old man, coming forward with unsteady steps. "You haven't done that! I know you couldn't have done anything of the sort; but the talk makes me a little uneasy. You see, Marier, this is all the home we have got, in the wide world. Your grandfather cut the first tree ever felled in the valley: it stood where the old brown house is now. I was born in that house yonder: my father and mother died in it: I took your mother there when we were first married. Then you were born there—you, the only child we ever had. Of course, you are only making a little fun of the old man, when you speak of selling out; but the talk of it—I know it means nothing—but the talk of it hurts me a little. This gentleman, perhaps, will understand that, and excuse me."

The old man leaned both hands upon the table, as he spoke, trying thus to steady the trembling of his limbs; and the look that he turned upon his daughter was enough to have broken a generous heart.

The woman moved restlessly in her chair; she was so unused to contradiction that even this gentle appeal fell upon her like a rebuke. There, by the old man's side, stood her husband, questioning her right of action for the first time in his married life, before a stranger to whom she had boasted so openly of her supreme power. The thought exasperated her, and stifled the natural feeling that the old man's speech had for a moment aroused in her heart. She saw that Dayton sat by the table, bewildered and irresolute under even this mild opposition. The large sum of money he had offered for the land might be withdrawn, and all her dreams of future splendor be swept away. Without answering her father's appeal, or casting more than a glance on Brooks, she turned toward Dayton.

"I told you that there was no person living who had a right, or would have a wish, to control me in this matter. This is the first time that anyone has attempted it. You must not think strange of that. My father is an old man: so old that we fear he is getting a little childish."

Dayton arose. This scene had become painful to him.

"I will retire awhile," he said; "perhaps you will come to a better understanding."

Mrs. Brooks grew pale. The very thought of opposition made her relentless.

"Give me that pen," she said, addressing Dorothea with compressed lips: "I will sign that deed before the ink is dry, no matter who opposes it."

Dorothea brought a pen from an inkstand on the console, and gave it to her mother. She too

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was pale, but with struggling emotions: for she was more capable of generous self-sacrifice than the woman who held the pen resolutely in her hand, casting defiant glances both on her father and calmly-stern husband.

"No, no, daughter: you don't mean it. You wouldn't do that," said the old man, laying his hand on hers with a piteous effect at appeal. "I couldn't leave the old place. I think—I almost know—that it would kill me."

"Kill you?" repeated the woman, with an attempt at laughter. "What nonsense! I really do believe that you are sinking into dotage. As if there were no place but the Hollow Swamp farm, in the world!"

"There is no other place, for me, in the world," said Burritt, drawing back and looking helplessly around. "It holds everything that I have loved, or ever shall love, on earth."

"And you are selfish enough to want everybody to stay here, just on that account? That is what I might have expected. It comes of pampering an old man's unreasonable fondness, till he doesn't know the worst kind of selfishness from love; and, after pretending to give everything away to his only child, where it naturally belonged, wants to control it and her, as if he had a right to interfere."

"No, no," pleaded the old man, in the humility of his despair: "I never thought of interfering. I never do—anyway, I never mean to; but, when you put that pen to paper, it signs away the cradles and the graves of all the Burritts, from my grandfather down, and I can't help but feel it a little."

"Father, you really are getting to be very old and childish: such talk only proves it to me more and more. I am foolish to pay any regard to your rigmarole about cradles and graves. It is enough to put a saint out of patience. I should think you had disgraced me enough before this strange gentleman, especially as it can do no good. I have made an agreement to sell this farm, and mean to do it."

The old man bent forward, to the level of the table, and dropped his face between his hard hands.

"I won't say another word," he moaned, faintly. "I am sorry I did it."

When the old man uncovered his face, one or two tears, wrung from the aged with so much pain, stood in his eyes. They were the only reproach he gave his daughter; and she, in her blind egotism, did not see them. Brooks did, and laid one hand kindly on the old man's shoulder, which seemed to have bent under a weight of years since he entered the room.

Mrs. Brooks turned a half-timid, half-defiant glance on him, that seemed to challenge his opposition also. He looked at her gravely, but only said:

"Is it not better that this scene should be ended?"

"I have thought so, from the beginning," she answered. "Dorothea, call Mr. Dayton."

Dayton came in, followed by the notary, and, unfolding one of the papers that he carried in his hand, laid it before Mrs. Brooks, saying:

"I suppose your father no longer objects, or I should not have been called."

The old man shook his head wearily, and, without looking up, said, with a piteous attempt at cheerfulness:

"I object to nothing. Everything is Marier's, and she has a right to do just what she pleases."

While he was speaking, Mrs. Brooks signed her name to the deed.

"It would be more satisfactory if you signed it also," said Dayton, pushing the deed toward Brooks, who made no direct answer, but carried it to a window and read its contents carefully. His countenance changed, as he read; a flash of surprise swept the look of harassing anxiety from his face, and rendered it almost cheerful as he came back to the table.

"There is no need of my signature to this paper, and I will not give it," he said. "As for this other paper, I will see you about that at the red tavern, to-morrow. But, rest assured of this: I will cut off my right hand, before it shall sign away one acre of land that has belonged to this old man, without his full consent. He has been more than a father to me. If he has seemed to oppose my wife, it is because of his great love for her and her home."

"That is true, as regards Marier," said old Mr. Burritt, with gentle submission. "I wouldn't have said a word but for that."

The next day, Squire Brooks met Dayton at the tavern, and a long conversation passed between them: some papers were signed, which Burnside was called in from his shop to witness; and, in twentyfour hours after that, every man within ten miles of the blacksmith-shop was excited by news that large deposits of oil had been discovered, in the valley close by: that the Hollow Swamp farm had been sold for an enormous price, to a company which would proceed to sink wells at once: and that ten per cent. of the profits had been secured to the Brooks family—in fact, that, in less than three years, Laurel Crossing would be a city, and Mrs. Brooks a millionaire.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1—Is an afternoon walking-toilette, of Panama and Moresque lace combined. The Panama material has a "shot" effect of brown and green. Self-colored surah, Rhadama, China

No. 1.

No. 2.

silk, and foulard are equally suitable for combination with the lace composing this costume. The underskirt, of the Panama, is cut quite plain, round, and of walking-length. It is finished at the edge by three narrow knife-plaited ruffles. The plain part of the skirt above these plissés is covered by a skirt of Moresque lace, of café-au-lait shade, and of a bold striking pattern. The overskirt, which is of the plain material, is arranged en-panier in front. It is draped high at the sides, and part of the fullness of back is

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arranged between the back-seam of the jacket, which is left open for the purpose. The jacket-bodice is of simple cut, buttoning from neck to edge with small green buttons, and is worn with

No. 3.

a waistband of the material. A vest is simulated in front by a narrow lace to match, which starts from the shoulder-seam, and is carried in a slightly curved line to the edge of the jacket. The cuffs are of rather a deeper lace, and turn back over the plain sleeve, reaching rather below the elbow. High standing collar. Fifteen to sixteen yards of twentyfour-inch wide goods for the dress proper. Two and a half yards of wide lace for the skirt, one and a half of narrow for the waist, five-eighths of wider for cuffs, will be required for this costume.

No 2—Is a toilette for a young lady, of plain and figured silk, or plain silk and figured cashmere. Plain underskirts—or petticoats, as they are now called—are of velvet, striped moiré, Pekin stripes, or plain satin or Rhadama. The stripes, in silks or velvet, are most popular. Our model calls for a plain petticoat, of Havana-brown, edged with a tiny plaiting of the same. The overdress is of figured cashmere, in corresponding shades of brown. The tunic opens in front, over the petticoat, and the drapery is arranged in full scarf-fashion over the hips and across the front. Full looped drapery at the back. The basque is short, rounded in front, short at the sides, and pointed at the back. A full vest of the silk ornaments the front, finished

No. 4.

at the neck and waist by bows of velvet ribbon. A plaited cuff, finished in like manner, completes this costume. Six to eight yards of twentyfour-inch silk or velvet for the skirt and vest, eight to ten yards of double-

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fold cashmere for overdress, will be required: two and a half yards of velvet ribbon for bows.

No. 3—Is an outdoor-costume of brown silk, velvet, and beige étamine. The underskirt of the brown silk, and the full plastron-vest of the same material. The underskirt may be made perfectly plain, or in wide kilt-plaits. Perfectly plain underskirts are now becoming the rage. The waist is pointed, back and front. The bretelles, cuffs, waistband, and collar are of velvet to match. The étamine tunic is gathered at the waist, falls straight round, and is open on the left side, to display the underskirt. Étamine is a coarse canvas-like woolen material, open in mesh and light in texture; but any of the numberless variety of pretty woolen textures will be suitable to combine with silk, for this costume. For a plain underskirt of twentyfour-inch silk, eight yards will be required, including the full vest: six to eight yards of double-fold woolen goods for tunic and waist.

No. 4—Is a school-dress, for a girl of twelve years, of olive-green bunting or flannel, trimmed

No. 5.

with woolen lace to match. The underskirt is kilted in wide plaits, the entire length. The polonaise is fastened, to some distance below the waist, by fancy metal or pearl buttons. It is full in front, and confined at the waist by a belt. The fullness of front is drawn up high on the left side, under the bouffant arrangement of the back-drapery. The waistband, collar, and cuffs are of olive-green velvet. Ten yards of bunting, twentyfive inches wide, eighteen buttons, three-quarters of a yard of velvet, two yards of woolen lace, are required for this costume.

No. 5.—For a little girl of six to eight years, we give a pretty model for a serviceable dress of

No. 6.

flannel or serge, in navy-blue, garnet, or myrtle-green. The skirt has a box-plaited flounce on the edge, six inches deep, headed by five rows of cream-white worsted braid. The waist is fulled into a yoke, back and front, by several rows of gathers. Waistband of the material, covered by five rows of braid like skirt. Sleeves to match. This will serve for a good model in making up ginghams, piqué, etc., substituting cotton braid for the woolen.

No. 6.—For a girl of four years, this simple blouse will be easily made and most useful. Material may be of flannel, cashmere, or gingham. The waist is plaited, back and front, into a square yoke. The skirt is in box-plaits, edged with Hamburg embroidery. Collar, sash, and cuffs of a darker shade of material. In gingham, the dress may be striped or plaided. The sash, collar, and cuffs of solid color to match.

LADIES' DRESS-PATTERNS.

Any style in this number will be sent by mail, on receipt of full price for corresponding article in price-list below. Patterns will be put together and plainly marked. Patterns designed to order.

Princess Dresses: plain. . . . . $ .50
" " with drapery and trimming, . . . 1.00

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Polonaises,	$ .50
Combination Walking-Suits,	1.00
Trimmed Skirts,	.50
Watteau Wrappers,	.50
Plain or Gored Wrappers,	.35
Basques,	.35
Coats,	.35
" with vests or skirts cut off,	.50
Overskirts,	.35
Talmas and Dolmans,	.35
Waterproofs and Circulars,	.35
Ulsters,	.35

CHILDREN'S PATTERNS.

Dresses: plain,	$ .25	Basques and Coats,	$ .25
Combination Suits,	$ .35	Coats & Vests or Cut Skirts	$.35
Skirts and Overskirts,	.25	Wrappers,	.25
Polonaises: plain,	.25	Waterproofs, Circulars, and Ulsters,	.25
" fancy,	.35		

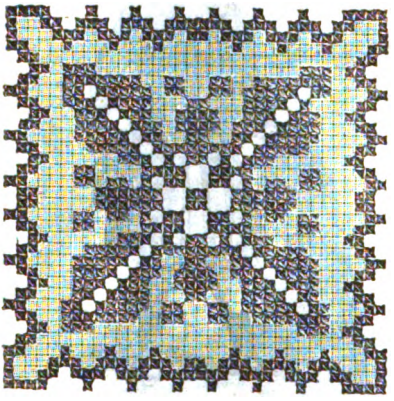
BOYS' PATTERNS.

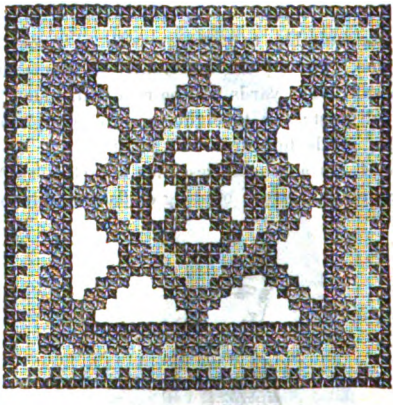
Jackets,	$ .25	Wrappers,	$ .25
Pants,	.20	Gents' Shirts,	.50
Vests,	.20	" Wrappers,	.30
Ulsters,	.30		

If the pattern desired be of some fashion in the magazine, then send the number and month of magazine, also number of page or figure, with money for same, and also whether for lady or child. Address, Mrs. M. A. Jones, 28 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia.

SQUARES IN CROSS-STITCH.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.





These squares are to be worked in cross-stitch, in Turkey-red and dark-blue ingrained cottons, and are intended to border dressing-table scarfs, night-dress sachets, sideboard-covers, ends of towels, etc., etc. As they laundry well and are very effective, they will be very useful.

A MAKART BOUQUET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give an engraving of one of the latest novelties, now all the fashion, called a Makart bouquet. It is used to decorate walls, as people used to decorate them with fans, a custom now no longer in fashion. Our Makart bouquet is composed of dried reeds, grasses, palm-fronds, peacock's-feathers, etc., etc., with a Japanese fan, with butterflies, etc., tastefully introduced into it. The greatest variety and license may be indulged in, in these pretty things, of which this one is only a type of many, the maker being allowed to follow her taste always, thus giving an original, as well as ornamental, effect to a room.

TRICOT BANDS FOR BASSINET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give a design for tricot bands for a bassinet. Each band, alternating in color, is worked with a bone hook and Saxony or Berlin wool. Cast on about fourteen stitches, and work a strip of one yard in length; then, with arrasene or filoselle, work the key pattern in Holbein-stitch. Join all the strips together, and finish the quiit with a woolen fringe at both ends. The fringe may be made longer than in the cut.

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RUBY JACKET, WITH SUPPLEMENT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

THE RUBY JACKET.

We give, here, the latest novelty for a Spring Jacket, and, folded in with the number, a SUPPLEMENT, with full-size dress-patterns for each part, from which to cut it out. They are six in number, viz:

1. HALF OF FRONT.
2. SIDE-FRONT.
3. HALF OF BACK.
4. SIDE-BACK.
5. COLLAR.
6. SLEEVE.

The letters and notches show how the pieces join. The jacket fastens to the waist only as seen in the illustration. Trim with passementerie.

DESIGNS ON SUPPLEMENT.

We also give, on the SUPPLEMENT, two designs for the Work-Table, viz:

No. 1.—BORDER FOR TABLE-COVER. This may be done in braiding, or worked in outline-stitch, whichever is preferred. We give the corner, also, showing how the pattern turns it.

No. 2.—EMBROIDERY-DESIGN, which may be used for a great variety of purposes, to be left to the taste of the person working it. This design is done in outline-stitch or satin-stitch.

These designs are so placed, on the SUPPLEMENT, as not to interfere with the dress-pattern.

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AN EASTER REMEMBRANCE.

BY MISS E. J. WELSH.

It is a very pretty idea, this of remembering our friends at Easter, by sending them a little souvenir of one's own handiwork.

We have something entirely original in the design of a little satin jewel-case and sachet combined, for the bureau, and feel assured that anyone will feel repaid that makes one after this description.

It is made in this manner: First cut two pieces of card-board two and a half inches square, cut several layers of cotton the same size, spread sachet-powder between them, and overhand the pieces together with the cotton between them.

Now cut two pieces of satin round, measuring six inches in diameter: a peacock-blue and pink, or garnet and pink, form a pretty combination. Lay the square of card-board between the two pieces and baste them together; a tiny stitch in each corner of the card-board through to the dark satin will keep it in place. Turn the edges of the dark satin in over a piece of bonnet-wire and overhand it around, turn the edges of the light side in, and overhand those together. A pink silk cord is sewed around the edge to conceal the stitches.

The lettering is painted on, or, where one cannot paint, an appropriate bunch or spray of Easter flowers can be transferred on. There are decalcomania come prepared to transfer on satin, which are almost equal to painting. The case is then bent in shape, as is seen above.

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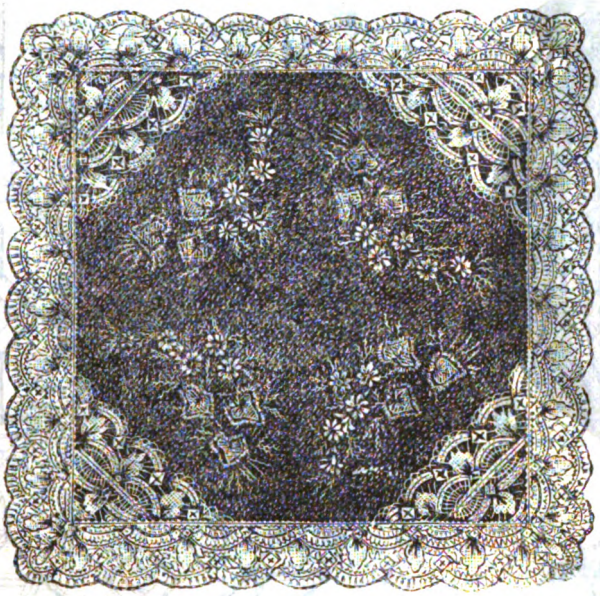
EMBROIDERED TABLE-MAT.

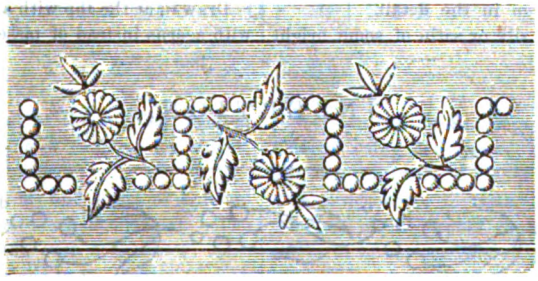
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



The centre or foundation of this mat is formed of maroon, olive, or peacock-blue plush, and embroidered with sprays of ivy-leaves, daisies, and forget-me-nots. The corners are filled in with lace, in cream-colored antique. The same edges the entire mat. Line the mat with canton-flannel, before the lace edge is put on. This same design will do well for top of pincushion or bureau-cover.

BAND, OF EMBROIDERY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Design for an embroidered band, for flannel: to be done in white or colored silks, or linen floss.

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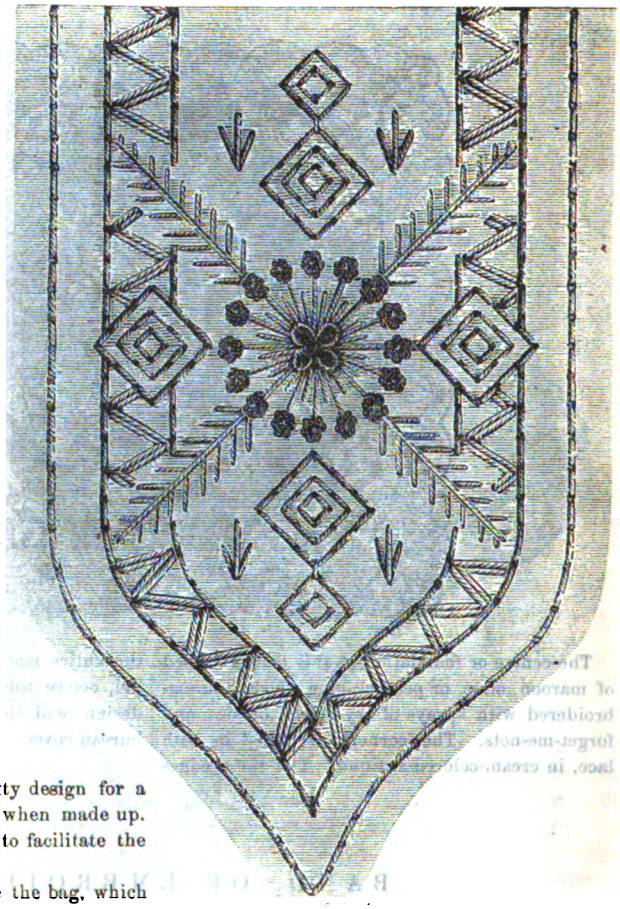
WORK-BAG, WITH DETAIL OF EMBROIDERY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



We give, here, a new and pretty design for a work-bag, showing how it looks when made up. We also give a bit of it in detail, to facilitate the embroidering of it.

Four tapering sections compose the bag, which is made either of four different colors and materials, to utilize scraps, or of the same stuff embroidered with stem and couching stitches, after the design given in the detail.

Line the bag with silk or satin of some bright color, and finish at the bottom with a long tassel of silks of the various colors used in the work.

Draw in at the top with a silk cord, terminating with acorns instead of tassels.

INSERTION.

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HANGING-BAG.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give an engraving for a pretty hanging-bag. It is made of plain and printed serge, scouring-flannel, and plush, with a vandyked flap decorated with embroidery, appliqué-work, or silk transfers, and outlined with a thick mixed cord, knotted at the corners. This hanging-bag is divided lengthwise in the centre, to contain boots, night-dresses, brushes, etc. It is one of the prettiest recent designs, and is quite easily made.

FILLINGS FOR CUSHIONS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give two patterns for fillings for the background of cushions. These fillings are worked on embroidery-canvas. One is done in ordinary cross-stitch over three double threads in light-blue Cordonnet silk for the lattice-work, the squares filled in with vieil-or silk in long cross-stitch over three double threads in length, and one double thread in width. The other is done in point-russe with green and red silk, and crossed with gold thread to form the squares. This is an unusually elegant design from the "Art School."

HOLLY BRANCH AND BERRIES.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give a design, printed in colors, of a "Holly Branch and Berries." This artistic design may be used for a variety of decorations: upon linen, for the ends of a table-scarf or bureau-cover; upon felt or cloth, for a small table-cover.

The work is done in crewels or wash-silks. The leaves are in heavy outline, and the berries are worked solid: all in Kensington-stitch. China silks are now much used to work upon, and, as they come in all colors, are very desirable: but, of course, work them with filoselle.

DESIGN OF BIRDS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We give, in the front of the number, printed in colors, five entirely new designs for finger-bowl d'oyleys, all of birds.

Make the d'oyleys of fine linen or bolting-cloth, six inches square when fringed. The fringe should be a trifle over a half-inch.

Place one of the designs in the centre of each d'oyley. To fill out the dozen, duplicate them.

Work in outline Kensington-stitch, with wash-filoselle, using one thread, and make fine work. The coloring may be either all in one color, or varied, according to taste. For instance, make the rings of bright-gold, the branches brown, and the birds of various colors—paroquets, robin-red-breast. etc.—or work the birds all in gold. Taste and ingenuity can make a pretty variety.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

LEGENDS OF "WEDDING-RINGS."—The article on rings, about which a fair correspondent asks, appeared in the August number of "Peterson," in 1880. To that we refer her, for an account of rings generally: their origin, and the different purposes to which they have been applied.

There are several curious legends about wedding-rings, however, which were not noticed in that article, and which may interest our correspondent, as well as other fair subscribers. At the marriage of Napoleon I with the Austrian Archduchess, upon receiving the benediction-ring, he asked: "When I was married to the Empress Josephine, she gave me no ring: why is one given now?" The reply was: "Because, Sire, it is the custom in France that only the bridegroom give the ring." "Ah!" said Napoleon, "that is good," and whispered in M. Pradt's ear: "But do you know why the women receive the ring? It is a custom founded on the Roman law, which ordained that all slaves should wear rings; and, as the women are our slaves, they ought to wear this badge of servitude." An answer quite in Napoleon's cynical way.

In the "good old times," Queen Margaret of Denmark was a great matchmaker, and gave the highborn Kirsten Thott in marriage to her favorite, Jeppe Muus, son of a rich burgher. The indignant bride, who was betrothed to another, presented her husband with a gold ring, in which was encrusted a copper nail, with this inscription: "Flourish, copper nail; thou liest in gold." Queen Margaret counted not on the vengeance of the bride's betrothed, Holger Munk, the lord of Boller, who, to the rage of the queen, picked a quarrel with the bridegroom, killed him, and married his widow the next day. The marriage of Duke John—brother of Erik XIV, King of Sweden—to the Princess Catharine—sister of King Sigismund II, of Poland—in 1562, gave great offense to Erik, who subjected the royal pair to terrible sufferings. When the duke was cast into prison, his wife had the choice of living in one of the king's palaces, or, if she wished to accompany her husband, she was only allowed two maids with her in prison. When Catharine heard this, she exclaimed that "She would rather die than be separated from the duke," and fainted away. When she was restored, Göran, the messenger of King Erik, asked her what she had determined. The duchess drew her betrothal-ring from her finger, and said: "Read what stands there." Göran saw the words engraved within it: "Nemo nisi mors"—None but death. "I will remain by it," said Catharine, and she did so.

Another story of the Middle Ages, in connection with a wedding-ring, and a romantic one: Adelaide, the widow of King Lothaire, being besieged by Berenger, the successor of Lothaire, sent a message to Otho, King of Germany, to assist her. In proof of his readiness to do so, an arrow was shot into the place of her captivity, by a skilful archer, having suspended to it the reply and the nuptial-ring of the King of Germany, to whom she was afterward married, on her escape from prison.

An odd story to finish with: There is a notice in one of the marriage-registers of the Church of St. James, Bury St. Edmund's, as follows: "1832, Nov. 5. Christopher Newsum, Charity Morrell: Charity Morrell being entirely without arms, the ring was placed upon the fourth toe of the left foot, and she wrote her name in this register with her right foot."

WASHING-DRESSES, this year, are made to look as unlike the old-fashioned gowns which, once a week or fortnight, found their way to the washtub, as they well can be. At a little distance, they might be taken for silk or fine wool. The Japanese patterns are the leading idea in the printed designs, which are small and thrown on a plain ground of full color. Some have stripes printed horizontally on half the material and perpendicularly on the other, intended to be made up together. Quite new are the piccotines, which have the Japanese patterns printed on a brilliantine ground, with a small damask design interwoven. Mousselines crepelaine have an armure ground with floral chintz patterns; these are wonderfully pretty for fête-dresses. Voile-laine shows geometric patterns and borderings.

"ANY LADY OF REFINEMENT."—Says a lady, who sends us a club: "Your magazine is getting better and better, though it has always been superior to all other magazines: *I don't see how any lady of refinement* can think of doing without it." That is just the point. There is no claptrap about "Peterson." Everything in it is the best of its kind: chaste and refined, as well as useful. It is, emphatically, the magazine for families of culture. Others may take flashy vulgar magazines: the really refined take "Peterson," and always will.

OUR MARCH NUMBER received even more than the usual meed of praise. The Marysville (O.) Journal, among others, says: "It opens with an article that will attract more than ordinary interest: 'Salem and Salem Witchcraft,' illustrated with engravings of the house where the witches were tried, a fac-simile of the death-warrants, etc., etc. The other articles—original stories—are all of the usual high character which distinguishes 'Peterson.' It seems to us that every lady, and even every family, must find this magazine indispensable."

THE USEFUL BEIGE CLOTHS are once more fashionable—the best materials for summer traveling-dresses, as they neither crease nor catch nor show the dirt. They have been brought out in neutral tints. The names the manufacturers and the drapers give to the new things each year, as a rule, convey so little to the purchaser, that it is seldom an advantage to use them when descriptions are given.

THE NEW WOOLEN MATERIALS.—It is difficult, by any word-painting, to convey the novel appearance of some of the new woolens, which are speckled all over—"marbled" would perhaps convey the effect better—in mixed colors. There is very little distinctly new in stuffs: only, the old materials have been brought out under these novel aspects.

"THE LITTLE PILFERER."—Our steel-engraving, this month, is after a picture by that inimitable artist—inimitable in his peculiar line—Meyer Von Bremen. The child has caught sight of some flowers in a neighbor's field, and, to get at them, has crawled under the fence, and perilously near to the edge of the bank.

BACK NUMBERS CAN ALWAYS BE HAD by writing to us and enclosing the price, eighteen cents a number.

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IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO GET UP CLUBS to this magazine, or to subscribe for it singly. For getting up clubs, we continue to offer the same premiums we offered last December. The principal clubs, and premiums for getting up the clubs, are as follows:

"*The Forget-Me-Not.*"—For two subscribers at $1.75 each ($3.50 for the two), we will send, gratis, the magnificent Album, "The Forget-Me-Not," postage free, to the person getting up the club. Or, for three subscribers at $1.50 each ($4.50 for the three), we will send the same superb premium. This album is superbly bound in morocco cloth, gilt, and adorned with elegant steel-engravings, and other illustrations.

Large-Sized Engraving, "The Angel of Paradise."—Or, for getting up either of the above clubs, we will send, *if preferred*, the large-sized (21 x 27) steel-engraving, for framing, "The Angel of Paradise," as a premium, postage free. This is a very beautiful engraving.

An Extra Copy of the Magazine for 1886 will be sent, as a premium, for four copies at $1.62½ each ($6.50 in all), or for six copies at $1.50 each ($9.00 in all), or for ten copies at $1.40 each ($14.00 in all).

An Extra Copy and "The Forget-Me-Not" will be sent for five copies at $1.60 each ($8.00 in all), or for seven copies at $1.50 each ($10.50 in all). Or, for *twelve dollars*, eight copies will be sent, and both an extra copy and "The Forget-Me-Not," and the engraving, "The Angel of Paradise."

Back numbers, to January inclusive, can always be supplied. Specimens are sent, gratis, if written for, *in good faith*, by persons wishing to get up clubs.

ONE OF MANY OF THE REPENTANT.—Letters like the following crowd on, this year, more than ever. Says a lady: "For the last year or two, I have been induced to take other magazines; but, from now forward, I want none but 'Peterson'." This lady has found out that "Peterson" keeps its promises, which other lady's-magazines rarely do: that it is the best as well as cheapest: and that two dollars can be spent in no way that will return as much pleasure and instruction. "One might as well live out of the world," writes a lady from Dakota, "as live without 'Peterson'."

THE ADVERTISEMENTS INSERTED in "Peterson" afford an excellent opportunity for ladies, especially those living in the country, to order goods by mail, etc. Of course, we do not guarantee—no magazine or newspaper does or can—that everybody will be satisfied. We only give, on the one hand, the chance to the advertiser to tell his story, and, on the other, a chance to buyers to hear his story. Sometimes money sent to advertisers miscarries, and we are appealed to: but we assume no responsibility, in this or any case.

DOING ONE'S DUTY.—The lady who wrote the following has the true sense of a woman's duty. She says: "I should not feel as if I had done my duty, if I did not get up a club for 'Peterson' at the close of each year. This, year, I am glad to send you a larger club than usual." Now, that is just our idea of a woman's duty. Let her love her mother, if unmarried; or husband and children, if married; and, *next to that*, get up a club for "Peterson," or subscribe.

MANY OF THE SPRING GOWNS are made of striped diagonal cheviots, which have a certain comfortable amount of warmth. The stripes in many of them are a combination of red, brown, and dark and light blue on a speckled ground.

A GOOD DEAL of the new cotton crêpe will be worn, which has a puckered stripe of a contrasting color or colors, such as blue and red on cream. These, well draped, make stylish and cheap gowns.

"HOW CAN THEY AFFORD IT?"—The Albion (Ind.) New Era says: "We think the last number of 'Peterson' the finest ever issued. How the publishers can afford so good a magazine at the low price of two dollars a year is more than we can understand." The secret is that we are content with a small profit on a large edition, instead of seeking a large profit, and having, in consequence, only a small edition.

ADDITIONS MAY BE MADE TO A CLUB at the price paid by the rest of the club; and, when enough additional names have been sent, the sender will be entitled to another premium or premiums. The additions may be made at any time, all through the year. Go on adding to your clubs, and earning additional premiums.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

Fiametta. A Summer Idyl. By William Wetmore Story. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.*—The author of this exquisitely-told little idyl is the well-known American sculptor, Mr. Story, whom the literary world has recognized for years as a poet, but who now proves to be a first-class writer of fiction also. Mr. Story's long residence in Rome has peculiarly qualified him for telling a tale like this. The story is one of Italian life, a young peasant-girl being the heroine; and the descriptions, not only of scenery, but of Italian customs, are alike vivid and picturesque. No writer has approached Mr. Story in this respect, unless perhaps Mr. Adolphus Trollope. As a mere picture of life among the Apennines, the book is worth reading. But the tale, as a mere narrative, takes hold of the reader from the first. The only other romance of the kind which at all approaches it, in this particular, is that beautiful one by Lamartine, "Graziella," the scene of which is laid near Naples, and which many of our older readers may remember.

Common-Sense in The Care of The Pet Canary. By Mrs. M. E. C. Farwell. 1 *vol.*, 8*vo. New York: Murray Hill Publishing Company.*—There is hardly any woman to whom this volume would not be of value; for nearly everyone is interested in canaries. The book is thoroughly to be depended on. Mrs. Farwell has been assisted by Mrs. Helen Francis and Mr. Canon Bittenhaus.

Poultry-Culture. By I. K. Felch, Natick, Massachusetts. 1 *vol., small* 8*vo. Chicago: W. H. Harrison, Jr.*—Those who wish to know how to raise, manage, mate, and judge fowls, will find this volume almost indispensable; and, as such, we recommend it to our hundreds of thousands of readers. To those of them who live in the country, it will be especially valuable.

Two Strokes of the Bell. By Charles Howard Montague. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Boston: W. L. Harris & Co.*—A novel of the school of the late Hugh Conway, very originally and artistically written. The ingenuity with which the author conceals his mystery, up to the very last chapter, has never been surpassed, even by Hugh Conway himself.

Worth The Wooing. By Lady Gladys Hamilton. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—Another of the popular "Twenty-five-Cent Series" of this energetic firm. The novel is one of English life, yet is full of romantic incidents. It is really, in its way, one of the most enjoyable books of the year.

The Pomfret Mystery.—By Arthur Dudley Vinton. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. New York: J. S. Ogilvie & Co.*—A story of incident, very well told, parts powerfully so, and inculcating an excellent moral.

Portfolio of Rare and Beautiful Flowers. Rochester: J. Vick.—We have here six colored lithographs of rare flowers, large quarto-size, and very beautifully executed.

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OUR ARM-CHAIR.

THE "BEST AS WELL AS CHEAPEST."—Never was there such unanimity as with the newspaper-press, this year, in declaring "Peterson's Magazine" to be the *best as well as cheapest* of the lady's-books. It is, among journals of its class, the best, they say, giving the best fashions, steel-engravings, stories, patterns in embroidery, etc., etc. Its price, especially to clubs, is lower than any other of the same kind, even though superior, as it is to all. Says the Warrensburg (Ill.) Times: "Peterson was never so attractive as it is now, full of pretty fancy-work, reliable fashions, and readable stories. Just what every lady needs." Says the Charles City (Iowa) Advocate: "Peterson leads all other magazines in the fancy-work department, as in all else. A lady says to us: 'It is the best, for its price, published. I have tried them all, and feel best satisfied with it.'" The Odessa (Mo.) Herald says: "As a magazine of literature, Peterson has no rival of its kind. The most popular female writers contribute to it. Nor can you get a better fashion-book. The costliest steel-engravings in every number, etc., etc.: everything interesting to ladies." The Norristown (Pa.) Herald says: "The best lady's-magazine." The San Marco (Texas) Free Press says: "Actually surpasses itself in this number: a perfect gem of literature, art, and fashion." The Belmont (Mich.) Gazette says: "Each of its stories is as good as a first-class novel." The Luling (Texas) Signal says: "Peterson is noted for the beauty of its engravings, as well as the completeness of its fashion and household departments." We receive, every month, hundreds of such notices, but can only give a few. Show these to your friends who wish to subscribe for a lady's-book. Back numbers, to January inclusive, can always be supplied, if wished, but subscriptions may begin with any month. See terms, etc., on preceding page.

NOT AFFECTED BY AGE.—Some old specimens of Royal Baking-Powder that had been kept on the shelf of a grocery-store for ten years were recently tested by Professor Schedler, of New York, for the purpose of measuring the loss of strength they had undergone. It was found that, although the powder had been exposed to atmospheric changes during all this time—for it was not in air-tight cans—its loss of raising-power or strength was less than one per cent., the powder being practically as good as the day it was put up.

This is a most valuable quality in a baking-powder, one which few possess. Most powders, if not used when first made, are found to be ineffective. If kept even a few weeks, they lose their leavening-power, become lumpy or caked, and valueless. This is particularly the case with "bread-preparations" or baking-powders made from phosphates.

This superior keeping-quality in the "Royal" arises from the extraordinary care in its manufacture, and the scientific principles employed in its combination. The articles used in its composition are thoroughly dried by heat before being compounded, and are so prepared and coated as to prevent the action of the acid upon the alkali prematurely, or except under the influence of heat or water necessarily used in cooking or baking.

The Royal Baking-Powder is now used extensively in Australia, Africa, and other low latitudes, where it has been found to be the only baking-powder that will withstand the hot moist atmosphere without deterioration.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

MEATS, ETC.

Boiled Mutton.—Whatever be the joint, the meat must be put into fast-boiling water, and be kept boiling slowly, but boiling, and for fifteen minutes to each pound, and ten minutes extra for warming through, if the meat be required underdone; but, if wanted well done and tender, then twenty minutes to each pound. The meat is put into boiling water to keep in its flavor, not allowing it to be drawn out into the water as "scum." There should be no such thing as scum in the water in which meat is cooking, which is simply the flavor and gelatin of the meat drawn out; if the meat be put into cold water, there is then "scum," which is really the goodness of the meat, though few will believe it.

Steak Pie.—Cut a tender steak into thin slices, and sprinkle them with a little finely-chopped onion and parsley; season well with pepper and salt, rubbing the seasoning thoroughly over them on both sides; then roll up each slice of beef. Put into a saucepan a layer of bacon, then the rolls, and just enough water to cover them; simmer gently until tender, but not over-done, with the lid on the saucepan. Have ready a pie-dish, lined and bordered with paste; put in the meat and a few hard-boiled eggs quartered; reduce the gravy, pour it over the meat, cover with paste, and bake in a quick oven.

Chicken Fritters.—Cut into neat pieces some tender cold chicken, and let it stand awhile in a mixture of lemon-juice, salt, and pepper. Make a batter of milk, egg, flour, and salt, stir the chicken into it, and then fry in boiling lard, putting one bit of chicken in each spoonful of batter. Serve very hot, taking care to drain the fat off well. Garnish with parsley.

When Roasting Meat, sprinkle a little salt and flour over it; it adds to the flavor of the meat and helps to brown the gravy, which should be made from the dripping-pan, after the dripping is removed.

VEGETABLES.

Hominy.—(1) Wash it through two or three waters, pour boiling water on it, and let it soak for at least ten hours; then put it into a stewpan, allowing two quarts of water to one quart of hominy, and boil it slowly four or five hours, or until it is perfectly tender; then drain it, put it into a deep dish, add salt and a bit of butter, and serve as a vegetable with meat. (2) *Boiled Hominy.*—Soak one pint of hominy in two and a half pints of boiling water over-night. In the hominy, add one pint of sweet milk, and let it boil half an hour over a brisk fire; add a small piece of butter, salt, and pepper. It is generally eaten, for breakfast, with cream and sugar. (3) *Fried Hominy.*—Cut the cold boiled hominy in slices, and fry in hot lard or dripping, or moisten to a soft paste with milk; beat in some melted butter; bind with a beaten egg; form into round cakes with your hands; dredge with flour, and fry a light brown.

Asparagus.—Scrape each head with the back of a knife, and tie the asparagus in small bundles of a dozen heads each; cut off the ends evenly. Put it into a pannful of fast-boiling water, with plenty of salt, and in about ten minutes it will be done. Drain at once, untie the bundles, and serve on a napkin or on slices of toast. Eat with some plain melted butter.

Rice Fritters.—Boil three tablespoonfuls until it has fully swelled, then drain it quite dry, and mix with it four well-beaten eggs, a quarter of a pound of currants, and a little grated lemon-peel; nutmeg and sugar to taste. Stir in as much flour as will thicken it, and fry in hot lard.

Baked Tomatoes.—Wash, wipe, and cut the tomatoes in halves, place them in a baking-tin with the skin downward; season with pepper and salt, bake in a hot oven till tender; then take up carefully, and serve on toast with a bit of butter on each tomato.

DESSERTS.

Lemon Pudding.—Butter a pudding-basin, put in a thin layer of light bread, spread over a little very finely-shred beef-suet and grated lemon-peel, repeat the process until the basin is lightly filled; make a custard of two eggs and

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half a pint of milk, for a pint basin, and pour it over the bread by degrees; put a paper cap over the pudding, and boil it very gently for an hour. Serve with the following sauce: Mix a tablespoonful of flour in cold water, stir it into half a pint of boiling water, let it boil a minute, sweeten, add the juice of a lemon. Half an ounce of butter may, if approved, be added; a little lemon-peel, boiled in the water of which the sauce is made, or a few drops of lemon-flavoring, is an improvement.

Baked Batter-Pudding.—Mix five ounces of best flour with four tablespoonfuls of cold water and a small pinch of salt; add, by degrees, half a pint of new milk and the yolk of an egg. Just before putting the pudding into the oven, add the white of the egg, beaten to a strong froth; put an ounce of butter, lard, or clarified beef-suet into a tart-dish, and let it get very hot, then put in the pudding, and bake rather quickly for forty minutes. For boiling, add another egg to the above quantity, pour the pudding into a greased basin, put it into boiling water, and let it boil gently for an hour and a quarter. Serve with sauce, made as directed for boiled rice, or with any kind of stewed fruit.

Bread Pudding.—Soak the bread in cold water, then squeeze it very dry, take out any lumps, and add boiling milk, about half a pint to a pound of soaked bread; beat up two eggs, sweeten, add a little nutmeg, and bake the pudding slowly until firm. If desired, a few sultanas may be added to the pudding; or, if the bread be light, such as the crust of French rolls, it may be soaked in as much cold milk as it will absorb; and, when it is perfectly soft, have sugar, eggs, and flavoring added to it.

French Tapioca Pudding.—Take two ounces of tapioca, and boil it in half a pint of water until it begins to melt, then add half a pint of milk by degrees, and boil until the tapioca becomes very thick; add a well-beaten egg, sugar, and flavoring to taste, and bake gently for three-quarters of an hour. This preparation of tapioca is superior to any other, is nourishing, and suitable for delicate children.

Aunt Mary's Pudding.—Butter a tart-dish, sprinkle the bottom with finely-minced candied peel and a very little shred suet, then a thin layer of light bread, and so on until the dish is full. For a pint dish, make a liquid custard of one egg and half a pint of milk, sweeten, pour over the pudding, and bake as slowly as possible for two hours.

CAKES.

Plain Cakes.—Seed: To one pound of flour, add six ounces of well-clarified beef-dripping, four ounces of Demerara sugar, a pinch of salt, half an ounce of carraway seed, a dessertspoonful of baking-powder; mix to a soft dough, and bake at once. Sultana: Well rub, into one pound of flour, six ounces of the clear yellow fat which has been run down from cold beef fat or suet; add to this, six ounces of nicely-picked sultana raisins, four ounces of pounded loaf-sugar, and a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda; mix with warm milk, and bake one hour.

Luncheon Cake.—One pound of flour, a quarter-pound of butter, six ounces of sugar, two eggs, a teaspoonful of soda, and one of baking-powder, half an ounce of carraway seed. Mix the soda and powder with the dry flour first of all, then rub in the butter, and add the eggs well beaten. Mix with warm milk, divide into two cakes, and bake. A little spice can be used instead of the seed, if liked.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The End of Ironmold.—To remove ironmold from linen, etc., take tartaric acid, half an ounce; powdered salt of sorrel, half an ounce. Mix. Put boiling water into a basin, put a plate upon it, wet the spot with water, dip your finger into the powder, or put a small quantity to the spot, rub it gently, and the ink or ironmold will entirely disappear, without the least damage to the lace, lawn, muslin, etc.

To Clean White Woolen Shawls.—Spread a cloth over a table, lay on it the article to be cleaned, powder it well with finely-ground starch, fold, powdering at each fold, press well together, cover up for some hours, then rub well together with both hands, shake off the starch thoroughly. If carefully done, this process leaves the article as white and fresh as when first manufactured.

OUR ARM-CHAIR.

ADVERTISEMENTS OF GARDEN-SEEDS.—We call attention to the advertisements in the front of this number, of seeds, plants, and shrubs. As there are so many reliable and responsible seedsmen throughout the country who make their business known through the medium of "Peterson," we have thought proper, for the convenience of our readers, to place them all under one head. This has been done for two or three seasons past, with gratifying results. Many of those who advertise their business under this head are personally known to us; and we can say, without qualification, that they have always proved reliable in their statements about their goods. All who want seeds or plants, and choose to purchase of these houses, will have the gratification, we fully believe, of seeing results in the garden that will repay any extra effort made to secure the seeds from such reliable sources.

THE CHOCOLATE-GIRL.—Possibly, most of the people who are familiar with the picture of the chocolate-girl, used for so long as an advertisement, think it a creation of some artist's fancy. On the contrary, it is a portrait—the portrait of a very pretty Viennese woman—and has a romantic story attached to it. It seems that, some years ago, a young German student of noble birth fell in love with the pretty chocolate-girl who served him with this delicious beverage in a Vienna café. She was a respectable girl, and he an honorable gentleman; and he married her. He felt proud of her humble origin, and had her portrait painted by a famous German artist, in the picturesque costume she wore when he first met her; and this portrait is now among the most valued art-treasures of the Government.

CATARRH AND BRONCHITIS CURED.—A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease, sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Dr. J. Flynn & Co., 117 East Fifteenth Street, New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

THE "MANUAL OF EVERYTHING FOR THE GARDEN," issued by Peter Henderson & Co., New York, is not only very exhaustive and reliable, but is really also quite a pretty book. Everything relating to flowers—the newest varieties, the mode of cultivation, etc., etc.—will be found in the volume. We cordially commend it.

"GO WITHOUT A NEW DRESS."—A lady, renewing her subscription, writes: "I have taken your magazine for eleven years. I would rather go without a new hat or dress than lose the pleasure of reading it: it is everything to me. I have nine years' volumes bound. They are beautiful books."

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE AS A BRAIN-TONIC.—Dr. E. W. Robertson, Cleveland, O., says: "From my experience, can cordially recommend it as a brain and nerve tonic, especially in nervous debility, nervous dyspepsia, etc., etc.

"THE BEST OF THE LADY'S-JOURNALS," says the Ellsworth (Wis.) Herald, "is 'Peterson's Magazine': it is filled with useful information and wise practical suggestions."

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PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

☞ Everything relating to this department should be addressed "Puzzle Editor," PETERSON'S MAGAZINE, P.-O. Box 328, Marblehead, Mass.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN MARCH NUMBER.

No. 278.

Propose.

No. 279.

Pickwick Club.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

NEW SERIES.

BY ABRAM LIVERSEY, A. M., M. D.

No. 1.—BAD BLOOD.

In the spring months, it is very common for mothers to think their children's, and even their grown-up daughters', blood is bad; and the family physician is accordingly consulted, and the hint is thrown out for his consideration. Now, it is very important for mothers, and all others, to be informed on this subject at this season of the year, and understand how the blood becomes bad, or what makes it impure.

There is a cause for the system or general condition of the body to be somewhat impaired in the early spring months, especially in cold countries: from more confinement to the house, to heated rooms, less ventilation, closer dormitories, less out-door exercise, and indulgence in highly-seasoned meats, as pork, sausage, mince-pies, etc.

We must ever bear in mind that the blood, mainly, is as the food. Good food, physiologically speaking, under favorable conditions, will make good blood; and these conditions are good digestion, air, exercise, etc.

The blood may become bad because the functions of the stomach are impaired, and it does not act healthily upon the food; then the basis of the blood, chyme, is badly made, and is innutritious also. The liver next may become torpid, and too much bile remains in the system, and gets into the blood. And thus the blood becomes too thick, impure, and the patient feels dull, stupid, and is "good for nothing," to use a common expression.

Again, the blood may be made bad by unhealthful food or by poor and scanty food, out of which but little nourishment can be obtained; and the blood is bad because it is poor, thin, and then the individual becomes weak, wasted, and is apt to feel chilly at slight changes in temperature.

Many little boys and girls eat a great deal—too much—and yet they are thin and weak in body; for the food does not strengthen, because the blood is not properly made. The food sours, ferments, and often becomes putrid in the stomach, during the prolonged process and delay in digesting. How, then, can one have good pure blood without good food, well digested? And, as a little leaven leaveneth the whole mass, so a little impure blood, absorbed and carried to the heart and there mixed, renders the whole impure.

How plain this is! A torpid liver and undigested food, food poor in quality or too large in quantity, close ill-ventilated rooms, sedentary habits, and inattention to the surface of the body are, then, the true sources of bad blood. Knowing the causes, how easy it is to correct them. Reflect a moment, dear mothers, and you will see what folly it is to give "blood-purifiers" or "sarsaparillas," without first regulating the diet and correcting the habits of those under your care.

You must stimulate the liver, improve and strengthen digestion, make use of a good plain easily-digested diet, avoid hog-meat of all kinds, rich cakes and pastry, eat and sleep regularly, and pay proper attention to the skin and the functions of the body, and all will be well with you and yours. Having instituted such a course of dietetics, with exercise in the open air, etc., benefit is often derived and restoration to health promoted by the use of some good iron-bitters or Ayer's Sarsaparilla, as the case may demand.

FASHIONS FOR APRIL.

FIG. I.—WALKING-DRESS, OF GREEN CAMEL'S-HAIR. The front of the skirt is plain; on either side of this is a wide box-plait, then five smaller side-plaits, while the back is laid in small plaits, and falls over the tournure without any drapery. The high close bodice is made with a small point at the back, and is trimmed on the front and sleeves with bias folds. Hat of coarse bége-colored straw, trimmed with green silk and pink honeysuckle.

FIG. II.—WALKING-DRESS, OF STONE-COLORED WOOLEN GOODS, of light quality. The bottom of the skirt is trimmed with a ruffle, which is side-plaited, with a plain space between. The figured overdress falls plain and square on the left side, with a panier above, which is gathered in at the waist; from underneath the square part of the tunic, the overdress is gathered in full plaits, and is drawn toward the back, where it is simply draped. The bodice is of the plain material, but is ornamented with a passementerie on the front and sleeves, where the colors on the overdress are reproduced. Hat of brown straw, trimmed with brown velvet and a pink wing.

FIG. III.—WALKING-DRESS, OF CLARET-COLORED CASHMERE. The lower part of the skirt is put on plain, but edged with a narrow knife-plaiting; the upper part of the skirt has side-plaitings which open over a plain piece in front, and is looped up on the hips on either side; at the back it falls easily over the tournure. The bodice is plain and pointed. Bonnet of bége-colored straw, trimmed with brown satin ribbon and sprays of flowers.

FIG. IV.—VISITING-DRESS, OF INDIA PONGEE. The skirt is trimmed with five rows of brown fringe, put on in vandykes; the tunic is long, draped high on the sides, and falls in full folds over the tournure. The mantle is of black figured lace, unlined, and trimmed with black lace and gimp ornaments. Pongee-colored bonnet, trimmed with a jetted front and pink flowers.

FIG. V.—VISITING-DRESS, OF NARROW PLAID MAUVE FRENCH SILK. The skirt is laid in box-plaits at the sides and is trimmed with three graduated rows of plain mauve silk; the tunic is quite long in front, and is faced and turned up with plain mauve silk; at the back it is full and simply draped. The bodice has a postillion skirt at the back, but is round in front, under a belt of plain mauve silk, which reaches from the seams under the arms; it is fastened with a silver buckle: the front of the bodice is full, shirred at the neck, and gathered into the waist. Cuffs and high collar of plain mauve silk. Mauve straw hat, faced with velvet of the same color, and trimmed on the front with a loose bow of white lace, fastened with silver pins.

FIG. VI.—WALKING-DRESS, OF DARK-BLUE ZEPHYR, plaided with dark-red and with plain dark-blue zephyr. The skirt is trimmed with five bands of wide dark-blue galloon, spotted with red. The Zouave-jacket is made of the plaided zephyr, and trimmed with the galloon. The full vest and tunic are of plain dark-blue zephyr; the latter gracefully draped, and caught up on the side with an oxydized horseshoe. Pointed hat, of dark-blue straw, trimmed with red poppies.

FIG. VII.—WALKING-DRESS, OF MYRTLE-GREEN VICUNA. The skirt is plaited. The tunic, which is pointed on the right side and square on the left, is bordered with a green watered ribbon. The back is draped with a watered sash. The close-fitting bodice has three perpendicular bands of

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narrower watered ribbon down the front. Hat made of cream-colored lace, put on full, and trimmed with a large bow of green velvet.

FIG. VIII.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF THIN BROWN WOOLEN MATERIAL. The skirt is made of brown striped woolen. On the right side, it is laid in one very wide box-plait; from the middle of the front to the other side are narrow side-plaits; larger plaits at the back. The tunic, which is of plain brown material, is pointed and fully draped on the right side; on the left side, it falls from under the arm, and is caught back to make the draperies behind. The small Zouave-jacket opens over a dark-brown velvet vest, is edged with a narrow braid, and lined with brown silk. High velvet collar.

FIG. IX.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF GRAY NUN'S-VEILING. The skirt is of soft gray watered silk. The veiling is put on rather full at the waist, and is open and caught up on the left side. The bodice opens over a plaited vest of gray watered silk, and is laid in long folds from the shoulder to the waist. Very high collar.

FIG. X.—HAT, OF FINE BLACK STRAW, trimmed with black velvet and feathers.

FIG. XI.—HAT, OF GRAY STRAW, trimmed with loops of gray ribbon and stiff gray wings, spotted with red, in front.

FIG. XII.—HOUSE-JACKET, FOR MORNING, OF LIGHT-BLUE FLANNEL, trimmed with blue flannel embroidery.

FIG. XIII.—JACKET, OF SMOKE-GRAY TWEED, trimmed with several rows of narrow braid and rosary-beads. At the back, the jacket is laid in postillion-plaits.

FIG. XIV.—BONNET, OF ÉCRU EMBROIDERED CLOTH. The front is composed entirely of beads, and the trimming consists of a single large bow of blue satin ribbon; and the strings match.

FIG. XV.—HAT, OF LICHEN-GREEN STRAW, trimmed with darker-green velvet and daisies. The brim is lined with velvet, and turned up over the forehead.

FIG. XVI.—CIRCULAR-CAPE, OF BLACK VELVET GRENADINE, lined with primrose-colored satin, and bordered with chenille fringe. The hood is pointed. A gilt clasp secures the fastening on the chest, and drapes the ends, to leave the hands and arms free.

FIG. XVII.—NIGHT-DRESS, OF FINE PERCALE. It is full in front, shirred at the waist, and trimmed with Hamburg embroidery.

FIG. XVIII.—EVENING-DRESS, OF CANARY-COLORED SURAH, short and draped. The bodice is of golden-brown velvet, opening over a vest of the canary-colored surah. A fall of Spanish lace covers part of the vest. The velvet sleeves have a trimming of canary-colored silk, and a bow of the same color is in the hair.

FIG. XIX.—EVENING-DRESS, OF HELIOTROPE ALBATROSS. The skirt is gathered to the bodice, and is draped over a violet-colored velveteen. The bodice is full in front, plaited to the point, and opens over a violet velveteen vest. The trimming at the neck is a heliotrope-colored ribbon run through a velvet collar, and has a large bow at the side.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Woolen goods, light in weight, are seen in great quantities, and are so soft and thin, that they can be worn quite late in the season. All the shades of bége, brown, from drab, dark-greens, and blues, are popular for street-wear. The heliotrope-colors are too light for out-door wear till later in the season, but are very beautiful for the house. Some of these fabrics are plain, but many are twilled, or tufted, or striped either across or lengthwise.

Serges and cheviots are very light in weight, and will to some extent take the place of flannel dress-goods, and come in light white fawns and other colors suitable for house-dresses, as well as for street-wear.

Camel's-hair is as popular as of old, for it is so light and soft that it always makes a desirable dress.

French silks, India, French, and American foulards and pongees all make most serviceable spring and early summer dresses; foulards are of much better quality than they were a few years ago, and now make valuable additions to the wardrobe.

Sateens, ginghams in stripes and checks, chintzes, and other cotton goods were never more beautiful in design, color, or quality. The sateens can scarcely be distinguished from foulard when put side by side, when new. They rumple more than foulard, but are cheaper; and, if prettily made, are exceedingly beautiful.

White dresses of all descriptions will be much worn during the summer: nun's-veiling, serge, muslin, etc., will be popular for women of all ages.

Embroideries will be largely used on the muslins, for apron-fronts, ruffles, yokes, vests, etc.

In the style of making dresses, there is—in fact, there can be—but little that is very new; but the modifications of old styles are infinite.

Day-dresses are remarkably plain, neat, and Quakerish in style; whilst evening-dresses are almost exaggerated in richness.

Black lace dresses, however, remain for those who cannot afford so much richness, and they are always in good taste, whether for dinner, ball, or family reunion. They are made of Nottingham and Spanish lace, also embroidered net and beaded net, and are worn over black or colored silk. Black is always preferable to colors in this respect, and it can always be enlivened by flowers or colored ribbons. They are worn short or long—with high, half-high, or low-necked dresses. In every case, they are always in good taste, and, in their way, elegant. Every lady should have one. We may call it "our dress of all work."

Less and less drapery is being worn on skirts, which are, however, made very much fuller than formerly; but it is quite impossible to describe the drapery of dresses: it must be arranged by someone of good taste, or copied from a good model. The long wrinkled apron-front, drawn up quite high on the hips, is always popular and easily done; sometimes this is plain, or it may be ruffled, or have bands of braid upon it; it may be either pointed, shawl-style, or round.

Watered silk is largely used for side-panels, vests, etc.

Very high collars are worn to all dresses; they must be cut to fit the neck very snugly.

Narrow knife-plaitings around the bottom of street-dresses remain popular, as they can be so easily replaced, and save the wear on the edge of the skirt.

Sleeves continue to be worn in the old coat-style, though some have small puffs just above the elbow; for morning-wear, some of the sleeves are of the coat-shape to the elbow, below which there is some fullness gathered into a band at the wrist; this is a very pretty innovation.

Yokes, plastrons, etc., of white embroidery will be worn with many of the colored cotton dresses.

Cuirass bodices are again popular. These are close-fitting over the hips, and may be either cut in a point at the back, or with a postillion-basque.

Wide scarfs of watered silk, satin merveilleux, and other materials are fashionable, but look well only on slender people. They are draped in a variety of ways.

Wraps will be generally close-fitting at the back, and rather loose in front; and mantles and jackets will be equally worn, though the latter will be rather more confined to young people.

Bonnets are still worn with the trimming rather high, but not so exaggerated as in the early winter. The flowers, ribbons, etc., etc., are still clustered on the front, or a little to the left side.

Flowers form a large proportion of the trimming of spring bonnets, and those with long stems—as lilacs, roses, daffodils, carnations, poppies, etc.—are among the most popular.

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Gauze ribbons are largely used for straw bonnets, and both they and satin or gros-grain ribbons have purled or picot edge.

Lace and jet are also largely employed for spring bonnets of black or colored straw.

Tuscan bonnets, a style worn nearly fifty years ago, are again worn. These are open-work straw, of a yellow tint. English Dunstables and Neapolitan braids are also popular.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

RUE DES PETITS CHAMPS.

The darker shades of gray—such as mouse-gray and steel-gray—are very much worn just now, and, when relieved with slight trimmings of cut-steel or antique silver, have a very refined aspect. These tints are only becoming, however, to persons with a very brilliant complexion, as they make pale persons look paler, and give a positively green hue to a sallow skin. Long gloves, of undressed Swedish kid of dark steel-gray, are worn with these toilettes, and also with dresses of any shade of the same color, even the most delicate. In fact, a tendency is again shown to match the glove to the dress; and, on full-dress occasions, gloves of white undressed kid are very frequently worn.

The new colors of the season are chiefly those intended for evening-dress materials. They comprise a brilliant shade of orange, which has been brought into vogue by the Grand Duchess Vladimir of Russia, one of the royal belles of Europe. Amber-color is a good deal employed in tulle and gauze, and is also a favorite tint with the same royal lady. Proserpine-color is perhaps the newest of all: it is a dark but brilliant shade of crushed-raspberry, a good deal deeper than the hue, of that name, which was so fashionable a few seasons ago, but in the same gamut of tones. The Empress of Russia, who is petite and pretty, with large soft dark eyes, wears various shades of crushed-raspberry and delicate tints of pink in evening-dress. Queen Marguerite of Italy, who is a tall and graceful blonde, delights in all the shades of heliotrope, set off with pale-blue. She is said to be one of the best-dressed royal ladies in Europe. There is a pale shade of blossom-pink of which she is fond, and which, relieved with embroideries of pearl and crystal beads, is very delicate and tasteful. Queen Christina of Spain inclined to ruby velvet and to pearl-colored faille before her widowhood. Now, even her dresses for state ceremonial are composed of heavy English crape: the train, underskirt, corsage, and all. The Queen of the Belgians, who was an Austrian archduchess, has a penchant for the various shades of blue, and wears royal-blue velvet or pale-blue satin on full-dress occasions. Her handsome sister-in-law, the Countess of Flanders, who will be queen when the present king dies and her husband ascends the throne, indulges in Watteau combinations of pale-blue and pale-pink, or cream-white and pale-blue, which are very becoming to her blonde complexion. The ladies of the royal family of England get all their dresses in that country.

The fashion of trimming the dresses up one side continues, and is seen in all manner of toilettes, whether for promenade or evening wear. Sometimes a row of flounces is put up one side of the skirt, the overdress being laid in full flat plaits around the waist, and covering all the untrimmed portion of the underskirt. In other instances, the underskirt is in a rich heavy material—such as velvet or bengaline; and the overskirt, opening at one side to the waist, is in some thin material—such as pekin gauze or black lace. A black lace corsage and overskirt, made up over a skirt of black velvet, has a very elegant appearance. The overskirt, laid in flat large folds at the waist, covers the whole underskirt to within an eighth of a yard of the edge, and is open at the left side to the waist. Two corsages—one of velvet, for cold weather, and the other of lace, for summer-wear—make this a very useful dress as well as a handsome one.

Pekin materials, with the stripes either of taffeta and velvet, or of silk gauze and velvet, and fully two inches wide, are very fashionable this season. Sometimes the stripes are of the same hue; but they are shown in contrasting colors, or in two shades of the same color. In beige taffeta and chestnut-brown velvet, for instance, this style is very pretty. The corsage and overdress are made of the pekin, and the underskirt of plain silk or satin or velvet, the latter portion of the toilette being often elaborately trimmed. Bands of velvet and lace, either imitation Chantilly or Irish guipure, are often used for trimming. Lace is now put on perfectly flat, especially when employed for trimming corsages, though wide flounces are still gathered when a skirt is covered with them.

The most fashionable material for full-dress, this spring, is bengaline, which is shown now in a very handsome heavy quality. Worth recently sent a dress to one of the young married ladies of the Astor family, which had the corsage and train of pale-pink bengaline held back by rose-shaped rosettes of pink faille ribbon over a skirt-front of pale-green faille, covered with a superb shawl of point-lace, which had been the lady's wedding-veil. This shawl was caught down, in front, a quarter of a yard above the edge of the skirt, over a plaited flounce of the faille, and over the lace and the flounce fell curved festoons of crystal beads. White bengaline is now a favorite material for wedding-dresses; but it lacks the picturesque lustrousness of satin. It blends well, however, with the filmy whiteness of real lace. A very elegant dress of this material, recently worn by a fair American bride, had the long narrow plaited train and high-necked corsage in bengaline. The underskirt was one mass of flounces, of point-lace, caught up at one side with clusters of orange-blossoms. There was a fan-shaped jabot of point-lace at the throat, held in place by a spray of orange-blossoms.

There is but little change, as yet, to be noted in the shapes of hats and bonnets; but the prognostications are decidedly in favor of a lowering of the extravagant height of these articles later in the season. Some of the prettiest bonnets are networks of large beads, which are strung upon fine wire, and then shaped and kept in shape by the bordering of massive passementerie. In jet beads for street-wear, or in pearls for evening-dress, these new bonnets are very striking. They have, besides, the merit of durability.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—GIRL'S DRESS, OF DARK-GREEN FIGURED CASHMERE. The skirt and body are both plaited; and the yoke, sash, and cuffs are of dark-green velvet.

FIG. II.—GIRL'S DRESS, OF DARK-BLUE SERGE. The skirt is plaited, and trimmed with wide blue and dark-red galloon. The jacket, which opens over a red surah plaited vest, is also trimmed with the galloon.

FIG. III.—GIRL'S DRESS, OF BROWN BIRD'S-EYE TWEED. The plaited skirt is draped up at the back in the plaits, and is finished with a rosette of moiré ribbon The wrap is a double cape of bronze bouclé cloth, trimmed with ball-fringe. Brown straw hat, trimmed with brown ribbon and yellow wings.

FIG. IV.—GIRL'S HAT, OF COARSE BLACK STRAW, trimmed with écru and black pompons.

FIG. V.—GIRL'S HAT, OF GRAY STRAW, trimmed with dark-red and yellow striped ribbon and two stiff gray feathers.

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Engraved by Illman Brothers from an Original Picture

AT THE OPERA.

Engraved expressly for Peterson's Magazine.

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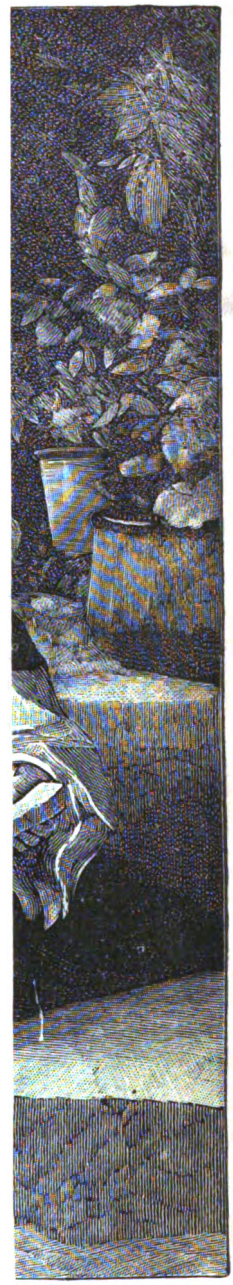

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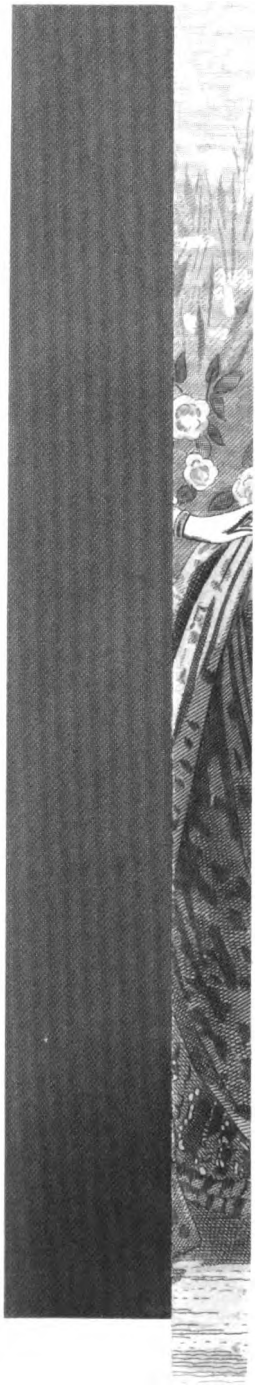

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BABY'S LUNCHEON.

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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR MAY. SUMMER BONNET.

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LATEST-STYLE WALKING-DRESSES FOR SPRING.

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LATEST-STYLE HOUSE-DRESS. WALKING-DRESS.

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HOUSE-DRESS. ROSETTE FOR THE HAIR. BONNET FOR ELDERLY LADY.

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WALKING-DRESS. BONNET. PLASTRON.

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DESIGN FOR ARTISTIC FAN.

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PEACOCK-FEATHER BANNER, ETC.

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THE SPRING.

As published by SEP. WINNER & SON, 545 N. Eighth St., Philadelphia.

Words by R. A. GATTY. Music by ALFRED SCOTT GATTY.

Voice.

Piano.

Allegro moderato.

p

1. The hy - a - cinth and daf - fo - dil Are shin - ing in the bed; Untouch'd up - on the win-dow sill The Rob - in leaves his bread; Soft breez - es o'er the common blow, The cop - ses bud a -

2. The sun has gone, the last warm ray Is fad - ing on the lea; The cro - cus clos - ing with the day En - snares the la - den bee; Pale mists a - long the meadows lie, The bee - tle takes his

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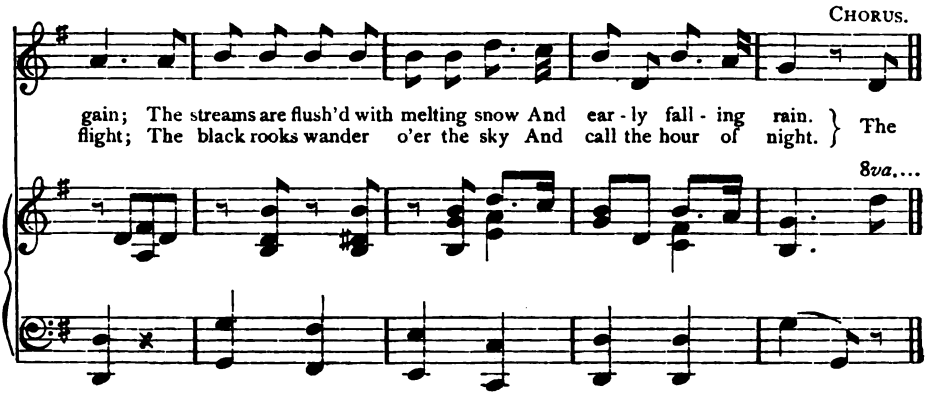

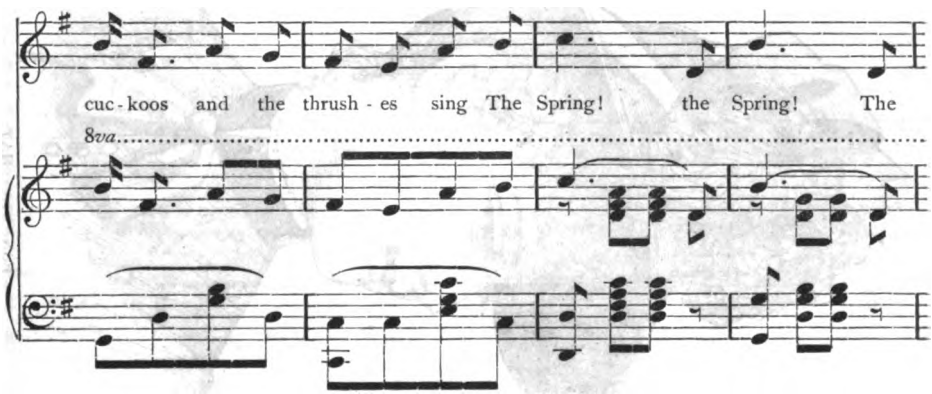

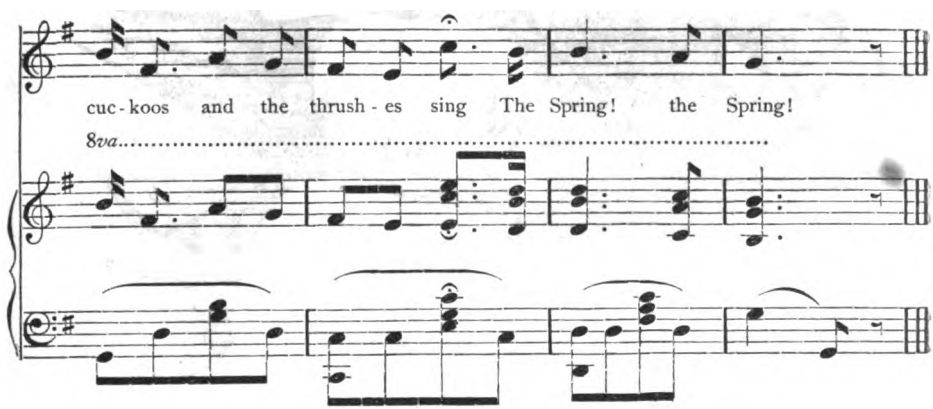

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BONNETS. HAT.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. LXXXIX. PHILADELPHIA, MAY, 1886. No. 5.

AT EVENTIDE.

BY JAMES STRANG.

I sit in silence in my boat,
With hands at rest, and idle oars,
And watch the twilight shadows float
All softly o'er the wooded shores.

No faintest sound is on the air,
No ripple stirs the waters still;
The peace of God is everywhere—
In sky and air, on lake and hill.

Deep and more deep the shadows fall,
The last faint streak of daylight dies:
The western glow is gone, and all
The stars are wheeling through the skies.

And so, till mountain-shadows break,
And soft lights steal from height to height;
And, far across the sleeping lake,
The moonbeams quiver, silver-white.

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HAIR-DRESSING WITH THE GREEKS AND ROMANS.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

THERE is nothing more certain than that the way in which the hair is dressed adds greatly to the beauty of a woman. In our June number, for last year, illustrations of several new styles of wearing the hair were given, which departed more or less from the conventional type, having the advantage of being more artistic. As a movement still further in that direction, we propose to describe here some of the old classic styles of wearing the hair—which, with modifications, might, we think, be adopted.

Under our present system, where a blind fashion regulates everything, all ladies dress the hair alike. Only a few years ago, a "potato"-screw at the back of the head was the rage; then a "frizz"; afterward, a fringe over the forehead; and this, no matter what the age or the peculiar style of the lady. Later, the hair has been dragged, so to speak, to the top of the head, regardless of the fact whether it is becoming to the wearer or not.

All this is absurd. The aim of dress—the "raison d'etre," as the French say—is to make a woman look more beautiful. This, as all sensible people admit, is as much a duty of a woman as it is for her to be conciliating, sympathetic, forbearing, affectionate. Just as it is a man's province to make money for the household, so it is a woman's to make home agreeable and happy. And a very important factor in bringing this about is that the wife, or sister, or daughter should always look her best, as well as do her best. Those who ignore this fact overlook with strange perversity the influence which the beautiful has in this world. They forget that the solid frame of granite, limestone, sandstone, gneiss, which makes up the backbone of the globe, is overlaid with verdant meadows, umbrageous forests, flowery fields, and sparkling waters. Nature clothes everything, in other words, with beautiful drapery.

It hardly needed that we should say all this, however, to convince our readers that the pursuit of the beautiful is not a piece of folly, but a real duty, on the part of a woman. And in nothing is a reform more needed than in the dressing of the hair. In this magazine, it has always been maintained that true taste consisted, not in blindly following the fashions, but in adapting them to each person's figure, complexion, air, etc. Of course, a decided departure from the style of the day is always to be avoided; for this makes the wearer too noticeable, which is eccentric, if not unwomanly. Nevertheless, adaptations based on fitness, if the beautiful is kept in view, are always to be recommended. For in this way only can individuality be reached. It is because French ladies understand this that their superiority in dress has become famed the world over. A comparatively homely Parisian woman will eclipse a handsome English or German woman often, simply because she dresses with better taste.

While these remarks apply to dress in general, they apply especially to the style of dressing the

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hair. Yet it would be difficult to lay down any particular rule on this subject; for the mode that would be becoming to one face would not

suit another, and so vice-versa. We have thought that the best way, therefore, would be to give various styles that have been in use in different

periods of the world's history, so as to afford hints which intelligent ladies might utilize, if they had the daring for it. For this purpose,

there can be no better way than to make selections from the antique; for, esthetically, the Romans—and, to an even greater degree, the Greeks—have never had their equals in the knowledge of the beautiful.

We give, therefore, in this article, a selection of head-dresses, taken from busts, statues, vases, and bas-reliefs in the British Museum and elsewhere. We do not pretend to enter into details. It would be idle for us to suggest what style, here represented, would be most becoming to a blonde or brunette, etc. That is a question

which could only be solved in each particular case, and probably never really solved without trial—perhaps without many trials. But, if anything can be done to vary the dead uniformity of fashionable hair-dressing, to give character and individuality to different faces, it can only be done in this direction, and by seeking the beautiful through these models from the antique.

We may say, however, that the most beautiful

of all these styles is, perhaps, that which we give last, and which is copied from the immortal Venus of Milo, now in the Louvre. Its best effect is in profile. A very becoming mode, especially for a round face, is that given in our initial letter: this style, in contradistinction to the last, looks most effective when viewed in front. For a young girl, the loose short curling locks, in the cut which is next to the last, would be very

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pretty. For some faces, nothing could be lovelier than the helmet-like head-dress, with a long lock escaping behind, which we give in one of our engravings. A very curious fashion is that in our second cut, where the hair is piled up over the forehead, and which was very popular with the Roman empresses in the Julian period, or up to the end of the first century. The hair braided

on the top of the head, as is still a fashion in Germany—and was quite common, in America, a decade since—was, as is shown by one of our illustrations, a favorite style in Greece, two thousand years ago. Three or four of our other engravings are noticeable as giving modes particularly suitable for young girls; nothing so innocent and virginal has ever been designed since.

Several of the heads, it will be seen, have the fillet in the hair. This is undoubtedly a very beautiful adjunct, but it can only be worn by ladies with classic faces. But we have said enough in detail. As we remarked earlier, it is

impossible to do more, in an article like this, than to give general directions. The only way to

achieve a success is to try the different styles,

taking care not to depart too far from the prevailing fashion, for that would look like eccentricity.

THE PASSION-FLOWER.

Say, holy flow'r, how didst thou learn the tale
  Of Him who for us lived, and loved, and died?
Wast thou on Calvary when He grew pale?
  Saw'st thou that thorn-crowned head, that bleeding side?

I fain, like thee, within my heart would bear
  That cross, those nails, those wounds, that glory shine.
I will go up to Calvary, and there
  Gaze till my heart wear too those marks divine.

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GUY'S "SAINT AGNES."

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

GUY DESMOND had just returned from an expedition into the Lake Superior region, when he received a letter from Harry Grovner, telling him of his engagement to the "loveliest girl in the world, and the best," to use his rapturous expression, and insisting on Guy's putting in a speedy appearance at the old country-house where Harry was, and where a party, including Miss Melton, had gathered. "I want you to know Agnes," he wrote, "and I will never forgive you if you do not join us at once."

So, toward the middle of August, Desmond journeyed up to picturesque Lake George. It was evening when he arrived, and, as he and Harry drove up to the house, a lady was standing in the verandah in the moonlight.

"There is Agnes," Grovner said, softly; and Desmond looked, and saw a face which he had beheld twice before, and both times under such peculiar circumstances, that it had haunted his thoughts ever since.

But there was no time for wonderment; in another moment, they were out of the carriage, and, when Desmond was presented to Miss Melton, neither by word nor glance did she betray any sign of recognition, though the circumstances of their first encounter, at least, were not such that she would be likely to have forgotten.

Late one afternoon, he had been passing along Third Avenue, when he saw a young girl coming out of a tenement-house. She had gone but a short distance, when she was rudely spoken to by a half-drunken man, who put out his arms to bar her passage. Desmond dealt the ruffian a blow, which sent him reeling into the gutter, and then accompanied the lady to the corner of the street, where a carriage was waiting. As he passed the house again, a woman, who had witnessed the scene, told him that the lady had been there to visit a poor family.

The second time he met her was at the opera-house. She was in the stage box during a performance of the oratorio of "The Messiah," listening with such a rapt air to a solo by Nilsson, that she seemed, to his fancy, almost a saint come down from heaven. He had thought her beautiful, the night he had rescued her; but now she seemed more than beautiful: celestial, even. "Saint Agnes come down to earth for awhile," he said to himself. During an interval, he caught her eye, and ventured to bow. But she returned it so coldly, even haughtily, that he saw he had offended her by the recognition. From that day to this, he had never seen her; but she was forever in his thoughts, and she was always, in spite of her coldness, his "Saint Agnes."

Now, she received him still haughtily, and treated him coldly, almost cavalierly, from the moment of his arrival.

Three separate times, the next morning, Miss Melton forgot some article, which she specially wanted; and it chanced, on each occasion, to be his lot to go in search of the handkerchief, or pencil-case, or crochet-needle that was missing. She unbent a little at this, and apologized in a way which showed that she was really annoyed by the trouble she had given.

"No trouble," he said, "whatever. You know we are, in a sense, old friends, and I am only too happy to assist you always."

Strange to say, she turned on him with stormy eyes, yet with a smile which contradicted her looks; then, in a moment, as if recovering herself, said, in a tone of elaborate sweetness:

"Ah, I owe you another apology. You did me a service, one day, in town—I remember it perfectly—and I thanked you at the time; but surely it is not quite gentlemanly to remind me of my obligation."

Guy was thunderstruck. Was this his Saint Agnes? Had she a temper of her own? Was she so proud that she hated an obligation? And was that the reason she had snubbed him at the oratorio, and snubbed him now?

As soon as she had finished, she rose and walked away toward a group standing in the verandah. Desmond's first impulse was to follow, and assure her that she had entirely mistaken his meaning: that he had never intended to presume on his service. Then pride checked him. She did not deserve an explanation. All the same, he was more hurt than angry: his dream of a Saint Agnes was over. Well, all women were alike, he said to himself, cynically: they looked like angels, but they had tempers, for all that.

To make matters worse, up came Harry Grovner, with his cheery voice and smile, to say:

"I was so glad to see you and Agnes having

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a long talk. Do hurry over the preliminaries of acquaintance as fast as you can; I want you to be great friends."

Desmond managed some decorous reply, and left his old chum very unceremoniously, to indulge in a bitter laugh at the likelihood of those amicable desires being realized.

The party was a large one, so that he easily contrived to avoid Miss Melton for the rest of the day; but, that very evening, he was forced to offer, and she to accept, a slight favor. Desmond was talking with his hostess and several other ladies, in the verandah; and Miss Melton stood apart at a little distance, bending over the railing, to answer some question which Harry Grovner called out as he sauntered across the lawn, smoking his cigar. As she moved back, her lace dress caught in the branches of a running rose, which trailed across the balustrade, and she could not extricate it. In spite of himself, Desmond's glance had been wandering toward her while he talked. She looked more beautiful than ever, that evening; and again he thought of Saint Agnes. As she glanced round, on finding herself a prisoner, their eyes met. He hurried forward, released her flounces, and said:

"I beg your pardon; I hope the pretty lace isn't torn."

The moonlight fell full on her face, and he could see that she colored hotly. He half expected another angry retort; but she suddenly burst into a laugh—so merry, that, between its infection and the absurdity of the situation, he laughed as heartily as she.

"So you have done me a fresh favor," she said, as soon as she could speak; "though I am certain, this morning, you secretly vowed you never would. Please don't think me the worst-tempered, rudest woman in the world. I really am not, though I gave you reason to consider me so, to-day. I do know, indeed, what ailed me," she went on: "I had been vexed at myself, that I ignored your kindness so completely, when I met you here. But I was taken by surprise, as I was at the opera-house, where I saw you were hurt by my cool recognition. Then, as for here, to talk about it would make Harry want me not to go to such places—slums, he calls them—when I go back to town: and I feel it my duty to go. All this embarrassed me. You understand now, don't you? And—and—am I forgiven?"

As she spoke, she extended her hand, with the impulsiveness which was one of the strongest and most dangerous of her characteristics. Ah! now, as Guy said to himself, she looked more like a Saint Agnes than ever.

"There's no place for such a word—only promise that we shall be friends," he exclaimed, eagerly, bowing over the pretty fingers.

Her face assumed an expression so odd, that he half feared she was offended. But she said quietly:

"I hope so—I want Mr. Grovner's friends to be mine."

So Guy Desmond, unimpressionable and keen to perceive and analyze his own emotions as he had fancied himself, fell into the snare which fate was weaving, with as much unconscious blindness as if he had been a boy of nineteen, instead of a worldly experienced man of nine and twenty. Before he roused himself to the knowledge that he was even in peril, he had got helplessly entangled in the web of destiny's manufacture: he was in love with Miss Melton.

Meantime, Master Harry must needs be impolitic enough to thank his betrothed for adopting his friend as hers. He sounded Guy's praises till she turned on him, a good deal rasped and irritated. Now, this was not like herself. Ordinarily, as the expression of her face showed, she was amiability itself. But it must be confessed that lately her temper had become a little uncertain.

"I may not be very brilliant, Harry," said she; "but I fancy I am equal to the task of discovering Mr. Desmond's mental qualities. He is all very well, but not so profound as to be quite a sphinx—"

"Why, good gracious!" interrupted Harry. "I didn't mean to annoy you."

"Nor have you," she replied, a little superciliously. "But it is never wise to overpraise people. Remember that."

And Harry—a showy good-natured fellow, with much less depth than he appeared to possess—let the conversation out to his friend, as they sat smoking a last pipe, before going to bed.

"Women are odd," said he, by way of conclusion, when he had finished his tale; "even Agnes, poor thing."

Desmond was so irritated by this tone of masculine superiority, that he gave way to the vexation which Harry's account had roused, and which he had been trying to keep down.

"Well, I vow you're as unreasonable as Agnes," said Harry, laughing with undiminished good-humor. And he took himself off to bed.

Desmond, left alone, was so horrified to think of the mischief the stupid fellow might have done, that he forgot to wonder—as he might well have done—at the strange irritation it caused him to hear Harry speak familiarly and with a consciousness of possession about his betrothed

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wife. For as yet, you see, Guy had not discovered the pit into which he had fallen.

The next morning, Miss Melton's manner showed that the harm Desmond feared had been wrought. She was downright freezing, for awhile; then capricious and teasing.

The acquaintance between the pair progressed, after this, very much in the fashion which had marked its beginning. If Miss Melton proved sweet and kind and gentle for awhile, she was sure to make Guy repent it. If she was Saint Agnes one day, she was something else another. Indeed, sometimes, she was downright cruel, and her slights were so pointed, and her witticisms so bitter, that more than once Guy vowed to himself he hated her, and almost believed what he said.

The engagement between Agnes and Harry had always been a puzzle to him, and the puzzle became greater as time went on. It was not so difficult, indeed, to explain Harry's part in it. With all his surface good-humor, Harry was selfish at heart—too selfish to love anybody very devotedly. He admired Miss Melton's beauty and talent. But her wealth had had more to do, in the beginning, with his being attracted toward her, than he knew. His father, indeed, was a rich man; but the family was large, and Harry's share would be moderate. He had been brought up with expensive tastes, and was quite unfitted for either business or profession, and he knew it. "I must marry a rich wife," he had said to himself: "that shall be my profession."

Desmond could not have told when his vague envy of Harry's luck developed into an open sentiment—so bitter, that it was akin to animosity—any more than he could when he became actually conscious that his tumultuous contradictory feelings toward this brilliant impulsive girl had for basis a passionate love which changed the whole current and color of his life.

Little more than two weeks of Desmond's promised visit remained. There were very few guests in the house, just then; and, one day, Miss Melton and he went out on horseback together. Harry had gone to New York, against his will, to attend to some commissions for his father; but it was a satisfaction to him, before starting, to lay out a programme which his friend and his betrothed were to follow.

"And it must be done to the letter, Miss Melton," said Desmond, laughingly, "else this boy will go about looking injured for the next week. Every day, remember, we are to ride together."

Miss Melton laughed; but an expression flitted across her mobile features which made Desmond wonder if she had been struck by the same thought which had flashed into his mind: how much both had the habit of treating Harry as if he really were a boy—a spoiled one, too—who must be petted and humored, and kept from annoyance of any sort.

Agnes drove Harry over to the station, in the pony-carriage; and, when she returned, immured herself in her room till luncheon. Desmond caught sight of her as she reached the house, and marveled, for the twentieth time, that the girl could be so fond of a man so much her inferior, as to look so pale and weary and disheartened, as she did this morning, and all just because she was deprived of his society for a few days.

However, when she came downstairs, her mercurial spirits had undergone a change. She was in one of her gayest moods: charming everybody by her vivacity, and even giving Desmond the benefit of her smiles and friendly speeches. He quite forgot past and future, and yielded to the happiness of the moment, with a recklessness which had grown upon him during the past weeks. And so several days passed.

Miss Melton was only a fair equestrian, though a somewhat overbold one; and, this day, she insisted on riding a horse which Desmond had condemned as beyond her power, though Harry had said she was quite "up to it." Finally, Desmond said: "Well, I have warned you. If anything happens, it is not my fault."

They had taken a route with which neither was familiar, seduced by the shadows of a picturesque wood, and came to a place where two ways met. The groom was a long distance behind, and neither was certain which of the roads led toward the house.

Desmond rode along the route to the left, to reconnoitre, discovered that the other was the one they ought to take, and turned his horse's head to rejoin Miss Melton. As he did so, he saw her ill-trained steed take fright at a dog, which ran across the path close to his feet. The beast reared so suddenly that Agnes was unseated and almost flung from her saddle. She would have been so, had Desmond not reached her side just in time to support her and catch the bridle of her horse, as he was preparing to dash off at the top of his speed.

Miss Melton displayed great quiet courage; but he saw that she was a good deal shaken. The horse plunged and reared so viciously that Desmond had to dismount and insist on her doing so. Then the groom rode up, and Desmond ordered him to put Miss Melton's saddle on his horse; and would have his way, though at first

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she attempted a somewhat indignant expostulation.

Then she suddenly discovered that she felt a little weak and faint, and had to sit down on a log and rest before they went further; but presently she was quite herself again, and could even jest at her own folly.

"I wouldn't have any of them know, for the world," she said; "there would be no end of fuss and fright."

So William, the groom, was commanded to hold his peace, which he meant religiously to do; and, when they reached Moorlands, they even rode in at the back entrance, so that nobody might see and notice the change of horses.

But all their precautions were wasted. Harry Grovner was smoking on the steps, having returned three days earlier than he had expected; and he poured out so many questions, that it was necessary to tell him the whole story.

The ride home had been a rather silent one. The suddenness of the girl's peril had shown Desmond, as by a lightning's flash, the full import of his secret. He knew that not only might his face have betrayed him, if she were calm enough to note its revelations; but he had uttered mad words, which, if they had reached her ear, could not be misunderstood. She made no sign, however, of having seen or heard. He wondered, later, if he had indeed cried aloud. He could not tell.

Meantime, he had to listen to Grovner's prosaic remarks, implied reproaches that either Agnes, or Desmond, or both, must have been to blame, and his declarations that Selim was steady enough: all in involved sentences, and with a repetition which maddened Desmond, at least.

He was glad to get away and leave the engaged pair alone; and, directly after, Miss Melton escaped. Whether irritated or not, she remained outwardly amiable: she always did, to Harry.

Then that astute young gentleman must needs go in search of William, to scold him; and, in his eagerness of defense, William betrayed the fact that there had nearly been a bad accident, averted only by Desmond's strength and presence of mind. And then Harry went to the other extreme, and rushed after Miss Melton, to lament and ejaculate and moan; and, when she retreated, on the plea that she must dress for dinner, he tore into Desmond's room, and insisted on shaking his hands and blessing him, calling him Agnes's preserver, until Guy was driven half insane.

At dinner, Miss Melton appeared calm and self-collected as ever But then, Guy told himself, she only had her fright to recover from; while he—oh, he, the wretchedest man that cumbered the earth—had to hide a gaping wound which even time could never heal. He could hardly go through the usual conventional talk: you can well understand why.

Harry insisted on repeating the story William had told, and the others exclaimed and insisted on hearing the details. There was such a to-do and pother generally, that Desmond barely avoided crying aloud that he wished Miss Melton had been killed—and himself, too; and when, in sheer desperation, he glanced toward her, just to add to his pain, he thought, by the weary expression of her face, that some similar thought was flitting through her mind.

Several days elapsed, and Guy Desmond knew that common-sense, honor, every right impulse and motive, bade him hasten to put leagues of land and sea between himself and Agnes; but fate seemed determined that he should stay. He had bought some Brooklyn property of the elder Mr. Grovner, and the old gentleman had set a day for his lawyer to come up with the deeds, for them to sign. So he must wait.

Suddenly, Miss Melton began to avoid him, though not in a way to be noticeable to others—which, indeed, was easy enough to manage, as a fresh inroad of guests made the house seem almost like a summer-hotel. But the avoidance was very plain to Desmond, and he feared that he understood only too well the reason: he had betrayed his secret, and she disliked and despised him for remaining, even with a plausible reason for so doing.

The lawyer came up. The business was transacted, and Desmond had neither reason nor excuse for staying longer. He left old Mr. Grovner and the solicitor in the smoking-room, after the papers had been signed, and went out into the garden. In all the world, he thought it would have been difficult to find a creature more wretched than himself; and he was right enough in so thinking. His whole heart and soul had centred in this mad love, and it had to be crushed, silenced, buried—though die it would not.

He sat down in a summer-house, at the end of one of the paths, and was roused from a dismal reverie by the sound of footsteps. He glanced out from among the overhanging branches of clematis, and saw Miss Melton and Harry sauntering slowly along. In another instant, Miss Melton stopped short; he could see her face: it looked weary and irritated; and she said, rapidly:

"Harry, I am really tired of this sounding of your friend's praises. Can't you let the

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matter rest? I do not propose to be eternally grateful to Mr. Desmond. Anybody—the groom—could have aided me, just as well as he."

"Well, now, Agnes, that is not quite kind," rejoined Grovner, with that persistency which was one of his most annoying habits, and which was rendered the more exasperating from the fact that he would keep perfectly good-natured through it all.

"Kind? Kind?" she repeated, with an outward gesture of her two hands, as if literally flinging the last shreds of her patience to the winds. "Well, frankly, I don't care whether it is or not; and, into the bargain, if you are not careful, I foresee that we shall quarrel seriously over your model friend."

"Really, Agnes, excuse me; but I do think you are very unreasonable," urged Harry, in precisely the same amiable tone, utterly unmoved by her violence.

"I mean to be unreasonable," she cried.

"Why—why, one would think you jealous," said Harry.

Across her face passed that odd expression which Desmond had before noticed. Then she began to laugh bitterly.

"You have indeed reached a solution," said she. "I should be sorry to mortify your vanity by denying it. Perhaps I am jealous. Whether or not, since matters have gone so far, I have one word to say: The less we see of Mr. Desmond, in the future, the better I shall be pleased. I hope that is plain enough."

She walked rapidly on, and Grovner followed. The pair disappeared down a side-alley, and Desmond was left to the depths of his mortification, which was all the more galling because he could not even pluck up spirit enough at first to be angry.

After awhile, he returned to the house, and, going up to his room, packed his trunk. He knew that Harry was to drive over to the village, that morning, and he meant to get away while Harry was gone. He went downstairs, found his host and hostess, and informed them that he must leave by the noon train. A business-telegram, which had fortunately arrived after breakfast, served as an excuse that they could not gainsay.

Passing along one of the great halls, he saw, through a half-open door, Miss Melton standing in the library. She had some autumn-flowers on the table, which she was arranging in a vase. She started, as he entered, and a few of the blossoms fell from her hand.

"Miss Melton!" he called; and, as soon as he had spoken, he knew that his voice sounded sharp and anxious.

She gave him a quick glance of surprise, but as quickly averted her eyes, and began picking up her flowers, while saying, with a sort of irritated playfulness:

"I believe it is Miss Melton—at your service, Mr. Desmond."

A sudden gust of wrath swept over him. It was cruel to treat him as she did. If she saw that his heart had unwittingly gone out toward her, she must be clear-sighted enough also to see that he had fought against his weakness—that he suffered; and a generous woman would have been grieved, not vexed and scornful.

"I only wished to bid you good-bye," he said.

"Ah, you are going?" she asked, still with her face half averted, still busy with her flowers. "Isn't it sudden? I saw Harry just before he drove to the village, but he said nothing about your intention."

"He does not know. I have explained to Mrs. Grovner. I—I—have business, and must catch the noon train," he hurried on, growing each instant more angry and more miserable. "I—I will ask you to say good-bye for me to Harry. You know he is good enough to like me, though you don't."

She looked at him now, quite pale: then her lips curled in a bitter smile, as she answered:

"Even if your assertion were true, I don't know that I should be to blame. Liking doesn't come at will."

"Oh, no," rejoined he, and tried to laugh; but the laugh sounded more like a sob. There was a moment's silence. Desmond stood gazing at her, yearningly taking in every detail of her appearance. She was busy with her flowers. "Good-bye," he said, presently.

"Good-bye. I wish you a pleasant journey," she replied, in a tone of cool indifference, not even relinquishing her employment long enough to give him an opportunity to extend his hand, in a last ordinary leave-taking.

"Good-bye," Desmond repeated, and hurried away. As he reached the door, she called his name. He stopped and looked back. She was walking quickly toward him.

"You forgot to shake hands," she said, giving him her slender fingers.

He did not answer. She did not speak again. He could not trust himself to utter a word, or to linger an instant. But there was an expression in her face which told him that he was forgiven—pitied, even; and, with that slight consolation, Guy Desmond departed.

A month later, he sailed for Brazil; and more than a year elapsed before business permitted

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him to return. In the meantime, unexpected changes had occurred in the destinies of the pair he had left. When winter arrived, Miss Melton lost a good deal of money by the failure of a company in which her property was invested: indeed, at first it was supposed that her whole fortune had gone.

The change in Mr. and Mrs. Grovner warned her that the marriage for which they had been so eager was no longer desirable in their eyes. She sent for Harry, and told him that she would enter no family where she was not welcome: their engagement must end. At first he pleaded; but she saw that at bottom he was relieved, though he fancied that his heart was cruelly hurt in giving her up. After it was too late, he and his parents learned that Miss Melton was still a very considerable heiress; but, when he and they tried to bring about a reconciliation, they received an answer as decisive as it was unpleasant.

"I was only too thankful that fate had set me free," Miss Melton said. "I never loved your son, Mrs. Grovner, though I tried to do it. I believed you and him, when you said I could make him happy; that I should risk ruining his life, if I refused him; and so I did my best to love him. Events have proved that losing me could not break his heart, and I prefer now to keep my liberty."

So Harry went off to Europe, to avoid his father's wrath and his own debts. But eventually he and his parent became friends again, as he married a rich widow, who treated him with tolerable kindness, though she was closer where money was concerned than suited his lavish ideas. And so we dismiss him from our story.

All correspondence had ceased between Desmond and Harry. Thus he did not learn that the engagement had been broken, until he reached New York. A few weeks later, fate brought him and Miss Melton again face to face; and, in his joy at meeting her, the secret he had struggled so hard to keep broke from his lips, before they had been half an hour together.

"I loved you from the moment I first met you in the street," he declared. "The love grew stronger and stronger at Mr. Grovner's. I knew you saw it, and despised my weakness. But oh, if you could have comprehended how hard I fought!"

"I did," she answered, "and honored you for it."

"God bless you for saying that!" he exclaimed. "And only tell me that time—patience—would avail: that there is a hope you could learn to care—"

He did not finish his sentence. She had uttered a little cry. He looked in her face and understood.

"Of course I loved you from the first," she owned, when they reached coherent explanations. "I saw you meant to be strong and brave, and to do right. That gave me courage. So I tried to be as cold and haughty to you as possible. I believed Harry loved me. I could not bear to be dishonorable. But I was wrong: I ought to have told him the truth at once."

So fate carried out her plan to the full. Yes, she had at last put such glorious happiness within their reach, that they could easily forgive her the suffering through which she had led them toward the day. And, as for Guy, to this day, though married for years, he still calls his wife his SAINT AGNES.

A VISITOR.

BY ELEANOR W. F. BATES.

SITS at eve, beside my chair,
One who is not welcome there;
When I lay me down to rest,
She is sobbing on my breast;
When I rise, at early morn,
Moves with me, a shape forlorn;
In the white light of the moon,
In the flushes of the noon,
She, whose whispered name is Grief,
Shuts from me all kind relief.

I have fled from my sad guest—
Sought a quiet harbor-rest;
Lo! when I, at last alone,
Dare to whisper: "She is gone!"
Comes a weary slow footfall,
Comes a shadow on the wall,
And the visitor appears,
Bringing trouble, bringing fears.

"Come!" I cried, in dull despair:
"Welcome! sorrow I can bear!"
Quietly, I know not how,
She signed a sign upon my brow,
So in mine adversity
Might all soothing visions flee.

One sad shape fills all my life,
Haunts my thoughts with shadowy strife.
Well I know that she will stay
With me till my dying day.
And her presence I abhor.
Oh, I wish my days were o'er.
That I saw her nevermore!

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MOUNTAIN BLUE VS. SWAMP GRAY.

BY A. BOWMAN, AUTHOR OF "CREOLE BLOSSOMS."

I.

THE MEETING.

THE old plantation-gate, weather-beaten, gray and lofty, caught together by rusty chains, and hung on rusty hinges, stretched jealously across the broad avenue by the roadway.

Kent drew rein here, and sat looking over land and water.

It was the hour of sunset, and Louisiana, "beloved of the Day-god," rested, blushing, beneath the warmth of his parting embrace. The scene was soft and fair—gentle, mysterious, languid. The Mississippi, touched into fire by sunbeams, and tossed into foamy snowflakes by gulf-breezes, gleamed with wondrous beauty: and the tall leaves, catching the flush on their grassy sides, extended far off, till lost in a bend of the great river. Broad cane-fields rolled, in waving billows of green, toward the dark swamps, silhouetted with dusky outline, like mountain-ranges, against the distant horizon; and, in the midst of the great pale-green ocean, like islands, lay the plantation-homes, nestling among thickly-foliaged trees; huge sugar-houses, lifting tall chimneys; and cabin-quarters, straggling in rows among vines and fig-leaves.

"Not unlike the East," mused Kent, letting his eye travel up the long shrubberied avenue, till it rested on the plantation-mansion—a great white two-storied, green-blinded, heavily-pillared, and broadly-verandaed building.

Many bright flowers bloomed around in unkept luxuriance; ancient trees waved their far-reaching branches: tall palms stretched their feathery heads, almost to the dormer-windows of the gabled roof; and, on the upper veranda, a female figure stood leaning over the wooden railing.

Perhaps it was this white-robed figure, near shimmering palms, which, more than all else, recalled to Kent a vision of Cairene villas. Perhaps, too, something in the soft bright low-lying sunbeams, streaming with dying rose-tints over this old verandaed home of the Lacours, brought back to his memory the softly-tinted evenings of the Nile.

But the vision faded, as he bent from his saddle, lifting the heavy yellow chain from the ponderous post; faded, as he with difficulty thrust the great gate ajar, among tall grasses and weeds overgrowing the neglected avenue; faded, indeed, quite away, as the long moss-trails of a live-oak, shading the gray gateway, swept over his face in gentle greeting.

A boat, lichen-grown and time-stained, rested bottom upward, quietly rotting away beneath the shadow of the oak; great trees of the sour orange, hung with the golden fruit, stood draped in moss; hedges of roses lifted aloft wildly-stretching skeleton-arms; weeds and rare blossoms nestled side by side; a mocking-bird sang, poised on the slender swaying stem of a lustrous oleander; while, from the depths of a canebrake, growing where once had spread the waters of a lovely pond, black crows, startled, flew cawing aloft toward distant swamp-lands.

"Father Time has hung his gray beard and gray locks over all," mused Kent, noting the trails of moss, hanging and clinging and swaying, a wilderness of tangle. "So, this is to be my home. Here health will come to me again, the wise men say. Heigho!" and he sighed deeply.

Three minutes later, this stranger from the Northland stood beneath the shelter of the lower veranda; and, five minutes later, guided by a pretty quadroon in gay turban and golden-hooped earrings, he mounted one of the two outer stairways reaching from the lower to the upper veranda; passed the spot where had stood the white-robed figure leaning over the low railing, and so was ushered into the great hall of Château Lacour.

Rich faded draperies, doors ornamented with tarnished gilt panelings, and age-darkened portraits of French chevaliers and courtly French beauties, proclaimed the olden glories of the house. A light breeze swept through the opened doors at either end of the hall, which showed the canefields and the swamp behind, the river-view in front. It was a broad, airy, pleasant, roomy old place, and Kent, sauntering up and down, was picturing the possibility of contentedly passing the remainder of his life among these surroundings, varied by flying pilgrimages to shrines of other days, when he paused in his walk, and stood confusedly regarding a white-haired lady, who, framed in the deep doorway, stood as composedly regarding him. So antique and noble was the general appearance of the whole figure, that, involuntarily, Kent glanced toward the court-beauties adorning the wall.

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"Monsieur Kent, je crois. Monsieur is wail-come," said the lady, advancing with the step of a princess, and honoring the stranger with a bow, which surely had been taken from the minuet of the past, and which Kent returned with almost military precision.

"Asseyez vous donc, monsieur," continued the lady, moving gracefully forward, and laying a white hand on the back of an armchair.

Kent, again bowing, silently obeyed.

"Vous parlez Français? Non? Not much? Dat is pour moi—for me—monsieur, one gret regret. Tenez. Ma petite fille Lallah, she spick Engleese assez bien." And the lady, smiling faintly, showed rows of faultless teeth, and, stretching forth her arm, pulled languidly a red bell-cord.

A quadroon girl appeared.

"Cécile, vas donc vite. Appelles mademoiselle."

"I speak to—"

"Madame Lacour," interposed the lady, courteously bowing, as the stranger hesitated; "granmuzzer to de Mademoiselle Lacour, wid whom you are togedder, all dees," and madame swept her hand graciously toward the open doorway, through which could be seen rich fields of rustling cane and dark lines of swamp-growth.

"A noble possession," murmured Kent.

"Ah, but eef—eef—befo de war—Dieu!" ejaculated the lady, clasping her hands, and casting upward eyes speechless with memories of the past.

"Bonnemaman, this Monsieur Kent has seen our home in all its glory," said a clear ringing voice. "I made the recognition as he passed on the veranda." And the speaker entered.

She was so dainty and so fair, in her clear brunette tints; the eyes looked forth so frankly, yet so haughtily, from their deep setting; there was, all about this Creole maiden, such a lazy, saucy, captivating grace, that the words, which on other lips might have seemed forward, unsuited, bold perhaps, were, on Lallah's lips, just Lallah's words—just her own, freshly-coined and stamped with her pretty foreign grace.

"Can you find this memory?" she continued, coming down the spacious hall, slightly bending her graceful head to Kent, who had risen: and then, according this faint greeting, she carelessly fell back into the depths of a straw fauteuil. "Can you find this memory? Tenez-laissez moi voir," and she lifted her little dusk right hand, outspreading the five slender fingers. "Cinq—dix—quinze—oui—fifteen—fifteen years, monsieur. I was a petite fille of seven, and voilà—behold—a gunboat came into our river, and there arose what you call a 'nécessité militaire,' and you came, Monsieur Kent, with your men, and lo, tout à coup—that is, as you say, all at once—six of our great trees—ah, so magnifique—they were cut down. Monsieur, over one of those trees I wept."

"Ah," said Kent, passing a hand meditatively across his high brow, "yes, I thought the scene familiar. I believe I do remember, now, an angry little creature, lying with tossed curls, and clenched fists, and hidden face, pressed deep among the branches of the prostrate tree. But, in those days, mademoiselle, we flitted from place to place."

"And, sans doute, saw many weeping women and weeping children," interposed the young lady, with a touch of bitterness in the soft voice.

"Over sad memories, I do not often linger," replied Kent.

"Lallah, Lallah, que dis tu, mon enfant?" cried Madame Lacour, lifting a warning hand.

"Bien, chère bonnemaman. Monsieur Kent finds that he was really here, during the war. But, do not fear: we shall not talk of those times. To Monsieur Kent—ah, I may well imagine that the memory is all pain. What possessed you—here, at the début of our acquaintance, in this time of peace—I ask, what possessed you, monsieur, to make a return into the plantation of the Lacour?"

"What possessed me?" asked Kent, looking with surprise into the pale rich face, all flashing with scorn. "Have not my agents explained, mademoiselle? Seeking health, I come to your land. Occupation in the open air has been ordered. Knowing but little about the business of planting, I deemed it more prudent to seek a partnership. This plantation was offered by your cousin. The mortgage—one-half its value—I have lifted; and so—"

"And so," interrupted Mademoiselle Lacour, "and so your gold has made you half owner of all, save the portraits yonder"—here she lifted her starry gray eyes, regarding the silent faces in their antique frames—"and a few other trifles, perhaps. May you enjoy the possession." And she shrugged her shoulders, drawing softly through her fingers the blossom-shaded ribbon of her waist-girdle.

"If it bring health, I shall be quite content," said Kent, coldly. "Otherwise, I should not have cared to leave my mountains, for the flat plains and swamps of your South, be it ever so sunny."

"Lallah, Lallah, chère enfant!"

"Ah, mais sois tranquille, bonnemaman."

"Mais tu parles trop vite. Je ne comprends

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pas. Monsieur Kent a été ici pendant la guerre —n'est ce pas?"

"Yes; and he has come now in peace, and I have given my good-wishes," said the girl, with an expression of superlative contempt.

"Ah, c'est bien donc," smiled the stately grandmother. "Monsieur Lacour we expect each moment, mais Cécile will show to monsieur the chambre, and Jean may take dat horse; and, after, we may seet on de veranda, and we may talk, pas de la guerre, mais de la paix. Ça sera charmant."

II.

THE PLANTATION-HOME.

And charming indeed Kent found it, sitting later on the broad veranda, the scene around and beneath all soft and moonlit—a mocking-bird trilling sweet notes, while the soft September wind, laden with the breath of myriad sleeping blossoms, brought to his ears the splash of water-waves and the rustle of cane-billows.

"Often it is not so agreeable," said Monsieur Lacour, gently rolling his cigarette. "The mosquitoes—diable! Sometime I think that, to support the attacks of the pest, is not possible. And they are a very mysterious little animal. People say: 'Ah, the wind is west—the mosquitoes of course come.' Bien. Next day—now mark, monsieur—from the west, there will blow that same wind. The mosquitoes—where are they? Pouff! they are gone. A very mysterious little animal." And Monsieur Lacour shrugged his shoulders, as if giving up the question, and, drawing the smoke from his tiny cigarette, allowed it to pass slowly through the nostrils of his very aquiline nose, whence it trailed in cloud-wreaths, forming a sort of aureole above his red, velvet, gold-tasseled smoking-cap.

A dark, rather small, well-preserved, handsome gentleman of sixty was this Monsieur Eugène Lacour, second-cousin to the fair young mistress of the land. In the days of his youth, he had been rather a "fast youth," and had spent his patrimony. Now—well, now, really, I don't know what madame and mademoiselle would have done, without the clear head and keen eye of the once-careless cousin, the present manager of all their affairs.

"To-morrow," said Monsieur Lacour, "we take café noir at five, then your horse will be prepared; or, if the long miles from New Orleans have been for him a too great fatigue, I give my Étoile, and we ride. I will display your new possessions. Lallah, wilt thou join us, chère enfant?"

"Non, merci."

"Non, merci, lazy one? Well, at least, thou wilt join us now," said Monsieur Lacour, rising; "and thou wilt show thy possessions, as we make the promenade of the veranda."

"Pardon, Eugène. Act as my deputy, and show all to the propriétaire."

"Mais, Lallah—" expostulated madame, turning her stately head.

Mademoiselle simply shrugged her shoulders, fanned herself lazily, and did not move.

"An enfant terrible," said Monsieur Lacour, sauntering slowly along the moonlit veranda, and holding daintily aloft, twixt finger and thumb, the cigarette, from which he now and then drew short refreshing whiffs. "An enfant terrible. Ma foi, but she is méchante. Imagine—twentytwo, and not yet a parti selected. And her maman was, at sixteen, a bride—her bonnemaman, at fourteen, fiancée. Of course, into the convent she cannot go. Lallah is single descendant of this Lacour branch, since Pierre died, bon garçon—like me."

"Has she ever expressed a desire to go into a convent?" demanded Kent, surprised into asking the question.

"Not she, indeed," laughed Monsieur Lacour. "I don't know of anyone who loves life and pleasure and beauty like our Lallah. I have seen her gather baskets of bright flowers—oh, ciel! red, blue, yellow—then lie on the grass, spread all over"—here monsieur passed his hands expressively from chin downward—"all over her body these bright colors, and laugh at me, and say she drank them into her soul. Also, she has a garden. Mais, you should see the garden of our Lallah. But a très petite fille, when she began with her two hand to dig and to plant. I believe, I assure you," drawing here a great circle with the tiny spark of the cigarette, "all the flower of Louisiana is in that garden, and all cared for with her own two hand. Sometime I have peeped. Ciel! I have seen the petite dig deep, deep, till I say: 'Chère enfant, dost thou seek the fire within the world?' Then she look up, and she say: 'Eugène, it is good for the bloom. To make a bright color, one must dig deep. Vas donc.' And I leave her." Here monsieur shrugged his shoulders. "She prefer the solitude: she say the rose and the vine and the palm is her compagnon, so I leave her."

Kent remained silent. Inwardly, he was thinking Mademoiselle Lacour a rather remarkable piece of eccentricity.

"But she is good, our Lallah," continued monsieur, refreshing himself with another whiff. "Let the bonnemaman be malade—let me but say: 'Tiens, moi, Eugène, j'ai mal à la tête'—

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ah, Dieu, there is not a hand more soft, nor a breath more sweet, nor a foot more light, in all Louisiana. If monsieur continue malade, I recommend my nurse," added the kind gentleman, with a gracious wave of the slender hand.

"Thanks," exclaimed Kent, hastily; "I never suffer with headache."

"Cousin Eugène," said Mademoiselle Lacour, advancing from the back-doorway of the great hall, and confronting Monsieur Lacour so suddenly that he almost fell down, "Cousin Eugène, I make but this request: Discuss with this Monsieur Kent the affairs of our plantation; but, for me—let me rest."

She stood, tall, serene, disdainful, the moonlight shadows of vine-leaves flickering over her white robe.

"See, then, Monsieur Kent"—here she waved her hand gracefully—"from those fields, there will come back the interest of your gold."

"And I have already told mademoiselle," replied the Northman, in his stately manner, "that gold, or the interest of gold, is not what I seek: health I value far above gold."

Mademoiselle Lacour did not speak; but, as she stood fanning herself, leaning lightly against the vine-clad pillar, her face turned toward the dark swamp, her graceful shoulders were lifted with an expressively incredulous motion.

"And what is your maladie?" asked Monsieur Lacour.

"My sickness originates from wounds received years ago."

"Ah, you were wounded?"

"Twice—once in my chest, once in my foot. The latter I received just before the arrival of the gunboat at this plantation, just before the cutting down of those trees. I was a youth of eighteen, and acted under orders of my uncle. Mademoiselle Lacour, your memory must be remarkable. Is it possible that you have carried a vision of my fair hair and blue eyes, all these years, in your young brain?"

"Pas du tout—not at all," she answered, quickly turning her head and letting her deep eyes gaze searchingly into the Northman's questioning moonlit face. "My memory? Ah, Dieu! you have been, with me, monsieur, a sort of Mephistopheles; and, as you came walking under our roof, I remembered you by that."

She pointed her shadowy finger downward, toward the left foot of the stranger.

"Ah," said Kent, calmly looking upon the slightly disabled, slightly twisted member, "I understand. Naturally, maimed soldiers impress themselves upon the minds of children. I am rather proud of my wound," he continued, gravely.

"Lallah, Lallah," interposed Monsieur Lacour, somewhat impatiently, and taking out paper to roll a new cigarette, "dost thou desire to retain us here all night?"

"Non, Eugène; go. I had but the desire to detain thee while I made my request. I shall stay here—go," and, turning her back, she rested, leaning again, as Kent had first seen her, far over the low railing, her hands lightly clasped about the loosely-hanging fan, her eyes fixed on the far-stretching fields of her broad possessions.

Four times, sauntering round the moonlit veranda, while Monsieur Lacour discussed cigarettes and crops, Kent noted the graceful figure, immovable in quiet reverie. The fifth time, it had disappeared.

"She has cheated me out of my good-night kiss—she is a will o' the wisp," said Monsieur Lacour, grimly smiling.

III.

SKIRMISHING.

SEPTEMBER passed. The blotches of gold deepened on the sweet green oranges, and grassé fattened among the crimson oily seeds of the magnolia, and flocks of wild duck swept over the blue skies toward the prairies and the bayous and the swamps. Kent found himself gradually becoming even pleased with the surroundings of his new life. To his Northern eyes, all seemed tinted with shades slightly foreign; and, though in America, the ways of the family were certainly not of America. Very foreign was that first breakfast: madame appearing in loose volante, and monsieur in brilliant cap, slippers, and gown, both devoted to their wine, and their soup, and their game fesanti. Very foreign the noonday rest, when monsieur, swinging in his low hammock, called for glasses of eau-sucré. Very foreign the sumptuous dinner, with its gumbo—aux herbes—its crawfish, bisque, and shrimp fricassées and rich salads, touched with garlic. Very foreign, the long soft lazy evenings, refreshed by drinks of sweet orange-syrup and monsieur's favorite orgeat.

To the Northman, Mademoiselle Lacour only appeared the one thorn—the one discord in the sweet music of the southern autumn days; for madame, graciously bending her stately head, smiled friendly greetings wherever he appeared; and monsieur, overlooking his utter ignorance, politely consulted him on all business-affairs, refusing to enter into any engagements unless sanctioned by the approval of the new propriétaire.

"She is not worth thinking about," said Kent, angrily moving away, as one evening he came

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unexpectedly upon the two ladies, seated beneath the shadow of an oak, the younger leaning with her rounded half-bared arms on the lap of the elder, looking up with an abandon, a witchery of expression, which Kent had never before seen on the fair young face. "She is not worth thinking about."

Yet he did think of her, morning, noon, night. The graceful figure, and the rich, cool, disdainful, piquant face came dancing in and out, among his day-reveries and his night-dreams, till, so tantalizing became the vision of his fair partner, that absolutely, he almost hated the deep sparkle of her dark-gray eyes, and the flute-like notes of her clear voice. She was a a mystery, a problem.

"I shall solve her yet," said Kent, with contradictory determination. "Can it be that the destruction—the necessary destruction—of that unfortunate tree has rankled in her memory all these years?"

One evening, there was company at the Château Lacour. It was the Sabbath, the gala-day of the Creoles. Neighboring planters had been summoned to meet the new partner of the Lacour possessions; upon the ancient board, glass and silver gleamed, and wine sparkled; and madame, stately, smiling, happily dispensed the hospitality of the olden time.

The feast was over, the company was gathered on the lower veranda, gay talk and light laughter floating out upon the air, drony with whirr of singing locusts.

"I passed a set of gipsies camped out on the batture yonder," remarked Villaseur, the owner of the plantation adjoining the Lacours'.

"Ah, Dieu! I will guard my horse and my dog. Pauvre Jou-jou," cried another guest, the effeminate Tournon, stooping to pat with his soft hand the fine hunter crouching at his feet.

"There was a bien jolie petite fille, who ran forward and had the wish to tell my fortune," laughed Villaseur, drawing a gentle whiff from his cigarette.

"Did you allow the pleasure?" asked Mademoiselle Lacour, lifting her lustrous eyes.

She was sitting, negligently opening and closing her great fan—a very charming figure, robed in blush hues, rich tea-roses fastening her girdle. She had talked but little during dinner.

"Non, mademoiselle, I did not; but I did say perhaps—perhaps, mark—a company might—there was a possibilité that a company might call, ce soir. Shall we go?"

"Go?" cried Monsieur Lacour, looking a little doubtfully toward madame.

"Mais, si monsieur le veut," said the stately dame, bowing graciously.

Mademoiselle said nothing. She rose simply as the others arose, lifted her long train, and glided softly out into the wilderness of the front grounds.

"'Tis a great pity that these trees and flowers are not cared for," remarked Kent to Villaseur, sauntering beside him. "And as for that gate, I consider it a very inhospitable entrance to a very hospitable house. It was with difficulty that I forced an opening, the day of my arrival."

"Ah, ça; you did not comprehend that we take now the portal back, since—well, I suppose since the death of mademoiselle's papa. As for the trees and the flowers," here Monsieur Villaseur glanced somewhat shrewdly into Kent's face, and cut with his cane at the head of a tall dragon-plant, "as for the trees and the flowers, in time Monsieur Kent may take, of them, all the care that he may desire."

"By no means," exclaimed Kent, earnestly. "My authority extends over nothing connected with the house and house-grounds."

Villaseur laughed.

"Bon—très bon, Monsieur Kent; but, listen: I have two eyes, and they are not blind. Also, voyez, monsieur," here he took off his hat, bowed profoundly, and replaced it, "also, I have a head."

"Eyes and head of the best, no doubt, Monsieur Villaseur," said Kent, with slightly puzzled expression; "but, really, what they have to do with the untrimmed trees and the wild-growing—"

"Bah!" interrupted Villaseur. "I am not jealous—I am quite off the tapis. She said me 'No' long ago—gave to me the mitten; and I took it, and I kissed it, and I put it away. I will confess, it was a disappoint—oui. certainement—but, to me, not so much—non—as to Madame Lacour. Our lands adjoin—mademoiselle is pretty—even more, if you will—but," here Villaseur lifted his hands, then dropped them suddenly, "she is—well, that day, I did believe her one beautiful diable."

"So," said Kent, drawing a long breath, "and you think I might undertake the care of this beautiful demon, and thus come into possession of the trees and flowers?"

He looked, as he spoke, toward Mademoiselle Lacour. She had dropped her train. It rested, softly floating, on the green grass. In her hand she held a bird, a poor little dying creature, wounded by some careless hunter. The tiny head lifted itself with one last effort, then fell, forever stilled.

"Il est mort," said Mademoiselle Lacour, sadly. "Il est mort," and she laid the bird tenderly in the tall grass.

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"Do demons look as she looks, ever?" thought Kent, marking the softened tenderness of the rich face.

"The bird was happy to have died on such a bed," exclaimed the elegant Tournon, in his polite French, bowing to mademoiselle.

Mademoiselle did not answer by word. Simply, she threw upon Tournon one of the contemptuous glances continually accorded Kent.

Meantime, out of hearing of the girl, of course, Villaseur pursued his conversation with Kent.

"And why not?" he said, frankly. "It would be, for you both, superbe, a most eligible arrangement of affairs. The Lacour estate would thus remain undivided. And, as for madame and monsieur—they expect—I can make the assurance from what Eugène told me."

"Expect?" cried Kent, aghast, and then he heard no more. Silently he walked out of the great gate—silently climbed the steep levee; while, beside him, Villaseur descanted upon the merits of the alliance, the former grandeur of the Lacour family, and all the brave deeds of this old noble race.

Like the sounds of a dream, the words flitted through the Northman's ears. He was working over the problem, the tantalizing problem, sauntering along before him there in blush-tinted hues. So, had this talkative stranger given the first clue? Did Mademoiselle Lacour see, in him, one who might become a troublesome lover, actuated by greed—actuated by the sordid conveniences accruing from mutual possession of these broad lands? Or was she, too, a member of the wretched plot? Was she simply blinding him by her discourteous manner, while secretly seeking to win his admiration and his heart? These Creoles were a very peculiar people; very peculiar indeed, about the care, and the marriage, and the settlement in life of their daughters; tinctured with ideas and customs brought from old France. He remembered, now, an experience which his friend Pierson had told—Pierson, who, all unused to the presence and the watching of a chaperone, had invited a fair demoiselle to the Opera Française, and who, calling for the sweet brunette, found the whole family prepared to accompany the girl—the grandmother, the aunt, the mamma, the papa, big brother, little brother, nurse, baby, and parrot. Of course, Pierson loved to exaggerate; but then, there was poor old Mr. Brond—a terrible mother had once asked his intentions.

"The affair must be stopped, and at once, and by any means," thought Kent, slightly shuddering, and then his mind traveled to certain brown-eyed, blue-eyed, gray-eyed, and black-eyed Northern girls; nor did he confess that the whole array paled before the deep rich orbs of Mademoiselle Lacour.

It was early October, and, though the sun was but just sinking toward the horizon, already a slight veil of tender mist floated over the batture, stretching now, at this season of low water, broad and far into the dun bosom of the Mississippi. Kent, recalled from reverie, stood on the levee, with his party, gazing downward.

The scene was very pretty, very animated. The gipsies had pitched their tents on the green-sward; great white-covered wagons stood near by; horses, many very elegantly formed animals, grazed around; fires burned under pots, hung on the inevitable gipsy cranes; children and dogs gamboled, even to the edge of the wide river; while the men, resting, many of them at full length, smoked their pipes; and the women stirred cauldrons, or sat gossiping on prostrate logs. The sound of their voices came softened by distance, mingling with the notes of a tambourine, which a gayly-dressed girl struck, in time to the harmony of a slow chanting. About the singer, were gathered several youths and maidens of the gipsy tribe; beyond these, some twenty negroes and Diegoes.

"Non, we will not descend," said Monsieur Lacour, his eagle eye sweeping over the whole company. "Go, then, Villaseur. Call thy pretty fortune-teller."

"She comes—voilà—behold," cried Monsieur Villaseur.

"Mais elle est vraiment bien jolie," exclaimed madame, watching, with a keen love for all things bright and beautiful, the movements of the dark-haired, brilliantly-attired girl advancing.

Not very clean she proved, upon nearer inspection. The brass bells, caught in the plaited hair, were rather tarnished, and the gay dress torn: nevertheless she made a pretty picture, standing there among the polished men and women of a wealthier world.

"Ninette can tell fortunes—English, French, German—what you will," cried the gipsy, shaking her jingling plaits, rattling her tambourine, and showing the gleam of her white teeth. "En Français?" seizing Villaseur's hand and pretending to study the lines in the rather delicate palm.

"Non; in English—all in English, jolie Ninette," he returned, laughing.

"Ah," she cried, looking up sadly, "there has been trouble—there has been pain. But," and here the girl smiled, "it passes—the cloud goes—the sun shines, and at last a warm heart beats by the hearth-fire. You will be happy till death

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calls you yonder, monsieur," and she dropped his hand, pointing above.

"Ha! ha!" laughed an old crone, who had tottered near. "Ninette is a great fortune-teller," and she sneered with savage leers.

The other turned angrily, the fist clenched, the face transformed by fury.

"Stop, stop," called Kent, interfering, and drawing forth a silver dollar. "Ninette, pretty Ninette, tell my fortune."

The girl turned again, somewhat unwillingly; the face assumed a bright smile, and the fingers, yet trembling with anger, seized the hand.

"Hard, and fair, and open, and strong. It will fight a good fight," here she lifted her eyes, encountering the cold contemptuous gaze of Mademoiselle Lacour, "but it will win the prize."

"In the land of snow?" asked Kent, lightly.

"In the land of the sun," replied the gipsy. "Do not despair."

"The only prize I seek, in the land of the sun, pretty Ninette, is health. Can you promise that?"

"There is another war—another war," muttered the crone, looking from Kent to Mademoiselle Lacour, "a war twixt the gray and the blue, and the blue wins again."

Ninette turned on the old crone, fairly white with passion; but, marking the rapt expression of the aged creature's face, remained silent.

"Listen, then," cried the crone, looking from mademoiselle to the Northman, and waving aloft her lean shriveled finger. "Listen. Yonder the gray, yonder the blue; yonder the swamp, yonder the mountain. Ah, in my own land—over the sea—over the sea—up into the sky they stretched—the mountains blue," and she raised her dull eyes heavenward. "But he was good to me, the Lacour. When he passed to the shadow-land, I was sick on the dark bayou bank. His slaves nursed me—gave me drink—gave me food."

"Let us go—let us leave these people and this play," cried Mademoiselle Lacour, her eyes flashing and the bright color burning on the generally pale cheeks.

"Pas encore—pas encore—chère petite. Ah, it was in the hollow, beneath the humped oak. Ah, now thou dost not leave me, little one. Yes, I know. The footstep told lies—lies. War twixt the gray and the blue, and the blue wins again."

She chuckled horribly.

Mademoiselle Lacour became pale—very pale.

"Mais j'ai peur moi," said madame, shuddering. "Tiens chère Lallah."

But this contradictory being did not move; rather, as she saw the crone preparing to descend among her people, she stretched forth a detaining hand, laid it on the bent shoulder of the old gipsy, and asked in French: "Have you nothing more to tell me?"

The hag shook her head—the inspiration seemed gone—the eyes wandering.

"Pretty lady, she will not speak again," said the young fortune-teller, advancing. "Here," and the smiling girl tapped her bronzed forehead, "here Sarette has been wrong—all wrong—since the sickness about which she is always moaning. Beautiful lady, may I—"

"Give them money, Eugène, and let us away," cried mademoiselle, gathering up her long robe, and preparing to pass over the levee.

She was so very pale, that Kent, hastening some steps down the green slope, reached to her an assisting hand; but, drawing back haughtily, this mysterious girl said, in a voice trembling with suppressed emotion: "It is well that I tell you here, and at once, my desire. Do not speak to me, but only when the necessity compels. Do not touch me—jamais—jamais—jamais."

"Why does she hate me so?" he said.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

AN APOLOGY.

BY CLARA B. HEATH.

SWEETHEART!
I grieved you yesterday
With my impatient way;
You cannot see the waste within my life;
The wants that hedge me round,
The silent battle-ground,
Where Will and Power are evermore at strife.

In strength,
You stand apart each day,
Holding dull care at bay,
Perennial hope forever in your heart:
Undaunted, though the cloud
Be dark or thunder-bowed,
Willing, for aye, to do a soldier's part.

'Tis well,
That some can do their share
Of this world's work; and bear,
Or help to bear, the burdens weighing down
The weaker friend that stands,
With bound or nerveless hands,
Though eager still to win and wear a crown.

Forgive:
I cannot always meet
The hours "with flying feet,"
Or put life's petty cares like trifles by;
And when, all weak and faint,
I dare to make complaint,
Remember, dear, you have more strength than I.

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"FAR ABOVE RUBIES."

BY MRS. J. E. M'CONAUGHY.

One rainy day at the seaside may pass off very well, by way of variety. The young folks can fold their gay wraps about them, and gather in knots, to "poetize" over the foaming white caps and the roar of old ocean. Their elders can pass the time as comfortably in chat and gossip. But, when it comes to three days of such weather, with every prospect of a stormy week, it is rather too much for either poetry or philosophy, and is something of a tax on good-temper.

The young ladies at the Sea-Gull House were not in their most amiable mood, as they looked forth on the leaden sky, which as yet hung out no fair-weather signals.

"Where does Emily Raymond keep herself, this dismal morning?" said Pauline Gray, as she threw herself into an armchair by the centre-table, and began to turn listlessly the leaves of a book. "She is the only comfort we have had since this spell of weather set in. If she can't invent something to amuse us, no one can."

"Speak of angels, and they will appear," said Jessie Auburn, brightening. "Here you come, smiling in upon us, Emily, just as if this weather were the pleasantest in the world, and we in such an awful state of low spirits. Can't you think of something, dear, to cheer us up?" And she twined one arm around Emily's waist and waltzed away to a window-seat.

When she had got rid of her mercurial friend, Emily said:

"Suppose, girls, we try something useful, for once. You may even find it amusing, because of its novelty. Let us have a sewing-society, and make up a package of clothing for 'The Home for Little Wanderers,' in the city. Mother and I often visit the place, and take a great interest in the children. So would you, if you were to see them once."

"Oh, that is capital!" cried Josie Norton.

"Well, then, we will each contribute a little money, and invest it in some neat print: and then we can sit around here and make it up. I am willing to cut out the work, if you will help sew."

Little Belle Dayton was accordingly instructed to pass around a basket, for contributions. She stood by Emily's side, and watched the process of counting over the money with much interest, thinking, silly little creature, how much nice cream-chocolate it would purchase.

Emily went out at once, in spite of the rain, accompanied by two or three of the girls, to buy material. They were soon turning over the goods, in a small store, with great delight. Young girls do like to shop, if it is only shilling calico they are after, as they were then.

Such a bundle as they brought in and displayed on the table! The rest of the girls were quite astonished to see that a little money could buy so much.

"How shall we know what size to make the dresses?" said Madge.

"Nothing comes amiss there," replied Emily. "They have children of assorted sizes. I am sure I saw a dozen there about Belle's size. Now, darling, you will let us fit you, I know."

Accordingly, Emily took the measure of her skirt, and cut one out in less time than it takes to write about it. "Here is something for you, Josie," she said. "And now I will cut one out for Madge; then I will fit a pattern over Belle's jacket."

The girls were soon all busy. Their faces no longer wore the shadows of discontent, and their conversation, from being dull, grew cheerful and merry. To feel that we are doing good to others is one of the surest ways of winning happiness for ourselves.

Several young men, meantime, had been walking and smoking on the veranda, occasionally turning an inquiring glance toward the sky. They missed the girls flitting about by the windows, and stopped at one window at last, to see what they could be about.

"Seems like a sewing-society — doesn't it, Fred?" said Herbert Lance, as he took his cigar between his fingers and drew one of the armchairs before the low window.

"Haven't seen them so comfortable this week," said Fred, taking a chair on the opposite side. "They must be picking their friends to pieces, after the manner of sewing-societies. Whom have you on the 'carpet' now, Miss Jessie? Neither Lance nor me, I hope."

"Don't flatter yourself too much, Mr. Allen," was the saucy reply. "Emily, isn't there some useful thing you could set these idlers about?"

"They might sew on buttons," said Maud.

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mischievously, threading her needle. "Only, it would be so much trouble to teach them and to keep their needles threaded. On the whole, there would be but little profit in it. They are so exceedingly dumb, when it comes to learning anything useful."

"A slander on our sex, Miss Maud," said Herbert. "Think of the example of the illustrious Worth. What would Paris, the whole world of fashion indeed, be, without him?"

"I have no doubt some woman taught him all he knows," said Emily, gayly, as she measured off a belt and showed Polly how to gather the waist. "But, if you wish to do good, Herbert, I have got a nice plan for you, too."

"My philanthropy is as wide as the world," said Herbert, solemnly. "It takes in even the Japanese."

"It isn't the Japanese we have in view just now. Our charity comes a little nearer home. We are working for a charitable institution in the city, and we want you gentlemen to give a course of lectures, and charge something for admission-fees—except, of course, to us workers. We shall bring our sewing along. You, Herbert, can give the first lecture; Mr. Allen the second; and there is your brother, Madge: you'll engage him for the purpose, won't you?"

"And Mr. Lance can speak to Mr. Edwards about it," said Jessie. "He has been abroad so much, he must have a good stock to draw from."

"Who is that using my name?" said the gentleman in question, coming up at this moment, from a constitutional in the rain. "Ah, I see: a sewing-society, and for some charitable purpose, doubtless: in fact, I am sure of it, since I see Miss Raymond at your head."

Now, at this compliment, Miss Emily flushed up, as well she might. Of all the guests at the hotel, Mr. Edwards was the most noticeable; for he was handsome, rich, cultivated, traveled, unusually well-bred, and the representative of one of the most aristocratic families in Boston. To do him justice, he was sincere in what he said: his words were no empty flattery. He was thoroughly disgusted with the ordinary type of the fashionable girl: the girl who lived only for display, and was selfish to the core. He had been quietly observing Emily, ever since his arrival at the hotel, and contrasting her character with that of even the best of her associates. "Ah," he had said to himself, "here is a woman truly noble, always ready to sacrifice herself for others: as the Scripture has it, 'far above rubies.' One not seen every day, alas!" So now he felt that, whatever she wished done, it would be both his pleasure and duty to assist in doing.

"I am at your service, Miss Raymond," he said, when the lecture-scheme had been explained to him. "I am not much at a lecture, but I have tried it once or twice, and I will give one on Egypt and the Orient, from which I have just come. Will that suit?"

The lectures came off, and proved a decided success. That of Mr. Edwards was so good, that he was urged to give another, which he did, choosing India for his theme.

"It isn't every girl that would have proposed such a scheme, and worked it up so well," said old Mr. Armstrong, to Edwards, as they stood, one day, in the doorway, looking in on the busy girls sewing.

Mr. Edwards did not reply. His eyes were following admiringly the central figure of the little company, who was in such demand on every side, yet always attending so patiently to anyone's call. Her cheeks were more flushed than common, to-day, and she was really weary; but she was not a girl to give up for trifles. Though "the lion's share" of the work fell on her, she never flinched or wavered. The consciousness of doing a good work was sufficient reward. "Perhaps, too," she thought, "the girls may get an impulse from it, that will make them more thoughtful of the poor, when they are scattered to their homes again."

"I tell you, Edwards," said Mr. Armstrong, confidentially, not heeding the other's silence, "she is a prize worth winning. So my wife says, at least, and her judgment in these matters is to be relied on. The girl is really too good for these fashionable, idle, pleasure-hunting fellows about here."

"You are an old acquaintance of Miss Raymond's, I believe," remarked Mr. Edwards, at last.

"Yes, and of her father and mother before her. Since her father's failure in business, they have been living on a reduced scale, coming down honorably and gracefully. Mr. Raymond paid dollar for dollar. He is now doing business again in a quiet way; and, with everybody's good word, he is sure to get afloat again soon. They would not be here this season, except for the mother's health; and I believe their stay is limited. Emily was quite determined to give music-lessons, at one time; but her father found it would not be necessary. We were all very glad of it, though Emily would command respect in any position."

"I should judge so. But it was very noble in her to desire to help her parents in their difficulties."

"It was just like her," said the other, warmly. "Always preferring others to herself."

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Emily might have felt a little more constraint in her movements, as she flitted here and there among her workers, if she had known that this discussion was going on so near her. Her little enterprise bade fair to affect her future, far more than she could ever have dreamed.

The "society-work" became a very popular institution, now that the gentlemen were, in a manner, co-laborers. They were sure to drop in during the sewing-hour, and the girls would as soon have thought of missing "a hop," as one of these sessions. A gold thimble and bright needle help to show off a pretty hand to a very good advantage; and even charity, when it comes in a pleasing form, can be made popular for a season, at least.

The dresses were all completed, the box packed, and the sum in the hands of the treasurer was twenty dollars. Much elated with their success, Emily passed it over to Mr. Edwards, who had been chosen treasurer, to procure a money-order to send with the goods. When he quietly handed back the order, what was Emily's surprise to find that it called for fifty dollars instead of twenty.

"Isn't there a mistake, Mr. Edwards?" she asked.

"No mistake, Miss Emily," he said, cheerily; "your order is all right. Now, shall I tell the expressman to come around for the box?"

"Thank you a thousand times for your generosity," said Emily, in great delight; and then she ran off to show the order to the other girls, quite forgetting the box or the expressman.

"Splendid!" said Pauline. "But we all know why he gave it," and she looked at Emily mischievously. Poor Emily blushed scarlet, and now suddenly remembered the expressman. Off she ran, as much to hide her confusion as to tell the expressman that the box was ready.

That night, when Emily returned from a stroll on the beach, in which Mr. Edwards had been her escort, there was a graver look than common in her usually merry eyes. Her voice seemed lower, and she did not join, as gayly as was her wont, in the merry-making going on among the girls. "Great happiness," says a famous writer, "is always a serious thing."

Before many months, Emily was the mistress of one of the most elegant mansions on Commonwealth Avenue, in Boston, surrounded by all that wealth could furnish, and fairly worshiped by her adoring husband. Yet, if she had won a true and noble heart, John Edwards felt, on his side, that he had found his ideal woman at last, and in Emily Raymond.

In that brilliant society, too, for which the Tri-mount city is famous, she more than holds her own; everybody is proud to be on her visiting-list, to be asked to her receptions, to get even a gracious nod from her as she rolls by in her carriage.

Yet she is more than the "great lady." In her husband's generous plans for lessening the load of human misery, she goes heart in hand, and is as often seen in the haunts of the poor and the suffering as in the drawing-rooms of the rich and exalted.

Her husband and she often talk of the rainy days at the seaside, he especially dwelling on them as the brightest in his life.

"It was there, my dear, I first learned to love you, and that will make the place sacred to me forever. Ah," after a pause, as if reflecting, "if girls only knew that it is not merely beauty and accomplishments that win men, but, more than all, self-sacrificing womanliness. We worship our mothers, and we wish to revere our wives; it is goodness, after all, that tells. Yet, on what little things life sometimes turns. After all, perhaps, I should never have known you, dear," he stooped for a kiss, "if it had not been for your sewing-society, which revealed to me what a noble woman you were: FAR ABOVE RUBIES."

HAUNTED.

BY CARRIE F. L. WHEELER.

OVER seas of sunset splendor,
Royal purples, rose-lights tender—
White hands beckon, bright robes flutter,
Golden glories flame and fall.
When I walk in wood or meadow,
In the sunshine or the shadow,
Footsteps follow: far-off voices,
Coming, going, faintly call.

Balm, and dew, and budding flowers,
Brim these golden spring-tide hours;
Robins carol, sweet winds whisper,
Softly sighs the silver rain;
But the voices, coming, going,
White hands waving, bright robes flowing,
Haunt me while the radiant faces,
Of the wraiths, I seek in vain.

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SISTER DOROTHY.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT,
AUTHOR OF "AN AMBITIOUS WOMAN," "A GENTLEMAN OF LEISURE," ETC.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 338.

II.

It was past eleven o'clock, that evening, when Dorothy and her sister got back from the opera. Larchmont, who had gone out, had not yet returned. Dorothy kissed Sara at the door of the latter's apartment.

"Now, remember my advice," she whispered: "say nothing to irritate him. He won't insult you: he thinks that bad style. Let him talk as much as he pleases. But, as long as he reproaches you, keep as silent as you can, without seeming to be sulky. Wait for some sign of shame or self-rebuke, on his part. It won't come yet. It may not come for a good while; but wait for it. There: kiss me good-night, and keep a stout heart."

Scarcely had Dorothy begun to divest herself of her fineries, when she was joined by her mother.

"He is dreadfully angry," said Mrs. Truman. "He has had a long talk with your father."

"And what came of the talk?" asked Dorothy, quickly.

Mrs. Truman pressed both hands together, as though the act were a mild substitute for that more tragic one of wringing them.

"He said shockingly disagreeable things of you, my dear."

"Oh, did he?" replied Dorothy. "Well, I don't mind that, the least in the world."

"But your father minded it, Dorothy. He wouldn't hear you abused.'

"Dear old papa!" said Dorothy, sinking into a chair, with a ruminative look on her face and a moist glitter in her dark eyes very much like that of tears. "Well, mamma, what happened?"

"Your father flared up as I have very seldom seen him do. Oh, he wouldn't stand it at all. Larchmont had to pull in his horns, I can tell you."

"I am glad to hear that," said Dorothy, with the humorous lines beginning to deepen about her mouth. "It is always a pleasure to hear that such a person as Larchmont has had to pull in his horns. Few other occurrences in life could affect me more agreeably. Was there an actual quarrel?"

"Something very like it. Larchmont wanted to take Sara away from this house."

"Of course he did. And I know papa wouldn't listen to that. He promised me, yesterday, on his sacred word, that he would not. Oh, what a lucky thing, mamma, that there was no settlement made upon Sara before marriage! I suppose Larchmont was ashamed to ask for one. But, if he had asked, there wouldn't have been the dimmest chance of a refusal, on papa's part, with the views he then held of his son-in-law, and with me—the right-hand 'man' of the family, as it were—off in Europe. Mr. Larchmont Bartlett could have snapped his fingers in our faces, then, and dragged Sara away with him. But, thank heaven, as matters stand, we still hold the purse-strings. L'argent, c'est le nerf de la guerre!"

The next day, Larchmont Bartlett did not take the slightest notice either of his wife or his wife's family. He breakfasted late, disappeared soon after breakfast, and did not return until everybody had retired for the night. For a full week, this daily routine continued precisely the same. Dorothy did not at all like such a course of proceedings; she would infinitely have preferred the warmest open warfare. But what dealt her more secret distress than she would have cared to own was the wistful imploring look which had crept so pathetically into her sister's gaze. The temptation felt by so many wronged women to submit—to bow their heads under the yoke, to accept from their lords and masters the lordship and mastery which mean injustice and imposition—was strong upon Sara Bartlett all through that week of trial. Dorothy knew this, knowing her sister's nature so well.

At length, Dorothy had made up her mind. She appeared in the breakfast-room, one morning, while her brother-in-law was seated before his coffee and buttered toast.

"Good-morning," she greeted him, with a gentle positiveness.

There was no answer on Larchmont's part, except a haughty flutter of the eyelids and a slight straightening of the neck.

Dorothy stood regarding him for a few seconds, and then she tranquilly said:

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"I am sorry for you, if you really mean to insult me like that. For this is papa's house, you know, and I am his daughter; and you must either treat me civilly, or else leave it."

She saw his hand tremble now, as he tried indolently to toy with his coffee-spoon. And presently, in tones which had the cut of a blade and all its hardness, he said:

"If I leave it, my wife goes with me."

"I am afraid such a plan would be quite impracticable," said Dorothy, with an amiability that must have struck her hearer as the quintessence of satire.

"What do you mean?" asked Larchmont, rising from the table. His voice expressed both repulsion and disdain.

"I mean simply that papa would withdraw your allowance, if you left this house; and, if he did so, you, unless I am greatly mistaken, would find it impossible to support a wife."

This was a terrible shaft, and it told. Larchmont for a second grasped the back of his chair, as if to steady himself. He now fixed his eyes upon those of Dorothy, and said, in a measured voice, where the effort to repress open anger was something more than merely manifest:

"You have, I suppose, some sort of plan or purpose. What is it?"

"I can tell you in a very few words what it is," said Dorothy, with low-voiced directness.

"Very well. Do. I should like to hear it."

"Well, then, Larchmont Bartlett, it is this: I want to convince you that your attitude toward this family into which you have married is not only all wrong, but wholly untenable. You can not maintain it. You are not our superior, yet you assume to be. You are not the dictator, the polite tyrant of your wife, but her husband. As such, you should honestly conduct yourself. You do not do so at present. You are proud of what you term your birth and position. Give Sara the advantages of them. Show her, whom you have married, that you are not ashamed of her. Show us, with whom you live and who are her close kindred, that you are not ashamed of us."

He slowly nodded as Dorothy finished this little speech. His face looked as hard as marble, though he was slightly smiling. "How I hate that smile of his," thought Dorothy.

"Until you came back here," he said, in the same deliberate tone he had before used, "everything went well. You have brought discord and unhappiness into this house. All the present discomfort, difficulty, minute and yet discouraging annoyance, is attributable to yourself, and to yourself alone."

"Ah," softly exclaimed Dorothy, "you don't know what a compliment you pay me! I found my parents and my sister bowing before a most relentless autocrat. Each of them, I regret to tell you, was burning in your worship a deferential little tripod, and you very complacently permitted the perfumed smoke to tickle and gratify your patrician nostrils. Well, I extinguished all three of the fires. You miss them, of course. But you must learn to do without them. They can never be lighted again. My dear young gentleman, you must permanently descend from your pedestal. When you consent to do so—when you allow that Sara and her parents are quite as good and quite as worthy of respect as you yourself, then they—and I likewise—will be willing to pay you all the respect and courtesy which will be your desert. Do you understand me? I have endeavored to make myself thoroughly plain."

"I will understand you better," said Larchmont, while he turned with a curling lip and walked toward the door of the breakfast-room, "when you have ceased all interference in matters which do not concern you, and matters in which it is unpardonable for you to meddle." After thus speaking, he passed at once from the room.

Dorothy's face flushed and then paled again, as she stood for some little time with drooped thoughtful eyes. But anger had nothing to do with this altering color. She began, on the contrary, to feel an actual terror for her sister's future. "But I will not flinch," she soon mentally determined. "With such a man, it would be downright defeat. And I mean victory—if I can possibly secure it."

Meanwhile, Mr. Truman, thoroughly incensed by Larchmont's behavior, and roused to a sense of regret for having permitted him so many past privileges, was chafing with a desire to tell his son-in-law that he must either conduct himself like one of the household or leave it forthwith. But, to everyone's surprise, Larchmont appeared, that same evening, at dinner. He entered the dining-room at his wife's side. Sara's eyes shone a little feverishly, and there were two red spots in her cheeks. Larchmont bowed civilly enough to Mr. and Mrs. Truman, and then took his accustomed seat. The conversation languished dreadfully, though Dorothy did her best to lead it among unpersonal and non-committal grooves. Mr. Truman showed no signs of displeasure, as men are so apt not to do on just such trying and peculiar occasions; but Mrs. Truman, aggrieved by recent events, and having had her eyes opened to the folly of former court-paying to her son-in-law, made it repeatedly evident that she was not so easily to be propitiated. It was, no doubt, with a very distinct purpose that she said, after

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Dorothy had made an allusion to the late cloudy and rainy weather:

"Yes, I hope next Thursday will be a bright day for our kettledrum."

Larchmont turned quickly and looked at his wife. "Kettledrum?" he repeated, as if involuntarily.

Sara's color changed a little. "Mamma and I have issued cards together for an afternoon-tea on Thursday next," she then said, in a quiet and clear voice.

"And whom have you invited?" asked Larchmont.

"Oh, a great many people," said Sara, looking at Dorothy with a nervous little laugh.

"Fortunately, we had all those cards to go by," said Dorothy, as if addressing her sister.

"You mean my friends' cards, I suppose," said Larchmont to his wife, faintly, while his face whitened.

"Your friends should be your wife's friends," here sternly but calmly broke in Mr. Truman. "If they are not, then you should disown them."

Larchmont met his father-in-law's look. "Is it customary for a wife to give an entertainment of this or of any sort," he asked, "without informing her husband of the intention?"

"That depends," retorted Mr. Truman, "upon whether the husband has spoken to or noticed his wife during a week past or not."

"I had just and proper reasons for not doing so," said Larchmont, icily. "Your daughter—Miss Dorothy—knows very well what they were."

"Indeed I do," said Dorothy, nonchalantly. "But, under the circumstances, I maintain that they were very far from being just or proper reasons."

A little silence followed. Larchmont had fixed his eyes on the table-cloth. He soon raised them, however, and said:

"I shall not be present at this affair."

"Oh, indeed!" exclaimed Mrs. Truman, with an incensed nod of the head. "Then you may stay away."

Mr. Truman's face was very gloomy as he now spoke. "No, you may not stay away," he declared, looking straight at Larchmont.

"How, sir?" came the haughty question from his son-in-law.

Mr. Truman glanced about him, to make sure that no servant was present. He found that this was the case, and at once answered:

"You may not stay away, except on one condition."

"And that is—" drawled Larchmont, insolently.

"That you leave my house for good and all."

"Agreed," said Larchmont. He paused for a slight space, as if to watch the effect of this single unexpected word upon the faces of his auditors. "Yesterday," he went on, "I was what one might term a dependent—and bullied accordingly. To-day, I chanced to visit my uncle—Mr. Madison Abernethy—whose son was so unexpectedly killed, last month, in that railway-accident near Baltimore. My uncle, to my surprise, told me that, being now childless, he wished to adopt me as his heir. I hope you understand the significance of his proposition, which it is almost needless to say that I accepted." Here Larchmont rose, with what must be owned was a good deal of graceful dignity. "I repeat," he continued, "that I shall not appear at this entertainment next Thursday, no doubt given by my wife at the instigation of her most amiable sister. And afterward I shall take my wife from this house, to dwell elsewhere."

He walked leisurely away, after having finished these words. A look of alarm and consternation was on the face of Dorothy, now, as on the faces of her parents as well. No one spoke. Sara's eyes followed her husband's retiring figure.

"All is lost," shot through Dorothy's mind. "Fate has interfered, and I have failed!"

But now Sara rose from her seat. She turned slowly and faced her husband, who had also turned, on seeing her rise.

"If my father will let me stay with him, Larchmont," she said, "I will do so. You have not treated me as your equal here. How can I be sure that you would not make my life still more lonely and unhappy where you took me? Go, if you please, but I will remain."

"You shall remain, Sara!" cried her father, springing toward her and seizing her in his arms. "You shall stay with us always, if you choose. And let him dare, now your choice is made, to try and take you from us!"

Larchmont had grown almost livid. "Let her stay, then!" he almost shouted. "The law knows how to deal with a wife who deserts her husband. For myself, I wash my hands of the whole vulgar affair. You induced my wife to revolt against me, and then you thought to force from me a cringing sanction of this outrage. But—"

Here, a sharp cry from Dorothy cut him short. She had seen her sister's head fall sideways against her father's breast, and, before Mr. Truman himself had realized it, she knew that Sara had fainted.

In the confusion that followed, Larchmont

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remained standing aloof, pale and a little scornful-looking. But his expression soon changed to one of solicitude, and he presently drew nearer the couch on which Sara had been laid. It was no mere ordinary fainting-spell. A convulsion succeeded it, and, before a quarter of an hour had elapsed, it was he himself who bore his wife, assisted by her father, to the bed-chamber upstairs. Then Dorothy, with a gleam of bitter trouble in her eyes, almost forced him and Mr. Truman from the room, saying:

"Oh, get Dr. Sandford at once, if you can. And, if you can't get him, bring any doctor you can find." And then a moan of pain sounded from the bed, mixed with a frightened exclamation on the part of Mrs. Truman. Both men understood, and withdrew, waiting in the hall. Already, not only Dr. Sandford, but two other physicians, dwelling nearer, had been sent for. And, in a few more minutes, one of them came.

At about ten o'clock, that evening, Dorothy, with a white scared face, came out into the hall and told her father and Larchmont that a dead child had been prematurely born, and that poor Sara's life hung almost by a thread. One of the doctors thought there was no hope whatever, and one differed a little from this decision, saying that a chance still existed. And then Dorothy, after pressing her father's hand in a tense excited way, slipped noiselessly back into the bed-chamber.

"My God, if she should die!" broke from Larchmont, a moment afterward.

Mr. Truman turned toward him and scanned his face. "Larchmont!" he said, in a kind of struggling whisper. That was all.

His son-in-law moved toward him and grasped his hand. And then these two men, so recently on the verge of a hard quarrel, told each other, by a silent eloquent mutual look, more than many sentences would have conveyed.

"Will you come into my sitting-room?" said Larchmont. And then he added: "Yours, I mean—not mine. It was yours first, and you gave it to me—among other of the many kindnesses you did for me."

"Not now, Larchmont," said Mr. Truman, very gently. "Go there yourself, and lie down; you may need rest before the night is over. Perhaps I will join you soon. I'm too nervous, now."

Larchmont went. He seated himself on one of the lounges, though he often started up and went to the door which opened on the hall where Mr. Truman still waited. And, at last, he saw Dorothy in the hall, talking, with whispers, to her father.

As he was about to advance, he saw that Dorothy was slowly gliding in his direction. She went straight past him, into the sitting-room, and he thought at first, as he followed her inside, that possibly she might have gone to seek some needful article which had been placed there.

But, when he had almost reached her side, Dorothy turned and looked at him. It had never occurred to him before that his wife's sister had the least traces of beauty. But it occurred to him now.

Her face was almost hueless; and, perhaps by some unconscious motion of the hands, repeated more than once in her acute worriment, she had brushed the wavy hair far back from either temple, showing thus the full breadth and purity of her forehead. Beneath it, her dark-gray eyes were sparkling unwontedly; and, even before she began to speak, the sensitive quiver of her lips gave her mouth a touching sweetness.

"Sara is better," she said.

"Better?" he repeated. The light in the room seemed to brighten, as he heard that word of untold welcome. "Do you mean that she may live?"

"Yes," said Dorothy. "There has been a touch of delirium, and they feared the mania and dreadful fever which sometimes come, in such cases. But now the chances of those are very slight. She is quite rational. She has spoken to mamma and me, just like her old self, several times lately, and—and she has mentioned you."

"What did she say?" he asked, eagerly. A good deal of his elegant repose had vanished; the change was as much in his features, his carriage, his very gesture, somehow, as in his voice itself.

"She asked if you had heard about the poor little creature that was born dead," Dorothy murmured. Here her voice shook and broke; but she recovered herself promptly, and went on: "We told her 'Yes,' but that we thought your chief care was now for her, and that you would see her as soon as the doctors thought it best. That seemed to gladden her so. She closed her eyes, and kept them closed for some little while, smiling all the time."

"And may I see her to-night?"

Dorothy shook her head.

"No; the doctors forbid it positively. To-morrow, they say, if she be no worse."

There followed a silence, here, and Dorothy took a step toward the table in the centre of the apartment, and let her fingers slip over the books and pamphlets there, leaning a little forward as though she were searching for some special one

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of them. Her face and figure were turned half sideways by this action. But, suddenly, she faced Larchmont without a moment's warning. The tears were beaded on her lashes, and this made the laugh which at once left her lips appear to ring sadder than it really was.

"It—it seems so strange for us to be talking like this, doesn't it?" she faltered. "We've—we've fought so like cat and dog, since I came back home, you know. But I've been having very queer thoughts to-night, at poor Sara's bedside, and I made up my mind I would tell you what they were—provided you'd only listen. And then, when I spoke with papa in the hall, a little while ago, and he told me that you—you—were a good deal softened by Sara's illness and danger, I—I felt nearly certain you would listen."

"Say what you wish, Dorothy," said Larchmont, gently. It was the first time he had ever thus addressed her by her own name, and the girl started as she heard him do so.

"What I wanted to tell you was this: I may have been all wrong, in the way I looked upon your plan of life. I saw things from my own standpoint, and perhaps judged with too arbitrary a haste. I have clung to certain ideas, and cherished them for a long while past. But I would not have attempted to carry them out—to exploit them—if it had not been for Sara. I saw you drifting further and further away from her. It was then that I made the effort. But I may have been wrong in making it. So much that we do seems right, until we look fixedly at it with a dispassionate eye. And now, for everything that has seemed to you harsh, unfeeling, unfeminine, about my conduct, I ask your pardon. I—"

"No, no," Larchmont broke in. "That is too humiliating a surrender for you. Don't ask my pardon at all. I have no right to expect any such concession—no right. It is wonderful how much light can come from the shadow of a threatened loss—when it is the loss of one whom we love."

Dorothy hurried to him, and caught one of his hands in both her own, so pressing it while she searched his face. There was something at once wild and lovely in her act; it had the abandonment of a deep, earnest, and wholly candid joy.

"You did love her, then, Larchmont?" she said. "Oh, I always told her you did! And I love you for saying so now. Don't even hint to me that I have not been wrong. I was high-handed, imperative, uncompromising, from the first. I came home, and found you installed here 'en grand seigneur.' But who installed you? My father and mother. You were proud, but they had made you prouder. I should have blamed them more, and you less. And yet, what almost tortured me was the thought that you were—were looking down upon poor Sara, your own wedded wife. It was that, and that only, which spurred me into my hostile behavior. Don't you believe this? I want you, ever so much, to believe it."

"I do believe it," said Larchmont, with a smile that was new to his lips, it gleamed so full of spontaneous kindliness. "But, at the same time, your belligerence had another motive."

"What motive?" quickly asked Dorothy.

"Your social democracy. Oh, don't shrink away, as if you thought I meant one of my old sarcasms. I hope those are done, between you and me, forevermore."

"I hope so, Larchmont—I hope so, with all my soul," exclaimed Dorothy.

"You are a thorough-going republican, socially, my sister-in-law—and will be, till the day of your death. The 'I-am-better-than-you' form of thinking is something you were born with a detestation for. It's just as well that I should tell you now, plainly and frankly, that I am of the most opposite convictions—and will doubtless remain so, till the day of my death."

"Ah, indeed!" retorted Dorothy, with just a touch of her old rebellion, which leaped and faded in her manner like a dying flame, and was swiftly followed by an almost remorseful look. "Well, we'll have many a fight over our different convictions, in the future—shall we not? Good-natured fights, I mean. I shall be prepared to apologize, at an instant's notice, whenever my sharp tongue betrays me into the least real rudeness."

"But my convictions did not excuse me, in the course I took," persisted Larchmont, with the air of a man who is bent on setting himself right before his own conscience, at any cost of pride. "I entered this family with a totally wrong and arrogant feeling."

"You need not speak of that," murmured Dorothy. "I—I can understand perfectly just what you wish to say."

"You answer me thus, Dorothy Truman, because you have a very generous nature. It may occur to you that this change in me is sudden. But no: the real change had taken place many days ago. This is simply the breaking up of pride; and now you see what has lain underneath the ice of that pride. One is tempted to think that the great calamities which befall human beings are nearly always disguised blessings. I believe that, unless Sara had been thus

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menaced, or unless she had actually died, I would never have bent my spirit to speak as I am speaking now—to alter my life as I intend hereafter that it shall be altered. Yes, I entered this family with the sense of conferring an obligation, rather than contracting one. I presumed to forget that my marriage with your sister made us indissolubly one. I clung to my prestige as a Bartlett—the merest myth and dream, you will call it; but, whether it was, and is, a myth and dream or no, I was shamefully at fault in not believing that she did not now possess it equally with myself. Sara never made the slightest revolt against my preposterous attitude; neither did her parents. I was conciliated, encouraged, instead of being summarily reprimanded and thwarted. Ah! that, after all, has been my chief reason for playing the snob and fool. When you returned home, I had taken the supercilious bent of all tolerated tyrants. You were a rebel, and I disapproved of you from the start. Tyrants always do that, with rebels."

Dorothy clasped her hands, while her eyes, still tearful, beamed with a sort of penitent mirth.

"But I was a very impolitic, headstrong, and uncircumspect rebel," she declared. "I went to work like—like a perfect Guy Fawkes!"

"Not at all," denied Larchmont, answering her smile, though with one of gravity. "Don't let your native generosity push you into self-injustice, Dorothy. Guy Fawkes worked in the dark, and his cause was a bad one. You—"

"Oh, Larchmont," she broke in, "remember that night when I took Sara to the opera! Wasn't that working in the dark?"

"Is it possible that you accuse yourself like this?" he asked, scanning her flushed face with a curious gaze.

"Accuse myself?" cried Dorothy, plaintively. "Why, do you suppose I am going to stand here and let you do all the self-accusing? Not a bit of it! I won't be made out a saint, when I am, in my way, as horrid a sinner as almost anybody. Why, what would you think of me, if—"

"I will tell you what I do think of you," said Larchmont, with a deep tremor in his voice, drawing quite near to her and taking her hand, just as she had taken his a few moments ago. "I think you one of the most noble and true women I have ever met. And, whatever happens hereafter, I mean to be your friend—your devoted, admiring, loyal friend!"

Those invitations for the Thursday kettledrum were necessarily recalled. Poor Sara's sickness rendered that imperative. Her recovery, though sure, was gradual, and at times attended with painful relapses. But, long before her real convalescence had set in, Larchmont had proved no less the latent good and manliness of his character than he had brightened every member of the Truman household with something sweeter and more real than mere hope of reformation. And afterward the happy change continued.

He and Sara continued to dwell with the latter's parents, but under conditions widely opposite from those which had before existed. Mr. and Mrs. Truman's pride in him rapidly returned: for their foible was, after all, ineradicable. But, mixed with their pride, was now a hearty affection, and sometimes even a tender impulse at humility and self-effacement as well, which it took all Larchmont's decision and resolution to repress and discountenance.

Dorothy still watches the new domestic code, as it were, with a grateful gladness that often bubbles up in the most joyous overflow of animal spirits. She and Larchmont have many of their proposed "good-natured fights," but she is beginning to realize that he will remain as stanch a patrician till the end of the chapter as she will continue an unrelenting democrat.

"Some day, you will fall in love with a blue-blooded aristocrat," Larchmont is fond of telling her. "I feel, Dorothy, that it is your fate."

But Dorothy grimly and resolutely shakes her head at this baleful prophecy.

"If I loved him to distraction, and he got down on his knees to me," she declares, "I should refuse him point-blank."

"Ah, wait till he does," teases Larchmont, mercilessly.

Dorothy sets her lips tight, then, as if to say: "Let him come. I am waiting."

[THE END.]

WEARY.

BY AGNES L. PRATT.

I AM weary: life is dreary,
And I long to lay aside
All my sadness, and with gladness
Drift into the unknown tide.

Always flowing, ever going,
Toward the land whence none return:
Drifting ever, restless river,
With thy tide I sweet rest earn.

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MISS SPLICER TRIES THE TOBOGGAN.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

How things has changed since I was a girl—that is to say, since my grandma was a girl!

Then, when a young lady went into any out-of-door sports, she was called a tomboy, and she warn't never, never likely to have a beau.

And, of course, no girl dared to do it. But she staid in the house, and sewed patchwork, and knit stockings for her pa; and everybody admired her, and said how modest she was.

But, now, it's the fashion to exercise out-of-doors. It makes muscle, and braces up the nervous cistern, and gives tone they say.

I have never gone into new things, as some folks do. I should probably have been married, years ago, if it had not been that I wanted to study the men that came round a-courting. And, while I was a-studying of 'em, they went and married somebody else—which proves that men, make the best of 'em, is shiftless critters. Still, if it should be my lot to have to take one of 'em, for better or for worser, I should try and think the Lord so ordered it, and be resigned to my fate.

In Flintville, where I live now, everybody has got the twoboggin-craze. There has been a good many crazes here. The roller-skating took all classes, till most of the women busted up their backbones, and the ministers preached ag'inst it as immoral, and the church-members wouldn't let their girls go. Then the crazy-patchwork business struck the town, and everybody made silk bedquilts, and everybody begged "pieces" of everybody else; and all the storekeepers put in short ends of ribbon, and sold ten cents' wuth for fifty cents.

After cold weather came, the twoboggin-craze struck us. Of course, you all know what a twoboggin is, and that Injuns up in Canady used to have 'em to take their women-folks out to ride.

At fust, they looked rather ticklish to me. I concluded I'd rather be on dry land.

Tom Stiles got the fust one, and Sarah Ann Layton got the next one. Sarah Ann leads the styles, in Flintville; and, after she'd slid down her father's sheep-pastur' hill, and knocked out three of her front teeth, and broke her right lower limb, by jumping off from her course and bumping ag'inst an oak-tree, all Flintville went for twoboggins.

The "Flintville Telegraft" took to printing how sweet the girls looked, in their twoboggining-suits; and we all wanted to look sweet, and see it printed—that we did.

So I got me a twoboggin.

Brother Enoch was awful disgusted. It don't take much to disgust him. He's lived with me ever since his wife died, two year ago, and so has his two children. Them children is dreadful! They've driv me nigh about distracted; and, if you should hear that I've had softening of the brains, you'll know that it's Sam and Miry Splicer that's done it. It's a pity they hadn't died when they had the measles: for then they'd escaped a great deal of suffering: and they'd never have lived to tie a tin pail to my dear darling Fido's tail and drive him almost into the hydrophoby, so's that he bit Mike Flinnigin in the bootleg; and it cost me ten dollars to make Mike a well man.

"Pameely," says Enoch to me, when he seed my twoboggin, "I'm astonished—I'm ashamed of you. The idee of a woman of your age gitting one of them tethery things, and calculating to steer yourself down-hill onto it. You'll break your neck, the fust clip."

"You talk as if I was an old woman, Enoch," says I. "Do try and remember that you was young once yourself. I want a little something for exercise and recreation."

"Then you'd better split up some kindling-wood, and mend me a couple of pair of stockings," says he; "my toes is sticking out through so, now, that my toe-nails is driv clear back into their sockets. Oh, dear! I wish Marier was alive."

"So do I," says I; "or else, that she'd took you and Sam and Miry along with her. It's terrible inconvenient for a man's wife to die, and leave him and his children for his relations to see after."

"Pameely," says he, "I wish you could git married. But, the Lord knows, I should pity the man."

> "'Birds in their little nests agree;
> And 'tis a shameful sight
> When children of one familee
> Fall out, and chide, and fight.'"

So sung out Sam Splicer, the boy, who happened to come into the room jest then, a-eating an orange, and the juise of it a-running down onto his clothes and onto the carpet, like the Falls of Niagary.

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"Pameely," says Enoch, after he had slapped the boy's ears and sot him to studying his Sunday-school lesson, "I've allus felt sorry for your being an old maid; but I ain't to blame for it. And sometimes I almost wish I'd a-gone to be an angel when Marier went."

"An angel?" says I. "A pretty-looking angel you'd make, with them blue overalls of your'n, and that quid of tobacker in your mouth! I guess the rest of 'em would be proud of you."

"Wal, anyhow," says he, "I wouldn't attempt to make a girl of myself, a-sliding onto that thing. With your figger, as lank as a beanpole in the fall of the year, if you should happen to git upsot, you'd be a specktacle."

I didn't deign to answer him. But, the next night, there being a full moon, I invited Major Stebbins to go over to the shute with me.

The Major is a widder, like myself, and he's sad and lonely in this vale of tears; and I thought, if I could make life any pleasanter to him—if I could soothe a sad and sorrerful moment for his lacerated heart, it was my duty to soothe.

The Major lost a lower limb in the late war, and has to go on a under artificial; but you wouldn't notice it unless you knowed about it.

He took the twoboggin, and I took his arm, and we sot forth. The shute, as they call the sliding-place, is over on t'other side of Bingle's Pond, and it's down quite a steep hill, and the pond at the end.

It was alive with folks. Old and young, all talking together, and all puffing like steam-injins, with climbing up the hill.

I'd took along an old bolster, to set onto, for my machine warn't cushioned when I bought it, and the Major rigged it on, and he and I got onto the twoboggin. It was awful hard work to hold the critter still—she wanted so to be off, and the Major dug his wooden foot into the snow on one side, and held her in.

"Oh, dear!" says I. "I'm a'most afeard. If she should kick up, or the hitching should break, or the track should be up, it would give us an awful h'ist!"

"I am with you!" says the Major, squeezing my waist with the arm he'd put round to hold me in place. "I've been in twenty battles, where the bullets fell like hail, and—"

He didn't get no further, for jest then the twoboggin broke loose, and the thing was too quick for the Major to draw in his wooden limb, and it was twisted off in a twinkling, and left sticking in the snow behind, while the rest of him streaked it like lightning down that track of ice. There was lots of folks in front of us, but they couldn't stop to turn out, and my twoboggin undertook to go by, and it struck a sled in front, and bounced, and went clear over the sled, jest as a trained Thomas-cat jumps over your hands; and I hung to the Major, and the Major hung to the twoboggin, and somebody yelled!

"Come back and git yer leg!"

But we didn't pay any attention to 'em; we jest kept right on, and, about twenty feet from the end of the shute, the twoboggin hit a lump of ice that had fell off the side of the track; I lost my balance, and the Major too; and, the next thing I knowed, I was into Bingle's Pond clear to my chin, and two men standing on the ice was trying to pull me out by the hair of my head, which, being bought at a store, and not rooted into my skulp, come off at the fust grab, and left my brains pretty nigh out in the cold and cruel world.

Major Stebbins hain't spoke to me since. He seed 'em load me onto a sled, and kerry me home, and never said a soothing word. As if I was to blame for his busting off his old peg! It's jest like a man. Allus laying the blame onto a woman. They say he's engaged to the Widder Lane. I wish her much joy with him, I'm sure. If I had got to have a man, I should want a whole one.

My twoboggin is for sale. Price, three dollars. It's splendid exercise; but one isn't sure of ice the year round, and I don't think it agrees with me, altogether.

HOPE.

BY EMMA S. THOMAS.

"Nothing to love, or to live for,"
She said, "in this world of ours?
Nothing to wish or to hope for,
Nothing—not even the flowers?"

And yet, if one hope has failed you,
Must others all fail you too?
If one has been found false-hearted,
Must other hearts prove untrue?

Look up from despair and darkness:
Look upward, and find the light!
The hour before the dawning
Is darkest of all the night.

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THE MILLIONAIRE'S DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1885, by Miss Ann Stephens, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

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CHAPTER XV.

THE season at Saratoga was at its height, that year. The great caravansary hotels were crowded. In the summer mornings, the streets were bright as a flower-garden with pretty girls and stately ladies, going to and from the springs, with veils thrown over their heads and gossamer scarfs lying like snowflakes over their dainty breakfast-dresses, in which nature was left to her own loveliness more than at any other time of the day.

Garden-parties and exquisite game dinners, that could only be got at hotels on the lake, were in fashion. One or two private steam-yachts carried gay parties to Sulphur Springs and around the beautiful sweep of the lake, which is among the loveliest bits of water to be found in the State of New York, and, being within an easy drive from the springs, affords a source of amusement without which Saratoga would hardly be the alluring place it is. The world of fashion, that flocks there from all quarters of the country, gives a cosmopolitan feature to its gayeties, which the exclusive cottage-life of Newport has never possessed.

The morning was clear, its cool air delightful. The long verandas fronting the hotels were gay with groups of cheerful young people, interspersed with gentlemen of mature age occupying the easiest chairs to be found, and immersed in newspapers from the city, which had just arrived.

Old ladies reading novels through their spectacles might be seen there, looking up now and then to observe the admiration lavished upon their daughters, or even grandaughters, with pride, or inward resentment that they were not receiving her own loving estimate of their attractions.

The broad veranda of the United States Hotel, which had been the centre of fashionable attraction before even some of these elderly people had visited the springs, was thronged with aristocratic guests, perhaps a little quieter in manner and gentler in speech than might be seen at the more cosmopolitan hotels, but not the less capable of enjoying all that makes Saratoga the paradise of watering-places.

Now and then, a high-voiced girl might be heard in conversation a little out of keeping with the scene, or the sweet laugh of some young creature, too happy for constraint, would disturb one of the old newspaper-readers enough to win a faint smile over the top of the journal before him. Sometimes a confusion of voices would break through the tall parlor-windows that gave access to the piazza, from the various groups and circles that preferred the deeper shade of the parlor; but the careless riot of ill-bred people was seldom heard.

Upon the veranda, that morning, appeared a group of strangers, evidently from the country, but so remarkable in a proud assumption of style and manner that they soon became objects of special attention. The party consisted of a gentleman and two ladies, one scarcely beyond middle-age, tall, stately, and aggressive, in the airs of haughty elegance she put on; the other a girl, evidently just from school.

Both the mother and the daughter were handsome types of a class that is constantly floating through the society of a new and commercial country where wealth is too often considered as the standard of worth. Nothing could be greater than the contrast between these two women and the gentleman who accompanied them. Yet, in some things, you saw between the girl and himself a certain harmony of nature that reconciled you to the contrast in their appearance. He was a tall splendidly-formed man, who had not yet completed his half-century, and seemed to be all the handsomer in his maturity than he could have been in youth. He was carrying his hat in one hand, now and then fanning himself as he walked, but so lightly that the still abundant hair seemed only stirred by the wind which drifted softly through it.

That the man was the husband of the elder lady seemed possible, for both were of stately presence; and, as they walked up and down the piazza, might have won almost equal admiration, but for the abrupt movements of the lady and the sound of her lifted voice now and then, which contrasted rather coarsely with his quiet composure.

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Two critical old ladies, who occupied the most cosy corner of the balcony, and usually held a monopoly of the easiest chairs to be obtained, had been watching this group with great interest. They were habitués of the place, and found amusement in the new arrivals that gave variety to the crowd of pleasure-seekers around them.

"Here come our new friends back again, Mrs. Boardman," said one of these ladies, dropping her glass down by the shell handle, which happened to be rather fashionable for old persons, or those who did not mind being thought old, at the time. "I really begin to wonder who they are. If the woman had half as much style as her husband, they might be worth knowing."

"I doubt if he is that high-stepping dame's husband," said Mrs. Boardman. "They are together,. and seem to be well acquainted; but there is something—atmosphere, I suppose—but something that makes one hesitate to believe it. Besides, it seems to me that I have seen the gentleman before, and alone. I wish someone would tell me his name."

"Oh, I can tell you that," said Mrs. Norris, who had listened with a smile of superior intelligence. "The name is 'Brooks.' I had it from the office. Mr. and Mrs. Brooks, Miss Brooks, and some others are recorded in one party."

"So our handsome friend is undoubtedly the tall lady's husband, and the father of that unusually pretty girl," said Mrs. Boardman.

"Pretty?" exclaimed Mrs. Norris, who had a habit of disagreeing or offering amendments to almost everything her friend said. "Pretty? Why, if that girl did not look so much like her mother, I should call her beautiful."

While Mrs. Norris was speaking, the persons she was commenting on came nearer, and, lifting her glass, she held it to her eye by the long handle, and, after taking a survey of the girl, dropped it carelessly, repeating with emphasis: "Yes, my dear, I call that young person beautiful. I have launched plainer girls than that, into the fashionable world, as tearing beauties. It would really do one credit to chaperone anything so fresh and uncommon as she seems to be."

"Oh," answered little Mrs. Boardman, dropping the open novel she was reading, into her lap, with a tranquil sigh, "one must have a talent for society, to enjoy such things. I never could manage them, even with my own daughters. It always seemed to me like a trader putting his goods into market. If a girl is really superior in any way, I suppose someone will find it out."

"Find it out? My dear old friend, your simplicity always had its charm for me, though some people might call it by another name."

"Very likely," said the quiet little lady, smiling in return for this doubtful compliment, which she had heard so often that it did not impress her unpleasantly. "You and I are so unlike that we can afford to admire each other. Now, as to the girl yonder, it would be a long time before I could receive her into my confidence, or wish to interfere with her life. She has a certain shade of loveliness, which the mother probably never possessed; but there is not enough of that to satisfy me."

"At any rate, no one can say that you have not grown critical—I should never have thought of judging a character so promptly. A beautiful face is enough for me, and I rather like this young person, unformed as she is. The spirituelle style is too poetical: there is not color or life enough in it."

Mrs. Boardman had turned her eyes from Dorothea Brooks to a slender and rather tall young lady, who was walking directly behind her, as if she had languidly dropped out of the party, and had fallen back on her own thoughts, which were not altogether pleasant.

"That face would hardly please you, then," she said, watching the girl with interest: "its beauty lies so much in the expression."

Mrs. Norris lifted her glass again, and gave Rue Hilton a long and cool examination through it.

"Yes, that is a type of girl one can make nothing of, in society," said Mrs. Norris: "they do so little for themselves. Never will take instruction, or submit to management. Still, men of a certain class pretend to admire their quiet ways, and they do sometimes make extremely good matches. I shouldn't wonder if that rather pretty face may have come to a good market. She really, as young ladies say of each other, is a sweet creature—a valuable contrast to my favorite. Now, if I were called to chaperone one of these young persons, she should be very intimate with the other. I wonder who they really are. Ah, here comes Chapperton: I will inquire."

A medium-sized, somewhat bald, and evidently popular man was, that moment, sauntering down the veranda, with a finger of one hand hooked into the edge of his vest-pocket, and bowing right and left to some smiling recognition as he passed, but with marked difference in his salutations: for you might know, by the very gradation of his bows, the rank each person held in fashionable life, which was the whole world to him.

Mrs. Norris beckoned this self-important personage toward her with a commanding sweep of her eyeglass.

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CHAPTER XVI.

He came forward with smiling alacrity, dropping the hand from his white waistcoat with an impulse of peculiar respect: for Mrs. Norris was a power in the social world in which it was his glory to move. Her great wealth, her quick intelligence and always progressive attainments, had perpetuated her authority far beyond the usual period of fashionable existence.

"Come here and tell me who these people are," she said, as Chapperton came, with a half-dancing step, up to her easychair; "Mrs. Boardman is dying to know. There is something fresh and a little startling about them, that one cannot quite make out. The man is strikingly handsome—don't you think so?—and the tall girl beautiful. You will agree with me."

Chapperton glanced at the party in question, smiled complacently, and at once gave a confidential tone to his conversation.

"The Brooks party. I am pleased that anything has given them the honor of your attention. They are, in fact, new people, so far as our world is concerned, but may be desirable."

"From the country?" inquired Mrs. Norris.

"Need you ask that?"

"Regarding the ladies, no; but the gentleman—I have seldom seen a man who carries himself more easily."

"Oh, he comes from the interior, like the rest; only I think he has been known a little on the turf, in a quiet way. At any rate, he has supplied some fine horses to it."

"Oh, but tell us more, if you are well-informed."

"When did I fail to be well-informed of anything you desired to know?" answered Chapperton, with a bow. "Brooks is an Englishman by birth, and there is no mistaking him for anything but a gentleman."

Mrs. Norris bowed her acquiescence.

"But the others—mother and daughter, are they not? What relation does he bear to them?"

"They are certainly his wife and daughter. But we have information regarding them that may interest you: a tract of land, of which they were owners, has within the last year become of fabulous value; for large deposits of oil have been discovered in it, and its development is giving them enormous wealth."

"Oil!" exclaimed Mrs. Norris, with a sniff of disgust, as if the smell of kerosene were all around her. "Oil, and just developing. That accounts, my dear, for the huge diamond-brooch that surprised us so much. Not even the newly-rich glare out in that fashion; but, when it comes from oil, one can expect anything. It is the vanity of dense ignorance to wear diamonds in the morning."

"But these people are not ignorant," Chapperton broke in, bending his head persuasively over the old lady. "Mrs. Brooks speaks quite as good English as most of our set, and Miss Dora, the daughter, is really quite literary in her style of conversation. I was intending to speak to you about her—I was, indeed. She might be made a charming creature, under your patronage. That idea came into my mind before I had talked with her ten minutes: for I did allow her to be presented to me."

Mrs. Boardman, who sat listening, with the open novel in her lap, smiled quietly, and said, with naive sarcasm:

"That was after you had learned that she was a millionaire's daughter."

"Of course, of course," answered Chapperton, quite unconscious of the subtile scorn that lay under this innocent question. "Of course, one must assure himself that the people who crowd in upon us have some claim, before they can be admitted to an introduction; otherwise, we should be open to all sorts of importunities. You have no idea, my dear Mrs. Boardman, how adroitly our influence is sought after. It is no sinecure to be even a doorkeeper at the temple of fashion."

"There! there!" said Mrs. Norris, amused, but impatient. "We all know how important it is that your good opinion should be obtained, before any new person can be of much account in this region. I, at least, have never been able to get my favorites along without it. Tell me more of these people. Are they really presentables, or could they be made so?"

Chapperton's pale-blue eyes kindled, and his face beamed. Newly-rich people were always lavish of money, and, in the first vulgar outflow, there might be advantages to a man of precarious resources, able and willing to make himself useful.

"I do assure you, the young lady, in herself, has just the material for a grand favorite. Young, fresh, and an heiress to wealth that seems to have no limit, with a keen desire to learn all the fascinations that art can give to nature—what more can one ask for?"

Mrs. Norris answered in a low voice, leaning toward Chapperton, as if to make their conversation exclusive of Mrs. Boardman, who had taken up her book, and seemed to be occupied by it entirely. "You have been talking with these people?" she said.

"Of course; when a face like that dawns upon us, our first object is to calculate its advantages. This alone is enough to secure interest: for the

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Vose, our last favorite, has seemed resolved to upset the ladder she began to climb so meekly. She has even been heard to speak sneeringly of those who helped her upward—"

"You do not mean me to understand that her vanity has reached so far? Has my name been included in the sarcastic remarks?" questioned Mrs. Norris, setting her lips firmly together.

"Who is so likely to meet with ingratitude? Has not your influence lifted this insolent favorite to a position where she can afford to be an ingrate?"

"I have felt this in the atmosphere, but it never came to me in words before. Still, why should it surprise me? At my age, such things are to be expected."

"Ah," said Chapperton, repeating an old compliment so insinuatingly that it fell sweetly on the woman's ear, "the time will never come when you can grow old, or lose the power of undoing even your own kind acts. The means of bringing this insolent—and, I must admit, a little passé—person back to her own level rests with those who raised her from it: even with yourself alone."

Mrs. Norris laughed low and bitterly.

"It is very difficult," she said, "to undo one's own work. To take back the words of praise we have given, or expose the faults we have proclaimed as virtues, is to admit one's self in the wrong."

Chapperton laughed with a chuckling sense of delight.

"Still, there is a way to deal with such ingrates as this lady has proved herself."

"By an open quarrel? That implies a contest more humiliating than defeat."

"But there is a much easier way than that."

"What is it?"

"Let the favorite balance herself alone on the pedestal we have raised for her."

"That is exactly what I am doing, and shall do."

"But there is no reason why you should not allow a rival to crowd her off."

Mrs. Norris shook her head.

"It is too much trouble, my friend, just now. I am content to let the woman run her own course. Her insolence is a little amusing, but not sufficiently offensive for my interference."

Chapperton listened uneasily, and felt himself baffled. That moment an argument more effective than anything he had to offer appeared upon the balcony.

Mrs. Humphrey Vose, the reigning belle of two seasons, came sweeping down the hall, and stood, daring some minutes, like a queen in the midst of her courtiers, before she descended to the dashing little turnout that stood waiting for her in front of the hotel. She was stylish, self-poised, and, if not beautiful, had been so long considered so, that the consciousness of it gave a feeling of security to her position, which had rendered her dangerously careless of late. Compliments that had excited her vanity into absolute arrogance failed to satisfy her now. She pined for new realms of fashion to conquer, and, in her greed of domination, was fast losing the power of pleasing.

The moment she appeared, half a dozen gentlemen, habitués of the hotel, folded their newspapers, dropped their eyeglasses, and crowded around her, ready to carry her parasol, or stand half an hour with their bald heads in the sun, while she leaned from her pretty carriage to converse with some one of their number, or drove away, as might serve the caprice of the moment.

That particular morning, she preferred to remain upon the veranda, while her husband, a rather good-looking and quiet man, stood with his hat off, waiting for her at the foot of the steps. As if she loved to amuse herself by exhibiting his patient devotion, she began to promenade up and down the veranda with her crowd of admirers.

More than once, this woman swept by the two elderly ladies so closely that her dress touched them, and, in one instance, its lace got entangled with the jet fringes on Mrs. Norris's dress. She broke off rather abruptly in what she was saying to her nearest admirer, and gave her skirt a slight jerk.

"I beg ten thousand pardons!" she said, as if recognizing Mrs. Norris for the first time. "Ah, Mrs. Norris: with your glass up, I really did not know you. You were just telling me that it was impossible that I should ever grow old," she added, addressing the gentleman by her side; "but see now: one must come to it, sooner or later, terrible as it seems."

Mrs. Norris merely drew her garments closer around her, and, leaning toward Mrs. Boardman, asked what she was reading. The belle of the season passed on down the steps, this time, where her husband joined her usual train of admirers, and was permitted to hand her into the dainty little carriage, which she always drove herself.

"Not to-day," she said, as her husband attempted to take his place by her side. "I have arranged to drive Park out, and join a party up the lake road."

Without seeming to notice the flush that rose to her husband's forehead, when he saw a young foreigner, whom he hardly knew, take his place,

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with but slight recognition of his presence, the lady gathered up her reins in one hand, took a rather showy whip from its socket, and, nodding carelessly to her group of courtiers, including the husband, drove at a dashing pace toward the lake road.

When the little group of her admirers dispersed and the crowd on the veranda had subsided into tranquillity, a four-wheeled dog-cart drove up to the hotel-steps, just where that pretty chariot had been. Two children were led down to it by a nurse in a white cap, with its broad ribbons streaming down her back. The rejected husband placed the nurse and children in the carriage, and, taking his seat among them, started gently down the street.

Mrs. Norris, who had been leaning back in her chair and regarding these proceedings with half-closed eyes and seeming indifference, leaned forward and again beckoned Chapperton. He had been watching her with keen interest, and saw that, notwithstanding that apparent quietude, her face was growing unusually pale.

"You have seen to what length her insolence can go," he said, in a tone of sympathy more galling to a proud nature than insult itself.

Mrs. Norris gave no indication of resentment, if she felt it, but only answered:

"Chapperton, you have my permission to introduce those kerosene people—only keep oil, and all that sort of thing, in the background."

CHAPTER XVII.

The Brooks family had taken a suite of rooms, at the hotel, which corresponded splendidly with the great wealth they had in possession—or in prospect. No expense had been spared in making these arrangements for success in a new life, which opened a field to the mother's ambition, and increased her self-importance so much, that the old honorable life on the Hollow Swamp farm was a matter of absolute shame to her. During a stay of some weeks in New York, she had made ample purchases for her new mode of life, that were only saved from vulgarity by that inherent artistic taste, that had received some help from education, in the daughter, who vaguely understood that something besides a lavish outlay of money was necessary to a lady-like appearance.

Thus it happened that no very ostentatious display of gorgeousness had shocked Mrs. Norris, in the mother or daughter, when they first attracted her attention. She had certainly noticed the large cluster of diamonds that blazed on the bosom of Mrs. Brooks's morning-dress of costly silk, and saw with severely critical eyes that the hands on which so many jeweled rings were crowded bore signs of coarser usage than should be lighted up with such costly gems.

"These things are in bad taste, certainly," the old lady admitted to herself, "but they can easily be put into the background. Though a highly-bred mother can be dispensed with, when a beautiful girl is to be brought forward, a vulgar one is a terrible detriment; but this person does not appear to be exactly that. She seems too keenly observant for perfect self-satisfaction, and it will be strange if I cannot manage her."

Mrs. Norris still kept her seat, and was pondering these thoughts over in her mind, when a landau and a pair of superb horses drove up to the entrance-steps. Carriage, harness, and livery, all were new, and, but for a little too much brilliancy of ornament, faultless. The horses, however, were exceedingly restless, and moved their hoofs impatiently on the pavement, in obedience to the coachman's quiet maneuvres to show them off.

The carriage had stood some time, conspicuously in advance of the crowd of vehicles that waited in front of the hotel, when Mrs. Brooks and her daughter came to the piazza a second time. Mr. Chapperton joined them, and, with polite deference, offered his arm to the elder lady. This was done in the presence of all his world; and the people who looked on began to wonder who the newcomers could be, to whom Chapperton was paying such attention as he only bestowed upon persons of great distinction.

This curiosity was increased when he led the ladies up to Mrs. Norris, and presented them, with elaborate ceremony, both to her and Mrs. Boardman, who laid her novel down and began chatting with them pleasantly, as if they had been old acquaintances; while her friend condescended to receive them with cordiality—she even drew a chair close to her own, and motioned Mrs. Brooks to sit down. Then she took the opportunity, during a light conversation with her, to scrutinize Dorothea more closely than she had yet done.

All this led to the appearance of former relations existing between the parties, for they seemed to meet as friends; and curiosity was doubly excited, among the various groups that looked on.

This increased almost to excitement when the little party broke up, and Chapperton, giving his arm to Mrs. Brooks, led the way down to her carriage; and, accepting the hospitality Mrs. Brooks had not yet lost, among some of her other good qualities, stepped into the carriage, and was driven away.

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"Who are they? What are they? People worth knowing, positively, or Chapperton never would have endorsed them so publicly. Mrs. Norris, too, fairly took the trouble to curve her neck when she bowed—an effort she seldom makes to anything less than a traveling nobleman—and little Boardman has for once laid down her book, as if she were interested. Who on earth can they be?"

These comments ran from group to group through the piazza and the parlors, for some minutes after Mrs. Brooks drove away with Chapperton in her carriage, quite unconscious of the social lion she had caged, or the excitement she had occasioned by that one brief interview with the powerful Mrs. Norris.

During the next half-hour, at least a score of loungers dropped into the office and examined the register, which only gave them a list of names and the numbers of rooms known to be the most sumptuous apartments in the hotel.

When Chapperton returned, and, with a great show of devotion, escorted the ladies to their apartments, he was besieged with questions, which he answered with diplomatic smiles that were hardly more satisfactory than the register had been.

"The gentleman?" he said, as if carefully considering his words. "Oh, yes; he is undoubtedly an Englishman."

"Of rank? A nobleman, perhaps?" said one.

Chapperton smiled, shook his head, and lifted his finger cautiously.

"Englishmen of genuine rank do not often care to have it blazoned on the records of our hotels," he said. "It is enough to say that Brooks comes here well endorsed, and, if not a nobleman, is probably of an older family than most of them; besides, he has married one of the richest women of our country. The young lady is her only daughter. Beautiful? Ah! of that, you must judge for yourselves. We have admired Mrs. Humphrey Vose so long, that one accepts a new face with hesitation."

With speeches like this, Mr. Chapperton rather excited than appeased the curiosity he had done so much to arouse; while Mrs. Norris paused, now and then, in her slow walk down the parlors toward her own rooms, and answered such questions as her friends ventured to ask, with unusual cordiality.

"The newcomers," she said, "would be a great acquisition to the society of the springs; and, she must say, something of the kind was needed just then, for people were getting tired of the same faces and the dull routine with which they had been compelled to content themselves, of late. For her part, she rejoiced to have a new element brought into their circle—something fresh, and just a little piquant."

Mrs. Boardman, too, always good-natured, cordial, and full of youthful vivacity, moved here and there through the crowd of her acquaintances, with her finger enclosed between the pages of her novel, and a shrewd gleam in her blue eyes.

"Oh, the strangers were everything that could be desirable," she said; "just the element we wanted in the hotel, to keep up its reputation. She had seldom been more interested in the first appearance of a young girl. Really, it was a treat to look upon a face so unconscious of its beauty."

Good Mrs. Boardman did not intend to deceive her friends; but they supposed she was speaking of Miss Brooks, when her thoughts were bent entirely on Rue Hilton, whose more retiring loveliness had been disregarded by most of the friends who interrupted her with questions.

Thus, three remarkably clever people, influenced by different motives, were working out the ambition of two country-bred women, whose whole world had been circumscribed by the boundaries of one patch of land only two years before.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"Well, ma, what do you think of all I have told you, now? That lady who drove away in the little carriage, with a young man sitting by her while she managed the horses, is just the most popular person at the springs. She carries everything before her, and sets the fashions, as if she were Queen of Sheba, or Cleopatra, or something of that kind; but, for all that, she is a married woman: and the handsomest girl in Saratoga finds herself nowhere when she is about."

Mrs. Brooks, who was walking up and down her spacious parlor, answered her daughter with some impatience; for, with all her self-assurance, she was bewildered by the strange scenes that surrounded her. "I have never pretended not to believe you, Dorothea."

"There, again!" exclaimed the girl. "'Dorothea'! I do think, ma—mamma, I mean—that you might be a little more thoughtful. I did hope that you would leave that horrid name where it belongs: in Hollow Swamp. How often must I tell you that no young lady in fashionable life thinks of having a whole name, like her grandmother? You will never hear any really stylish young lady called Elizabeth, Margaret, or Caroline. Indeed, you may go through the entire

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list of old-fashioned names, and every one of them will be cut up into something crisp and short, such as Lizzie, Carrie, Maggie. It is considered 'chic,' as girls that have studied French say. Now, why can't you stop short at 'Dora'? It is a lovely name, but 'Dorothea' is more than I can bear. It is enough to put any girl into the background."

"I have no objections, if you want to cut your name in two," said Mrs. Brooks, somewhat restive under her daughter's dictation, "and will clip 'Dorothea' short whenever I can remember it. But it is harder to forget old habits than most people think. In fact, Doroth—Dora, one feels a little awkward—I won't say lonesome—among all these people."

"Well, ma—mamma, you are a little awkward, that is the truth. You really did not know exactly how to answer that very distinguished gentleman, Mr. Chapperton, half the time, when he was saying such polite things to you. If it had not been for my way of cutting in now and then, he would have found his ride with us stupid enough. I really did expect something better of you. There wasn't a girl in our school that would have turned red as you did, when he was leaning forward so deferentially and encouraging you with compliments that half the young ladies who saw him drive away with us would have been delighted with. You have no idea how much his attentions are sought after."

"Where did you get all this information, Doroth—Dora? We've only been here twenty-four hours, yet you seem to have learned the ways of the place, before I have had time to think of them."

"Oh, I keep my eyes open, and know how to listen. Everything is talked over in the parlors and balconies. Besides, I walked up and down with Mr. Chapperton, after we came in from our drive, and he gave me a lot of information, bending his head and speaking low, as if he had taken a great fancy to me, while people looked on and seemed to wonder about it."

"But, my dear Dorothea—"

"There it is again!"

"My dear Dora, since you have learned so much, perhaps you can tell me who Mr. Chapperton himself is. He was very polite. He introduced us to a couple of very respectable old ladies, and, after walking down to the carriage with us, I couldn't well help asking him to step in. But, once again, who is Mr. Chapperton? It is just possible your father may want to know. He never does interfere much, but, depend upon it, he will keep a sharper lookout for us here than he ever did on the farm."

Dorothea was prompt enough to answer questions, whether she understood the subject or not; but this one, regarding her new friend, puzzled her greatly, and all that she had gathered from the crowd of pleasure-seekers below-stairs was brought into hasty requisition. "Who is Mr. Chapperton?" she said. "Well, really, ma—mamma, it is impossible to tell you all that is said about him. Only, of this we may be certain: He is at the very top of the heap, here in Saratoga, and has his own way everywhere. No lady can pretend to be 'the fashion' that he does not endorse, and, when he does condescend to be a little devoted to any special young lady, she is sure to rank as a beauty at once, for he never has been known to give more than a passing notice to a really plain girl, unless she happened to be enormously rich. I heard one of the young ladies say this, with a laugh, while you were talking with that stiff-backed old lady. I suppose she must have thought you very rich."

"She might have given me credit for some thing beside that, had she seen me when I was your age," said Mrs. Brooks, with some asperity; for she felt the tone of superior knowledge, that her daughter was taking, as an affront.

"Dear me, how fractious you are! What difference does it make, to anyone, what she is celebrated for? Power is power, and admiration is pleasant, wherever it springs from. As for age, only look at the old ladies Mr. Chapperton introduced us to. They would consider themselves young, were it possible to put them back to your age; but, of all the ladies we have seen here, they can at any time command the most devoted attention."

"How do you know this, Dora?"

"Mr. Chapperton told me all about it. It was because Mrs. Norris stands so high in society here that he introduced us. Then he told me all about Mrs. Humphrey Vose, the reigning belle. It was the friendship of Mrs. Norris that helped her to the position; a married woman, too, with little children, and a husband who gives her everything she can want; and she is awfully extravagant, and, I must say, isn't half as handsome or so stylish as some people that may not always be kept in the background."

Dorothea looked very demure as she said this. She was sitting opposite a looking-glass, and, in spite of herself, cast a sidelong glance at the image reflected there.

Mrs. Brooks also stood before the mirror, and at the same moment saw reflected behind the fair girl her own fine middle-aged face, from which the cloud of discontent slowly disappeared. Dorothea went on:

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"You see, then, my dear mamma, that age has nothing to do with this matter of position—or beauty, either, unless it can find admirers enough to make it famous. If an old lady like that Mrs. Norris can, year after year, hold her own with the highest in the land, or a married woman with little children is able to put down the brightest and prettiest girls of the season, why should not you and your daughter become a power in this whirl of society? Indeed, mother, I speak in dead earnest when I say that, of beauty, talent, and riches, three great elements of fashionable popularity, riches is the greatest; and, after a certain amount is reached, the reputation of riches is better than the reality: for everyone is ready to enhance it, and it gives no trouble. Anyway, we have got the price of the farm, to begin with, and you will know how to spend it."

Mrs. Brooks looked at Dorothea with something like astonishment. In a few hours, she had gathered up more information about the world of fashion than she, with all her keen ability for arrangement, could have obtained in months. She was herself somewhat uncertain of the degree of riches that could justly be accredited to her, and it required some courage, in a woman who had felt herself independent on the slow accumulations of a farm, to plunge into the extravagant expenditure demanded now.

It was, therefore, with the hesitation of a woman who had saved money, all her life, in small sums, that she entered upon her daughter's superb idea of living on the reputation of vast resources, which as yet lay in the future.

"You have insisted on making a grand splurge at first, and I have given in, all the more readily because of Dayton's report about the oil-wells."

CHAPTER XIX.

Dorothea saw, in the glass, that her face was flushing, at this. She was, in fact, more interested in him than in the enterprise that kept him away from the new world she was just entering. She had no prudential thoughts, like those of her mother. The amount of money already received for the sale of their land seemed to her as if it would last forever. Beyond that, she had reasoned, a reputation for wealth was just as good as riches.

Mrs. Brooks had by this time begun to discover that large sums of money could melt away like frostwork from the glass of a window, and was more timid in her plans for the future. Like most people who plunge into deep waters, she found herself committed to a current of which she knew neither the depth nor outlet. The few months of fashionable dissipation which she had promised her daughter had already taken the limit of a lifetime, with that young lady.

"Anyway," said Dorothea, continuing the argument with her mother, "we have plenty of money now; and I know, by what Mr. Chapperton says, the people here think us awfully rich. As I went along, looking as if I didn't notice anything, I heard more than one person whisper: 'That is the heiress, who will have her millions: an only daughter.' I declare, mamma, it was just as nice to me as if they had said—which you no doubt think there was no occasion for: 'Isn't she a beauty?'"

"One would be about as true as the other, unless the oil-works turn out richer than I ever calculated on," answered the mother, whose thrifty habits were in constant antagonism with the girl's expanding ideas, and who had always avoided Dorothea's attempts to draw her into an admission that even her own child was more attractive than herself. "Perhaps it would be well to remember that your stay here, so far as I am concerned, is limited to one season. I will never consent to make myself a pauper, that you may be considered an heiress or a beauty. So, make your hay while the sun shines. You have lived on the farm long enough to know what that means."

Dorothea started from her seat with an impatient movement, and, casting a look over her shoulder, at the glass, encouraged herself to answer:

"Well, ma, you cannot prevent people thinking that I am an heiress, since they have got the idea; and, as for the rest, people will have their own eyes. Now, for my part, I think that Rue is a great deal more interesting than I am: for people seem to dwell upon her face, as if they found something to study in it."

"Rue?" said Mrs. Brooks. "I hope that girl does not suppose that we have brought her here to put on airs of equality with us, or with the people she meets. I am beginning to think her of little use: she is neither a companion nor exactly a servant."

"Yet there is nothing that she refuses to do for either of us," interrupted Dorothea. "If it were not for her, you would be constantly putting on things that neither match nor contrast: she has such a fine eye for color—"

"I prefer to trust my own eyes," said Mrs. Brooks, with a disdainful smile.

"But Rue is so useful to me," persisted Dorothea. "It is wonderful how much she has learned from her mother, that I never got at school. The truth is, ma, I have begun so many things, that they are all mixed up in my mind at once; and

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I want to be bright and intelligent, like some of the girls that I have heard talking to-day, with clever men around them, while handsomer girls were sitting out in the cold. Now, Rue could do that with the smartest of them, if she once laid herself out; but she is so sensitive, that no one dreams of it. Let me tell you this: Rue never puts on airs. I should be awfully lonesome without her."

"That is what your father says; though why he should take an interest in the matter, I cannot imagine. It was the first time that he ever interfered with my plans, when he spoke up so promptly about bringing her along. In my opinion, she would have been far better off at home."

"And I lonesome as a church-mouse! I think pa was awfully kind, when he insisted that you should bring her; for he knew how much she could be to me."

"But why should he insist that she should be dressed up and treated as if she were one of the family?" said Mrs. Brooks, with a cloud of discontent gathering on her forehead, that had a deeper meaning than she herself was conscious of. "Why, indeed, should he start up, all at once, and trouble himself about her?"

"I suppose," answered Dorothea, always prompt in opposition to her mother, let the subject be what it would, "he thinks that Rue has been so much with us, on the farm, that it is only fair to consider her in the same way here."

"Well," retorted Mrs. Brooks, quite as ready for opposition as her daughter, "our time here will soon be over, and she can always be sent back to her mother, when your grandfather can pet her to his heart's content. I wonder how he can get along without her."

"I sometimes wonder how he gets along without us," said Dorothea, with a burst of genuine feeling. "I declare, ma, it almost breaks my heart when I think of him, shut up in that old brown house, with nothing to look after but one cow, and the old farm in full sight, with its fences torn down, its outhouses turned into workshops, and the great house itself running over with Irish workhands. Indeed, it was an awful cruel thing to sell him out of house and home as you did, and only three months of this splendid life to show for it. If it isn't going to last longer than that, you were just a hard-hearted woman, to leave him out in the cold as you have. That is my real opinion."

Mrs. Brooks turned on her daughter. Her face flushed angrily, and then lost all its color. Perhaps this rebuke, which had some genuine feeling in it, aroused the conscience that could not have been entirely dead in the mother's bosom, and stung her into contrition as well as rage. At any rate, her voice faltered and her lips trembled. She strove to repel the accusation, for the first time rudely presented to her in words.

"And why was this done?" she said. "Was it for me—or for you, ungrateful child that you are? Who was it that complained of the vulgar life we were leading on the farm? Who was it that was eternally talking of the glory and happiness that might be found in a life like this, and is now taunting me with cruelty because I have risked everything to give her a chance in it? Not because of what her old grandfather may suffer, but in resentment that it cannot last forever. Do not dare to talk to me of cruelty, while you are so ready to enjoy the fruits of it."

Dorothea was overwhelmed; she recoiled from the sharp truths that this recrimination was forcing upon her: for this outburst of sympathy for her grandfather had only become eloquent when she was assailed by fear that she might soon be called upon to resign the grand dream of ambition it had opened to her. But the girl was not easily put down, in a dispute with her mother, with whom she was, perhaps unconsciously to herself, entering upon a struggle for future supremacy that was certain to be well contested.

Dorothea had gathered her thoughts for some more telling argument or sarcasm, when the parlor-door opened, and Mr. Brooks came in.

His presence was always enough to silence the clash of feeling or opinions that so often arose between the mother and daughter; for there was something in the presence of the man which subdued their restive natures into silence, if not harmony. But the disturbance had been too positive for concealment: Mrs. Brooks was pale; Dorothea had tears in her eyes, with flashes of resentment behind them. In assailing her mother, she had received a sting that rankled sharply enough to give her courage.

"Oh, father, tell me: have I been wicked, and selfish, and everything, in wanting to come here and spend so much money, while grandfather was left behind? Mother says that it cannot last, and speaks as if we must give everything up. Please tell me if this is all true."

Brooks turned his eyes first upon his daughter, who spoke eagerly, and then upon his wife, whose agitated features surprised him: for it was only the sharp wit of Dorothea that could kindle her cold and selfish nature into a storm of passion; perhaps because she was the only creature on earth that she absolutely loved.

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"Your mother," said Mr. Brooks, "may naturally be a little anxious, and, for that reason, I have made some effort to inquire into her affairs. In fact, it is important that I should do so, now that they have become too complicated to be managed by a woman. She need not be dismayed by any expenses as yet undertaken, or trouble herself about the means by which they can be met for the future. The company that has taken possession of her property is now firmly established; and, unless Dayton is mistaken, the stock will increase in value every month."

"Then mamma is a rich woman—awfully rich—isn't she?" exclaimed Dorothea, forgetting all her resentment, and drawing close to her mother, as if they had been walking over violets all the day long. "There, now: wasn't I right when I told you that we were sure to come out millionaires, just as the people here think we are? Oh, papa, you always were the very best man in the world, and you have made me so happy!"

A faint glow of pleasure came into the handsome face that Brooks bent down to meet the eager kiss that Dorothea offered him with so much enthusiasm.

"I am glad that you can be so easily made happy," he said, with a tone of sad tenderness in his voice; "but remember: it is your mother's generosity that gives you everything."

As he spoke, Brooks led Dorothea to her mother. "She has been munificent to you: be grateful and more gentle with her," he continued.

Dorothea reached out her arms.

"Oh, mamma, I didn't mean to hurt your feelings, with what I said just now. Of course, grandpa can be as happy in the old brown house as a bird in its nest—he always did like that house better than the other; and we can stay here, or in some such place, just as long as we please, now that we are real, real rich."

Mrs. Brooks only resisted the embrace Dorothea offered her a moment. Though her temper might have held out till it merged into a sullen fit, a breath of penitence or tenderness from this one loved creature of her life was enough to subdue her. With tears in her eyes, and lips that trembled as they returned the girl's kisses, she forgave the rudeness of her own child, and forgot the old man at Hollow Swamp, whom she had left worse than childless.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LIFE, DEATH, AND ETERNITY.

BY WILL S. MONROE.

And what is life? I pray you, tell!
A sluggard's Paradise,
Where fools and idlers flourish well,
And troubled winds ne'er rise?
Ah, no, my child! A battle-field,
Where each must take a side,
And, 'midst the strife, a sabre wield,
And to the vanguard ride.

Then what is death? I beg you, tell!
A pall, a shroud, a bier,
A saddened dirge, a funeral knell,
With friends who watch and fear?
Ah, no, my child! 'Tis but a night
Of quiet peaceful sleep;
When morning brings the golden light,
Sad watchers cease to keep.

Eternity! Say, what is it?
A cold and darkened tomb,
Where hope is vain, and hopers sit
And wait, long years, their doom?
Ah, no, my child! One common breath
Will waft you to its shore—
There sickness, sorrow, pain, and death
Are felt and feared no more.

THE MILKMAID.

BY AUSTIN DOBSON.

Across the grass I see her pass:
She comes with tripping pace—
A maid I know—and March winds blow
Her hair across her face.
With a hey, Dolly! ho, Dolly!
Dolly shall be mine,
Before the spray is white with May,
Or blooms the eglantine.

The March winds blow. I watch her go:
Her eye is brown and clear;
Her cheek is brown, and soft as down,
To those who see it near.
With a hey, Dolly! ho, Dolly!
Dolly shall be mine,
Before the spray is white with May,
Or blooms the eglantine.

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AN ABSURD COUPLE.

BY BRAD COURTLAND.

"I AM perfectly, utterly, and inconsolably wretched!"

She answered to the name of Dollie, and was only seventeen; but was married—had been married just a month.

She had married, too, for unadulterated love, and was settled in a most unexceptionably pretty little house.

We must go back to first causes, to explain this outburst. That morning, Rollie, the husband, just twentyone—they were both little better than children, you see—had purchased a pretty chestnut filly, docile and kind, for the use of his precious Dollie. "One he could trust her to drive, without fear of accident," he said.

But lo! the angel was most ungracious. She made slighting remarks about the poor inoffensive filly; pouted her pretty lips; and declared that "if she couldn't have a pair of cream ponies, with black tails, she wouldn't have anything at al-l-l—"

"A pair of cream ponies?" echoed Rollie. "Why, my pet, I couldn't afford them. Besides, I would never feel safe to let you drive them. Be a sweet child, now, and say you're pleased."

Say she was pleased, when she wasn't? She would die first! And she threw herself in a pretty wicker chair, at the extreme end of the room, and whirled it around, with her back turned squarely on the mortified Rollie.

His eyes flashed ominously; then he wheeled his chair, too; and there they sat, back to back.

"I might have been asked for an opinion," blurted out Dollie, after awhile.

"There was nothing to ask," shortly, in reply.

"You wouldn't have said that, a month ago," blazed out Dollie.

"You wouldn't have gone on so, a month ago," retorted Rollie. "Uncle Nat says—"

"Don't tell me anything about Uncle Nat," broke in Dollie. "I—I wi-wi-ish I'd never le-eft him," sobbingly.

"I must say, Dollie, that you are going just a little too far—"

"Am I?" she interrupted, sobbing louder than ever. "I am perfectly, utterly, and inconsolably wretched!" she added, in the words with which our story opens. On which, Rollie leaped angrily from his chair and went out, banging the door.

But, after awhile, he began to repent of this ebullition. He was still dreadfully in love. "Dear little puss!" he said. "If she has set her blessed heart on the ponies, she shall have them. I'll make it up by extra work at Dawkins's."

Having come to this conclusion, with the sunshine back in his face, he ran up to the dainty bower which Dollie called her boudoir, and turned the knob.

It was locked!

A scarlet flush rushed over his face. He turned to go away. But, reconsidering this resolve, he said tenderly:

"Open, Dollie: it is I."

"I can't admit anyone now," was the reply, in crisp tones.

"I do not ask you to admit 'anyone': I ask you to open to your husband."

There was an authoritative accent in this demand, that Dollie had never heard before, and it frightened her a little. But she answered, sulkily:

"I do not see why I should try to please my husband. He doesn't care to please me."

"It's hardly probable that I shall trouble you again," retorted Rollie, his patience now utterly gone. A moment after, Dollie heard his footsteps echo down the stairs.

Between the meshes of the lace window-curtains, Dollie saw him mount Brownie, directly after, and ride away. Then the deluge commenced in dead earnest.

"Oh-o-o!" she sobbed. "I—I'm ready to kill myself!"

For Rollie would never trouble her again, she thought. Yes, he was going to Montana. He had threatened it once before—when they had quarreled. And all about a pair of horrid old ponies! No: she wouldn't kill herself. She'd go to Uncle Nat. "He will give me ponies, or—or anything I want," she sobbed, chokingly. And, an hour after, having carefully washed away all traces of her tears, she actually made a descent on Uncle Nat's private office.

Uncle Nat was a cynical bachelor of fortyfive. He had never met his affinity—in fact, had never looked for her. He simply elevated his eyebrows, as Dollie plumped herself down by his chair, in a gush of tears.

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"Well, what's the row?" queried the pessimist. "Have you and that foolish boy had your first quarrel?"

"How did you know, Uncle Nat? Did he tell you?" scornfully.

"No. No one told me. I saw it in your face. What was it all about?"

"About ponies—cream-colored," with a spasmodic gulp.

"See here, Dollie," testily: "how do you suppose that poor boy is going to buy you cream ponies? I told you, before you married him, you couldn't have everything. You must be satisfied with Rollie."

Uncle Nat spoke with considerable severity.

"I am, Uncle Nat; only he said such dreadful things. He said he would never trouble me again. That means, he is going to Montana," with a heart-rending sob, this time.

"What do you mean?" gravely now, and really interested.

"It's horrid to tell, Uncle Nat; but, you know, I'm no end of waspish, when I'm crossed, and—and—"

"Well?" interrogatively.

"I locked the door, and wouldn't let him in; and—and Rollie will never speak to me again—never."

Uncle Nat's face was a curious study: between a desire to laugh and a desire to refrain, it twitched all over.

"I am going out for an hour, Dollie," he said, recovering himself with an effort. "Will you stay here and guard my documents? If so, I won't put them away."

Dollie nodded. She was too utterly miserable to reply.

But, as soon as Uncle Nat disappeared, she flung herself on the old haircloth sofa, and gave way to a comfortable fit of crying, after which she fell sound asleep.

In the street, not far from his office, Uncle Nat met Rollie, walking.

"Uncle Nat," the latter said, "I was just coming round to see you. Have you any extra writing? I want to make a few dollars over. I don't mind the work."

Uncle Nat looked at him, with a twinkle in his eye.

"Yes, my lad," he said. "But, remember: you are not to invest your earnings in cream-colored ponies."

Rollie started. A burning flush mounted to his temples.

"You've seen Dollie," he said.

"Yes," answered Uncle Nat, dryly. "They say it isn't wise to interfere between man and wife; but, take my advice, Roll: don't indulge Dollie's whims. Especially," with emphasis, "don't get those ponies; life will ever after be a burden to you. Dollie's an angel, when she's pleased, but a little—well, we won't say—when she's crossed. One of you is going to 'boss.' Were I you, it shouldn't be Dollie."

Rollie hesitated for a moment. Then he said, very decidedly:

"You're right, Uncle Nat. But I love her so, that—that I would like to give her everything she desires."

"No doubt," dryly. "She's at my office, by the bye. Hadn't you better come and take her home?"

"I thought as much, when you spoke of the cream-colored ponies."

"Yes. She came, with some incoherent tale about your going to Montana."

"Did she tell the provocation?"

As he spoke, Rollie's somewhat boyish lips took a stern curve.

"Yes, my dear boy," chuckling. "But why didn't you smash the door in? I would."

Meantime, on the old haircloth sofa, lay Dollie, a crumpled rose-leaf, fast asleep. The tiny hand, with the toy wedding-ring, hung by her side, and the flaxy hair rioted on her forehead in the most tantalizing crimps.

Uncle Nat pushed Rollie in through the door, and then adjourned to the room of one of his cronies—thankful, no doubt, that he was not similarly paradised.

Rollie bent over the flushed wilful sleeper.

Suddenly she started up, with a wild cry of "Oh, Rollie! Rollie, please don't go! Rollie!"

By this time, she was wide-awake; and, as Rollie clasped her close, she murmured, in deepest abasement:

"I don't want any horrid old cream-colored ponies, Rollie," a sob between every word. "Let me keep Brownie—won't you? And you won't go to Montana—will you?"

"A promise for a promise: You won't lock me out again—will you?"

"No, no. You may lock me in the little dark closet under the stairs, Rollie, and I—I won't say a word, though the spiders are as large as lobsters almost."

Brownie was seen, the next day, going down the street, and, behind her, a darling little phaeton—a gift from Uncle Nat.

And that was the last quarrel between Dollie and Rollie. The first year of married life, it is said, is the most difficult to get over. Dollie and Rollie have got over it, and are no longer AN ABSURD COUPLE.

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EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1—Is a costume suitable for either house or street. It is made of cashmere or any self-colored or pin-striped woolens. The skirt is kilt-plaited from the waist, all around, and there is a short puffed drapery at the sides and back. The bodice is pointed into a pointed belt, made crosswise. The tiny zouave-jacket is made of embroidered cashmere, velvet, or net, to match the foundation in color, and trimmed with drop-buttons all round the edge. This is entirely separate, and the costume can be worn either with or without the jacket. Twelve to fourteen

No. 1.

No. 2.

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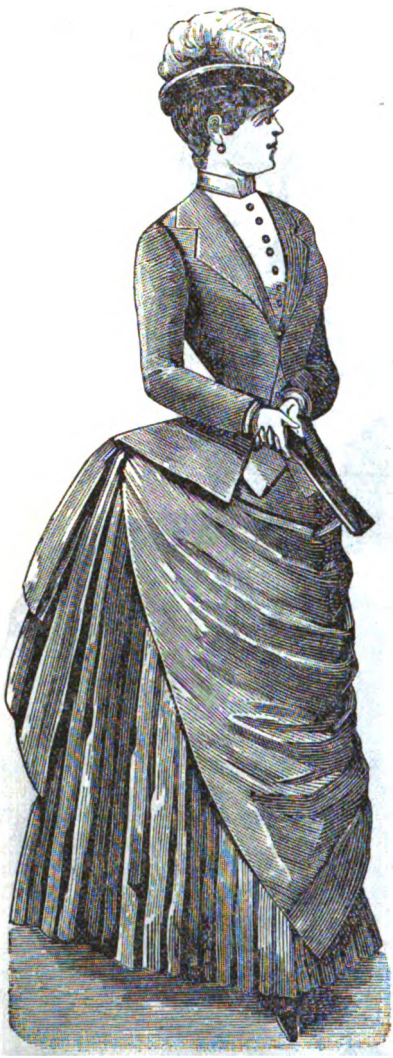
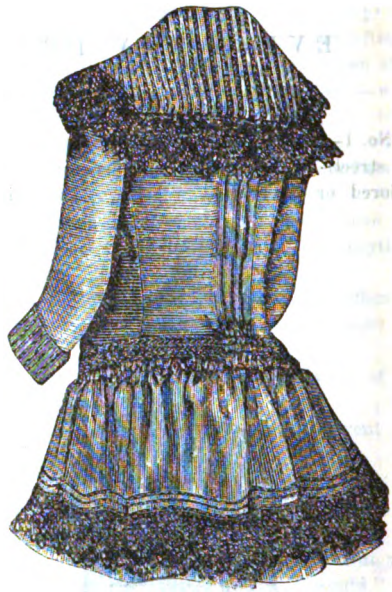
yards of double-width goods for the dress, two yards of twentytwo-inch for jacket.

No. 2—Is a stylish model for a surah, China silk, pongee, etc. The skirt is plain on the front width, the sides and back formed of very wide kilt-plaits. A narrow plaiting edges the skirt from underneath. The drapery is both long and



No. 3.

very full, as seen in the illustration. The bodice has a short postillion-back, and a long point in front. The surah is gathered at the shoulders, and forms a full trimming across the bust. The cuffs are made in the same style. Sixteen to eighteen yards of surah; one and a half dozen buttons, all the trimming required.



No. 4.

No. 3—Is a walking-costume of fine-striped woolens. The underskirt is kilted into a yoke at the waist. The front of the tunic is arranged shawl-fashion, forming a point in front, simply hemmed. The back has a very wide sash, with

No. 5.

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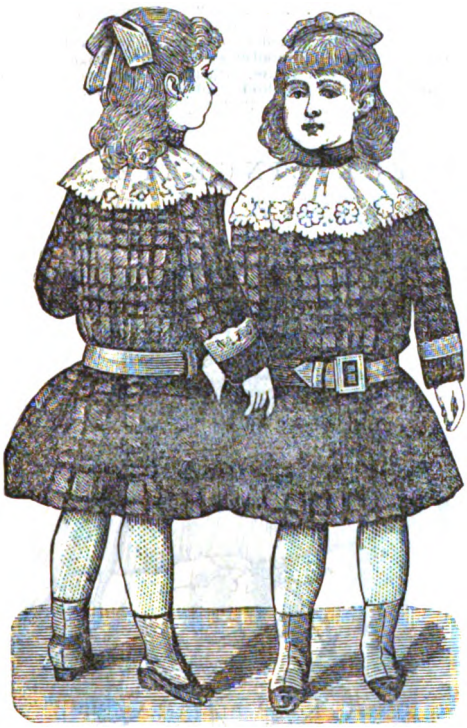
long loops and ends, which are pointed. This is made of the material, and lined with satin or surah to match. The jacket is a simple basque, with a hollow box-plait at the back-seam, to give fullness to the skirt of the basque at the back. The front opens over a vest of a lighter shade of cashmere. The jacket has revers, coat-shape, turning back, and buttons with one button over the vest. High standing collar and plain coat-sleeves. Twelve to fourteen yards of double-fold material will be required. Three-quarters of a yard of cashmere for vest.

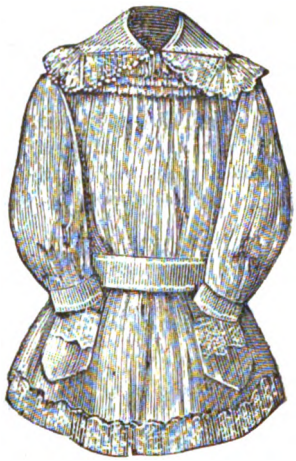
No. 4—Is a stylish and dressy model of a frock for a boy of three to four years. It is



No. 6.

made of marine-blue serge, cashmere, or camel's-hair. The skirt is gathered into the elongated waist, edged with woolen lace to match, headed by three rows of worsted braid. The waist is fulled, back and front: we give the back view The deep square collar is composed of the material, entirely covered by rows of braid, and edged with lace. Cuffs of rows of braid. Waist-band of wide worsted braid, fastening in front by clasp.

No. 5.—For a girl of four to five years. The material is figured cashmere or pongee The elongated waist is box-plaited, back and front. The skirt is hemmed, and has three tucks above the hem. Square yoke-shaped collar, surmounted by a standing collar of velvet. Cuffs to match. Wide sash, with tied-in fringe at the ends. Sash of plain cashmere or soft silk to match.



No. 7.

No. 6.—We give the front and back view of a pretty frock for a girl of three years. It is made of tartan flannel, in which red predominates. It is gathered at the waist, and held in with a pale-brown leather belt and buckle.

No. 8.

The cuffs and upright collar are of garnet velvet. Écru embroidery for the deep collar and cuffs.

No 7.—Nursery blouse, of Turkey twill or blue linen, trimmed with colored embroidery to match. The yoke is gathered, and there are two pockets and a square collar and belt. Cuffs,

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belt, edge of collar, finished with briar-stitch in Turkey-red or blue embroidery-cottons.

No. 8—Is a model for a traveling, seaside, or mountain dress, of flannel or serge, in dark blue, green, or brown The skirt is kilted. The overdrapery is full and long, and edged across the front with a narrow woolen lace to match. The bodice is plain and pointed in front, a short postillion at the back. A plaited vest of surah to match forms the trimming for the bodice. The left side is edged with the woolen lace. Cuffs to match. Ten to twelve yards of fortytwo-inch or fortysix-inch goods will be required; three-quarters of a yard of surah, for vest.

LADIES' DRESS-PATTERNS.

Any style in this number will be sent by mail, on receipt of full price for corresponding article in price-list below. Patterns will be put together and plainly marked. Patterns designed to order.

Princess Dresses: plain,	$ .50
" " with drapery and trimming,	1.00
Polonaises,	.50
Combination Walking-Suits,	1.00
Trimmed Skirts,	.50
Watteau Wrappers,	.50
Plain or Gored Wrappers,	.35
Basques,	.35
Coats,	.35
" with vests or skirts cut off,	.50
Overskirts,	.35
Talmas and Dolmans,	.35
Waterproofs and Circulars,	.35
Ulsters,	.35

CHILDREN'S PATTERNS.

Dresses: plain,	$ .25	Basques and Coats,	$ .25
Combination Suits,	.35	Coats & Vests or Cut Skirts	.35
Skirts and Overskirts,	.25	Wrappers,	.25
Polonaises: plain,	.25	Waterproofs, Circulars, and Ulsters,	.25
" fancy,	.35		

BOYS' PATTERNS.

Jackets,	$ .25	Wrappers,	$ .25
Pants,	.20	Gents' Shirts,	.50
Vests,	.20	" Wrappers,	.30
Ulsters,	.30		

If the pattern desired be of some fashion in the magazine, then send the number and month of magazine, also number of page or figure, with money for same, and also whether for lady or child. Address, Mrs. M. A. Jones, 28 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia.

EMBROIDERED BAG FOR LINGERIE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

This pretty receptacle for small pieces of soiled lingerie, such as collars, cuffs, handkerchiefs, etc.—of which we give an illustration here—is made of one of the handsome linen towels, with open-worked border and knotted fringe. We give the detail in full working-size, for the borders, on the next page: and give the detail for the centre-piece, also full size, on the SUPPLEMENT, folded in with this number.

The middle border is done in cross-stitch, with dark-blue French working-cotton for the interior of the medallions; red for the outside; the narrow bands in red. The border above and below this cross-stitch one is done in a lighter shade of blue, and darned in, as seen. One end of the towel, the lower one, is worked on the right side of the towel; the other on the wrong side, as it is to be turned over to form the frill and the casing for strings. The arrangement may easily be followed from the illustration.

The centre design is worked in wash-silks: in stem-stitch, Kensington-stitch, and French knots. The dress and cap or turban of the child is done in two shades of pale-blue, edged with gold. The arms, legs, and outline of face, in black: using the stem-stitch—or outline, as it is more familiarly called. The hair, amber; the wings, pale-rose of two shades, edged with garnet. The bird is in solid Kensington-stitch: the body shaded, garnet, green, rose, and amber; the breast, amber; beak and eye, black. The chocolate-flower, in two shades of garnet and rose; the heart of it in French knots, garnet and

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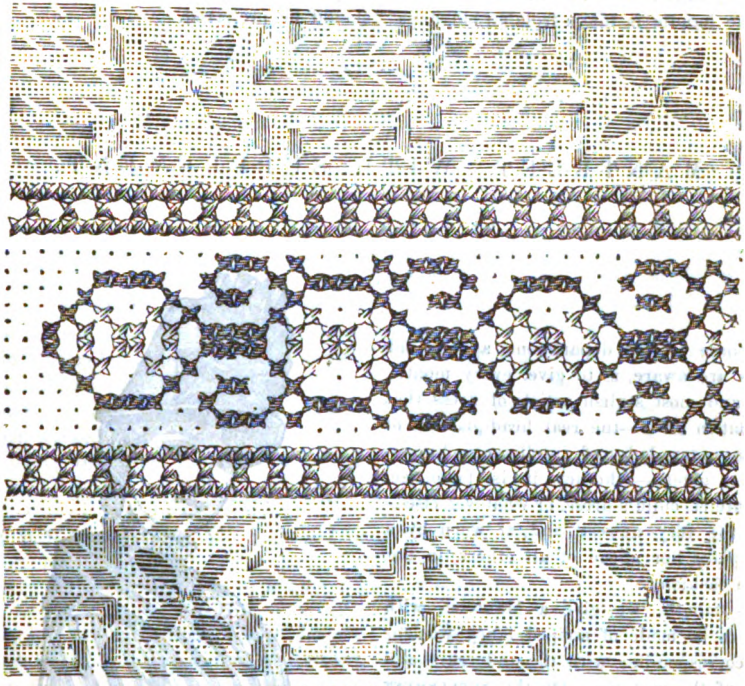
amber; the leaves, two shades of olive-green; stems, four shades of wood-color. After the embroidery is done, the bag is formed by joining the selvage of the towel neatly in overseam. Then turn down the upper end, to form the frill and the casing for the strings. A cord and tassel of blue and red cotton form the strings.

This design will be charming, done in silks on pongee or China silk, for a work-bag; or it will serve for a tidy or the end of a scarf table-cover. For the clothes-bag, when a fine towel cannot be procured, butcher's-linen, momie-cloth, or double-width crash may be substituted. The threads in either of these materials can easily be drawn, to work the border; the edge raveled, for the fringe, and then knotted.



DETAIL OF EMBROIDERED BAG.

ARTISTIC DESIGNS IN FANCY-WORK.

BY MISS E. J. WELSH.

In the front of the number, we give engravings of two new and tasteful affairs, for the work-table, designed expressly for this magazine. Each occupies a full page.

1.—Peacock-Feather Banner. A banner is generally used merely for decoration. But this can be turned into a photograph-receiver—as may be observed from our illustration—by adding the crescent-shaped pocket for the photographs. The size of the banner can be governed by the space the pocket is to fill. The dimensions of the one we give measure thirty by fifteen inches. To make one like it, cut a piece of pasteboard the above dimensions, baste a layer of cotton on one side of it, cover this with pink satin by catching from side to side across the back with strong cotton.

The foundation for the crescent is cut out of pasteboard also. Cover it with peacock-blue plush on one side, and on the other with the satin. Sew the crescent on, so as to form a pocket. Fasten a bunch of natural peacock-feathers at the top of the pocket, with a bow of satin ribbon the color of the satin. Bows are placed on the upper corners, of satin ribbon the color of the pocket. Cover the back with muslin, and sew brass rings on the top, to hang it up by. A banner made in the same manner as this, using

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cat-tails in the place of the peacock-feathers, makes a suitable companion for the one above described, where one wants a pair.

2.—Artistic Fan. Our other illustration is that of an artistic fan, for evening-wear. This can be made by any young lady who can paint at all. It is to be made of a fine quality of pink-tinted card-board. It is triangular-shaped: the top measuring nine inches, and the sides ten and a half. The handle is taken from an old Japanese fan, and fastened securely on the card-board. A bunch of wild roses is painted on it, and a fine pink silk gauze drawn over it and fastened at the bottom. A bow of pink satin ribbon, with long ends, is tied around the top of the handle, where it is joined on the fan. These are more for beauty than real use, but look very pretty made to match evening-dresses. Then they can be used for decoration also, if that should be preferred.

MANTELET, WITH SUPPLEMENT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

The purpose of this department, as our old subscribers are aware, is to give, every month, the latest and most stylish article of dress that has come out in Paris—the real headquarters of fashion, as every lady of intelligence knows. The article given—whether it is polonaise, jacket, mantelet, child's-dress, or whatever else—is always the very newest, and, if worn by a lady, will place her ahead of all others, in her locality, in fashion.

For this month, we give a Mantelet, with Capuchin, to be made of striped fancy woolens or velvet, corresponding with the underskirt and trimmings of the costume. On the Supplement folded in with this number, we give the patterns, full size, for the same. The patterns consist of four pieces, viz:

1.—Half of Back, including Sleeve.
2.—Half of Front.
3.—Half of Capuchin.
4.—Half of Turnover Collar.

The collar and cuffs are of plain velvet, to match; tassels of wool, and silk, or chenille; clasp of oxydized silver.

The letters and notches show how the wrap is put together. But we always advise every lady to cut out the entire garment in muslin, and fit it, before cutting into the material. The present pattern is simple and stylish, and suitable for either spring or summer wrap.

We also give, on the Supplement, several beautiful designs for the work-table, for descriptions of which see next page.

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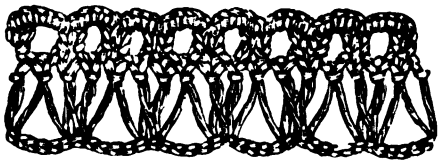
CROCHET NETTING EDGING.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Work this edging with two shades of fawn-colored cotton, on a shuttle. Work the first part over the shuttle, with the lightest shade. This may be made wide or narrow, by using the shuttle any width you wish: it will be described as a narrow one, working over the two small outside prongs. Commence by making a loop; wind the cotton round the inside one of the two prongs, and make a close loop to it. * Turn the shuttle, wind the cotton round the outside prong, take the cotton on the needle from the back, draw through the loop. Take up the thread of the last loop worked to the left hand, draw the cotton through; then take up the cotton over this loop, draw through one loop. Then draw it through the two loops; repeat from the *, taking care to make all the loops of an even length on each prong. The foundation: Work with the dark shade. The small loops are for the foundation. One double chain on the first loop, *, four double chains on the second loop, and, with it, take up the third loop, twisting it once. Repeat from the *.

The edge: One double chain on the first loop, *, five chains. Take up the next four loops together, giving each one a twist as you take it up. Work a double chain on the four loops. Repeat from the * to the end, and fasten off.

EMBROIDERY DESIGNS ON SUPPLEMENT.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We give, on the SUPPLEMENT, three designs for the work-table: all new, and all more than usually artistic.

1.—DESIGN OF CARNATIONS, in outline-stitch, a very pretty decoration.

2.—DETAIL OF EMBROIDERED BAG, full size, of which bag an engraving is given on page 456, with directions for working, which see.

3.—DESIGN FOR MORNING-GLORIES, in outline-stitch.

DESIGN FOR GENTLEMAN'S HANDKERCHIEF.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

This design may either be done in solid embroidery or in outline-stitch, in colored French working-cottons. Two or three shades of wood-color, from light to dark brown.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

WHY "MAY-DAY" IS NOT "MAY-DAY."—A fair correspondent inquires why it is that May-Day, which is described as so spring-like by the Elizabethan poets, is now, as a rule, so bleak and wintry. "Was it poetical license only," she asks, "or was May-Day really vernal?"

There are two reasons why May-Day is no longer what it was. In the first place, the calendar has been altered, so that what was the first of May, in the time of Queen Elizabeth, is now the eleventh. This makes a great difference, at that season of the year especially. If our fair reader will go out into the fields and woods on the eleventh of May, she will find them more or less spring-like, unless her home is very far North. The poets she quotes, from Shakespeare down, lived in the southern counties of England, where spring comes in as soon as it does in Southern Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Ohio, or Illinois. They were not, therefore, indulging in "poetical license" when they described the first of May as vernal. Further, we know, from cotemporary writers, that it was the custom, with village-maids and their admirers, to go out into the fields and woods, on May-Day, to look for wild-flowers, which they brought home and wreathed around the May-pole, where they danced, afterward, late into the night.

The second reason is that the climate, in this northern hemisphere, has changed for the worse. Men of science tell us that this is because of the alteration in the earth's axis toward the sun. At one time, a large portion of North America, as well as all England, was covered with glaciers. Then a warmer cycle set in. Now, according to the same authorities, this northern hemisphere is swinging back to a glacial period. Certain it is that the climate of England, when we first hear of it historically, was much milder than at present. At the time of the Romans, for example, grapes grew there, from which excellent wine was made. On our own continent, in Greenland, where, nine centuries ago, and even later, there were flourishing Danish settlements, there is now only a desolate expanse of snow and ice, where human habitation is impossible.

Meantime, there is no reason why our fair correspondent should not give her May-Day party. The glacial period will not return, even if science is correct about it, for tens of thousands of years: and will not interfere, therefore, with her proposed festivities. Moreover, unless the season be very backward, she will be able to find plenty of the earlier spring flowers, on the first of May, in the locality where she lives, if she will only go out into the woods and fields to look for them.

A SIMPLE PREPARATION for rendering woven fabrics more or less incombustible consists of three parts of borax and two and a half of sulphate of magnesia, mixed with twenty parts of water just before using. The fabrics are first thoroughly impregnated with this solution, then wrung out, and washed after having become nearly dry. A mixture of sulphate of ammonia and sulphate of lime is used by some.

"MUST FIND IT INDISPENSABLE."—The Tuskagee (Ala.) News says: "The last number of 'Peterson's Magazine' is an unusually fine number, running over with good things. It seems to us that every lady, and even every family, must find this magazine indispensable."

FASHIONABLE RECEPTACLES FOR FERNS, ETC.—Among our country subscribers, it has often been the cause of complaint or regret that receptacles for ferns or flowers were so difficult to get. But that can scarcely be urged now, for fashion has decreed that drain-pipes, iron potato-pots or cauldrons, flour and butter tubs, brown earthenware crocks, small wheelbarrows, rough baskets, painted brown or bright red, tin buckets, dairy-pans, painted to imitate blue china, and filled with growing ferns—and various other homely articles, are "quite the thing" for house-decoration. Busy fingers paint and varnish till the original appearance is so altered that the owners themselves do not recognize it for what it was. Placed in a suitable and effective place, filled with ivy-trails, ferns, grass, or flowers—always to be had in town or country, of some kind or other—the homely article becomes a thing of beauty and artistic grace, however rough the workmanship is, and is within the reach of all, rich and poor, in busy town or secluded village. A pot of prepared house-paint, sold in all colors by painters and other dealers, effects a quick, easy, and wondrous transformation—followed, when dry, by a coat of hard-drying varnish. If the operator can paint flowers or other designs, all the better; but, if not, let him or her gum on some colored scraps of effective appearance, cutting and arranging them with some taste, and afterward varnish over the entire surface. If this be not cared for, then take some old sash-ribbon, and tie it round in a smart-looking bow, or utilize a scrap of velvet material, or an embroidered scarf, by draping it about it. A three-legged cauldron, from small to large size, is worthy of a place on drawing-room or dining-room table, if the legs be gilded, the body shaded upward from dark to light, painted with flowers or butterflies, and finished off with a pretty velvet or satin bow, tied into each side-ring. The handle, if not removed, should be gilded. Rustic ornaments, made of bits of twig or firwood, cones, beech-nuts, cork, etc., are also effective, and pleasant work for many busy fingers.

NOW THAT DAFFODILS are so much the rage, it may not be out of place to mention that, if roots were planted early in November, and put in a warm conservatory, the blossoms will be in full beauty about the present time, and may be useful to pluck and put among the palms and Roman hyacinths, which are all that most small conservatories have to make them gay just at present. Great care must be taken in planting them, not to give too rich a soil; for, if we do, the fine delicate Lenten lily develops into the blowsy-faced double daffodil in a most heartrending manner. A stiff poor clay is really the best for them, and they can then be put back on the shelves among the geraniums for next summer, until they have made a start and begin to show buds. Take a note of this, and remember it in time, next November.

"NICER THAN EXPECTED."—A lady, acknowledging the receipt of the magazines for her club, says: "I want to thank you for the beautiful book you sent me: it is so much nicer than I had any idea it would be. In advertising, they generally make out a thing better than it really is; but, in your case, it was entirely the other way. The new subscribers have received their books, and are very much pleased with them."

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IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO GET UP CLUBS to this magazine, or to subscribe for it singly. For getting up clubs, we continue to offer the same premiums we offered last December. The principal clubs, and premiums for getting up the clubs, are as follows:

"*The Forget-Me-Not.*"—For two subscribers at $1.75 each ($3.50 for the two), we will send, gratis, the magnificent Album, "The Forget-Me-Not," postage free, to the person getting up the club. Or, for three subscribers at $1.50 each ($4.50 for the three), we will send the same superb premium. This album is superbly bound in morocco cloth, gilt, and adorned with elegant steel-engravings and other illustrations.

Large-Sized Engraving, "The Angel of Paradise."—Or, for getting up either of the above clubs, we will send, *if preferred*, the large-sized (21 x 27) steel-engraving, for framing, "The Angel of Paradise," as a premium, postage free. This is a very beautiful engraving.

An Extra Copy of the Magazine for 1886 will be sent, as a premium, for two copies at $2.00 each ($4.00 in all), or for three copies at $1.75 each ($5.25 in all), or for four copies at $1.62½ each ($6.50 in all), or for six copies at $1.50 each ($9.00 in all), or for ten copies at $1.40 each ($14.00 in all).

An Extra Copy and "The Forget-Me-Not" will be sent for five copies at $1.60 each ($8.00 in all), or for seven copies at $1.50 each ($10.50 in all). Or, for *twelve dollars*, eight copies will be sent, and both an extra copy and "The Forget-Me-Not," and the engraving, "The Angel of Paradise."

Back numbers, to January inclusive, can always be supplied. Specimens are sent, gratis, if written for, *in good faith*, by persons wishing to get up clubs.

THE FASHION IN RIBBONS.—There has never been a larger choice of ribbons. They have all a picot or fringed or fancy edge of some kind, and, though there is a large choice of all widths, the one most used in millinery is certainly narrower. Gauze satin and velvet are often blended in one ribbon, and with different colorings. Fine soft corded ribbons show the large tasseled picot edges; twill silk ribbons, soft like surah, are striped, and have a picot edge of a contrasting color. The mediæval designs printed in gold still survive, in a minor degree; they are printed on a satin ground with a vandyked fringed edge, with a tassel between each scallop. All stripes go down the ribbon, not across. Some of them are graduated, and there is much beauty apparent in the amalgamation of the colorings. The old-fashioned thin gauze ribbons of half a century ago are most fashionable now; some of them show a satin edge, some two colorings, some a corded stripe. Gold picots are another new idea introduced on a ribbon of solid color. Crèpe ribbons are to be worn with satin edges and picots. There is no end to the variety of stripes introduced on to the new gauze ribbons.

A GOOD OATMEAL-DRINK is made by putting three tablespoonfuls of coarse oatmeal into three quarts of cold water, and boil it for half an hour; while hot, sweeten to taste with brown sugar. Most people prefer it strained. This is very good mixed with cocoa—about half of each—as a hot drink; or it can be flavored with cloves and lemon-peel, boiled in it. If it is to be drunk cold, a half-ounce of citric acid may be put to each two or three gallons. Lemon-juice is preferable to the acid, but very much dearer. Rice or barley drink can be made in the same way, using broken rice or barley, instead of oatmeal.

SATIN DOG-COLLARS, to match the color of the dress, and embroidered with beads, also to match, are now often worn round the neck, with evening-dresses.

BACK NUMBERS CAN ALWAYS BE HAD by writing to us and enclosing the price, eighteen cents a number.

WHAT ARE NICE GIFTS.—A subscriber asks us: "What are nice presents to give?" We would say: *For gentlemen:* silk stockings, wristers, purses, ear-muffs, mittens, smoking or bicycle cap. *For ladies:* stockings, mittens, wristers, purses, ear-muffs, knee-warmers, watch-pocket, chatelaine-bag. *For children:* baby-cap, hood, sack, socks, stomach-bands, shirt, coach-Afghan, crib-quilts.

ADDITIONS MAY BE MADE TO A CLUB at the price paid by the rest of the club; and, when enough additional names have been sent, the sender will be entitled to another premium or premiums. The additions may be made at any time, all through the year. Go on adding to your clubs, and earning additional premiums.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

England as Seen by an American Banker. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo.* *Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.*—The title of this book is rather misleading. One would think, from it, that the volume was devoted to financial problems. On the contrary, the work is a narrative of a pedestrian tour through England, in which the author saw all sorts of out-of-the-way places, and became acquainted with the common people in a manner few travelers do. In some respects, the book is better than anything we have had, since Howitt's rural sketches.

Three Hundred Presents. By Lucretia P. Hale and Margaret E. White. 1 *vol.*, *small* 8*vo.* *Illustrated.* *Boston: S. W. Tilton & Co.*—This is a very valuable volume for ladies who love fancy-work—and do not all love it? It gives some three hundred designs, for decorative and fancy articles for presents, fairs, etc., with directions for making them, illustrating the whole with nearly one hundred engravings. Some of the designs, too, are exceedingly beautiful as well as new.

Little Heartsease. By Annie L. Wright. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo.* *Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.*—This charming story reminds us somewhat of Rhoda Broughton. It is humorous and pathetic by turns; but, on the whole, one of the brightest and cheeriest of recent fictions. The heroine, "Little Pansy," will win every heart.

The Message of the Bluebird. 1 *vol.*, *small* 4*to.* *Boston: Lee & Shepard.*—A very beautiful illustrated poem, one of the daintiest things of the season. The engravings are from designs by Irene E. Jerome, whose "One Year's Sketch-Book" is so well known. Such books as this are a credit to American art.

Not His Daughter. By Will Herbert. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo.* *Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.*—This is a new society-novel, depicting some of the more salient phases of American life. It is very graphic and realistic. A charming love-story runs through the book, adding greatly to the interest.

Boys' Useful Pastimes. By Professor Robert Griffith, A.M. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo.* *New York: A. L. Burt.*—A very valuable book of its kind. It contains directions for the use of tools, the making of toys, household-ornaments, etc., etc. Illustrated by nearly three hundred wood-cuts.

A Bohemian Tragedy. By Lily Curry. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo.* *Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.*—The scene of this new American novel is laid in New York City. It is a very dramatic story. We predict for it great popularity.

Talks With Girls on Health and Beauty. By Frances Smith. 1 *vol.*, 16*mo.* *New York: A. L. Burt.*—This is a manual on the general care of the health, with chapters on dress, conversation, etc., etc. An excellent treatise.

The Aliens. By Henry F. Keenan. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo.* *New York: D. Appleton & Co.*—A new novel by the author of "Trajan." It is stirring and picturesque like that, and quite above the average of ordinary fiction.

Hints on Language. By S. Arthur Bent, A. M. 1 *vol.*, 16*mo.* *Boston: Lee & Shepard.*—Intended for a text-book in schools, to be used in primary and intermediate ones.

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OUR ARM-CHAIR.

One Advantage In Taking a magazine like "Peterson," as a leading periodical says, is that it gives, every month, "a variety of styles, that ladies may have a wide choice." Yes, and every article—dress, bonnet, mantle, or otherwise—is the *very latest Paris fashion*, and therefore the best of its kind. Other lady's-magazines, *as a rule*, are issued by dealers, or persons interested in selling certain styles; and these styles, of course, are necessarily second-rate, because originating in New York or Philadelphia, etc., etc. Now, "Peterson" has no object in giving poor styles. We do not sell goods. We alone stand in a perfectly independent position. We tell what is really the fashion, and give what are really late Paris costumes. And out of these, so many are they, any lady ought to be able to select what would make her look well; for, as we said recently, it is not every bonnet or gown that looks well on every woman: the true way to dress is to select, as Parisian ladies do, that which suits the complexion, figure, style, etc., etc.

Cakes Without Eggs.—In a little book just issued from the press of Messrs. Scribner & Welford, New York, a large number of practical though novel receipts are given for making cakes of various kinds, from the informal griddle-cake to the stately bride-cake, without eggs, by the use of the Royal Baking-Powder. Experienced housekeepers inform us that this custom has already obtained large precedence over old-fashioned methods in economical kitchens, and that the product is frequently superior to that where eggs are used, and that less butter is also required for shortening-purposes. The advantage is not alone in the saving effected, but in the avoidance of the trouble attendant upon securing fresh eggs, and the annoyance of an occasional cake spoiled by the accidental introduction of an egg that has reached a little too nearly the incubatory period. The Royal Baking-Powder also invariably insures perfectly light, sweet, and handsome cake; or, when used for griddle-cakes to be eaten hot, enables their production in the shortest possible space of time, and makes them most tender and delicious, as well as entirely wholesome. There is no other preparation like it.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

MEATS.

Stewed Meat.—Take a pound of scraps of meat. Fry these in dripping till brown, and also two onions, two carrots, and two turnips cut up small. Put both meat and vegetables into a saucepan, cover with water which has been thickened with a little flour, add pepper and salt, and simmer gently with the lid on the pan for an hour, or longer if the meat be tough. If liked, potatoes cut into quarters, and onions, can be stewed with the gravy. Serve very hot.

Stewed Scraps of Meat with Onions.—Grease a stewpan thickly with dripping, cover the bottom with a layer of onions, put a layer of meat on this, with pepper and salt, and repeat until all is used. Cover the saucepan closely, and stew very gently for an hour and a half. The water which is in the onions will make plenty of gravy. Onions are nourishing and wholesome, and constitute a valuable article of food.

Steak Pie or Pudding.—In making, sprinkle about half a teaspoonful of moist sugar over the steak, along with the pepper and salt; it not only improves the flavor, but makes the meat very tender.

DESSERTS.

Apple Dumplings.—The apples should be rather tart, as sweet ones when cooked are very tasteless; they should be pared and well cored. The paste should be very light, and all the apples can be put in one large piece of paste—or each apple can be encased in a piece of paste by itself—and then put into a bag or bags, to boil, till thoroughly done. Many persons use small netted bags, which are made expressly for the purpose, to boil the dumplings in. After the apples are put in the paste, the latter should be pinched hard and close, to keep it from opening. Some persons prefer the apple dumplings baked, rather than boiled. A sauce of butter and sugar beaten together, flavored with a little cooking-brandy or rose-water, is used, or some butter can be spread on the dumpling while it is hot, some fine sugar sifted over it, and then it can be eaten with cream.

Boiled Rhubarb Pudding.—For the paste, chop five or six ounces of beef-suet, and rub it well into one pound of flour; work the whole up into a smooth paste with half a pint of water; line your basin with the paste; wash, wipe—and, if old, string—four or five sticks of fine rhubarb, and cut it into inch lengths; fill the basin with it, put in half a pound of moist sugar, cover with paste, pinching the edges closely together, tie over it a floured cloth, put it into boiling water, and boil from two to two and a half hours. When turned out of the basin, serve with a jug of cream and sifted sugar.

Coffee Ice-Pudding.—Pound two ounces of freshly-roasted coffee in a mortar, just enough to crush the berries without reducing them to powder. Put it into a pint of milk, with six ounces of loaf-sugar, let it boil, then leave it to get cold, strain it on the yolks of six eggs in a double saucepan, and stir on the fire till the custard thickens. When quite cold, work into it a gill and a half of cream, whipped to a froth. Freeze the mixture in the ice-pot, then fill a plain ice-mold with it, and lay it in ice till the time of serving.

Tapioca Cream.—Soak two tablespoonfuls of tapioca overnight, in just enough water to cover it. In the morning, boil one quart of milk with the tapioca, add two-thirds of a cupful of sugar, a little salt, and the beaten yolks of three eggs; stir them in the milk, and remove from the fire. On the top, put the three whites, beaten to a stiff froth, and flavor to taste. To be eaten cold.

Strawberry Cream.—A quart of milk, a pint of cream, a quart of ripe strawberries squeezed through a hair sieve, a pint of sugar—many like more than a pint—and a pinch of salt, mixed well together, and then frozen, make the best, simplest, and most wholesome ice-cream. Raspberries and peaches also flavor it very nicely; and, when fruit is not in season, chocolate or coffee is very good.

CAKES.

Gingerbread Loaf.—Two ounces of ginger, beaten and sifted, quarter of a pound of moist sugar, one and a quarter pounds of flour, teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, three-quarters of a pound of syrup, seven ounces of butter, fresh melted and washed a little; four eggs, well beaten, yolks and whites together. Mix all well together, line the tin with well-buttered paper, bake in rather cool oven. It burns very easily. Half-pound of citron, in good-sized pieces, is an improvement.

Strawberry Shortcake.—Make a rich short crust with butter and flour, allowing one ounce more of flour than butter. Bake in flat tins of equal size—the pastry, when baked, should be about an inch thick; open the shortcake, butter it well, and cover one-half with a layer of strawberries previously mixed with sugar; have alternate layers of berries and pastry, finishing with the former, over which place a layer of whipped cream.

Slim Cakes.—One and a half pounds of flour, one teaspoonful of salt, half a pound of butter, forty grains of carbonate of soda. Mix with buttermilk or sour milk, roll out, cut in strips about three inches wide and across, diamond-shape. They are best baked on a griddle, but can be baked in the oven. They are delicious, if properly and quickly made, and not in the least like pastry.

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Cocoanut Biscuit.—Scrape off the skin carefully, grate the nut very fine, and add half the weight of powdered sugar. Mix well together with white of egg, drop on wafer-paper in small rough knobs the size of a walnut, and bake in a slack oven.

MISCELLANEOUS.

When Lard or Butter is used for frying, let there be sufficient in the pan to cover the article intended to be cooked: which article, be it what it may, should not be placed in the fat until the latter has quite boiled up. This may be condemned as extravagant, but it is not so in reality: as the same fat, if carefully poured into pots, will serve for many occasions—taking care, of course, that that in which fish, for instance, has been dressed is not used for meat, eggs, or omelettes. This sort of thing can be satisfactorily regulated by labeling the pots, and it is a most excellent plan of management, as by no other method can things be properly fried.

Bread and Milk.—This may be made without boiling the milk, which very much deteriorates it, by simply breaking the bread into cold milk in a china vessel, which stand in a saucepan half full of cold water. Put it on to boil, and let it boil for five minutes say, then place it on the hob for a little while. The bread will become as soft as the finest pap, according to how long it is left on the hob (ten minutes at longest), and it will be found invaluable for very young children, especially if sick or delicate.

To use White of Egg.—The white of six or ten eggs or more, as required, well beaten up as if for trifle; then add powdered loaf-sugar—not too much, as it would cause the froth to fall. For the white of ten eggs, the juice of one lemon is sufficient. Mix the three ingredients, and drop the mixture in little heaps on paper. Put them into a moderate oven till they are a pale-brown color. They ought to be eaten while they are light and puffy.

To make Tea, and Preserve the Flavor.—First warm your teapot, then fill it with water (boiling) from the fire, and, having the quantity of tea required measured out in a cup, put it into the teapot, on the top of the water, cover it up quickly, and put the cosy over, letting it stand for ten minutes.

When making an Apple-Tart, cut a lemon in two, squeeze the juice upon the fruit when piled in the dish, and place the two halves, haystack-fashion, in the centre, before covering in. They will serve the purpose of the old-fashioned cup, and impart a delicious flavor to the tart.

Ham.—Not one morsel of ham—even when it comes quite to the end—ought ever to be thrown away. The dry parts can be grated down for toast or sandwiches, and the outside pieces add flavoring to the stock-pot.

Cure for Hay-Fever.—Cut up small some of the new hay, and make tea of it. Drink a wineglassful of the tea, about three times a day, and it will relieve and carry off the fever.

OUR ARM-CHAIR.

CATARRH AND BRONCHITIS CURED.—A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease, sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Dr. J. Flynn & Co., 117 East Fifteenth Street, New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

"STORIES ESPECIALLY GOOD."—The Hillsdale (Mich.) Democrat only echoes the universal verdict of the newspaper-press, when it says of our last number: "The stories, all original, are especially good." Yes: no other lady's-book, at any price, has such stories.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE FOR WOMEN AND CHILDREN.—Dr. Joseph Holt, New Orleans, La., says: "I have frequently found it of excellent service in cases of debility, particularly for women and children."

"BETTER THAN EVER."—A lady writes, on renewing her subscription: "I am delighted with my old friend 'Peterson,' this year: it is better than ever."

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

☞ Everything relating to this department should be addressed "Puzzle Editor," PETERSON'S MAGAZINE, P.-O. Box 328, Marblehead, Mass.

No. 280.—DIAMOND.

1. A letter. 2. To put in order. 3. A kind of wigs of false hair. 4. Flights. 5. Spotted. 6. To disenchant. 7. A young ox or heifer. 8. A boy's nickname. 9. A letter.

St. Albans, Vt. METEOR.

No. 281.—HOUR-GLASS.

1. A youth. 2. A short song. 3. A flower. 4. To behold. 5. A letter. 6. A tree. 7. Booty. 8. To ornament. 9. Head-stone. My centrals form the name of a magazine.

York, Pa. B. N. SNYDER.

Answers Next Month.

CULTURE OF FLOWERS.

WATERING PLANTS.—This is a point in plant-culture—in pots—that is frequently much neglected. With all beginners, a proper knowledge of the requirements of cultivated plants should receive close attention, as much in regard to watering as in choosing the potting-soil and other necessaries of plant-life in pots. A study of their roots, their character and mode of growth, their durability and relative numbers in proportion to the foliage of the plant, will all need to be considered. The character of the plant itself also requires to be looked into: rapid growth in any given genus, as a rule, denotes a proportionate supply of water, to sustain its root-action; slower growth points to a more moderate supply; whilst, in the case of plants of hard wiry growth—such as many of the New Holland plants of our greenhouses—the most careful attention is essential to maintain them in a healthy state; and, with such, extremes must be avoided. One point in regard to the latter class of plants requires much attention: that is, any plant that has become pot-bound, if it has been well grown, and good soil has been used, the ball will have become a compact mass of roots and soil, and, most likely, the roots will have taken firm hold of the surface-soil. Now, in such a case, if there is not too much room left for the reception of water, by reason of the plant being low in the pot, once or even twice filling the pot with water will not be sufficient to penetrate the entire ball; the result, in such cases of omission to give water, being a loss of those roots that have congregated around the drainage and lower portion of the ball of the plant. If this occur with ericas or azaleas for a few times, the issue by-and-by will be apparent in the development of puny diminutive flowers, in the place of those of good size and strength. The slopping system of watering is bad, with all plants; a little now, and a little another time, should not be tolerated in any case, and particularly so when dealing with plants of woody growth. Watering, too, is oftentimes hurried over, in order to get on with other work. It is a bad plan to give a superficial attention at the watering, equally as

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much as it is to go to the other extreme, and water plants against their needing any the next day. After a close observation of the requirements of each genus, the art of watering is simplified.

SICK-CHAMBER.

When Nursing a Fever-Patient, recollect that you should never, on any account, "take his breath," as it is called; always stand between your patient and the window, so that the air—and we hope you will have plenty—shall blow from you to him, not from him to you. Any discharges that come from the patient should be disinfected before being thrown out, and should never, on any account, be allowed to stand in the sick-room, to poison the air. You will be told what disinfectant to use. Chloride of lime, dry or in solution, is a very common one, and very good for some purposes; but it will corrode anything of tin, and it will burn clothes. Any linen, etc., coming from the patient's bed or body, should be disinfected before being sent to the public laundry. If you have nothing else at hand, plunge the things into boiling water. It is a good plan to let a person suffering from a contagious fever use, instead of pocket-handkerchiefs, pieces of old linen, which can be burned at once when dirtied. Nothing can be more foolish than to store up pieces of flannel, etc., which have been used about a fever-case. We knew of a family where one of the children had scarlet fever, and used to wear a piece of red flannel round her throat while recovering. Quite a year afterward, one of the servants opened a drawer, where she found this thing and recognized it. Taking it up, she put it round her own throat, for a joke. Immediately afterward, the girl was seized with scarlet fever, which could be traced to nothing but this wretched rag, which should have been burned long before.

FASHIONS FOR MAY.

Fig. i.—Walking-Dress, of Thin Woolen Material. The skirt is finished about the bottom with three ruffles, the upper one of which has two or three rows of shirring and a narrow upright ruffle. The overdress has a long rounded apron-front, and is fully draped at the back. The bodice is plain, and the jacket opens below the waist, shows the bodice, and is finished by a deep plaited ruffle. Bonnet of brown straw, trimmed with brown velvet, bows of ribbon, and upright feathers.

Fig. ii.—Visiting-Dress, of Light-Yellow India Silk, figured with a bronze spot. The lower skirt is quite plain. The overskirt is long in front, draped high at the sides, and quite full over the tournure at the back. The bodice has three points in the back, and two very long points in front; the latter are finished by dahlia-colored tassels. The watered ribbon at the side, the bows on the front of the bodice, collar, and cuffs are of dahlia-colored watered silk. Straw hat, faced and trimmed with the same colored silk and feathers.

Fig. iii.—House-Dress, of Lilac-Colored Foulard. The lower skirt has plaitings of the silk around the bottom, and is trimmed with two rows of colored lace. The overskirt has a long shawl-front, the points falling on the right side of the skirt. The skirt at the back is undraped, but is worn over a large tournure. The bodice is cut square in front; is full, below the opening, to the waist, where it is gathered in a point; and has a shawl-drapery on the shoulders, over white crèpe-lisse folds.

Fig. iv.—House-Dress, of White Muslin, the skirt trimmed with three ruffles figured with roses. The high bodice is made slightly full, back and front, and has a large plaited collar of the figured material. The sash is of pink, white, and green plaid ribbon.

Fig. v.—Walking-Dress, of Gray Nun's-Veiling. The underskirt is made of a soft thin woolen material, striped longitudinally with a much darker shade of gray: black or dark-gray velvet, or even braid, would look well. The overdress has a long shawl-front, opens up high on the sides, and is most gracefully draped at the back. The bodice has a vest and two bias revers of the striped material. Bonnet of black straw, trimmed with gray velvet and a pink pompon.

Fig. vi.—Walking-Dress, of Brown Bourette, with a dull-red and green mixed stripe. The underskirt is quite plain. The upper skirt falls in a shallow fan-plait in front, is plain at the sides, and falls in full jabot-plaits at the back. The close-fitting bodice is fastened with large buttons; and large pockets, collar, and cuffs are of black velvet. Brown straw bonnet, trimmed with ribbon to correspond with the dress, and stiff feathers.

Fig. vii.—Walking-Dress, of Pale-Blue Zephyr, having an even pattern of crimson spots. The polonaise is made round and short, having a waistband. The neck opens with a sailor's-collar, below which is a loose full drapery, which is drawn down to the waist, where it is tied in a sailor's-knot. The sleeves are of the usual shape, having draped cuffs, with fancy knots of the material. The polonaise is drawn up high at sides, and falls over two long pointed side-pieces. The back-drapery is very full, and is elegantly arranged in loops-and-folds, falling low on the underskirt. The underskirt is quite plain; the edge is trimmed with a gathered flounce, put on with an upright frill.

Fig. viii.—House-Dress, of Plain Dark-Blue and Striped Blue Woolen Canvas. The skirt is laid in one very wide box-plait at the back, with full side-plaitings; the upper part is of the plain dark-blue material, the lower part of the striped material. The centre of the back and front, the lower part of the sleeves, and collar are of the plain material; and the rest of the bodice is made of the striped woolen canvas. The centre of bodice at the back is in fan-plaits. Woolen braid, put on a plain material, would look even better than the striped canvas.

Fig. ix.—Walking-Dress, of Soft Gray and Brown Striped Woolen Material. At the side of the skirt is a piece of plain woolen, laid in narrow kilt-plaitings. The skirt is quite long in front, slightly draped below the hips, and, at the back, it is very full and gathered up in irregular draperies. The close-fitting bodice is slightly pointed at the back. Bonnet of gray tulle, trimmed with satin ribbon of the same color and lead-colored beads.

Fig. x.—Walking-Dress, of Green Cashmere, trimmed with a shawl-pattern cashmere, in rich colors. The underskirt is made on a foundation—as nearly all skirts now are—the cashmere being arranged in a deep loose puff, finished by a deep flounce, trimmed with a broad band of the figured cashmere. The round body has a belt, finished by a group of green satin ribbon bows; the front is open at the neck, showing a close-plaited vest with a high-band collar, and is trimmed by a shawl-revers of the colored cashmere, with cuffs to match. The front-drapery of the overskirt is drawn high, and draped under the satin bow. The remaining drapery is arranged full at the sides and back, and then falls straight and square. A broad band of the shawl-cashmere edges the overskirt all round.

Fig. xi.—Bonnet, of Black Straw, trimmed with black feathers.

Fig. xii.—Lace Plastron, Made over Apricot-Colored Silk, draped with white lace, and dotted with pearl beads.

Fig. xiii.—House-Dress, of Myrtle-Green Surah. The skirt falls in straight plaits, back and front, and has panels of rich brocade at the sides. The high bodice has a vest of the brocade. The collar is very high, and the sleeves put in with an easy fullness.

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FIG. XIV.—ROSETTES, OF RIBBON, FOR THE HAIR. These rosettes may be made of ribbon of any color to suit the dress, and are mounted on long strong hairpins.

FIG. XV.—BONNET, OF BLACK LACE, for an elderly lady. It is made over a rather high cap-crown, is trimmed with black satin ribbon, and has lace strings, which are knotted in front.

FIG. XVI.—BONNET, OF BLACK LACE, studded with jet, and trimmed with a bunch of daffodil-colored satin ribbon.

FIG. XVII.—HAT, OF GRAY STRAW, faced with black velvet, and trimmed with gray satin ribbon and feathers.

FIG. XVIII.—BONNET, OF BLACK STRAW, with a deep jet edge, studded with large jets, and trimmed with black satin ribbon and large bunches of snowballs.

FIG. XIX.—BONNET, OF COARSE WHITE STRAW, trimmed with loops of black velvet ribbon, poppies, and field-flowers.

GENERAL REMARKS.—It cannot be said that any one color is particularly fashionable, this season: shades of chamois, from the lightest to a tobacco-brown tint, as well as grays from a smoke-color to a most delicate dove or pearl, are all popular for outdoor wear.

For the house, are rose-tints and exquisite mauves, which can be used alone, or combined with white muslin, white or black lace, or any other thin texture; while all the shades of yellow—from primrose, corn-color, or amber, to a deep-gold—are plentifully made up under black lace.

Stripes are much used in combination with plain materials, especially in woolen goods and heavier silks, while figured foulards and sateens are made up with plain materials. In the former case, the stripe is used for the underdress; in the latter, the plain material is more generally employed for that purpose. But two shades of plain material are almost as fashionable. In fact, these combinations depend entirely on the taste of the wearer; and so great is the latitude with regard to fashion, at present, that any woman may dress as is most becoming, and to please herself.

Plaid and figured ginghams are delightful for summer-gowns for women of all ages, and are usually made up very simply, though they can be arranged to look more dressy if trimmed with Hamburg embroidery or torchon lace.

American seersuckers are very pretty also for warm days. They come in a variety of colors, whereas the Chinese ones are always of a gray and white stripe. They are labor-saving dresses—as, after being washed, they are only to be shaken out, hung up to dry, but not ironed.

Canvas goods are very popular. They are not as soft and graceful as nun's-veiling; but, as they come in plain colors or in stripes, or like the étamines, they make a greater variety in the dress.

In the making of dresses, there is nothing absolutely new; but perhaps the short street-dresses are not quite as short as they were; and, except for young people, or for older women with very beautiful feet, this is an advantage. Of course, for bad weather, the shorter dress is preferable; but any dress which escapes the ground is of suitable length.

Draperies which are long and pointed in front, and fall in full plaits at the back, with little or no looping, are perhaps most worn. They usually open over the under-skirt, on one side, up to the hip; on the other, the drapery is caught up in graceful curves.

For simple wash-dresses, three or four flounces, all around the skirt, are frequently seen; and one of the most beautiful house-dresses of the season is a black silk, trimmed all around the skirt by four flounces of not very wide black escurial lace.

Bodices are made in any style that is preferred—cuirass, or with a narrow basque, or with points only, or round at the waist.

Vests, plastrons, revers, are all very popular; but, to many, the plain basque is the most becoming, and is fashionable.

Hooks-and-eyes are again employed, after many years of disuse, to fasten dresses. They should be placed quite close together, or the bodice will not fit well; but, with the huge buttons that now sometimes ornament the sides of bodices, or underneath the full plastrons, etc., etc., the hooks-and-eyes are desirable.

Sleeves change but little, except that they are no longer made so unbecomingly tight as they were worn some time back. There has been some attempt to revive the old leg-of-mutton sleeve, but not as yet a successful one. The narrow bishop-sleeve, put on a band with but little fullness, is pretty, especially for summer-wear.

Bead trimming is exceedingly popular for spring dresses, and lace and passementerie are also used.

Large buttons are sometimes placed here and there on points of revers, irregularly on the bodice, or as an apparent fastening on the skirt: but they should be very judiciously used, as they are very pronounced.

Wraps are nearly all short, especially at the back. In front, those with long ends are considered stylish. At the back, there is usually a postillion-plait, to give sufficient fullness over the large tournure. For summer, jetted grenadine, lined with old-gold, red, etc., will be used for small wraps.

Jackets, which are worn principally by young ladies, or for rather undress occasions, have rounded corners in the place of the pointed ones lately worn. Some are close-fitting in front as well as back, while others are made slightly loose in front, without the bust-dart. All collars are high and stiff.

Long redingotes are very popular, but are not considered so dressy as the short mantle. They are admirable for ordinary wear, as they conceal or protect the dress, and are much worn for traveling. In the latter case, they are often made of thin India silk or pongee, fit the back well, fall loosely over the tournure, are loose in front, often have a hood, and the sleeves are rather loose, turned back with a broad cuff, or cut in the old-fashioned pagoda-shape. When made of heavier materials, some of the thin speckled or striped woolen goods now so popular are used—dark blues, or browns, or greens, or grays, striped in dull but rich shades, and lined with one of the many beautiful striped satins which now come for that purpose.

Bonnets have altered but little in shape, though it is predicted that they will be lower in the summer—or, rather, that the trimming will not be worn so high. Black jetted bonnets are very popular, trimmed with crocuses, buttercups, primroses, poppies, daisies, etc., etc., or else with a pompon and aigrette, or a tuft of black ostrich-tips.

Colored straws may also be trimmed with flowers, or with a great many loops of gauze or other ribbon.

Hats are rather less high; and the sailor-hat—which is much more becoming, to most faces—is worn by a few fashionable young women.

Hair is still worn high, usually. This is not always becoming; but, for evening-dress, a pompon with an aigrette, or a small tuft of ostrich or marabout tips, the hair arranged high on the head, is most stylish. Loops of ribbon, wired and made to stand upright, or some sprays of flowers that stand up, may be used in the place of the feathers.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

RUE DES PETITS CHAMPS.

There are very few decided novelties to chronicle in the way of dresses and dress-materials. The latest styles show velvet-striped and velvet-figured satins and silks and cashmeres, which are to be made up in combination with plain goods to match. A very pretty and simple style of

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walking-dress has the plain underskirt in velvet-striped silk or cashmere, with the overskirt and corsage in plain material, the striped underskirt being made up on the bias. The newest canvas grenadines are very heavy in texture, and will wear well and drape well. Changeable taffeta silks and silk gauzes—that is to say, shot with two colors—are greatly in favor. Black lace is a good deal employed in trimming these picturesque materials, and they are made up in combination with small-figured black-grounded brocades, the pattern being sprays or clusters of flowers in their natural hues. One of the new dress-materials is a heavy satin, brocaded longitudinally with lines of flowers, forming two stripes to the breadth. These come in one color, without any admixture of hues in the flowers. In dark tints, they are much in vogue for elderly wearers. In point of color, the general inclination, this season, is for neutral tints—such as slate-gray, mouse-gray, the various shades of beige and écru, etc. Soft-finished flannels are occasionally used for traveling or morning dresses. One very original costume in this style was in pale-gray flannel, the short skirt being covered with narrow pinked flounces, under the edge of each of which was placed a pinked border in scarlet flannel, simulating an underflounce. Each flounce was headed with a bias band of scarlet flannel, stitched down with a row of herringbone-stitching in black and white silk, passing through the centre of the band. The corsage was in gray flannel, opening in front with a loose shirt-front in white flannel, crossbarred with narrow lines of black and scarlet. At one side of the skirt was placed a full flot of narrow black watered ribbons. Black lace is a great deal worn in combination with other materials. Even velvet is used for the underskirt, when the overskirt and corsage are in black lace. I have seen a very handsome toilette in this style, with the underskirt in ruby velvet, and the effect was extremely rich. Some of the new silk grenadines are embroidered by hand, with scattered figures in jet; these come in sapphire-blue, white, ruby, and emerald-green, as well as black. Beaded bands, for the inside trimming of collars and cuffs, have almost wholly superseded lace ruching of any color or style. Bengaline silks retain their popularity for dressy toilettes, either for visiting or for evening-dress. White bengaline is a good deal used for wedding-dresses, but lacks the picturesque sheen of satin, and does not set off so well the pattern of lace.

In the way of millinery, but little change has taken place in the shapes of bonnets, the capote with high trimming in front retaining its popularity. But the materials are novel and original, and the new trimmings comprise any quantity of fantastic novelties. Large jet beads, pins with great jet balls for heads, acorns carved in wood, and clusters of real wheat-ears are now to be seen on fashionable headgear. Flowers, too, are immensely popular, and are lovelier and more perfect imitations of nature than ever before. The new materials comprise light fancy gimps, so delicately worked as to look like veritable straw lace: networks of small finely-cut jet beads, mossed tulle—which is tulle shirred in very fine close lines, so as to present a surface like moss or uncut velvet—coarse straws, dyed a vivid scarlet, or a dark rich blue, and finally the velvet-straw, which is a new make of straw, with a velvety surface. Birds and bird's-wings, I am happy to state, are very little seen, the slaughter of the winged innocents, for fashion's sake, being apparently at an end. Dress-bonnets are the lightest and airiest creations imaginable. They are composed of tulle, in bright or delicate colors, and look as though they were blown into shape by a summer zephyr. They have no strings. Wide and narrow faille and gauze ribbons are in fashion for the trimming and strings of more substantial bonnets. The delicate bright absinthe-green and the pale shade of pink—called, rather inappropriately, coral-pink—are used for trimming bonnets in black lace and jet. Scarlet bonnets and hats, whether in coarse straw, mossed tulle, or plain tulle, are very much in vogue. A new way of trimming the high pointed-crown hats of the present season is to attach the ends of a string of large graduated jet beads, or of a long trail of flowers—such as lilacs or honeysuckle—at either side of the top of the crown The curve thus formed at the sides of the crown, and resting on the brim, is very graceful. For traveling-bonnets, close low capotes in dark straw are shown, simply ornamented with a large Alsatian bow in heavy faille ribbon, placed directly in front. The very newest of the new hats are: first, a toque, in dark straw, with a high-set crown and a double reversed brim, lined with velvet: the trimming, formed of high-set loops-and-ends of faille ribbon and pins with great jet ball heads, being put on at the back of the hat; secondly, a low-crowned fine straw hat, also in dark colors, with a very wide and long scarf, in black imitation Chantilly lace, wreathed carelessly around the crown, and confined at one side with a black bird with outspread wings. The long ends of the scarf are drawn forward, to cross in front of the throat, and are then thrown back over the shoulders. A new trimming for the capote bonnets is a spray of flowers or of grain, placed at either side of the crown, directly in front, with loops-and-ends of wide faille ribbon standing straight in end between them. A bonnet of the new velvet-straw is thus trimmed with clusters of wheat and straw-yellow ribbon, the whole matching precisely in hue.

I regret to state that the rage for scarlet has even invaded ladies' undergarments, the newest lingerie being in fine cambric, striped with narrow scarlet lines, or dotted with minute scarlet spots. A narrow ribbon in the favorite color is passed through the valenciennes that borders the top of the garment. The monogram of the owner is embroidered in white and red at the left side.

The newest style of fan is formed of rows of real lace, by the yard, slightly plaited, the number of rows being dictated by the width of the lace—though more than three rows are not considered in good style. Black lace thus arranged is mounted on dark tortoise-shell, and point valenciennes or Duchess lace on blonde shell. In imitation lace, and with a mounting of colored or gilt wood, this style of fan is at once durable and useful.

The latest novelty at the Parisian confectioners' is ices in the shape of short pink or white candles, served in candlesticks of pink or white paper. They are very pretty and very deceptive. The candlesticks are sometimes made of plain ice, colored and frozen very hard; but they are not so successful as those in paper.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—GIRL'S DRESS, OF WHITE FLANNEL. The skirt and blouse-bodice are both plaited. Below the waist, where the bodice and skirt are joined, is a sash of the flannel, which, like the bottom of the skirt, is trimmed with a band of brown velvet. The large sailor-collar and cuffs are trimmed in the same way. Pointed straw hat, trimmed with a ribbon striped with brown and a brown rosette.

FIG. II.—BOY'S SUIT, OF STRIPED KERSEYMERE OF TWO SHADES OF GRAY. The knickerbockers are close-fitting, the cutaway jacket rather long, and the low broad collar shows a tie.

FIG. III.—GIRL'S DRESS, OF DARK-BLUE CANVAS. The plain skirt is trimmed with two broad rows of chess-board galloon. The plain overskirt is long, back and front, and opens high up at the sides. The full bodice has a gathered plastron; and belt, collar, cuffs, and pattes at the neck are of chess-board galloon.

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"BUTTERFLIES."

Engraved exclusively for the Illustrated Magazine.

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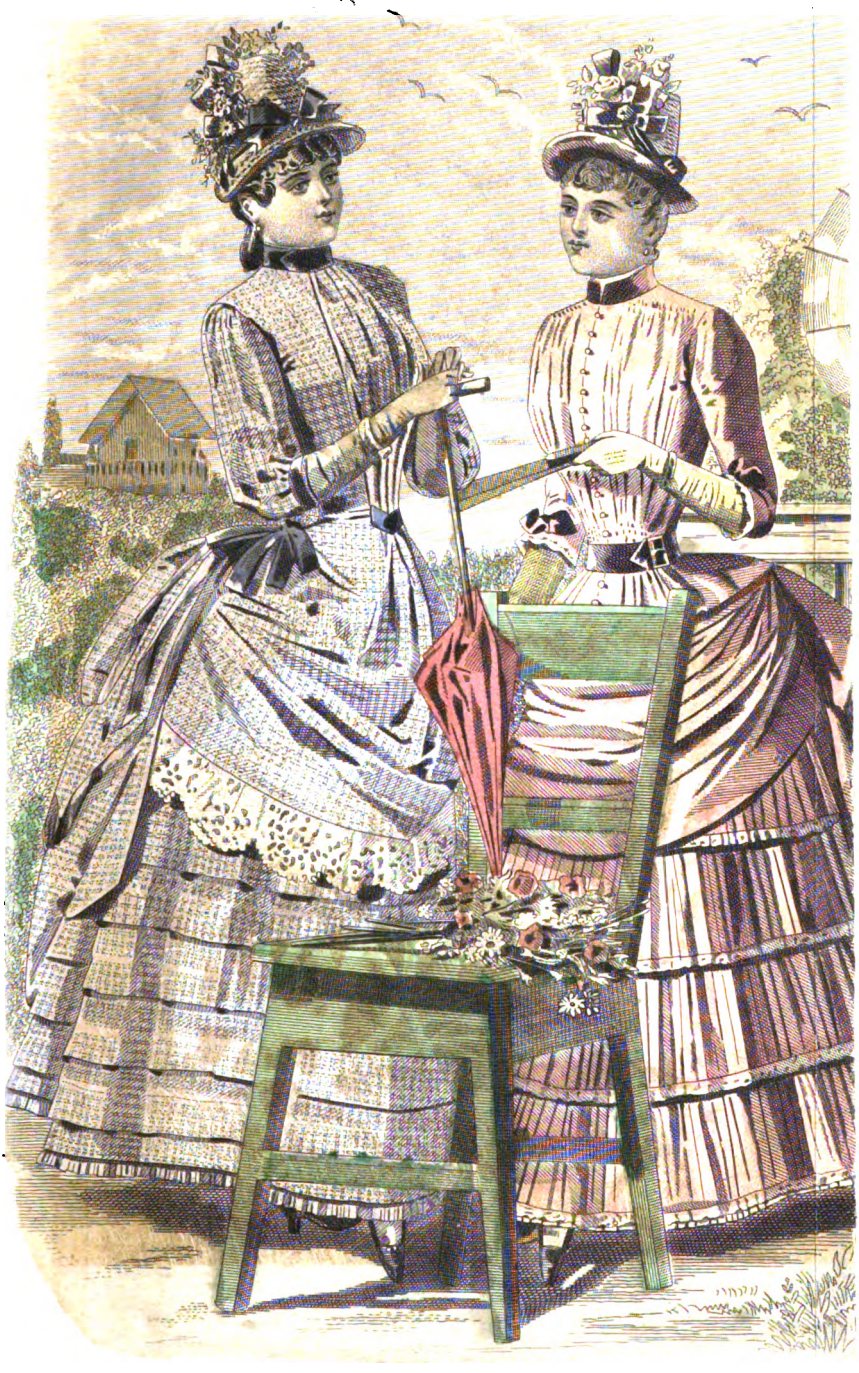

LES MODES PAR [Cousin Matilda.]

JUNE.

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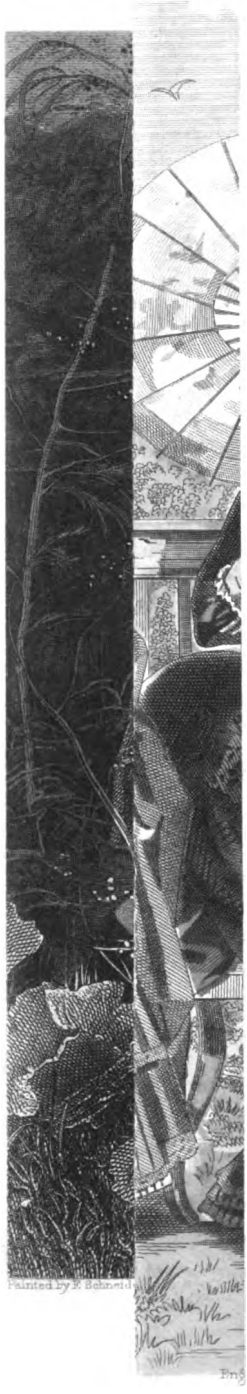

RISIEI
1886.

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Cousin Matilda."]

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"HER HANDS FULL OF BLOSSOMS." [*See the Story, "Cousin Matilda."*]

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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR JUNE. HAT.

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WALKING-DRESS. GARDEN-PARTY DRESS.

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WALKING-DRESS. VISITING-DRESS

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EVENING-DRESS. HAT. JERSEY.

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VISITING-DRESS. BODICE OF RIDING-HABIT. ZOUAVE JACKET.

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OUTLINE DESIGNS FOR DUSTERS, TOWELS, ETC.

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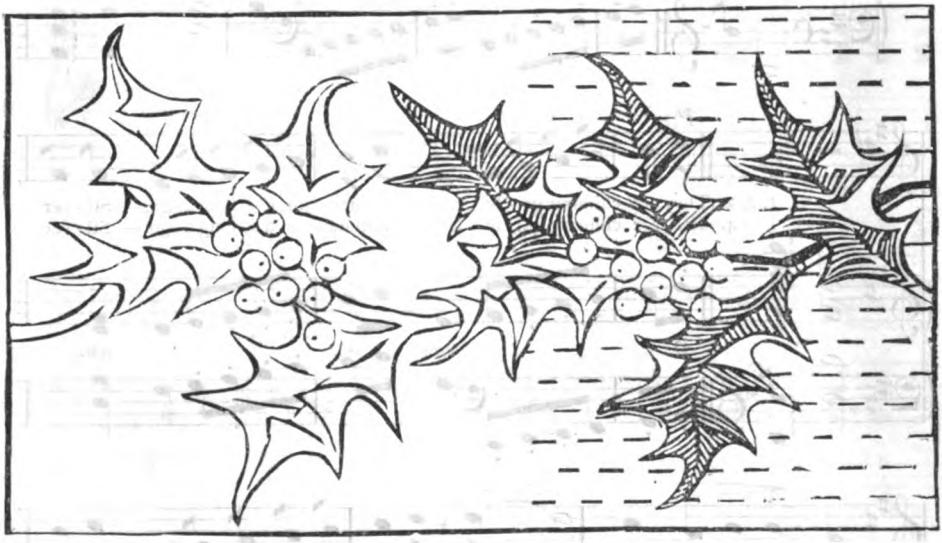

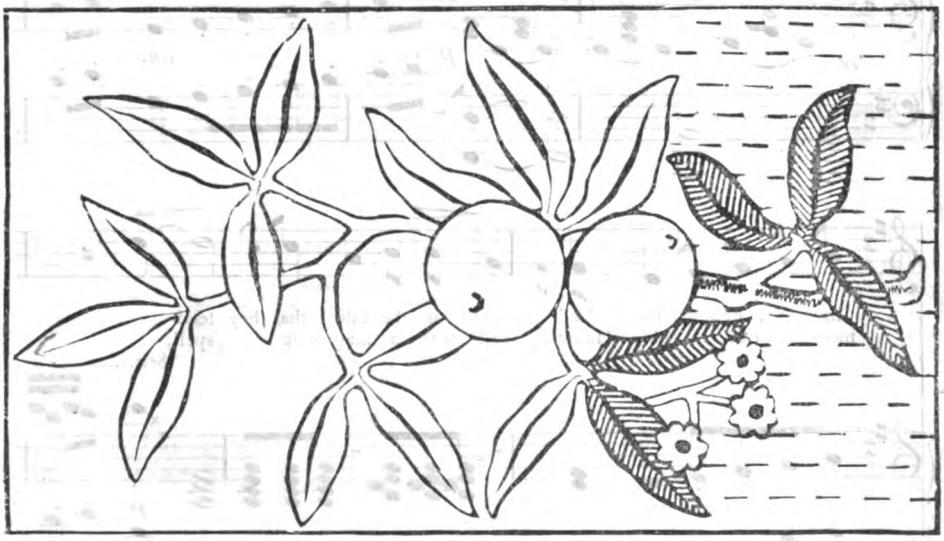

DESIGN FOR AFTERNOON-TEA CLOTHS, ETC. EMBROIDERY ON FLANNEL.

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SILVER CHIMES.

As published by SEP. WINNER & SON, 545 N. Eighth St., Philadelphia.

Words and Music by CLARIBEL.

Allegretto.

bells. *p* *ten.* *ten.* *mf*

p

1, 2, 3. They are chiming gai - ly now, As they chim'd so long a - go,— Sil - ver
4. They are chiming gai - ly now, As they chim'd so long a - go,— Sil - ver

p *ten.* *ten.*

tones that we know so well:..... And what is it that they say To our
tones that we know so well:..... Like a sto - ry that is told, Seem those

cres. *p* *ten.*

in - ner thought to - day, And what is the tale that they tell?
mem - o - ries of old, Haunting still with a mag - ic spell.

8va.....

ten. *cres.* *p*

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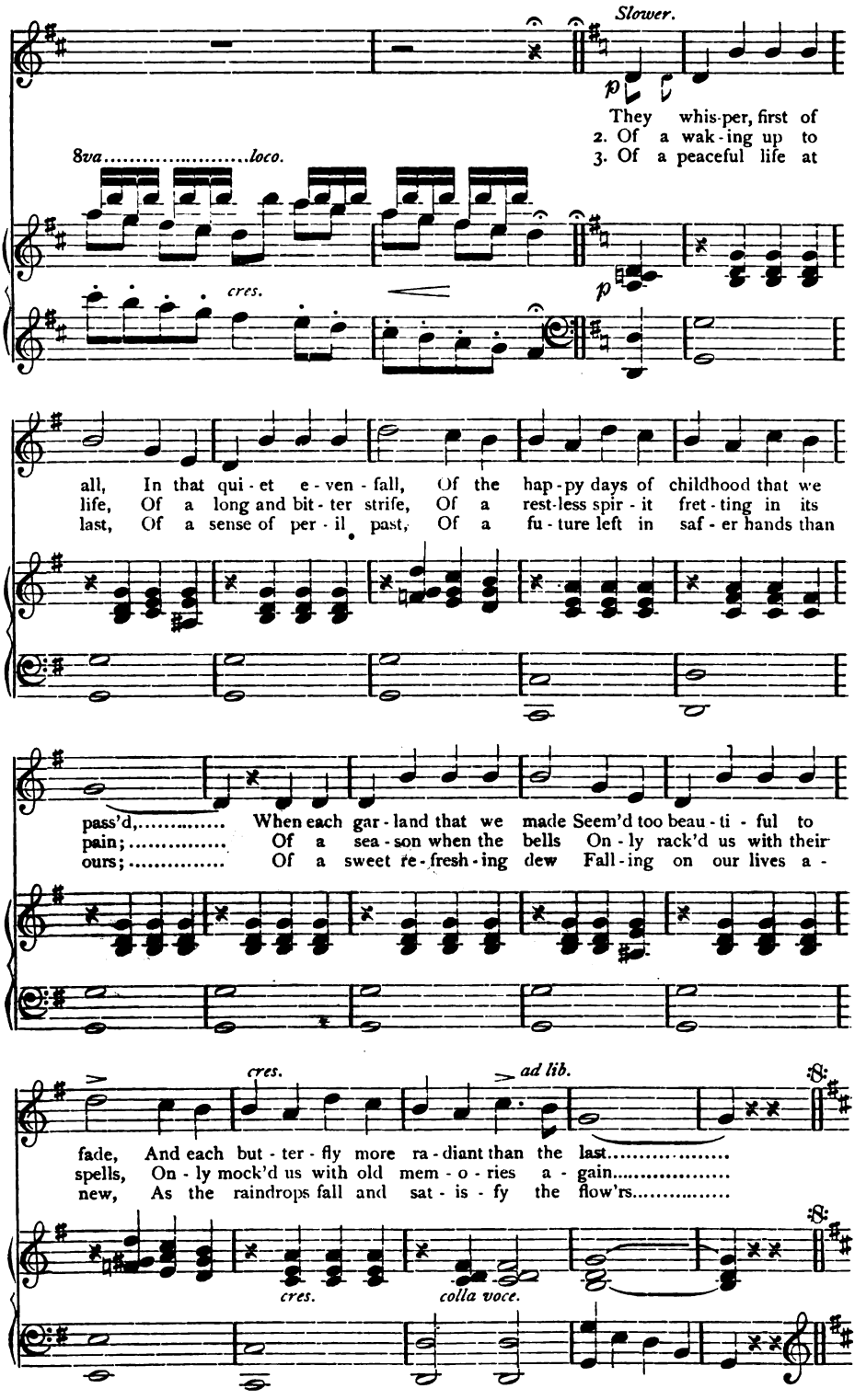

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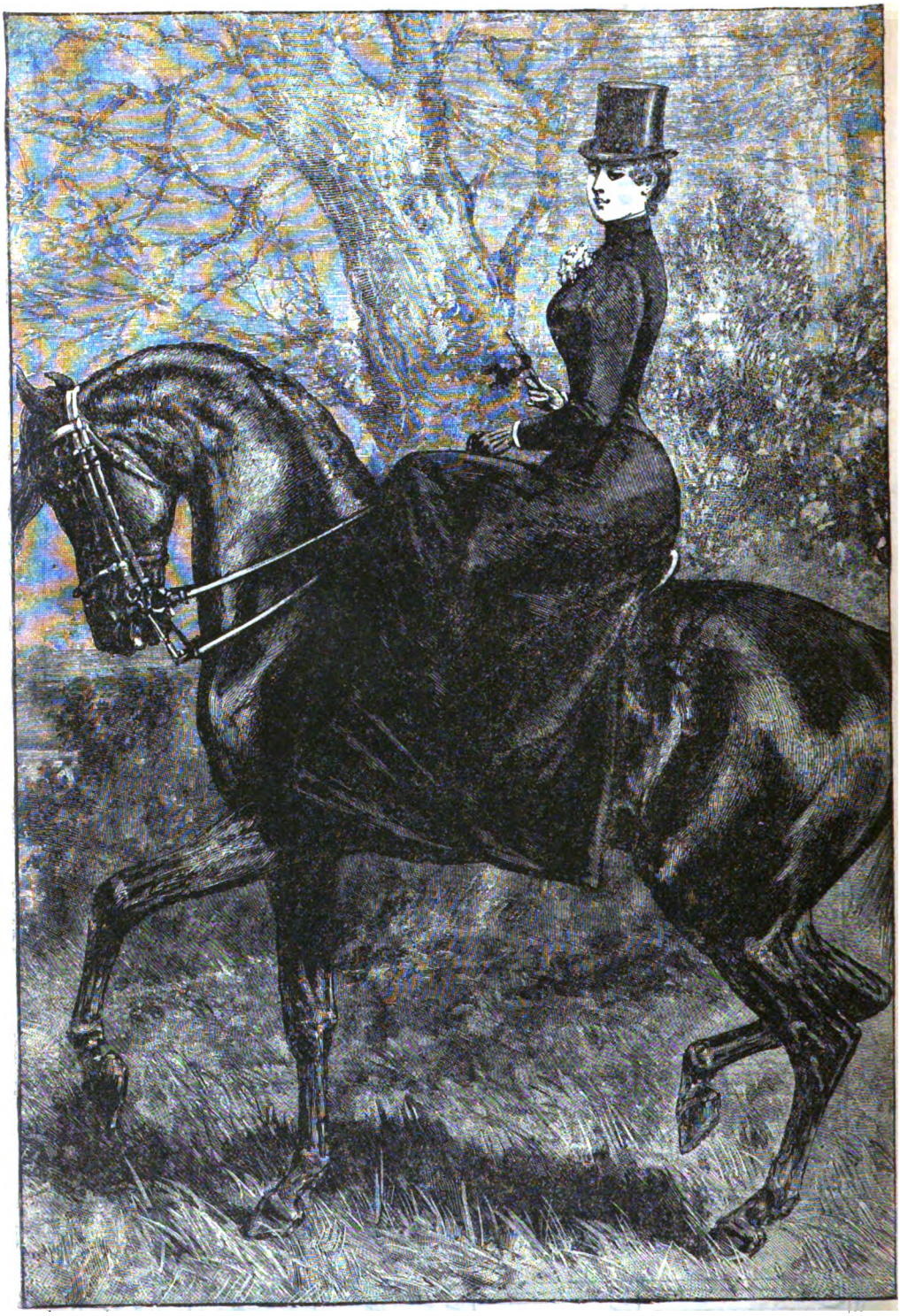

LATEST STYLE FOR A RIDING-HABIT.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXXIX. PHILADELPHIA, JUNE, 1886. No. 6.

RACHEL REED'S WEDDING-DRESS.

BY GENEVIEVE WHITE.

AT twenty, Rachel Reed was the prettiest girl in the county. She was fair, with violet-blue eyes and a wealth of golden curls. All the other young ladies were frantic with envy. She was bright and saucy, too; but, withal, modest and unassuming. Yet she was by no means spoiled—as many another, with her advantages, would have been. She was a close attendant at church, a good housekeeper, and was beloved by all, young and old alike.

Harland Lane and she had been schoolmates and fast friends from childhood. They had played together; quarreled, and made up; tossed hay, in the hayfield, together; gathered apples together; shared each other's confidence. So when, at last, it was announced that they were engaged to be married, nobody was surprised. In fact, everybody said that it was just the nicest thing possible: "they had been made for each other." The wedding-day was fixed for June the seventeenth. Of course, there was the usual gossip, and occasionally a little backbiting; for, though Rachel was the prettiest girl in the county, Harland was none the less admired. Tall and straight, with a handsome face, and the only son of a rich man, a good many girls envied Rachel her success.

Old Squire Lane himself made Rachel a present of her wedding-dress. It was a pink silk, brought all the way from New York City; and, at that time, such a dress was not often seen.

All Rachel's friends, for miles round, had a look at it; they admired and commented upon it; and more than one of the young ladies wished, audibly, they were in Rachel's place.

Squire Lane had not only given Rachel her wedding-dress, but he had presented his son with a house and farm, in prospect of his marriage. The house was just over the river, opposite Rachel's old home; and, when the furniture came, it was Harland and she who

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put down the carpets, hung the pictures and curtains, and set up the things; and they were as happy and merry, in doing this, as two children.

But alas! there came a cloud over all this sunshine. Over what sunshine does it not come, at sometime? The village gossip, Nancy Potts, one day, repeated some remarks which she said Harland's aunt had made about Rachel's father. Mr. Reed, unfortunately, was too fond of his cups; and though, in those days, everyone drank more or less, he often drank more than even public opinion, at that time, excused. This was a source of great mortification to Rachel; she was very sensitive on the subject. And, when she heard what Harland's aunt had said, she sat down and wrote to Harland, in the first heat of passion, "that his aunt need not fear; no drunkard's daughter"—for that was the phrase that had been used—"would ever bring disgrace on Harland's relatives, by marrying him."

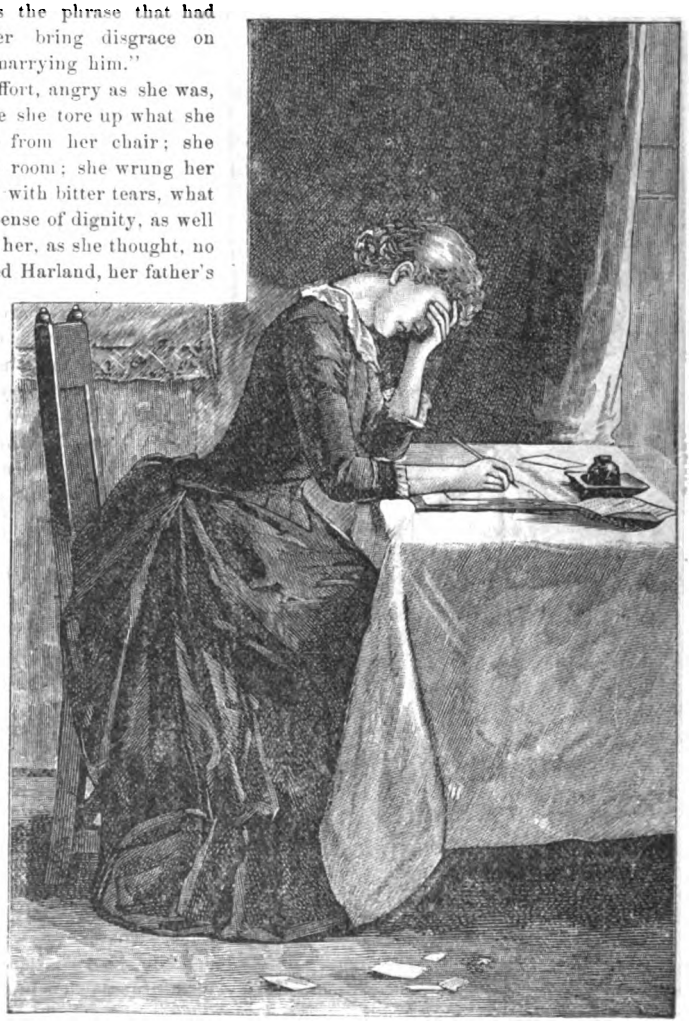
It cost her quite an effort, angry as she was, to send the letter. Twice she tore up what she had written. She rose from her chair; she walked up and down the room; she wrung her hands; she asked herself, with bitter tears, what she should do. But her sense of dignity, as well as her insulted pride, left her, as she thought, no alternative. If she married Harland, her father's shame would always be a thorn in his side: his family would continually refer to it: in time he would yield to their insinuations. "Yes," she said, "even the hardest stone—even granite—is worn away by the continual drop, dropping of water: he will cease to love me: and oh! where then shall I be? Better break it off now, before it is too late. God help me," and she pressed her hands to her burning forehead, "there is nothing else to do."

Then she sat down again, and wrote a third letter: and this one she sent. The tears were in her eyes all the time, and often they quite overcame her: she had to pause continually, and shade her eyes with her hands, until the paroxysm was over; but she persevered, though every word wrung her heart-strings; and, when the letter was written, was closed, was dispatched, she flung herself on her bed, and wept for half the night.

In vain, her lover refused to accept this dismissal; in vain, he denied that his aunt could ever have made such a remark. Rachel was obdurate: and, as the aunt herself did not come forward to explain, or even apologize, the affair ended in the breaking-off of the engagement.

The new house was shut up; and there it stood, with its pretty new furniture, for more than a year, Harland and Rachel passing each other almost daily, yet not speaking.

Rachel, all this time, was secretly grieved, and even repentant; in fact, most heart-broken. But



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she was proud, and Harland was proud also. At the end of a year, to show that he was not broken-hearted, he married Cora Lee: a good kind girl, and very pretty. But Harland never loved her, in any true sense of the word, though he was always a considerate husband. And so they lived, though childless, until middle-aged.

As for Rachel, she did not marry. She had many offers, but she declined them all. Meantime, her troubles had changed her. She was no longer the bright star of every entertainment, but kept close at home with her parents; and, when Mrs. Reed died, she devoted herself to her father, whose health now began to fail. It was Rachel who kept him from temptation, and who, in time, reformed him entirely. Then an aunt died, and left two little girls: and these motherless children came to Rachel, to live with her. Long before this, Rachel had got to be a quiet, sweet-faced woman. But she never swerved from

the path of duty; she was full of kindness to all; with all her sorrows—or, rather, because of them—she grew nobler and better every day. Finally, her father died. His protracted illness had quite worn her out; and, after the funeral, she broke down and was ill for weeks. Meantime, Cora Lane had also died, and Harland was a widower.

He now left his own home, and went to his father's to live, and the house was closed once more, accordingly. Every time Rachel looked at it, across the river, she thought of her dead hopes and her early folly. The little girls were grown up, and living in a distant town, so that she was alone at the farm. Only a part of the great house was used, however; the south side, in view of the house which was to have been hers, was kept shut.

One night, during a heavy storm, that house was struck by lightning, and took fire immediately. Rachel sprang from her bed; for the flames lighted up her chamber, so that, at first, she thought it was her own dwelling that was on fire. The village was soon aroused; boats were procured; and everybody hastened to the scene of the conflagration. At first, only one side of the house was on fire, and willing hands quickly brought out the furniture there, placing it on the bank, and afterward carried it across to Rachel's house, over the bridge close by, that spanned the little stream, as the nearest place for security. When morning came, the whole house was in ashes.

It was now that Harland came to Rachel, and asked permission to keep his goods in her house, until he could remove them to his father's. This was the first time he had spoken to Rachel for years. Pale and grave, she assented. That afternoon, she was looking at the furniture,

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every article of which she remembered so well, when she saw that the drawer of one of the bureaus had been broken, in its hasty exit of the night before. Glancing in, she beheld, in its paper wrapper, now yellow with age, the pink silk bought for her wedding-dress, and still unmade. The color faded out of her lips. She stood silent, lost in regret, pressing her hand to her heart, which throbbed with absolute pain. Suddenly, there was a knock at the door. She went to open it. There stood Harland!

They looked at each other for a moment, speechless. The years had passed lightly over both. But neither appeared, at that moment, as old as they seemed even. Perhaps a latent hope, unacknowledged by either, but lying deep down in their hearts, had something to do with this return of youthfulness—in expression, at least. Rachel was the first to break the silence.

With a sudden impulse, which she could not control, she said:

"I am so sorry."

"And I have been sorry, every day, for twenty years," said he. "Rachel," and now his voice trembled, "is it—is it—too late?"

A moment after, she was in his arms, and he was kissing her as he never had kissed Cora Lee—poor thing.

That fall, they were married, and Rachel wore the pink silk for her WEDDING-DRESS.

THEN AND NOW.

BY WILLARD SNOWDEN.

LAST eve, together, you and I
(How fast the hours sped!)
Knew not the parting-time was nigh
Till night had almost fled.

To-night I sit alone, alone,
And think and dream of thee;
My weary heart makes weary moans,
And life is dead to me.

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MOUNTAIN BLUE VS. SWAMP GRAY.

BY A. BOWMAN, AUTHOR OF "CREOLE BLOSSOMS."

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 429.

IV.

HER CONTEMPT.

YET he could not help looking at her admiringly. How proudly she stood, poised there on the edge of the levee, in all her girlish grace.

"You shall be obeyed, mademoiselle, certainly," he answered. "But, perhaps—"

He stopped abruptly, and looked toward the party grouped round Ninette, who had snatched Monsieur Lacour's hand, and was pouring forth a stream of bubbling French—very amusing, probably, since even madame laughed. He had never before been alone with Mademoiselle Lacour—it was an excellent opportunity to make the assurance that she need not fear his demands as a suitor. Evidently, the old crone had heard talk through the country-side, and had but repeated the gossip of her people, mixed up with trashy mysteries; and, quite as evidently, mademoiselle had become annoyed, infuriated, by this repetition. She should be relieved of this fear. She should know that he, at least, did not desire to have her heart handed over, as a bale of marketable merchandise.

For him, the future held no lovely home, no hearthside delights; no fair woman, ministering with hands of heavenly tenderness; no children nestling, with their soft arms, about his broad shoulders. Rather, he had seen years of invalidism; beyond these, the lights of heaven, streaming over an early grave; and so it was with a face and voice softened by the vision of this future—it was with a sincere desire to relieve his fair partner of all tormenting fears—that the Northman spoke, impulsively indeed, yet kindly.

"Perhaps," he said, after a pause, resuming, "perhaps, if I assure mademoiselle it is indeed true that I have not the slightest desire of ever troubling her about the estate—nay, more," here Kent felt himself reddening horribly: "the old gipsy's words naturally were offensive—perhaps, if I also assure mademoiselle that the future holds, for a poor invalid like myself, no marriage-joys—perhaps my presence might then be less unbearable," and Kent smiled faintly, awkwardly embarrassed, seeing, as the words left his lips, that he had made a great mistake; calling himself, inwardly, dolt, idiot, fool: for mademoiselle stood glowing there above him, her face ablaze with amazed contempt; and, if glances could have killed, Kent surely would have been swept from the face of the earth forever.

She did not speak; but the gesture, the hand and arm thrown forth, as ordering him to disappear from her sight, was simply grand.

Somehow, wandering homeward, Kent felt not unlike a beaten spaniel.

The others talked of the gipsies. He too talked, but his thoughts were following the erect, graceful, haughty girl, sauntering along before under the moss-trails and over the coarse coa-coa, in whose flushed cheeks and quickly-heaving bosom he read signs of inward emotion. Almost, as the little arched foot stepped upon the grass-clumps, almost this blue-eyed Northman expected to see sparks rising among the waving blades.

"At least I have made her angry," he said, with intense satisfaction. "She cannot utterly despise me."

And, the remainder of the evening, she was simply superb.

A thick fog-smoke hanging over the outlying wilderness, the prismed chandeliers of the great hall were lit; and mademoiselle, sauntering up and down with the elegant Tournon, was reflected in the old mirrors upon the wall, in seemingly endless vistas. She was radiant. She was a beautiful sparkle. Her laugh and her musical French rose tinkling among the glass pendants beneath the lights; she gleamed and she glistened from the depths of the mirrored walls: wherever Kent turned, he found the fair blossom-face, and the figure in its blossom-robes, mockingly, tauntingly, smilingly bright, till all the air seemed rose-tint, and all the space of the great hall glowed with the brilliance of her presence.

The calm, cool, well-poised mind of the Northman lost its balance. Vainly he listened to madame's broken English, while she politely explained a collection of pictures, painted among the islands of the Gulf coast; vainly he listened as she recounted the histories of the courtly portraits, lingering long over the dark face of the handsome son, Pierre; vainly—for a voice—a mocking voice—like a powerful magnet, claimed

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his ear, and stole into his brain—so that, gladly hailing the first opportunity, he hastened forth into the mist-laden night-air, and stood among the shadows of the pillars.

"She is intoxicating," thought Kent, wiping his face, and drawing a deep breath.

And, while he thought, there rolled forth, like a challenge, rich chords of harmony: deep, soft, clear, they died away into the gay dashing music of a gipsy dance; and, as the graceful player sat tossing her small hands among the yellowed keys of the old instrument, the notes, dropping from her slender fingers, seemed the voice and motion of a bright spirit, mingling among gipsies on the greensward, with all the grace and all the abandon of a sportive child.

One hour later, silence reigned over Château Lacour. Bats flitted about the old dormer-windows; the canebrake rustled with the wind and the midnight revels of croaking frogs; while an owl, sitting on the mossy branch of a great tree near Kent's window, hooted his mournful cry; and, all about, the weird drooping moss-trails sang their tender melancholy sighs.

V.

THE RESCUE.

A NEW day dawned: and the sun, driving away night-shadows, kissed Louisiana, nestling, radiant and laughing, within his golden arms. A brilliant, dashing, beautiful day, the saddening touches of the coming late autumn giving deeper tints to its loveliness.

Kent, in the one slight greeting glance accorded Mademoiselle Lacour, fancied these deeper tints spiritually reflected beneath the sparkling eyes and glowing cheeks of the brilliant Creole.

Evidently there had been trouble.

Monsieur talked only to Kent; madame, if possible more stately than ever, sat erect in her gothic-backed chair, smiling her gracious smile; while mademoiselle preserved unbroken silence, and presently, seizing her great palmetto hat, stepped grandly forth into the sunlight, disappearing down a vista of orange-trees.

"Fair without, but stormy within," thought Kent, resolutely ignoring further visions of the graceful sunlit figure.

Corporeally, Kent had not felt so strong for years. Mentally—well, mentally, the calm clear mind of the Northman had braced itself to meet and face the difficulties of his position.

After two hours of business-writing, he passed forth under the shadow of the oaks, contemplating and arranging a mode of life for the future. Mademoiselle Lacour was a rose set with thorns. One could not approach her presence without feeling sensibly the prick of the briar; hence, she was painful: also, there came from this rose a perfume intoxicating; hence, not healthful to Northern lungs and Northern minds. For these reasons, she was to be avoided; and the Northman pressed his lips together, with an expression of firmness, auguring ill for the golden net-weavings of the guardian Lacours.

Of the four chambers accorded him by monsieur and madame, that on the lower floor would make a fine library. There were only two staircases in the mansion—on the eastern and western sides of the verandas. Sometimes Louisiana wrapped herself in wintry robes of ice—the exposed staircases would be dangerous for an invalid. With monsieur's permission, he would have one built from the library below to his chamber above. Thus, he might live almost entirely withdrawn from the family-circle.

As, thus musing, Kent passed slowly along, unconsciously his steps wandered toward an unfrequented portion of the grounds. Here, indeed, all seemed a wilderness of gray moss; a tangle of green vine and briar; a lair of matted grasses and dense undergrowth: these trailing off along the banks of a slender bayou, toward the yet denser wilderness of the swamp-land. Impatiently turning to retrace his way, and breaking hastily through the low-hanging branches of an oak, he stood, transfixed with amazement, looking forth from the shadow, upon an oasis of brilliant and beautiful bloom in the midst of the darkly-colored jungle. The gaudy trumpet-vine, the white-starred Cherokee, the crimson-studded cypress, all climbing, and binding, and clinging together, had woven, from magnolia to orange-tree, from pecan to oleander, from crape-myrtle to mimosa, deep walls of mystic beauty and mysterious depths, while, upon the rich green of the earth, rested banks of crimson roses, and, yet above these, gaudy sunflowers, many lifting their heads twenty feet in mid-air, and glowing hibiscus nodded merrily, rubbing their bright faces joyously together in the morning breeze.

The ground, beneath, was almost dazzling in its gaudy coloring. Beyond, golden oranges, hung among the shimmering foliage, whispered of moonlight; magnolias, tipped with crimson cones, swayed back and forth a few late white blossoms, like censers of incense; and the sunlight, catching the soft glow of the crape-myrtle and the rich pink of the oleander-trees, waving far aloft their lithe stems, cast over all a flush of wondrous tint.

As Kent's glance traveled, with keen delight,

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about the rainbowed earth, falling, at last, on a clump of tall banana-leaves, raggedly fluttering in the soft air, he started, uttered a smothered exclamation of surprise, and drew yet further back into the gloom of the shadow. For, beside the flaunting leaves, near the wall of tangled vine, and suspended from mimosa to magnolia-branch, a hammock of gayly-colored cords swayed slightly on the breeze. Within the hammock, slept Mademoiselle Lacour. One hand pillowed the rich cheek; the other held, in its light grasp, a cluster of yellow marigolds and trails of coral-vine, the bright blossoms hanging like drops of red blood.

Kent drew a long breath.

He had never imagined anything more beautiful.

Over the sleeping girl, there rested the exquisite flush of pink-hued blooms, while waving leaves sprinkled the white dress and the face, sweet in placid slumber, with twinkling dimples of sunlight. Brilliant butterflies and glistening hummingbirds fluttered about, from flower-cup to flower-cup, against the deep wall; fluttered over the fair girl, herself the fairest blossom of all: queen and priestess of this lovely temple—temple of color, and bloom, and music, and beauty, and love; for, as Kent gazed, he knew that this must be "the garden of our Lallah": every waving branch, every swaying blossom, every bending grass-blade, every singing bird, whispered of her presence.

True to the resolution of the new law laid down for future guidance, the Northman, his face growing stern, was about silently to leave this Eden and its sleeping Eve, when lo! twixt the pink and blue flowers of the morning-glory, and the red and white stars of the cypress, and the golden-hearted blossoms of the Cherokee, the long lithe head of a snake was stretched above the unconscious one: fixing, upon the closed lids of the slumbering girl, its beady, lustreless, fascinating eyes.

Kent's face grew white, and his breath came in short gasps, for the reptile was a rattle-snake.

Would Mademoiselle Lacour awaken?

Kent prayed not—a motion meant probable death. He looked round despairingly: no weapon met his eye.

Another glance toward the sleeper.

Something must be done, and quickly: for the venomous head hung now over the velvet face.

With a noiseless lithe movement, learned in seasons of summer-hunt mid Indians, Kent passed from the shadow, crept quickly and deftly along, skirting the edge of the glowing wall, and, almost breathless, stood at last above the unconscious girl. As he reached her, the lids, feeling the magnet resting above them, were slowly lifted, and the snake's eyes looked full into the lovely dark gray orbs below.

Her lips whitened. But no cry of terror escaped them. Her cheek blanched. But the graceful figure remained motionless.

Suddenly, Kent stretched forth his strong right hand; seized the head of the poisonous reptile; snatched a dead branch lying near; thrust the end down the opened mouth of the infuriated creature; dragged it down, down, trailing its slimy length over the hammock-side; then trampled, and trampled, and trampled upon the hideous body, till life was extinct.

Mademoiselle Lacour raised herself; gazed first at the snake, as it rested, harmless and dead, stretched among glowing flowers, then at Kent, then, with a slight moan, fell backward.

She had fainted.

The Northman came nearer.

She had ordered him never to speak to her; never to touch her: but surely, now, he could not leave her—not thus.

In an old fountain, near by, where a broken nymph seemed mourning over the departed glories of her station, water rising from the spring beneath yet gleamed under a thick growth of flags and reeds, which rustled above. Kent ran hither, parted the grasses, dipped his hat into the hidden waters, sprinkled Mademoiselle Lacour's white face, moved her hand from beneath the soft cheek, chafed her wrists.

She rested before him, like a closed blossom; the taunting, mocking, beautiful spirit was gone, lingering in that weird border-land stretching mysteriously twixt life and death. Perhaps it might never return, this beautiful, mocking, intoxicating spirit.

The heart of the Northman grew sick. Quickened by fear, he lifted the white unconscious one in his great arms; bore her to the edge of the fountain; laid her among the soft shadows; sprinkled over her still face the cool waters of the spring; and knelt there, anxiously watching for the first symptoms of returning life.

A fluttering of the lids; a short faint sigh; and the lustrous eyes, unclosing, gazed dreamily around. She shivered visibly; remained an instant quite still; then slowly drew herself upward, and sat with the drooping head resting against the silvered trunk of a magnolia. Exquisite in her white languor and her helpless weakness, the fair face hung there, like a pale flower, among the tall grasses and the gay sprays

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of golden-rod, and the stiff green spikes of the palmetto standing around.

But Kent did not move toward her. He had risen from his kneeling posture, as the beautiful eyes unclosed. He was lingering now beside the fountain, one hand resting on the stone shoulder of the broken nymph.

"Are you better, mademoiselle?" he asked, at last, seeing that a slight color had crept into the lips.

"Monsieur Kent," the voice was very soft and low—the girl was trembling again, and her gray eyes, lifted one moment, fell beneath the coldness of the blue—"Monsieur Kent, I think—it is true—yes—you have perhaps saved my life."

Kent did not reply.

"And, mais oui—it was done with—with bravery. You cannot expect that I say more," she added, noting his silence, a touch of haughtiness creeping into the low voice.

"I did not expect that you would say as much, mademoiselle."

A faint flush stole into the pale cheeks, and she passed her hand, once or twice, over her brow.

"Will you have some water? I have found here a broken stone cup. It will hold a few drops."

"Non, merci, monsieur."

"Perhaps an orange will prove refreshing," reaching his hand to a bunch, hanging, like a cluster of sunny balls, above the mourning nymph.

"Non, I thank you, monsieur, nothing. I feel myself in reality better—much better," and she lifted her head from its drooping posture.

"As soon as you are able to walk, we will hasten away from your Eden, mademoiselle. The mate of the monster I have killed may be lurking around."

She started slightly.

"Oh, there is no danger now. I am keeping a good watch," said Kent, gravely.

"Mais—mais—I—monsieur—mais oui—I was in the hammock," and she looked at the great Northman, with wide-opened questioning eyes.

"Yes," returned Kent, quietly, "and I took you out of the hammock, and brought you here, and laid you where I might reach the water of this spring."

She did not speak; but she buried her face in her hands, and sat quite still.

"I suppose," continued Kent, somewhat savagely, "under the circumstances, I need scarcely apologize for disobeying the orders given me last evening."

VI.

THE BATTLE.

She uncovered her face, and disclosed it, all flushed, disdainful, wrathful.

He had succeeded. Mademoiselle Lacour was fairly aroused.

"I do consider that these words are unkind—cruel—rude."

"And when, mademoiselle, have your words to me been other than unkind—cruel—rude?" asked the Northman, calmly folding his arms, and looking down into her dazzling loveliness. "I came under your roof a stranger: you have not even accorded me the common courtesies of life, much less the hospitality which I had a right to expect—the hospitality which belongs to a stranger in a strange land."

"Ah, Dieu—ah, Dieu—and you say this to me—to me," she cried, rising, strong in her anger, and clasping and unclasping her lifted hands. "But see, monsieur: in memory of this day," and Kent perceived that she used great control, keeping her voice low and even, "in memory of this day, I will not say what is in my heart. I will say only: 'Sell out to another the share which you hold in our possessions, and go away.' Monsieur, I beg! You make my life, for me, one great misery. Go away—leave us."

The tones were pleading and sad.

"See," she continued: "Monsieur Tournon told me, last night—yes—that his Uncle Poitrot had returned, and had a great anxiety to locate him on our estate, and was in a great despair when the discovery was made that you—"

"Stop!" interposed Kent, a nameless pain shooting through his strong heart. "I cannot leave your home. But I promise to trouble you, mademoiselle, as little as possible with my disagreeable presence. You are not strong—sit here on this stone brim: lean against this pedestal, and let me tell you my plans for—"

"Mais, I will not sit down—I will not listen. Vous savez—you know that the sight of your countenance makes, for me, a sickness about the heart. You know—"

"Stop!" again interposed Kent, and his words came hard and clear upon the soft air. "I am bound by honor to keep, for five years, the partnership-contract into which I have entered with your cousin. Do you understand, mademoiselle?—by honor."

"Honor? Honor?" she repeated, and the gray eyes and the blue looked full each into the soul-depths of the other. "What do you know of honor?"

"Everything."

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The voice of the Northman was deep, grand, almost solemn.

"Ah!" here Mademoiselle Lacour's rich face was wreathed with an expression of unbounded contempt. "I know. It is said that, in the war and in the love, all is fair, all is honor. Sans doute, monsieur takes this for his shield: sans doute, monsieur hides, behind this, all the deeds of the past."

"All the deeds of the past?" exclaimed Kent. "Mademoiselle, you try me beyond patience. What do you know of my past, save that I once destroyed, for you, a paltry tree?"

"What do I know of your past?" and again the gray eyes and the blue gazed each into the other, angry sparkles flashing from the angry souls behind. "What do I know of your past? Bien donc—follow me, monsieur: I will show to you what I know of your past."

As they reached the spot where the snake rested, stretching its long length amid gay blooms, the girl paused, shuddered, and, turning her gaze, all tender and sorrowful, upon her companion, said sadly: "Monsieur, do not let us go any further."

Kent did not speak. He simply lifted his arm, pointed forward, and she obeyed.

Across the garden, there was dense tangle of Cherokee, growing in a clump beneath a tall live-oak. Mademoiselle, turning suddenly behind this clump, stood still; and Kent, amazed, stood beside her.

At his feet, there yawned quite a deep pit, recently dug; and dug, he conjectured, by this singular girl, since her great palmetto and stout gardening-gloves rested upon the ground, beside a small spade and shovel and hatchet. Then came back to him the words of Cousin Eugène: "She digs deep—deep."

"I cannot understand," said the Northman, with cold calm tone: "I cannot understand what your gardening, mademoiselle, has to do with my honor in the past."

She was standing, leaning with her hand resting against a great bulge outgrowing from the rough trunk of the tree, gazing down sadly upon the freshly-dug earth; but, as he spoke, she glanced up, and said quickly:

"All the bloom in my garden grows from your dishonor. Monsieur, why do you force me to speak? Why do you not say: 'Forgive—it was the fault of the war—it was but the booty'? And I will try to forgive: yes, in memory of this day—if you go—I will not any more say to myself that you are a thief. I will forgive."

She gazed at him again, tenderly, pleadingly; but Kent was blind with anger.

"What do you mean? A thief?" and his words rolled thundering through the drooping boughs; and, stepping forward, he grasped her arm in his strong hand. "Speak! or, by heaven—"

"I am not afraid," said Mademoiselle Lacour, who, deathly white, nevertheless did not quail before the presence of the Northman's fury. "No—though you are hurting me horribly."

"I—I beg your pardon," immediately removing his grasp; "but—but—you anger me beyond forbearance. Of what do you accuse me?"

"Monsieur, it is time now—yes, this play of a child must cease. You know that you did take my father's treasure from this spot. See," and she pointed to the earth: "it was that footstep which betrayed you. Monsieur, among many, the mark of the wounded foot was known."

One instant, there was silence: the two standing there, regarding each other very quietly.

Mademoiselle spoke again.

"I was a fool—yes, I know," shaking her head sadly, "to dig again, as I have dug this day; but the words of that gipsy did come into my mind, and I thought, perhaps—"

"The gipsy's words," said Kent, slowly, as one awaking from lethargy or wandering in a dream. "Ah, yes: and this is the humped tree. Wait," and he passed his hand thoughtfully over his forehead: "I—I think I remember this tree. I came here with my men, to mark it. We thought we should have to cut it down, with several others," here the Northman glanced right and left, "about this spot. There was the same open pit dug, just as it is dug now. Strange, I did not remember before. I remember your father, mademoiselle, coming hastily forward from the woods yonder, his hands all stained with earth. He was a very courteous gentleman, and, I remember, he apologized: said he had been working over rare plants; he was fond of the woods; he was a student of botany. But we did not fell any trees. Next day, our gunboat left, for a station lower on the coast. As for the treasure of which you speak, mademoiselle, I have never seen it," and Kent, all the proud honest spirit of his ancestry shining forth from his clear face, looked full upon the beautiful accuser before him.

She was trembling now, indeed—the lithe graceful body swayed slightly; but she stendied herself—the spirit of the Lacour was very strong in her brave heart.

"Monsieur," the voice, at first shaken with emotion, growing stronger, "listen: Papa, at that time, did make a preparation to join the army of Louisiana. To maman he said: 'I will not leave thee and the little one without gold.'

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One day, he did show to maman, in gold, five thousand dollars. He took this, also he took much family silver of the Lacour, and he did bury them here, beneath this tree. To bonnemaman he did not speak of this—only to maman; for, see, his brother Pierre, whom bonnemaman loved, spent much; and bonnemaman, being weak for him, papa feared that, if the brother Pierre should come poor and beg, bonnemaman would give to him all. So, it was laid here.

"The day your gunboat went from our sight, that day papa was found on this spot. He was paralyzed. He did make much attempt to speak, but—it was no use. Maman knew that the treasure had been taken, and by you, monsieur—tenez—écoutez"—lifting her hand—"for there was the mark of the foot, and maman did know—it was the shock of the loss which brought to papa his death. To bonnemaman, she said naught. What use? Bonnemaman would have felt anger in her heart against papa, since he had not placed in her the confidence of a son. Only to me, monsieur, to me, three years after, when she was about to die and to leave me, she said: 'Lallah, chère enfant, it was a man of the North who did defraud thee and kill thy father.' Then she told, monsieur, what I have told; and she did draw from me the promise that I would not relate to bonnemaman what I have related to you: and Père Ignace, being present, was the witness to my promise. Ah, mais, I was but a petite. I said: 'Perhaps the gold is hidden,' and I dug. I told Eugène—I told bonnemaman—it was for flowers. And, when Eugène would make a lament—when Eugène would say: 'Ah, Dieu! we are lost: the possession of the Lacour must go to the hand of a stranger'—I would come, and I would dig more hard than before. Monsieur, each foot of this land has been dug by me: and so I say it is here, upon the bed of your dishonor, that my flowers grow. Ah, and when the stranger came under our roof—the stranger holding our land—the stranger, who had taken the gold which might have saved us—the stranger, whose deed of dishonor had killed the poor father—ah, Dieu!" and here Mademoiselle Lacour raised her hands and her eyes toward heaven, then allowed them to fall, an expression of keen anguish sweeping over the pale features.

"Do you believe me?" asked Kent, hoarsely. "Do you believe that I am an honest man?"

She lifted her face and her eyes, all shadowed with pain, and doubt, and fear, and dismay.

"I see, I see: you need proof beyond my word. I think I can give it. Do you remember the signs made by your dying father?"

She shook her head, speechless in misery.

Kent, stooping, lifted the spade, the shovel, and the hatchet; stood an instant, looking toward the denser wood; then, stepping over clumps of palmetto, made his way, through matted undergrowth, to a low dwarf-pine of the silver swamp-species. He hesitated at first; but, after one or two sweeping glances of observation, commenced cutting through tangles of grass and vine.

"Perhaps," said Kent, pausing and looking up at mademoiselle, who had followed after him, "perhaps I may be mistaken. But, as a boy, much of my time was spent among Indians; my eye had been well trained; and, when we were marking the trees to be felled, after that meeting with your father, I noted the appearance of this spot—noted that the earth had been recently dug, and that efforts had been made to conceal this. Your father probably feared that his treasure was not safe, near tall trees liable at any moment to be hewn down; hence, I think—mark, mademoiselle: I do not know, but I think—that we shall find the missing treasure near here."

And then there was silence between them, while Kent, his great arms strong with a sort of cold fury, hurled forth huge clods of dark earth; and mademoiselle, like a marble statue, stood motionless beneath the pine-boughs. All about them, birds sang; flocks of wild ducks flew overhead; great mysterious white cranes flitted among dusky shadows; and the low pine waved soft sighs above Northman and Creole.

Three feet had been dug into the depths of the dark earth, when, the spade of the Northman striking against the sharp edge of a plank, Mademoiselle Lacour bent breathlessly forward, gazing anxiously into the opening below.

Gradually a cypress box was uncovered. Kent prized it open.

A quantity of silver, blackened and corroded, was disclosed, also several buckskin bags. One of these he raised, tore off the fastening, and, at the feet of Mademoiselle Lacour, poured forth a pile of golden coins.

"Are you satisfied?" he asked, looking into her face—the proud, cold, disdainful face, now all downcast, and flushed, and touched with shame, and tender with pitying regret.

No word came in reply. But, as a little hand was timidly extended across the recovered treasure, Kent knew that the rose was shorn of its thorns, and, in the gray eyes—beseechingly, pleadingly lifted to the blue—the Northman saw visions of peace brooding over a home on earth, amid palms and orange-bloom.

[THE END.]

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COUSIN MATILDA.

BY E. S. GRANT.

"RUN, Katie; put on your sunbonnet and pick some flowers, to decorate the rooms for tea. We will have a short-cake. Perhaps the captain will call in, to sup with us. No, you needn't look at your dress. You can dress when you come back. What you have on is good enough." And Cousin Matilda absolutely thrust her cousin out of the door, into the golden evening.

"It's always the way," murmured Katie, bitterly. "Cousin Matilda sends me out of the way, whenever Captain Gilespie comes. I like to hear him talk, too; he tells such good stories of the time he served in the army." And she cast a wistful glance backward at the front of the house, where John Gilespie's fine form was just looming up between her and the glorious golden sunset. She saw him enter the little vine-shrouded porch, and she saw the flutter of Cousin Matilda's lavender dress. Then she went resolutely to work, among the shrubberies, to gather sprays and flowers.

Up in the cozy porch, John Gilespie smoked away at a fragrant cigar, and chatted lazily to Cousin Matilda; but his brown eyes watched the movements of a small white shadow across the lawn and in the shrubberies in the distance. He had been coming over to smoke in this cozy porch for several years now; so also had many another neighbor gentleman: for Cousin Matilda had a genial old father, and a very pleasant manner herself. He lived just over the river, in the big brick house on the hill, and it was quite a habit of his to ride over, in the afternoon, and smoke with Squire McCrea. And, as Katie had said, she was, for some purpose, sent away when he arrived.

One time, it was to go to the garret and string beans; another, to go to the village, upon a worthless errand; and once she was sent to the straw-stack, to collect rye-straws for Cousin Matilda's future bonnets.

She had not been home many weeks—for this was all the home Katie had—and her life had, so far, been spent at boarding-school. She could not understand why Cousin Matilda wished to deprive her of the one pleasure offered in her quiet life; but that lady observed more in Katie's fresh complexion and gray eyes than was quite agreeable to her. And the long-studied game should not be lost, after all these delightful months since John Gilespie came home with an empty sleeve and stopped to pass his life on the quiet riverside, thought she.

"Miss Matilda," began John, while he fondly caressed his tawny beard, on which the amber sunlight rested, and half closed his thoughtful dark eyes, in which a serious light began to dawn, a light long looked for by Miss Matilda, "you know me pretty well, by this time."

"Yes, John; I think I do."

"You are acquainted with the facts of the case which led to my going into the army?"

"Perfectly well acquainted with them all," she murmured, and she allowed two full tears to trickle out on her soft maiden cheek.

"You knew Hattie herself?" he continued, as with a great purpose in view.

"Yes, and loved her; poor ill-fated darling."

"You also know that the case must have developed in me a heart athirst for vengeance, even if involving murder?"

"Yes; I think it must have done so in the breast of any noble man."

"Whenever I cross the river, comes the thought of other years," he quoted, sadly.

"Poor darling—poor dear Hattie," whispered Miss Matilda, while she drew her soft lavender draperies closer up to him.

"It is no use to try to forgive, or to pretend that I have," continued the man.

"Revenge is Mine," she whispered.

"No, I have not forgiven, nor can I hope to do so. But I have not the same feeling for the man I once had—oh, no. You do not believe that I dream of revenge now?"

"Certainly not, dear; I know you too well for that," she whispered, tremulously. And he, a little nonplussed at her tenderness, but too deeply engrossed by his retrospections, went on:

"Hattie was lovable, in every sense of the word. She flirted a little, perhaps; but a truer girl never loved an unworthy man than my sister. And why she should have loved him—why he should have jilted her and wed the silly woman he did—why she should have committed that terrible act—suicide—and why—oh, why!—it should have broken my heart, is an unending miserable mystery to me."

"But your heart must not die for the sins of others," she breathed. "I know it was hard on

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you, dear John; he should have been more than murdered: for a man who deliberately wins the love of a woman, and jilts her, is unfit for life in this beautiful world. All the torments that were ever made to chastise the unhappy race of Adam should be visited upon him; all the furies of a thousand Nemeses should pursue and persecute."

John Gilespie looked now at the strong white-faced woman by his side. Her breast was heaving, and a delicate odor of heliotrope arose from her soft laces. Her two large white hands were clasped tightly together, and a hot red flush seemed to glow in her eyes and cheeks. Something of her own deep thought and purpose seemed to come to him. He began to burn with the conviction that her last words were meant for him. How bitter they were!

"But pooh!" he thought; "she quite understands me. And then, I'm not going to jilt anyone." And so he waded in deeper and deeper.

"Yes," he remarked, "my heart was broken, when I went into the army; but, lately, I have fancied it could be mended again."

"That is right; that is healthy," replied Miss Matilda, now in a fever of expectancy; for time was flying, and Katie was coming across the green lawn, with her arms full of the sprays and flowers she had gathered.

"You understand that I'm quite in earnest?"

"Of course, John; for you are a gentleman."

"And you really can find no objection to the connecting of the families?"

"None whatever, when you are the head on your side."

"Another question, my friend," he said, and now his fine face was handsomer than she ever saw it; for the deep feeling on his part intensified all the splendid lines of his character. "But, before putting it, let me say that you need not mention it yet, to—to anyone. I have a scheme on foot, which I hope to carry out before taking decided steps. Now for your opinion." He stopped suddenly, for he also now caught sight of Katie running across the grass, one hand full of May flowers, and the other bearing aloft a superb spray of blossoms. Then he rallied and went on, saying: "Do you really think—and, for the sake of our long acquaintance, tell me truly—do you think my poor heart can find rest here?"

Katie was by this time on the stoop, quite out of breath from running. She blushed in her shy sweet way, when she found herself observed.

Miss Matilda turned very white, but replied to her guest, quite ignoring Katie:

"I am quite sure, John; for I have loved you for many, many years."

Great heavens! Had he proposed to her? He did not know. What had he said, and what did she mean? She, Miss Matilda, three years his senior, and that forty! Oh, what a mountain of hideous meaning now arose and confronted him. He had not meant to talk of Cousin Matilda; he had not meant a proposal to anyone yet, for he was too poor: his home was mortgaged: he had a law-suit on docket, which, if he won, would enable him to marry—Katie! The dependent, hard-working, but beautiful and refined little maiden.

Ah, what had he done so dastardly as to call forth that last loving confession from Miss Matilda? And Katie herself had heard it. Why, he remembered with burning shame that he had clasped Katie's hand last night, while walking out from the village, whither he had overtaken her bringing home, from the mantua-maker, a fine new dress for her relative; he had clasped her tiny brown hand, and called her "his star-eyed flower." Did she remember it? It seemed that she did; for she paused on the stoop, her cheek growing very pale, and those same star-eyes widening painfully.

The light words she was wont to utter froze on her lips; she forgot all about her shabby dress, which had annoyed her so much; a dress that made her look almost a child; and she looked from one to the other, dazed.

Miss Matilda was the first to regain her true position.

"Come, Katie, you have taken a great while to gather a few flowers," she said, sharply. "I fear you are growing into idle habits. Young girls," she said, turning to the captain, "not fully matured in any sense, least of all in the mental, are apt to go dreaming when left for a long while alone."

"Cousin Matilda—"

Katie got thus far. But her throat was so parched in the effort, the words of indignation for him—and surprise—were too hot; she could not speak.

"Run, child, and bring me the cream from the spring-house," interrupted Miss Matilda, majestically waving her hands.

And thus again was she dismissed. He should not feast his eyes upon her, not even for a moment, decided Cousin Matilda.

Then, thinking her presence less needed now than ever, this fine diplomatist left her lover to digest his part of the contract. It had been a hard-fought battle, but she felt that victory was hers. She went to her room, but only to make another ravishing toilet.

Gilespie could not keep still; his own thoughts

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were dangerous: they pelted him more painfully than did all the bomb-shells and bullets of that wild Western way; he had faced bands of painted savages, and come off feeling better than after this small war of words with Miss Matilda. He did not know what he had said, any more than he could know where his many hot bullets had fallen in those bloody skirmishes on the plains. He only felt the dizzy din of it all, and realized in dreadful certainty that he was engaged! He got up from the rustic chair in the little porch, which had seemed so cozy a few moments before; he walked down the pathway, and presently found himself in the vicinity of the spring-house. There he was arrested by the sounds of distress which came from the cool mossy nook within.

Rough soldier that he was, he never could resist evidence of distress in beast or human; so he entered this place, to discover Katie sitting on the damp stone floor, with her head in her lap, weeping bitterly.

Without a word, he sat down beside her, and placed his one arm about her.

"Oh, you dreadful man!" she cried, springing away from him. "How dare you? How dare you? My cousin's lover!"

"But I'm not your cousin's lover," he replied. "It's all a terrible mistake, and I don't know how it came about."

"A mistake, eh?" cries Katie, scornfully. "A mistake that you love her, perhaps, but not a mistake that you told her so, and all the time acting—love—for someone else. Oh, it's ten thousand times meaner than if you really loved her: it's her money you want, and not she—the cross old—"

"Come, Katie; you are ridiculously tardy this afternoon." And the soft sweet tones of Miss Matilda cut short the tirade of the outraged little cousin. "I shall have to report you to father; he will perhaps deliver you a lecture, and probably a day in his closet, arranging papers, for this unseemly conduct to-day."

Katie, crestfallen and wretched, wended her way to the house; while Miss Matilda, ignoring the fact that she had overheard all the conversation, took the gentleman's arm, and slowly sauntered back to the house, through the honeysuckle-arbor and the boxwood walk, up to the front-porch again; and he took his leave of her there.

In a little while, it became fully advertised throughout the riverside that Captain John Gilespie and Miss Matilda were to be married. There was no help for it. He had talked it all over with Katie, and had told her the barrier which he thought existed between them—his sister's death by suicide. He had told her all he remembered of that fatal conversation which secured him to Cousin Matilda, and she had accepted her fate. It was down in the boat-house that they had their final parting; and, although Miss Matilda witnessed it through a hole in the plastering—witnessed the tears of Katie, and her fierce renunciation of him, and, most thrilling of all, the one only parting-kiss—she made no sign. She went steadily on with her preparations for the marriage.

Of course, Captain John acted the lover to perfection. He would not jilt this maiden heart. For had he not wanted to demolish a man for the act? But then, that was followed by such direful consequences. He sometimes wondered if Miss Matilda would drown herself, if he stole Katie out, some night, and ran away with her. But he dare not risk it, for fear of "all the furies of a thousand Nemeses."

It only lacked a few days now till the time for his ill-starred marriage. He thought of all kinds of ridiculous sayings—about "too-ripe fruit," and the like; but nothing made it easier.

No one offered help to him in this way.

He even grew desperate, one day, and sent word to Miss Matilda that his home was mortgaged to its value, and he very much feared he could not fulfil his promise. He received, by return messenger, an answer, that she was marrying him for love, not money.

Then, in despair, he proceeded to get ready for the sacrifice. It was a sacrifice—for did he not love Katie with all the intensity of his being, all the energy of his soul?

There came a big storm, and it lasted several days. The river rose, and driftwood began to go down-stream—stacks of hay and pens of pigs, big trees and broken boats; an old stable drifted by, with a bleating calf inside; and a log hut, with two frightened little darkies on the roof. Katie sat on the bank of the river, and watched the muddy angry waters with much interest. All the rest were busy about the wedding-preparations. No man was near, and she could not do much to assist the helpless ones on the stream; but she saw with satisfaction that the hut lodged against the tiny island near the middle of the river, and about opposite to where she now sat. Then there was a large tree, on which was perched a puppy. He also lodged on the island, and Katie told herself she would go over in the boat, as soon as the water fell a little, and rescue the children and pup. But the fates had better work for her, and sooner. While she watched so calmly, there appeared, on the foamy surface, an object which looked like a large horse.

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Katie kept her eyes on it for some time. It struggled, and dashed high the frothy spray. Suddenly Katie sprang to her feet, and ran along the bank till opposite the animal.

"It is! It is!" she cried. "It is Black Duke, and his rider is clinging to his mane. Oh, what shall I do? It is Captain Gilespie, and, with his one arm, he cannot swim!"

She did not wait long to wring her hands and weep. There was work for the brown hands, and she prayed audibly that she might succeed. Running to the house, she accosted Miss Matilda.

"Oh, Cousin Matilda, Captain Gilespie is in the river. Black Duke is being washed down, and his rider is helplessly clinging to him. Oh, where are the men? Will no one come to him?"

Cousin Matilda, ever cool and collected, walked calmly out of the house and down to the boat-house. Katie began at once to loosen the chain of the little skiff.

"What are you doing that for?" said Cousin Matilda. "You are not mad enough to think we can save him? We should both be lost, if we attempted it."

"But I am going to attempt it," cried Katie, with flashing eyes: "even if I attempt it alone. Oh, Cousin Matilda, think better of it: he is to be your husband, you know."

The ingrained selfishness of the woman, however, was not to be overcome. She shrugged her shoulders. "Are you a fool?" she said. "Come: I am going back to the house—"

"Never, never," interrupted Katie, passionately, as she sprang into the boat. "I will save him, or die in the effort." And, with a vigorous push, she sent the light craft out into the whirling river.

Katie, though young, was brave, and was strong for one of her years. She had, from childhood, been accustomed to the management of a boat. She shot down the stream like a leaf; much faster, indeed, than Black Duke, who was trying his best to swim to shore. Seeing this, Katie steered toward the island in the middle of the river, and was soon below the struggling plunging horse.

But the river was full of dangers. A great log came rolling and tumbling down, and threatened to upset her boat. Katie had seen the log advancing, and, dropping into the bottom of her craft, held tight to its sides till after the shock. The boat now soon struck the island; there Katie secured it, and, going to the edge of the water, stood ready with a rope to throw to the captain. The horse was almost exhausted, and his rider likewise.

Katie stood waiting, with a world of hope in her heart, and a world of despair in her mind should she fail. But she did not fail. Black Duke saw the island, and, as all noble creatures can, he summoned up all his strength for a final effort; and, rearing and plunging forward, he made for the land. Katie was ready with her rope; she had secured it to a tree; and two small children, belonging to a poor family that lived on the island, assisted in pulling it in.

For Captain Gilespie, on seeing the rope and assistance so near, released his hold on the horse, and was drawn to the sands by Katie and her friends. The horse, relieved of his burden, swam to the welcome earth, in safety.

Cousin Matilda had not even waited to see the fate of Katie; but, turning away, with her last words, had walked calmly back to the house. But even she, with all her selfishness, could keep cool and collected no longer, when she saw Captain Gilespie and Katie coming up to the house; for she knew, from his manner, as he bowed to her distantly, that he despised her for her cowardice, and that it was Katie who was to be the bride.

And she was right. "The river brought a barrier between us," he had said, as he clasped Katie with his arm, on the island, "and the river has removed that barrier, before it was too late. You have saved my life, darling. I saw your cousin's behavior. In future, she can be nothing to me."

A WISH.

BY SALOMA HOUSE.

The lights from the chapel-windows
Are shining, bright and clear,
Through the gathering storm and darkness
Of the night so wild and drear.

And those self-same lights are shining
On the gray-haired pastor there,
And the kneeling group before him,
That have met for praise and prayer.

And ever and ever their voices,
Through the lull of the storm, I hear;
And the solemn tones of the organ
Fall on my list'ning ear.

Oh, could but the light of heaven,
The light of peace divine,
Thus also pierce the shadows
Of this troubled heart of mine!

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THE MIDNIGHT ROBBERY.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

I HAD been South, during the winter, and was unexpectedly called back to New York: much to my annoyance, for I had meant to have a few weeks' longer holiday.

My wife was in Europe, and we had shut up the house; but I took a fancy to sleep there, instead of stopping at a hotel. I breakfasted and dined at my club.

It was the fourth night after my arrival. I had gone to bed late, and I fell asleep almost immediately, tired out by a long day of absorbing and wearisome business. Suddenly, I woke from a vague troubled dream, in which some mysterious danger menaced me, coming nearer and nearer, though what it was I could not tell—which of course added to my distress—and, in the midst of it, I heard the voice of my dead mother say softly several times:

"Be perfectly composed—perfectly composed."

I could not see her, but the tones sounded so clear and distinct that they were still ringing in my ears when I woke. Wide-awake I was, on the instant, after my usual habit, and aware too of some slight noise.

So I lay still for some instants, without opening my eyes. But the noise, which had momentarily ceased, began again, and it sounded so close at hand that I concluded I might as well try to discover its cause.

My bed stood in an alcove, and the curtains were partly drawn before it. As I looked out, I perceived that the gas, which I always kept lighted during the night, though turned very low, was burning with sufficient force to make every object plainly visible.

I stared at the light; then my gaze wandered on, and I saw three men stooping over a fire-proof safe in a niche at the further end of the chamber. Then I heard one of the men say, in a half-whisper:

"I'll have it presently—dash the thing! You, Steve, what are you doing here? Go and watch him, you blooming idiot!"

The fellow he addressed turned a crape-masked face in my direction, and moved softly across the carpet, holding a revolver pointed full at me. By stretching out my arm, I could touch the electric-bell. If I succeeded in doing this quickly enough, its sharp peal would alarm the burglars, as well as arouse Carl; but, if the man menacing me with that revolver proved still quicker, I should undoubtedly be shot. What ought I to do?

Suddenly, the words I had heard my mother speak in my dream came back—no, that's not correct: they sounded so clearly in my ear, that I seemed to hear her say them again:

"Be perfectly composed—perfectly composed!"

Now the safe contained seven hundred dollars, which I had that day placed there, when I removed a box filled with unregistered Government bonds to a very large amount.

"Be composed!" I repeated to myself, feeling as quiet as I do at this moment, and echoing my mother's words. So I kept quiet.

The masked man stopped a few feet away from the bed, covered me with his revolver, and, after a scrutinizing glance, turned so that I could only see his profile, as if watching his companions with one eye and me with the other.

It seemed to me, to put it mildly, that I lay there about a year and a quarter; but I don't suppose it was more than twenty minutes. I heard a low exclamation—caught the click of the safe-lock—and saw the fellow who had opened it eagerly searching the interior.

Presently, he held up the bundle of bank-notes, fastened by a rubber band; then he drew out a tin box, resembling the one in which I had kept the bonds; but it only contained some deeds and other papers of no great consequence. He looked at the box; saw that it had a Yale lock, and put it under his arm; thrust the notes into his pocket, and said cheerfully—he had a particularly pleasant voice, too:

"Here we are. Come on, boys—the little job's very neatly done."

The man near my bed hastened toward the door; the second confederate followed. As the fellow at the safe rose from his knees, his mask slipped off. I saw his face distinctly. Its every feature photographed itself so clearly on my mind, that, the next morning, I amused myself by sketching the countenance from memory; and a very handsome one it was; and one not to be mistaken again, when once you had seen it.

I waited for some moments, and then I got out of bed and went to examine the safe: my friend had done his work in a masterly manner.

I looked into the hall; it was dark, and I could hear no sound; my visitors were probably

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safe off the premises, and it was useless for me to disturb my mind about them. I turned the gas full on, shut the safe, and sat down to smoke and think.

At first, I fell to wondering over the oddity of my dream, and, though not given to superstition, I believe I had a superstitious feeling in regard to it, which has never wholly left me. I feel that it was a warning for me to lie still.

The pecuniary loss was, of course, too mere a trifle to dwell on. By the way, I must tell you that the notes were for a hundred dollars each. And, later, I found in my pocket an envelope with their different numbers jotted down on it, so that it would be easy to identify them.

As a beginning for the morning, Carl, my man-servant, roused me to give the information that the house had been entered, by the back basement, though nothing was missing: indeed, there could not well be, as the plate and other movable valuables were lodged at my banker's.

Carl was as much humiliated as if he had been in fault, though he made it plain that he considered I was as much to blame, for having stopped in the house in what he called a helter-skelter fashion. I consoled him, and excused myself as well as I could, asking him to say nothing about the occurrence to anybody. I believe he thought I was ashamed; and I am not sure I wasn't, though on different grounds from those he probably assigned. I made no disclosures whatever, even to him; partly, because I had no wish to have the burglary make an excuse for the newspapers, from Maine to Georgia, to write paragraphs about me and mine, dragging in every possible event which never happened to any of us, and elaborating skilfully a general biography so utterly without foundation that its ingenuity would beat that of a first-class novelist.

One person only I did communicate with—a man whose silence and efficiency I could trust—the head of a detective-agency, through whose efforts it was just possible the stolen notes might sometime be traced, though I had not much idea that they ever would.

The spring and summer passed, and my friend, the detective, never got any clue to the stolen money, and was not likely to, after the lapse of so much time.

Late in the ensuing autumn, I was obliged to go to Chicago, for a week or so. The day of my arrival, my old friend Mr. Edison, the well-known banker, called on me, and insisted on my dining at his house the next evening.

During our confidential chat—we had known each other ever since we were boys—he gave a special reason he had for desiring my presence. He wanted me to meet a young Southerner who was spending the autumn in the town, and had made himself a general favorite.

Edison's wife and daughter had formed Mr. Devereux's acquaintance, during the summer, at some Eastern watering-place; and the real truth was, he had followed them to Chicago, having fallen wildly in love with my pretty favorite—Miss Amy—and being in return viewed with a consideration she had never shown any previous suitor: though, between her mental and personal charms, and her reputation as an heiress, she had had admirers by the score.

The lover had everything in his favor: he had proved the respectability of his family; possessed ample means; was handsome, clever, and well educated. In short, Mr. Edison could urge nothing against the match—for matters had gone so far between the young couple, that Amy had permitted the gentleman to try his chances with her father—except the shortness of the acquaintance.

"Time will soon remedy that," I said, "if it really is your only objection."

"I have no other that is reasonable," he answered; "in fact, I have no other, of any kind. Personally, I like the fellow; yet, somehow, when I am away from his influence, I shrink from the idea of consenting to an engagement."

"You say his record is clear. He seems straightforward, kind-hearted, and the rest," said I, meditatively, and then added, with the impertinent frankness which our intimacy rendered permissible: "Then I'll tell you what seems to me to lie at the bottom of your hesitation."

"I wish you would," said Edison; "for I vow I don't know."

"Why, you're a little jealous; a man usually is, when the real prince comes along, and his ewe-lamb shows a willingness to be carried off," said I, laughing.

"There is something in that," he answered, gravely. "Maybe it is true, too; though I certainly was not conscious of any such feeling."

"Since there are no other objections, and you even like him personally, it must be because you hate to face the giving-up of our little fairy. I don't wonder at it; but you'll have to resign yourself, and her too; so do it with a good grace."

"I suppose I must," he said, evidently still pondering over my words. "Well, if I am amiable about it, he must be patient: I won't have any declared engagement yet awhile."

"That will answer," I said; "and Amy is

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not the sort of girl to be in a hurry to publish her little secrets."

"I want very much to have your opinion of the young fellow; but I know you'll like him. So, come to-morrow night with your thinking-cap on," rejoined Edison, as we shook hands.

"You are right to insist on time," I said; "you can't be too prudent. Remember, I say that, even if Amy talks me over to her side, as I know she will."

"Oh, Amy is always reasonable. You see, the chap has got my wife as his backer. You know what she is when her heart's set on anything: the best woman in the world, but not too much discretion."

She was a wearing woman, to my mind; but of course I did not say that; and he was sufficiently attached to her, to bear with her quiet obstinacy and headstrong determination more patiently than I could have done.

Well, I went to dinner, the next night—arriving a little late, as I had been detained by business which could not be put off. There were some twelve guests, several of whom I knew; and, after being greeted by my hosts, I was exchanging salutations with my acquaintances, when I caught sight of a gentleman whose face was so familiar that I wondered where and when I had seen it.

He was a tall elegant young fellow, with very dark eyes and hair and a peculiarly winning smile, as I had presently a chance to notice; for Mr. Edison brought him up and introduced us. It was Gregory Devereux, little Amy's lover.

The man was charming; he made himself especially agreeable to me, talking remarkably well, and possessing a manner which was at once assured and deferential. I took Mrs. Edison in to dinner, and he sat where I could look full at him; every now and then, while listening to my hostess, or taking a part in the general conversation, I found my eyes wandering that way. In any case, I should have studied his appearance with interest, on account of what Edison had confided to me: but what attracted me now was the puzzling familiarity of his face.

Pretty dainty little Amy was looking prettier and daintier than ever; she was rather silent, and scarcely allowed herself to glance toward Devereux; but, knowing what I did, I could read her secret and her new happiness in every look and smile.

My glance strayed, from her, back to the young man; and suddenly, as he looked up at me, I recovered the recollection which had hitherto eluded my efforts.

My memory presented a rapid picture of the night when I awakened and saw the burglars in my room! Gregory Devereux was the man who had opened the safe: that handsome intellectual face was the one from which I had seen the crape drop, as he was preparing to escape!

The surprise actually stunned me, for a little; I could hear my hostess talking, bowed mechanically in answer—luckily, she never gave one time for much else—and stared in bewilderment at the young villain, who was chatting gayly, quite unconscious of my scrutiny. The sound of little Amy's low rippling laugh brought me to a full realization of the horrible truth.

It was useless to try to think that any chance resemblance had deceived me; no two men could look so much alike; I could not cheat myself with any such hope. Gregory Devereux was my midnight burglar.

I dropped my eyes on my plate, and concentrated my thoughts on what Mrs. Edison was saying, just to steady my head a bit; and, as ill-luck would have it, she began to speak of the man himself.

"I hope you like him," she said, in a low tone.

"He seems agreeable; he is certainly handsome," I answered, thinking how she would hate me forever for being the means of unmasking the rascal. Thankful as she would be over her daughter's escape, with that peculiar wrong-headedness of hers she would always blame me.

"I depend a great deal on you. Mr. Edison told me he had spoken to you, and he puts such reliance on your opinion that I hope your judgment will be favorable. I don't see how anybody could have any other, unless out of pure perverseness," she added, perhaps as a little warning.

"I agree with your husband in his caution," I said; "a matter like this is too serious to be hurried. Better a girl should suffer a little from a romance spoiled, than endure a lifetime of wretchedness from any lack of prudence on the part of her elders."

"I think," retorted she, testily, "that nobody will accuse me of being careless, where my child is concerned. I may have my faults, but I flatter myself that is not among them."

I saw that even a word of counsel would be about as wise to offer as to carry a lighted match into a powder-magazine; so I said several complimentary things in my rough way, and hastened to change the subject.

I was glad to make fatigue an excuse for leaving early. I was glad, too, when Edison regretted that he could not see me the next day, as he was obliged to go to Elgin. I knew the revelation ought to be made at once, but I shrank from my part.

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Before I went to bed, I telegraphed Carl to send me a book of pencil-sketches he would find in a drawer of my writing-table: it had Devereux's likeness among them, and the fidelity of the portrait would be a proof to Edison that I was making no mistake in identity.

The more I reflected, the more painful the whole thing became; my selfish shrinking from a disagreeable duty was lost in the thought of the trouble it must bring into my friend's household. I knew that Amy would suffer terribly; neither pride nor self-respect could hinder that. Of course, time would help her to put so unworthy a creature out of both heart and mind; but she must go through a hard struggle first: that clinging affectionate nature could not have its love killed at a blow, as might have been the case with some women, under the revelation of such perfidy.

I gave business as my excuse for not calling, the next day, on Mrs. Edison. I knew the subject she would talk about, and, worse still, I dreaded some confidence from Amy, who had always been in the habit of treating me with the freedom she would a near relative. I received a visit, though, from Mr. Gregory Devereux himself. There were a couple of gentlemen with me when he called, and very agreeable he was, producing a most favorable impression on my friends.

Really, in spite of what I knew, I liked him better than ever; and, I declare, I found myself contemplating the idea of telling him so, and giving him an opportunity to get quietly away. But of course I could not yield to any such weakness; my duty was plain: to expose the rascal, and help rid society-at-large of him—at least, for some years; but I never had a more painful task.

The next evening, I received the book, carefully wrapped up and sealed. I laid it away, without opening the envelope.

As luck would have it, on the following morning I met in the street the New York detective whom I had consulted—he was in Chicago on professional business, and would remain for several days.

Under the promise of secrecy, I told him the rest of my story, and he agreed to find out everything he could without delay. When I reached my rooms, late that evening, he was there waiting for me; and he had a good deal to tell.

"It's all clear," he said. "I've tracked the fellow: he's the head and front of as clever a gang as can be found between here and San Francisco."

His certainty gave me a terrible shock, after all; for I thought of poor little Amy.

"It's an odd thing," continued Mr. Reach, in answer to my questions, "that the police here have only found him out quite lately; they'd nothing to arrest him on. If it wasn't for your charge, he could walk off scot-free."

"But they're sure?"

"As you are. The chief recognized him as soon as he clapped eyes on him; was in Denver, once, when he was arrested. By the way, he served two years, and got pardoned by some hocus-pocus."

He related a series of adventures which were remarkable in a man so young; but it seemed that Hanlon—this was his real name—had been at the business from early boyhood, though little known East.

Mr. Reach and I had a long conversation. For certain reasons, he did not wish yet to arrest the young man; we must wait several days; and, in the meantime, I must go through the ordeal of meeting him and behaving in a friendly manner; worst of all, could not even give a hint to Mr. Edison.

"Of course, the fellow has stayed here on the girl's account," Reach said; "and, Chief Powers having been absent till the other day, nobody recognized him. He has plenty of money; he made a splendid haul, last spring—robbed a bank in Sacramento. He slipped clean out of the business, too; three of his confederates were jugged, but not one split on him."

The next three days were hard on me. Luckily, I could find excuse for not seeing much of the Edisons; but it seemed to me that I met Devereux at every turn, and he would be excessively amiable—even calling several times at my rooms.

My patience nearly gave out once, and my prudence too. He actually had the audacity to say:

"Your face seemed familiar to me, Mr. Pearsall, the first time we met; it made me feel as if you were not a stranger; and I had so much wanted you to like me; you know what a powerful reason I have for desiring your good opinion."

I restrained myself, returning some civilly-vague answer; and, just then, we were interrupted—of which I was glad enough. He had not been gone long, when I had a visit from Reach, looking so triumphant that I knew the necessity for delay was over.

"He's bagged himself neatly," Reach said. "What do you say to this?"

He pulled out of his pocket a hundred-dollar bill, showed me the number, then produced the list I had given him of the stolen notes, and

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pointed to the corresponding figures. "He got that changed this morning—I was shadowing him; saw him go into Rexford's, and watched; and here's the bill."

"It seems very extraordinary that he should have kept it so long," I said, after we had talked awhile.

"Not a bit—he hadn't needed it; and the job was done so many months since, that nothing could seem safer. It's only that luck was against him—you and I happened to cross his track. He's good for ten years, if those fellows I have sent for come up from Denver; and I think they will. Anyhow, your business will give him honest employment for five."

There was no help for it; I must act, painful as it was to be the instrument of destroying poor Amy's illusions. We arranged our plan before Reach left me, and I went to bed with a heavy heart; and, the next morning, I sent for Mr. Edison, and told him the whole story.

You can fancy his horror and indignation, his dread of his daughter's suffering, and his thankfulness in having been circumspect, and making his wife so; as yet, even their intimate friends only guessed at the state of affairs between the young people.

I told Edison that I had written to Devereux, asking him to call at eleven, which he had promised to do, and urged my friend to receive him as nearly as usual as his self-control could manage.

Presently, Mr. Devereux appeared, elegant and handsome as ever, and I saw, by the light in his eyes, that he jumped at once to the conclusion that he had been sent for to hear some good news.

"This is an unexpected pleasure—the meeting you," he said, warmly grasping Edison's hand, after saluting me.

Edison answered briefly, picked up a newspaper, and pretended to read; but I could see it tremble in his fingers: he was only using the journal as a screen to hide his agitation, and his distress rendered me indignant enough to want to make short work with the scamp.

I opened a drawer and took out the parcel, cut the string, and produced the sketch-book.

"You were speaking, yesterday, about my face looking familiar to you, the first night we met at Mr. Edison's house," I said, abruptly. "I had the same impression in regard to you."

"How odd!" he rejoined, with his pleasant laugh. "I suppose, believers in magnetism would call that a premonition."

"No," I said, quietly; "we had met before. I have remembered where and when it was. Who is this, Edison?"

I had been turning the leaves of the book, till I came to the portrait I wanted. Mr. Edison leaned forward and looked over my shoulder.

"Devereux!" he exclaimed.

The young man rose. I moved the volume so that he could examine the sketch.

"Why, I can see the likeness myself," he said, wonderingly. "Who is my double, Mr. Pearsall?"

"There are several names to choose from," said I; "but I made the sketch the morning after I first met you."

"At Mr. Edison's house?"

"No, sir: in my house in New York, at two o'clock at night, on the fifth of last February," said I, slowly.

He did not start; not a muscle quivered, though his color blanched a little, as he glanced from me to Edison and back.

"Do you mean you dreamed that?" he asked, trying to laugh, though by this time Edison's countenance must have shown him there was trouble ahead; but Reach had warned me that he had nerves of steel. "I suppose there is some joke, but I don't understand."

"I thought it a poor joke when I saw your confederate's pistol pointed at my head," said I.

"What does this mean, sir?" he cried, springing to his feet, his face livid now—but, I felt certain, more from rage at the failure of his plan, which had seemed so near a successful ending, than fear of the consequences which discovery must bring.

"It means," said I, "that, on the night I mention, I saw you and two other men in my bed-room. You robbed the safe: your mask fell off, and I had a good look at you. There's the evidence," and I pointed to the sketch. "And, after all, Mr. Devereux—or Hanlon, or whatever your real name may be—you did not get the bonds."

He stood staring at me, open-mouthed; his eyes took a strange expression, as if a sudden film obscured their brightness; he repeated, half aloud—unconsciously, I think:

"Did not get the bonds?"

"Only your share of a paltry seven hundred dollars; and this bill, which you changed yesterday, makes the chain of my evidence complete," said I, holding up the bank-note as I spoke.

He drew himself to his full height. The fire flashed into his eyes again, as they passed me and rested on Edison.

"I don't know whether this man is drunk or mad," he cried; "but even for your sake, Mr. Edison, I can't bear anything more."

My old friend was absolutely speechless with

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wrath at the fellow's audacity; but I confess I rather admired his pluck.

"What a pity a man like you should be what you are!" I exclaimed, involuntarily.

"Your age protects you!" he cried, with a fierce gesture of his clenched hand. "If I challenged you, it would do no good; but, if there's justice in the land—"

"There is, and you're going to get it at last, my boy," interrupted Mr. Reach, appearing from the inner room. "Come, come, old chap, put down your fist—the game's up: we've got you safe and sound, this time. You're the smartest cracksman in America. I'm proud, Jack Hanlon, to be the man to arrest you."

The criminal did not stir. He stood staring from one to the other in silence, his face white and drawn as that of a corpse. Only the black eyes looked alive: the effect was as if they were blazing at us from a parchment mask.

Just then, there came a knock at my door.

"I'll see who it is," Reach said, and hurried forward to open it.

There stood Powers, the chief of the police, whom Reach had introduced to me the day before.

"We've got him," he said, rapidly: "he was going off by the express, so I nabbed him. It was the only way. Here he is, for Mr. Pearsall to identify."

In another instant, a couple of policemen entered the room, and between them walked—well, my first stupid thought was, how did they get Devereux, when, a moment before, I had seen him among us?

But there he stood, by the table; and, near the door, stood his double: and we all—officers, Edison, and I—stared, first at one, then at the other, in dumb astonishment.

Powers was the quickest to recover himself. He moved toward Devereux; pushed the hair back from his forehead, and gave a rapid glance; then was before the newcomer, performing the same action, which showed a long scar close under the roots of the dark locks.

"Well, this beats me!" he exclaimed. "Mr. Devereux, if my friend Jack hadn't that mark, I'll be jiggered if I could tell which from t'other, even now!"

Hanlon gave a low laugh, and said, with a mocking bow to us all:

"Mr. Devereux, I've been taken for you half a dozen times, these three days I've been here. I'd seen you in Mobile, and used to dress for you—much obliged for the use you've been. Come, Powers, don't keep me waiting all day. Pray excuse my intrusion, Mr. Pearsall—this time it was unintentional."

Well, he got five years in the penitentiary, and luckily died before he served his time out. Gregory Devereux forgave me freely. He could afford to, for Edison consented to give him Amy.

They were married within a twelvemonth, and I was at the wedding. So was Gregory's uncle from Louisiana, whom I found I had known very well for a long time.

So that's all the story. Ends differently from what you expected, perhaps: well, glad enough I am that it does.

ONE SUNSET.

BY GERTIE V. MACK.

'Twas sunset on that Southern shore;
They watched the tints of waves and skies;
A dreamy light was o'er the land
And in their eyes.

Oh, but her face was fair as day,
Although the peasant's-garb she wore:
Once seen and loved, to be forgot,
Ah, nevermore!

For all the sweetness of life's May,
Its early dreams and purer ties,
Seemed kindred with the plaintive charm
Of those blue eyes.

He gazed upon the sinking sun,
And then upon her glowing grace.
Ah, morn shall bring the sun again,
But not that face,

For he must leave this lotus-land,
This quiet love that filled his heart.
Alas! fate ranks some genial souls
So far apart.

Yet neither knew a purer joy
Than future years would ever bring
Was dying with the dying light,
That eve in spring.

An artist, in a distant land,
Keeps treasured from the vulgar gaze
Some sketches of a girl he knew
In other days.

And, far away, across the seas,
A peasant's wife, with dreamy eyes,
E'en with her first-born on her breast,
Grows sad and sighs.

Forlorn as Psyche, exiled far,
And wandering in weary ways,
She pines in secret for the love
Of other days.

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A "CLOTHES-PIN" PARTY.

BY EDYTH KIRKWOOD.

A SULTRY summer afternoon. Professor Don is lazily stretched in a steamer-chair, on the veranda, fanning himself slowly with a palm-leaf fan, highly decorated in Mikado colors. The effect is hot and glaring, and offends him. He turns the other side, in the vain hope of finding relief; but the dyes are even deeper, fiercer—if possible, more torrid and flaming. He utters a feeble ejaculation of despair, casts the thing from him, rises, and sighs.

"What's the matter?" asks a voice beside him.

His manner changes, as by magic. Turning quickly, he sees a dainty little lady, plump and fair. She is dressed in vivid hues; her gown is picturesque and becoming, and not too extraordinary for such a remote country-town as Wayback; but the colors are the colors of the fan, repeated over and over again; and the lady's hair is twisted up in the tightest of Japanese knots, and stuck through and through with all manner of things that creep and fly. For there is a Japanese fever at Wayback. Life has become unendurable there, without very high hair, Mikado dresses, uncanny beasts and birds, long-necked vases, and all the rest of it. The whole town presents the appearance of a chronic carnival. Indeed, when Mr. Don first arrived, and saw the variegated groups and altogether impossible combinations wending hither and thither, he almost disgraced himself by inquiring anxiously: "Have I come to Bedlam?"

He has been here for three weeks, and yet has not grown used to it. A little of Japan—say, about tea-time—is delightful. A vase, disposed in their own true fashion—that is, one only in one apartment—is in excellent taste, and very pleasant to the eye. A jar or two, and a proper, judicious, cultivated arrangement of Japanese color, has the commendation of the whole artistic world. But the Wayback girls don't know how to do it, because they persist in overdoing it. The eye has no rest, no relief, from the violent hues and bizarre outlines. It all has the effect of an unconscious burlesque: and though, at first, it is funny, it soon grows fatiguing.

Professor Harry Don is deadly tired of it; so he looks with keen distaste at Miss Nina Loring's headgear, while he replies mournfully:

"What is the matter? Why, I am aching for something new: Japan to the right and left of us; over our heads and under our feet; Mikado music, Mikado colors, 'ad nauseam.' Even my laundress congratulated herself and me on my white underwear. 'For, indeed, sir,' she said, 'them Micky Dough collars and things is dreffull to do up.' Yes; I want something new, as badly as did Count Raymond of Toulouse, when he cried:

> "'Oh, dear! what will become of us?
> Oh, dear! what shall we do?
> We shall die of blue-devils, if some of us
> Can't hit on something that's new!'"

Miss Loring laughs merrily. "I have heard," she replies, "that the only way to get people out of one set of ideas is to get them into another, just as they tie a string around the ear of a balky horse to make him go: the pain in his ear makes him forget his resolution to stand immovable, and, before he sees the snare, he trots off briskly in the required direction."

"But what ideas are left? There's nothing new under the sun," says Don, refusing to be comforted. And again he quotes:

> "'Still sighs the world for something new—
> For something new:
> Imploring me, imploring you,
> Some will-o'-the-wisp to help pursue.
> Ah! hapless world, what will it do?
> Imploring me, imploring you,
> For something new!'"

Miss Loring laughs again at his doleful tone.

"Your laundress has given me the idea," she says. "Let's have a clothes-pin party."

"A what?"

"The string is around your ear," she cries, in great amusement; "you are already trotting out of your blues."

"I am waiting breathlessly. Go on," he implores.

"The first thing to do is to buy a lot of clothes-pins—"

"How do you buy them? By the pound, the quart, or the yard? The laundry yard, of course."

"Decidedly by the yard, if in any of those ways; but I think the dozen is most usual. Next, we decorate them."

"Horrible! I am relapsing into suicidal gloom. Need we decorate them? Don't let's."

"Yes, yes: we must. We paint anything we

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like on them—a flower, a sentiment, a verse; or, if we get tired of that, we can paste on a scrap-book picture. Then we tie a pretty narrow ribbon bow on the top, being careful to have two alike."

Mr. Don pretends to stop his ears; but looks up to inquire, with sudden interest: "Are we going to decorate the clothes-rope too, and a few tubs?"

"Certainly. I hadn't got to that yet. Nothing will be easier."

"Gild them?"

"By no means. Wind the ropes around with ribbons—or stay: that would cost too much. Double-yarn would do. Paint the tubs in gorgeous colors."

"Please don't," he murmurs, faintly.

"Well, then, in cool tints."

He brightens up. "Yes, cool tints. Delightful! Et puis—"

"Et puis, we turn them upside-down, and use them for tables. The ropes are wound in and out of the trees, amid the branches, and make a nice rustic festoon. We shall play games, talk, have music, dancing—'Sir Roger' out on the lawn—"

"The Sir Roger de Coverley dance, you mean," interrupted the professor. "Why can't you call it, at once, by the name it has been known by, in America, for nearly two hundred years: the Virginia reel? I thought you, at least, were above these new-fangled names."

"I beg your pardon," replied the lady. "Old-fashioned, if you please, for 'Sir Roger' was the original name of the dance. The Virginia reel is, I admit, the same, only very little altered. But, to come back to what I was saying: At tea-time, two gentlemen advance with a huge clothes-basket, in which are snowy napkins, each fastened in its folds by a clothes-pin. These are given to the ladies. A large decorated water-pail also appears on the arm of a pretty girl, in which are the duplicated colors and corresponding sentiments. These are distributed hap-hazard among the men. The color determines each lady's escort to the feast, which meanwhile has been spread. The clothes-pin napkin-holders are kept as souvenirs."

"Too much on the plan of the old 'apron and necktie' parties," grumbles Mr. Don. "It isn't new, after all."

Miss Loring loses patience. "Why, what do you expect? 'Something can't be made out of nothing.' Doesn't your philosophy teach you that? It has a foundation on fact, as it were, I admit; but the mise-en-scène at least is new, you must agree. Absolute novelty is impossible."

"Very true; I ought to be grateful."

"And I hadn't finished. I was going on to say that we might request the ladies to come as lavenders, in white or very pale dresses: washer-women à-la-Boucher, you know."

"But pray add: 'Please omit pattens and wooden shoes,' if we are going to dance. Let's go and buy the clothes-pins; I am longing to begin."

"First, we must get Mrs. Brown's permission to have the affair; and the other guests ought also to be consulted."

To this, of course, Mr. Don consents; and, these formalities over, they go to the country-store and electrify the clerk by buying several dozen clothes-pins, many yards of clothes-line, ribbons, and yarn. It is not to be wondered at that the report soon spreads that pretty Nina Loring is going to marry that lazy conceited city-fellow; for does not John Johnson, the clerk, say that they are buying their furniture already?

As soon as the invitations are sent, however, the vehemence of the talk subsides. Only, it is so delightful to the busybodies that they cannot drop it altogether; and Nina soon hears enough to make her grow a little shy of Harry Don: who is, of course, the last person to become aware of the current report.

He is no longer bored and lazy, but exerts himself to help Miss Loring, in the most unselfish and laudable fashion. His clothes-pins are gems of delicate fancy in fern and flower: jeux d'esprit, poetic sentiment, apt quotations, seem to flow from the end of his brush; and, as Nina knots on the pretty duplicate colors, more than once she finds herself wondering which of these will fall to her share, and whether—yes, I will say it—whether he has meant this or that idea for her, whether he has hoped she would happen to choose this color or that.

The day arrives: is clear, fresh, and calm.

The affair goes off charmingly; and the lawn, with its unique adornments tastefully disposed, presents a very happy picture. "Sir Roger" has been danced and danced again, and the ladies, in idealized costumes of French "blanchisseuses" or English lavenders, have footed it merrily with their companion swains.

The big clothes-basket and the decorated waterpail duly appear with the snowy napkins and the odd holders, and the fun runs high. Only poor Nina looks less gay than is her wont, for she has been unmercifully teased about the young professor, who has himself at last discovered the general "on dit," and is not so unhappy about it as one might suppose. He watches anxiously to see which color Nina will

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get. He has had his turn, and his colors are lavender and green. No! Yes! She takes up the corresponding knot, then, glancing swiftly from under her long lashes, she perceives what she has done, and tries furtively, but earnestly, to effect an exchange with a pretty neighbor, who has drawn a pink-decked pin. This the pretty neighbor, satisfied with her own luck, emphatically refuses to do, and Nina is forced to "dree her weird." To cover her confusion, she reads the quotation traced on the two sides of the wooden pin:

"Lavender's blue, oh! my darling;
Rosemary's green.
If I were king, oh! my darling,
You should be queen!"

Which by no means tends to lessen her embarrassment.

Mr. Don takes it all very quietly, until, the repast over, the various couples stray about the gardens and shrubbery, perhaps—who knows?—to compare the sentiments on their souvenirs. Then Miss Loring finds herself drawn by a will stronger than her own to a pretty mossy bower, where they can see the rose and golden clouds of the setting sun.

"Why did you try to avoid me?" he queries, abruptly.

"I didn't," she answers, unblushingly.

"But I saw you," he persists. "I saw you try to get Miss Morris to change pins with you."

"Well, then, I did," she admits, with the blush that ought to have gone with her former negation.

"And why?"

"Because—"

"That may be reason enough for you, but not for me. And I feel hurt—very much hurt, Miss Loring."

She gives him a keen searching look, and sees that he means it; and, grieved to have wounded him, she answers kindly:

"I'm sorry. Please forgive me. It was only because—"

"You said that before," he interrupts, impatiently.

"Because people are saying things."

"Who cares? Do you?"

"Not—much—if you don't."

"I? My dearest Nina, I am delighted! I only hope it may come true."

Miss Loring takes no notice of this bold venture.

"Do you like what is written on your napkin-holder?" he asks.

"Yes; that is—I mean—they are all nice. Let me see yours. I did not see these two before."

"No; I kept them out on purpose, feeling sure you would choose the colors you had not tied. Here is mine. A sort of answer to yours: both slightly altered from a nursery-song in one of Miss Montgomery's stories."

She takes it and reads:

"How do you know, oh! my lover?
Tell me, how do you know?
'Twas mine own heart, oh! my darling,
That told me so!"

Does she like that? he asks again, and in the end she admits that she does like it; and what Professor Don wished might come true does come true.

The Japanese craze is not ended at Wayback, but merely interrupted for a space, by the clothes-pin party. Professor Don, however, bears it bravely now. His adoration for his charming fiancée is so intense that he would permit her to wear dozens of butterflies, fans, beasts, and bugs run through her hair; he would believe in her, even though she appeared in all colors, celestial and terrestrial, at one and the same time. But, as she is lovely, she is merciful, and does not put him to so hard a test. She bestows the "Micky Dough" costume, with all its accessories, upon the laundress who invented the term.

JENNIE KNIGHT.

BY ARTHUR E. SMITH.

Tripping through the grassy meadows,
Tramping over
Daisies white
And the clover,
Lightly comes she, like a shadow—
Jennie Knight.

Quick her step, and light as feathers;
Oh, the fun from
Jennie Knight!
Like the run which
Laughs the same through stormy weather,
Day and night.

Happy maiden, modest maiden,
Dear to me aye—
Jennie Knight.
I would be, nay,
Never, with the sorrow-laden
Jennie Knight.

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HOW JUBA DIDN'T "CATCH THE COON."

BY MRS. M. SHEFFEY PETERS.

A SUCCESSFUL coon-hunt was, to Juba, what winning the Derby, "the blue ribbon of the turf," is to an English peer of sporting proclivities.

"What cull'ed pusson," our hero said to his chum, Billy Sykes, "dat ever clumb er 'simmon-tree, and ketched a coon, but kep' his skin to brag 'bout? But, ever sence dis new school-mistis from Bosting hes sot up for style in dis settlement, Aunt Hanner's been sayin' ez how 'twere low-lived to go possum-huntin'. Now, if I could jes' get on de blin' side ov Daddy Isrul, mebbe he mought sorter 'suade Aunt Hanner ter giv' in. But her's monsrous stubborn on some subjec's. Aunt Hanner is; an' Uncle Isrul don't keer ter crowd her, when she squar's herself. Man, sirs! he knows rightly dat she mought sqush 'im, ef she'd er min' ter. It's on'y dis new school-mistis: she's put Aunt Hanner into de notion dat we's one ov de fust famblies ov Vaginny—F. F. V.'s. Miss Bingley sez, sez she: 'Mrs. Beasle, yer hev de true high cheek-bone and coppery color dat er shore sign dat yer hev in yer veins de blood ov Pokyhontis.' And, sence dat, Aunt Hanner's wuss dan eber, an' she say 'tain't 'rustycatic fur ter coon an' possum hunt."

"Jes' so, too, Missus Sprouts sez ter her Ned," answered Billy, with a grin; "but, bless gracious, we ain't er mindin' dat. Him an' me's gwine coon-huntin', come fust change ov de moon."

Juba's face cleared. "Dat's de time," he said, "dat Aunt Hanner's gwine ter hev her big soap-bilin'—an' her soap-bilin's takes her 'tention might'ly. Uncle Isrul, he do de stirrin' an' liftin', too, so bof' on em's ap' fur ter go ter bed monsrous airly an' monsrous sleepy."

The boys winked at each other and laughed.

"I'll pile on de fires, an' keep de soap bilin' lively, so's ter keep 'em busy," said Juba.

"An' yer bes' be makin' frien's wi' dat new sharp-nose coon-dorg yer Uncle Isrul got from de minner' mines. Tarlton Scott say he could smell er coon er possum ef dey'd swim 'crost de Ro'noke River, fornent de Allegheny Springs—an' thet's er stretch, now, ain't it?"

"Me an' de dorg'll be on han' in time. Golly! we's bof' sp'iliu' fur dat scrimmage wi' er coon."

Their plans mapped out, the lads parted, Juba loitering along the pike toward old Israel's cabin; feeling not altogether comfortable, however, in case Aunt Hannah should discover the proposed night-tramp.

"Her'll make me look bof' ways at onct, an' see billions ov stars ter boot, ef she gits de scent o' dat coon in her nostrums," he cogitated. "Gunny muggles! dough, but yon'ner goes dat school-mistis into our house, dis minnit. Dat's de end ov coon-hunts, shore's dis chile's born."

Juba would have dodged the visitor, had the fates favored him; but, as luck would have it, Uncle Israel, coming out of the cabin at that moment, caught sight of him skulking behind the privet-bushes. Seeing Juba, a bright idea occurred to the patriarch. It was to find out what knowledge "dat boy Jube" was acquiring under the daily tutelage of the new "school-mistis."

"Ef she's been able fur ter poun' any larnin' inter dis Juba's numskull, she done a miracle," he said, "and ole Isrul's boun' fur ter give her credit fur it."

Juba answered Uncle Israel's hail with lagging and unwilling steps.

"Ki, boy!" cried the old man, "shuffle yer pegs faster'n dat, when yer knows yer school-mistis hev honored we 'uns wi' er wisit, jes' fur ter 'port on yer progress in larnin'. Come in, boy; come 'long in. Let's hear you an' de mistis pow-wow er bit 'bout yer books. Miss Bingley, ma'am," he said, dragging the boy inside the cabin, "ax 'im er few questions, couldn' yer, fur me an' my ole 'ooman? Her an' me ain't got much larnin', dat's er fac'; but we's monsrous proud fur de boy ter larn jography, ph'losum', an' mathrumatics."

Miss Bingley, through her spectacles, looked severely at Juba, who, in his embarrassment, was busily occupied digging ashes, with his toes, out of the cracks in the hearth.

"The boy, I am sorry to say," she stated, with precision, "is not as studious as he might be. Juba Beasle!" The last words were spoken in a tone of sharp command.

As the school-mistress uttered his name, straightening herself majestically, Juba stepped quaking to the front, like a soldier under fire.

"Beasle! Of the heavens and the earth—the flowers, trees, rivers, and tobacco-fields, which

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we now see around us—what was there in existence before the creation of them, and of all things?"

Juba walled his eyes, shifting his weight from one leg to the other.

"Nothink whatsomever, mum, I reckin."

"I should think you would know so, Beasle. I've told you it so many times. But go on: Of what were all things created?"

Again Juba shifted his legs dubiously.

"Say 'nothing,' Beasle, and don't look stupid," she said, severely.

"I am er-sayin' 'nothink,' ain't I? An' I ain't er-lookin' stupid, ez I knows," sullenly protested Juba.

"Ki!" said Aunt Hannah, shaking her finger threateningly. "'Member, you Juba Beasle: dere's dat hickory twig seasonin' fur yer, ober dere in de chimbley-corner, if yer is sassy."

"Hem!" said the teacher, who believed in moral suasion, and not in the rod, but did not like to contradict Aunt Hannah before the boy. "Now, Beasle, for some facts in nature and science. First: What's the shape of the world we live on?"

Juba brightened.

"It's roun', like er orange; on'y it's not yaller ner juicy, I reckin, mum."

"Of course not, Beasle. It's only in shape like an orange, you know. But we are on the outside, like so many ants crawling on the orange-rind—aren't we?"

"Yes'm," dutifully assented her pupil.

But "ole Isrul" took the pipe from his mouth, at this, and stared at the teacher.

"Is dat so, mistis?" he said. "Is yer sartin? Blest, mum, ef I hain't allus s'posed ez how dis yairth were mos'ly flat nigh de middle, but riz at de aidges like er piggin er tin-pan."

"'Clar ter gracious!" protested the wife of his bosom, "de ignorumps ov dat Isrul."

Miss Bingley looked hopelessly grieved.

"Mr. Beasle," she said, benignantly, "you have yet to learn, also, that this world we live on—even while we are sitting here, talking quietly—is whirling and rushing through space, around the sun, faster than the fastest express-train can run."

Involuntarily, Hannah clasped the arms of her split chair, in the insecurity of such a state of progression, feeling certain of flying off at a tangent without delay.

Israel looked stupefied, but rallied and said:

"Is—is dat so? Well, mistis, whar's we gwine?"

Such an emphasis of consternation was there, in the tone and bearing of the man! As clearly as she could, the visitor explained the action of the forces controlling the motions of the earth, while, with bent head, the patriarch turned over and over, in his bewildered brain, the novel problems thus presented.

"And so you see how the turning of the earth on its axis makes the change from day to night," she said, in conclusion.

From underneath his shaggy brows, Uncle Israel glanced at her curiously. His spirit of unbelief, the ingrained conservatism of his race, was waxing rebellious.

"Fore de gracious, mum, ef I kin see what de yairth's got ter do wi' axes," he said. "Dere's no-'count lazy niggers 'nuff, 'bout dis settlement, fur ter chop all de woods de yairth's herricanes an' whirlwin's spar's. An' ez ter dis matter ov de yairth whizzin' 'bout de sun, wil' ez er March hare er a skittish dancin'-wench, why, mum," rising to his feet and vigorously knocking the ashes from the bowl of his pipe, "what Isrul am got ter qualify, on dat p'int, is dat 'tain't noways sich ez he's been larnt; an', at pas' seventy year, he thinks hisself too ole er dorg fur ter be taught new tricks like dese yere. Now, dat de sun do move, we hev de Scripture fur ter prove, where Josh'wy hilt it back, you 'members, from er gwine. An' now yer think yer gwine ter make me b'leve dat I haven't seed de sun come up ayant dem Blue Ridge Mountings, an' climb, an' climb, an' trabel er day's journey, ter drap down ahint dese Peaks of Otter, over yere, back of dis. Mistis, de sun do move." And, with this parting shot, he escaped from the cabin, leaving Aunt Hannah to finish the fight.

Juba speedily followed, under cover of Aunt Hannah's voluble apologies for the "nateral-born an' mule-headed ignorumps of de ole man, which, when he tuk er notion, wouldn' be turned right ner lef', fur ter save yer soul—ner his'n."

Aunt Hannah's "soap-bilin'" took place "fust change ov de moon," as arranged, and Juba kept the pots and kettles boiling, as he had said he would. They bubbled so like a witch's caldron, that both Israel and his "ole 'ooman" were, by early bed-time, ready for a night of unbroken repose. Nor did Juba desire to disturb them.

In his cuddy under the roof, he listened, at a crack in the floor, for the first duet of snores from the room below. When it came, he was, in a twinkling, noiselessly descending the outside ladder. There, in the shadow of the big oak-tree, Billy and Ned were awaiting him.

"Whar's yer dorg, Jube?" asked Billy, in a shrill whisper.

Juba clapped his hands over the bulging pockets of his trousers, and cried, dolorously:

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"Gunny muggles! ef I hain't forgot fur ter git dat key. De purp's done got hisse'f locked in de back wood-shed, an' de key's in Aunt Hanner's pocket—'clar ter gracious, ef 'tain't!" He looked the picture of despair.

"Den yer must go arter it," were Billy's laconic words.

"But it's in Aunt Hanner's pocket, I tell yer," said Juba. "An' de frock's on de cheer, close ter de bed-pos' whar dey's sleepin'. But," scratching his head, "I mought git in through the kitchen-shed winder."

"Dat's de idee. Here goes, den."

Billy managed to raise the window, as he spoke; and Juba, once inside, easily lifted the latch of the door of the sleeping-room. Then he softly stole in, the steady snoring of the sleepers encouraging him.

It was not a difficult thing to grope his way to the bed, where he readily found the frock, that hung across the chair-back. The key was in the pocket. But how to get into the pocket, after it, was what began to puzzle Juba. In fact, by the time he had gone round and round the hem of the frock a few dozen times, and had followed the seams inside and out, feeling every inch of the capacious waist and sleeves, his patience was exhausted; Finally, like Alexander, he cut the Gordian tangle by twisting the coveted key out from the bottom seam of the pocket. Hurriedly replacing the frock, he made a bee-line for the door: that is, he thought he was making such a line, until convinced to the contrary by finding his nose suddenly flattened against a shelf of the corner cupboard. There was a stifled ejaculation; and, in his involuntary rebound, Juba tilted backward over some obstructive object, and, to his horror, found himself, a second later, utterly swamped in a box of the soap boiled that day, but now cold and rapidly congealing.

"Ha-a-a!" shivered the boy, in sickened disgust.

The sleepers stopped snoring.

Juba sat in agonized silence, holding himself poised over the sharp edge of the box.

Aunt Hannah, but half asleep, lurched over heavily; the four-poster bed sepulchrally creaking with her weight.

"Juba, chile," mumbled the tired dame, dreamily, "keep de fire gwine; but don' let dat soap bile over."

"Fore de gracious!" thought her luckless nephew, as the soap, cold and slimy like a snake, crept through a rent in his waistband, "fore de gracious! ef I wuz on'y er piece of grease, er-bilin' up wi' it, I wouldn' keer much."

He had the discretion, though, to sit still and answer not a word. Five, ten minutes passed, in long-drawn-out misery; for the bed-cords creaked dolorously now and again, reminding him that Aunt Hannah was still moving uneasily. The cutting of the sharp edges of the box into his shins constrained him, however, to ease his posture at last. The shuffling, careful as he was, broke Aunt Hannah's slumber again.

"Who's dat?" she sharply hailed, lifting herself on her elbow.

In the shadow of the corner cupboard, the culprit sat speechless, like an ebony statue of Despair.

"Ole 'ooman, ole 'ooman," complained Uncle Israel, arousing also, "yer 'pears monsrous oneasy, ter-night. Hev yer got de cramps er anything?"

"De cramps!" petulantly resented the wife. "'Specs you'd ha' been hevin' conwulsions, ef you'd er-thought there wuz bugglers prowlin' 'bout de house. I've heerd 'em er-trompin'."

"I 'specs I bes' cut an' run fur it," thought Juba, vainly attempting to rise. Desperate but brief was the struggle.

"Jeems's River!" he said to himself. "I'se molded in tight an' fas' wi' dis yere soap!"

Meantime, Uncle Israel, hearing Juba's struggles, buried his head under the "kiverlid," thoroughly frightened, crying: "Help! murder! help!"

But, even as Juba wrestled, Aunt Hannah, braver than her husband, struck a match, which flared upon the darkness: and, in a moment more, the luckless disturber of her repose was revealed.

"A-a-h, ha-ah!" she cried, pouncing upon him. "I mought ha' knowed 'twere jes' you, Juba Beasle. Up ter yer debbilment, ez yer allus is, is yer? Mussin' my soap, is yer? Git up outer dere, dis instance, yer owdacious—git up, I say!"

The culprit would gladly have got up. But he stuck fast, in spite of all his efforts. He could only ward off the vigorous onslaught of the irate Hannah by dodging his head hither and thither, and protecting it as best he might from the whackings and cuffings Aunt Hannah aimed at him, right and left.

"Mammy, mammy," he protested, in a momentary cessation of these hostilities, "I ain't er settin' here 'case I wants ter. Bless gracious, ef de soap ain't holdin' of me tight ez er oyster in er shell. Shore ez yer born, mammy, I never'd want ter set in er mess like dis."

"What'd yer do it fur, den? Yer meddlesome no-'count—"

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The boy's fertile brain suddenly conceived a mode of escape from his predicament.

"'Twuz all erlong o' me er stumblin' over de soap-mol', when I run in so fas' fur ter tell yer dat de cow wuz out in her stall, er chokin' ter death wi' er nubbin in her throat."

"What? My cow chokin' on er corn-nubbin? Here, Isrul, len' er han', an' holp me haul dis boy outer de soap-mol'. Now, den, pull!"

And pull they did, with such a will that Jube popped up like a cork from a spruce-beer bottle, leaving a regular suction-vacuum in the soap.

"Now come on, bof' ov yer," cried the energetic Hannah, fixing the tallow dip in the lantern; "ef dat Brindle's swallerin' ov er nubbin crossways, dere's no time ter lose."

Two minutes later, Ned Sprouts and Billy Sykes, retreating down the road, and looking back, saw a strange procession emerge from the cabin, and cross the yard to the cow-shed, where Brindle, aroused from her peaceful slumbers, scrambled to her feet, with an air so frantic that Hannah, flaring the lantern in her eyes rashly, concluded her to be, as Jube had affirmed, in the last stages of strangulation.

"Hol' de light, Jube," she cried; "an' you, ole man, scrouge her jaws open, can't yer, an' lemme reach fur dat nubbin."

Poor victimized Brindle made an heroic resistance; but at last she was pressed into a corner, and forced to submit to the imposition of having her jaws squeezed apart, and to be strangled, in fact, by Aunt Hannah's plump hand being thrust down her great throat. Half-way to the elbow it went. But, when the stout fingers made a determined effort to seize and dislodge an important gristle, or hinge of her swallowing-apparatus, Brindle concluded that cow-nature could stand no more. So she dipped her horns, and made a lunge at her persecutors, which released her promptly.

"Ef twuz er nubbin, it's clar gone, anyhow," smiled Hannah, triumphantly. "Hit give way, when I pushed."

"I spec yer saved ole Brindle's life, mammy," hypocritically said Juba.

"Ay, boy! But her'd a died onbeknownst, but fur you wakin' us prompt," she said.

The "ole man" glanced dubiously at Juba. He had no faith in the "nubbin" story.

"Dere is some things ez is easier ter swaller dan nubbins is," he whispered to Juba, as they turned back toward the cabin. "Dat de yairth turns roun' ez easier ter swaller. But I don't b'leve dat, nohow, spite ob de Bosting schoolmistis. But min' you, Juba, yer ain't ter git in de habit ov settin' up nights, in yer clo'es, waitin' fur Brindle to choke herse'f: ef yer does, I'll hab ter settle wid yer, wid de hickory twig. It's coon-huntin' yer wuz arter, I 'spees, yer young rascal."

MY HEART COMMUNES WITH THEE.

BY KATE AULD.

When the moon is glittering brightly
  And the stars are all ablaze,
And the night is hushed and silent
  'Neath the night-queen's brightest rays;
And the whippoorwill, so shrilly,
  Chants his mournful melody;
And the wood gives back its echo—
  Then my heart communes with thee.

When the sun is sinking slowly
  To its rest beyond the hills,
And the murmurs flow in music
  From the dancing little rills;
And the wind, in softest whispers,
  Brings sweet memories to me,
With a thrill of truest pleasure—
  Then my heart communes with thee.

When the twilight-zephyr's playing—
  Playing sweetly, far and near—
Then my lips are still repeating
  Thine own name, to me so dear;
That dear name my heart re-echoes,
  Dear indeed the sound to me;
And, amid the lingering twilight—
  Then my heart communes with thee.

Yon bright star beams down upon me
  Fondly as thy loving eye;
And, in my joy, oh, I'm longing
  To that planet, fair, to fly.
Could I love thee there more fondly?
  Couldst thou dearer be to me?
While that star is sweetly trembling,
  Then my heart communes with thee.

Where—oh, where?—art thou, this ev'ning?
  But, wherever thou may'st be,
This is still my consolation:
  Thou art thinking yet of me.
And our hearts, in fond communion,
  Are wherever thou may'st be:
For I love thee dearly, dearly,
  And my heart communes with thee.

Thou beloved one! my fancy
  Paints thy form as ever near.
'Tis but fancy; but thy spirit,
  Led by love, is surely here.
Let me think this drea.. is real:
  Happiness it brings to me.
While thy spirit near me hovers,
  Then my heart communes with thee.

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A GRIEVOUS BLUNDER.

BY EMILY LENNOX.

When Kenneth Farley reached Vineta, a little seaside-resort on the Jersey coast, it was after a rainy drive of several miles from the railroad. He was quite wet through, and was in no very gentle mood; so, when the landlady told him he was too late for supper, and demurred about lighting the kitchen-fire anew to cook him anything, he fairly lost his temper.

"Curse such a hole," he said. "I thought you called this a hotel."

"So it is," was the somewhat dignified reply. "But the season has not yet opened, and our supply of help is small, as yet. Besides, we did not know you were coming."

"Well," said the young man, "get me something. I have come here, because I was told there was good sport; and I didn't suppose it necessary to write in advance." And, as the landlady moved off, saying she would see what could be done, he uttered another angry expletive, and, striding up to the fireplace, where some logs were burning brightly, gave a vicious kick to one of them.

"Deuce take it," he said. "I wish I had never come to the beastly place."

A half-uttered sigh startled him. He had thought he was alone in the room; but, looking around, he saw that a large deep armchair, at the side of the fireplace, sheltered an occupant, who, up to this moment, had been concealed from him by the back of the chair. At the same moment, a sweet womanly face, framed in rippling brown hair, glanced up at him, with a half-sad, half-shocked expression in the dark-violet eyes.

Kenneth turned a guilty scarlet. Here was a lady—undoubtedly, a real lady—who had caught him swearing in her presence. To make matters worse—from one point of view, at least—she was both young and pretty. He stammered, pulled his mustache, and then began nervously to apologize.

"I hope you will excuse me," he said. "I have used language very unbecoming in a gentleman; but I did not know there was a lady present."

It was a lame excuse, he felt; and he was not surprised at the result. For the dark-violet eyes were slowly lifted to his face, with a calm unfathomable look, while a low musical voice replied: "If you will excuse my saying it. I think gentlemen have no right to use such language, either in or out of a lady's presence. I did not know that gentlemen," with emphasis on the word, "did it."

Kenneth turned more red than before, at this sharp reproof, and got out of the room as quickly as possible; for, at that moment, fortunately, his supper was announced, and so he had an excuse for leaving. He did not, we may well suppose, return when he had finished his meal, but went to bed immediately. He could not sleep, however, for a long while. A lovely face haunted his waking dreams, and he was seized with a passionate longing to make those dark reproachful eyes look at him with a different expression, to hear those calm quiet lips speak in different accents.

Kenneth Farley had not a susceptible nature. He was twentyeight; he was rich and good-looking; but very few women had found even passing favor in his eyes. But it often happens that men who have escaped heart-whole for years are suddenly precipitated into the abyss of love. It happened so to Kenneth now.

He had risen early, to stroll about; for the storm was over, and the sun shone brightly; and, when he returned to the house, breakfast was being served. Miss Onslow—for that, as he had found, on looking at the hotel-register, was the name of the young lady—was already seated at the table; but, when he bowed, somewhat hesitatingly, she answered only with a slight cold inclination of the head.

Kenneth, however, was not one to be discouraged. He was the more eager to succeed, because he was not in the habit of using strong language, and had only been betrayed into it by his discomfort and disappointment. "Oh," he said, "if I could only get her really to forgive me." And, from that hour, he set himself to the task. There was, as yet, but few guests at the hotel, and this threw him and Miss Onslow a good deal together; but he made, apparently, no progress whatever in her good graces. In fact, Ethel, remembering that first night, hardened her heart deliberately against him.

The six weeks which Kenneth had intended to give to the seashore lengthened into eight; for, by this time, he had become madly in love,

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and he could not tear himself away. Several times, he decided to go; but, at the last moment, changed his mind. Yet he felt his chance growing less and less, every day. The more so, as the hotel was now full, and Miss Onslow had plenty of other suitors.

The bathing-season had begun, when, one morning, he met Miss Onslow, going to the beach, very early; in fact, before the guests at Vineta, generally, had left their beds.

"Are you for a dip, to-day?" he said, eagerly. "May I not go in with you? Isn't the surf grand? Aren't you almost afraid of it?"

For there had evidently been a storm, out at sea; a cyclone, perhaps, so high ran the waves, so loud roared the breakers.

"Thanks!" she said, coldly. "But I'd much rather go alone. And I'm not the least afraid."

A deep flush overspread Kenneth's face. At first, he felt like turning on his heel and striding away. But love was stronger than pride.

"Why are you so unkind?" he cried, bitterly, at last. "Have I persecuted you with so many attentions that you need insult me?"

"I did not mean to insult you," she said, with heightened color.

"You have never forgiven me, I know, for my conduct that first night. You are unjust."

"Mr. Farley," she said, indignantly, her dark eyes giving a quick angry flash, "when were you appointed my Mentor?"

A look of pain crossed his face, as, with a sudden appealing gesture, he cried:

"Oh, Ethel—Miss Onslow, have pity! Don't you know I love you?"

She drew back, with a quick nervous start. But he went on passionately: "I have loved you since the very hour we met. Do not let a first impression bias your mind forever. You are dearer to me than my life. Let me try to earn your esteem. Give me a chance—"

"Impossible!" she interrupted, in a cold hard voice.

"Then," he said, bitterly, as he turned and left her, "I have nothing more to ask."

He walked on and on, along the strand, and to the curving cape which sheltered Vineta from the north winds, resolving to leave for his home that very night. At last, flinging himself down on the wet sand, he watched the tempestuous waves, which seemed to embody the tumult in his mind.

Quite an hour passed, and still he lay there. Presently something caught his eye: a black object, tossed about by the waves, but slowly drifting out to sea.

He looked at it long and attentively. What could it be? At first, he thought it a bit of wreck. But, as the outlines grew more distinct, he saw that they bore some resemblance to a human form.

"Good heavens!" he cried, springing to his feet, and tossing off his coat in desperate haste. "What if—"

For he remembered Ethel. What if it were she, out there at sea, and drifting to her death?

The awful supposition chilled his blood. Heedless of the risk he ran, he plunged into the sea, and swam out toward the object. It rose and fell, with the motion of the waves: now coming into sight, now disappearing; but there was no longer any doubt as to what it was: it was a woman's figure, prone upon its back, and seemingly insensible.

Was she floating, or was she dead? A terrible agony took possession of Kenneth's mind. "Ethel!" he cried, in ringing tones. "Ethel! Ethel!"

There was no answer. She was too distant to hear. Faster and faster, the apparently inanimate figure drifted out to sea!

It was Ethel, he knew now. The surf had been too strong for her, and swept her off her feet: and she had only saved herself from drowning by throwing herself upon her back. She could not swim, but she could float; and, for one whole hour of agony and suspense, she had kept herself up, hoping for a rescue, yet drifting slowly out to sea.

Her strength was almost gone, when Kenneth reached her. She had heard, but was too weak to answer, his wild appeal: she could not, even now, reply to him; she was barely able to turn her head.

Desperation had lent him the strength of a giant. He had battled the waves successfully, where another would have failed. As he reached her, her eyes, for one moment, rested on his face. Then the long-strained muscles relaxed, and only his protecting arm kept her above water: otherwise, she would have sunk forever.

It was one of heaven's and love's miracles that he ever reached the shore; but he knelt at last on the beach, holding her in his arms, and kissing her to consciousness again.

She opened her eyes, and met the look of passionate adoration fastened on her face.

Then, with a faint blush, she closed her eyes again.

"You are mine!" Kenneth said, in a low, scarcely audible, voice. "I saved you from death. I will never give you up."

Perhaps it was her weakness; perhaps a secret tenderness she had long striven against; perhaps a sense of her injustice to him, and this noble

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return he had made for it; but, whatever it was, she allowed him to hold her there in his arms, and she smiled when he kissed her.

"Kenneth," she said at last, in a faint voice, "I am suffering, dear. Can't you get me home?"

He carried her all the way back, by easy stages: she resting in his arms, content and secure.

It was weeks before she recovered entirely from the shock. Ah, that happy season of convalescence!

"Darling," Kenneth said, as he held her hand in his, and looked up at her fair sweet face, "I only ask the privilege of proving my worthiness."

"Ah," she answered, laying her other hand over his, "I do not need any further proof. I see that I wronged you. I had no right to judge from my first impression. But, at the same time, dear, you must acknowledge that you had no right to make that first impression so painful."

"No," he said, quite humbly; "I know I hadn't."

I, the writer of this story, have just been to St. Mark Church, to see them married. Such a wedding as it was, too!

MY BABY'S HAND IN MINE.

BY M. E. HARMON.

Oh! I love to sit at twilight,
When there scarce a sound is heard,
Save the murmur of the leaflets
By the summer-breezes stirred;
Or perhaps a bird's faint twitter,
Or the lowing of the kine:
Then I love to sit, at twilight,
With my baby's hand in mine.

With his little cheek of velvet
To my own so closely pressed;
With his silky ringlets straying,
In soft ripples, o'er my breast;
While his tiny clasping fingers
Round my own so clinging twine:
Thus I love to sit, at twilight,
With my baby's hand in mine.

Then I dream so bright a future
For my little baby-boy.
Where his hopes shall have no blighting,
And his pleasures no alloy;
And I see him fondly worship
At each pure and holy shrine,
When I sit and dream, at twilight,
With my baby's hand in mine.

Never dream I of the trials
That, in manhood, he must meet
Nor of idols to be shattered
Under careless-treading feet;
Nor of cherished schemes all thwarted;
Nor of grief too deep for sign:
When I sit and dream, at twilight,
With my baby's hand in mine.

For there are so few such seasons
On our care-encumbered road,
When, from off our weary shoulders,
Slides the sorely-pressing load,
That I'll have no dark forebodings,
In these moments near divine,
When I sit and dream, at twilight,
With my baby's hand in mine.

And I'll trust the loving Father
Who upholds me on my way:
For I know He will not lead me
Nor my baby-boy astray.
Trust I, when hosts of heaven
And saints of earth combine,
I may kneel before His footstool,
With my baby's hand in mine.

ON THE BEACH.

BY MRS. S. L. OBERHOLTZER.

The waves dash in, and the waves roll out;
They toss, they tumble, and frisk about;
The sea is broad and long and wide.
We, on the beach, note but its tide:

The ermine edge, in its rise and fall,
Fringing the sand; a mermaid's shawl,
Losing its pendants of shells and pearls
On the silvery line where seaweed curls.

Note but the billows' broad expanse
And here, where the white-winged breakers dance,
The restless pulse of a power sublime,
That heeds no season and knows no time!

We reach for the snowy flakes that yearn
For the undercurrent's backward turn,
And catch but a breath of salt, salt air,
While a wave runs out, to sing: "Beware!"

Break on, O sea of the ages past!
Our thoughts you anchor and bind them fast;
While you are deaf and blind, that we,
Mites of a day, are your lovers—sea!

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THE MILLIONAIRE'S DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

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CHAPTER XX.

"MRS. BOARDMAN." A card, with this name upon it, was brought to Mrs. Brooks, and presented in due form. She had not been accustomed to such announcements at the Hollow Swamp farm, where visitors did not always wait to knock at the door, and she was rather puzzled to know the exact meaning of this bit of pasteboard, in a huge hotel. She took up the card, colored a little, and was about to ask what it meant, when Dorothea looked over her shoulder, and told the waiter, with a slight catch of the breath, to show the lady in. The moment he was gone, that young person turned upon her mother.

"I declare, ma, you make me blush. That impudent fellow was beginning to smile all over his face when he saw how puzzled you were. It seems to me as if you never can learn how to carry things off genteelly. Didn't I tell you that cards are always sent in, before a visitor calls? It is the stylish thing everywhere."

"I understand that well enough," said Mrs. Brooks, always impatient under her daughter's fashionable lectures. "But, in a hotel, where you can run into rooms under the same roof every ten minutes, how could I expect a thing like that to be crowded in upon me?"

"My dear ma—mamma, I mean—you see how much I try to harmonize myself with the surroundings here. No one catches me forgetting myself, in company: though 'ma' will sometimes slip out when we are alone. If you would only put your mind to it as I do, it wouldn't be such up-hill work for me."

"I wish the lady, whoever she is, would come in. It requires the patience of Job to be alone with you ten minutes. One would think me a child, and you a Sunday-school teacher."

Dorothea had an answer ready, but it died on her lips; for Mrs. Boardman entered, just as some lovely old picture of the last century might have stepped out of its frame. This nice old lady had counted years enough for sackcloth and ashes; but she had no taste for anything of the kind. Though youth had left her long ago, she still carried a portion of its bright atmosphere with her; and, being slender and still well formed, adapted her dress rather to her feelings than her years. The gloves on her small white hands, the boots upon her dainty feet, and the airy summer fabrics she wore, had all an atmosphere of cheerfulness and good-will in them which made any room brighter when she entered it. She always wore flowers somewhere about her: a tuft of violets in the lace on her bosom, or perhaps a rose in the puffs of her silken gray hair. Just then, she carried a branch of Jacqueminot roses by its thorny stem, and, after shaking hands, held it out to Mrs. Brooks.

"Isn't the scent delicious?" she said. "I would give it to you entirely, only a kind gentleman had been keeping it for me ever so long. People know how I love such pretty things, and are good enough to remember me. It was one of my prime favorites who gave me this—young Dayton. Do you know him? If not, I must introduce you."

Dorothea flushed crimson, and her mother spoke eagerly, glad to claim anyone as an acquaintance who seemed to be a favorite in her new world.

"Ah, indeed? I am glad you happen to know him," Mrs. Boardman went on, seating herself in a cushioned rocking-chair, and swaying it with a gentle motion as she talked. "He is one of the brightest young men that we have among us; popular on all sides; not rich: but that is nothing to such of us as have drifted off from the marrying-list, or have so much money in possession that it is of no consequence. I knew his mother quite intimately; and, if I remember rightly, his father was in love with me a little, at one time—or I with him: I really cannot say which it was. But there was something that made me take kindly to the handsome young fellow, and this is a proof that he reciprocates."

Here Mrs. Boardman leaned forward, took the branch of roses from Mrs. Brooks, who did not well know how to dispose of it, and, gently rocking back, inhaled its perfume luxuriously,

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while she regarded the sudden change in Dorothea's countenance with well-concealed interest.

Mrs. Brooks had waited for Dorothea to speak first; for the girl had so far dominated over her high spirit, by an assumption of superior experience, that the usually haughty and self-possessed woman felt under surveillance, that gave ruder force to her manner when she did venture to give an opinion.

"Oh, yes," she said; "Mr. Dayton is almost an old friend of ours. We became acquainted with him in the country, where our farm—I mean, where our landed estate lies. He is an agent of ours—not that I think him less of a gentleman for that. Indeed—"

"Oh, ma, ma, you speak as if he were what they call an employé. Mr. Dayton is nothing of that kind, but a manager or stockholder or something, in the company, and may be rich as the best of us, some day."

Mrs. Boardman looked into the girl's face, and then dropped her eyes, whispering to herself:

"Pretty, rich, and already over head and ears in love with him—I think it very likely. But that is not the one I should have chosen."

"For my part, I shall be very glad to meet Mr. Dayton again," said Mrs. Brooks. "My husband is very little with us. Doroth—Dora and I were beginning to feel a trifle lonesome. It seems so strange to be, all the day long, with nothing to do. I begin to think the hardest duty of life is to amuse oneself."

Mrs. Boardman laughed pleasantly.

"Oh, that is what one learns without much trouble. So long as people are capable of enjoying themselves, society is never on such a dead level that someone in it will not relieve us from absolute ennui by making himself ridiculous, or by exciting sympathy. After all, society is the same thing all over the world: the only way to enjoy oneself in it is to find resources in your own intelligence and the exercise of all your faculties. These are pleasures that last. To be happy, after all, one must be good. Let the conflicting interests of society rally around you as they will, it is in your own consciousness of well-doing that real happiness is to be found."

Mrs. Boardman said this in her light pleasant way, which took from it all the air of superior wisdom and the irksomeness of a lecture. It was this which made her conversation so agreeable. With far less pretension than her stately friend, Mrs. Norris, she was constantly scattering little pearls of wisdom about her, which sometimes gleamed out again in some younger person's thought, and found popular circulation.

But neither Mrs. Brooks nor Dorothea gave much heed to the gentle truth she was uttering till they began to effect the grand object of their present lives—social ambition. They were thirsting to obtain all the information this little woman of the world might contribute to their own advancement, and listened eagerly when she began to speak of Mrs. Humphrey Vose and the position she had held so long in the ebb and flow of fashionable life at the springs.

"That woman seems to sweep everything before her," said Mrs. Brooks, beginning to feel a lively interest in the conversation. "It surprises me that a married woman, with children, can maintain the position she holds without neglecting everything."

"Of course," answered Mrs. Boardman, with a low sweet laugh, which was usually the only criticism she chose to make on the conduct of those around her. "The belles of society ought to have no duty save that of making themselves charming. Adulation should be gracefully met with adulation. To be flattered, one must flatter. Therefore, I have always contended—against great odds, though—that married belles are an incongruity. Besides, as in politics, there ought to be rotation of place, in society. Even great actresses do not keep upon the stage forever."

In this conversation, there was a phase of gentle antagonism to Mrs. Humphrey Vose, that two of the parties did not understand. Mrs. Boardman's visit to the Brookses' parlor had been one of friendly observation, suggested by Mrs. Norris, whose animosity to the favorite had been curdling into a strong purpose since that insolent bit of bravado in the balcony.

"Find out what is in the girl beside her beauty, and how far the mother can be relied upon," she said. "You have a charming habit of bringing out the best points of a character. I have always told you so."

Mrs. Boardman knew that her friend was very much in earnest, when she took the trouble to form any request in a compliment, and had proceeded in her mission with all her faculties on the alert. She soon assured herself that Mrs. Brooks possessed the energy and force of will that would make her an active agent in any purpose she might form. She was certainly subdued and ill-at-ease, in her new life; but a little experience and her own self-esteem would soon restore the poise of her character, and harmonize it with her present surroundings.

As for the girl, the little lady had the misgiving of great distrust. She was, in a certain way, beautiful. Her person possessed the natural grace which people call "style." She was apt, quick of comprehension, and capable of brilliant

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repartee. That was easily discovered: for Dorothea, always ready to exhibit her best points, had more than once broken in upon her mother's conversation, and taken the lead herself; but always in a sparkling careless way, that might have excused the fact to a person of less delicate taste than the lady who was in fact gently interviewing them.

As Mrs. Boardman was gathering up her light draperies, ready for departure, a voice—low, sweet, and musical as a bird's—came upon her from the next room, with a pleasant surprise; and she settled back in her chair, content to remain while that music continued. Dorothea had entered an inner room, a few minutes before, and the lady naturally supposed that the voice was hers; and, from the pleasure it gave, was ready to excuse the want of good-breeding that had taken that young lady so unceremoniously from her presence.

Mrs. Brooks flushed as the sound broke upon her. Directly, Dorothea came back into the room, and the sweet notes of the music floated in after her.

"That is a charming voice," said her visitor, partly closing her eyes, as she listened to the faint notes of the accompaniment as they died away. "A little more cultivation will make it perfect."

Dorothea saw her mother's annoyance, and seemed to share it. After a moment's hesitation, she said, with a catch of the breath:

"Oh, that is—"

Mrs. Brooks interrupted her.

"It is her music-teacher. She did not know that we had company. Such people never will come under proper regulation. I am sorry that her performance has disturbed you. Doroth—Dora has done right to stop her."

"Disturbed me? Oh, no," exclaimed Mrs. Boardman, with animation. "A voice like that has nothing but charm for me. As I said before, perfect cultivation will soon raise your teacher into a better position. Who is she, pray? Anyone that I have ever heard of?"

"No, certainly not," answered Mrs. Brooks, more and more annoyed. "Only a young person we brought from the country, partly because of her progress in music, and partly as Dora's maid."

"Companion!" broke in Dorothea, with a generous flush that rose to her temples: "companion! And I may call her my friend; for we have lived close by each other all our lives. I have always thought that Rue had a lovely voice. It is a pleasure, even, to hear her speak."

For once, Mrs. Boardman gave Dorothea a look of cordial approval.

"I would rather hear her sing," she said, with the enthusiasm of one to whom music was a passion. "Pray, would you mind asking her to go on?"

Mrs. Brooks gave her daughter an angry glance, which said as plainly as words could speak: "You seem determined to make that girl more hateful than ever to me." Dorothea gave her head a toss, in defiance of the glance, and went into the next room, whence came some half-suppressed words of request and expostulation. Then Dorothea appeared again, and the music of a simple Scotch ballad, old-fashioned as the hills, touched that kind listener so tenderly that her eyelashes were wet when she took leave.

CHAPTER XXI.

It is not always the young men of society who are most efficient in giving position: but the habitués, who have watched the rosebud-season and the full blossoming of bellehood of many an ambitious woman whom their applause or neglect has left to disappointment or drifted into success. This middle-aged class, in the social world, holds a power that a very young person is likely to estimate at less than its real worth for good or evil. It has experience, and, frequently, no higher aim in life than the influence it has established. In almost all great centres of fashionable life, some clique of this kind may be found—giving laws, regulating amusements, and absolutely forcing its own opinions for unanimous adoption by the throng, so eager in search of excitement that it has no time for individual judgment.

In a clique like this, Chapperton was the busy central force. To be a leader of fashion—to exalt one man with his approbation, and pull down another by his frown or indifference—was the aim of his great ambition. After all, it was an arduous position he had worked out for himself. To decide on the claims of rival beauties—to put down those who ventured to enter his little kingdom without first seeking his help—was no light duty, and required mental effort and an entire want of feeling that ought to have won prosperity in some more dignified walk of life.

This man, with half a dozen others of his own class, had a game-dinner each week, at the white hotel on the lake, where they consulted, held council, and joined forces over courses of game, fish, and birds, all the more delicious to them when prohibition made their enjoyment a breach of the game-law.

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The club-room of this aristocratic band was in a wing of the white hotel, that overlooked a bridge that crosses one end of the lake, and commanded a view of Point Breeze, on the opposite side, with a fine sweep of the upper lake. It was a lovely moonlight evening, and a more entrancing view than could be obtained from the windows can hardly be imagined. But the cordon of middle-aged men who were in the secluded dining-room, where the remnants of a sumptuous meal still lay, had become so familiar with this moonlit panorama that no one took the trouble to draw a curtain or lift a blind, but remained seated around the table, luxuriously content with cigars or cigarettes: talking, as they had often done before, of Mrs. Humphrey Vose, whose name was that moment bandied to and fro under a thin cloud of purple smoke, that waved into eddies here and there when some opinion more emphatic than usual disturbed the level run of conversation.

"The truth is," said one dilletante elderly young person, who wore a serpent-ring on the little finger of the plump white hand with which he flipped off a tiny accumulation of ashes from his cigar, "the truth is, Vose is fast becoming impossible. She has ceased to give credit to our taste, and puts on airs, as if she could do without it. It is not her reputation that is at stake, but ours. Now that Chapperton has broached the subject, I do not mind saying that a new and—heaven forgive me—younger face would make society grateful to us; but where is it to be found?"

"Certainly not in a married woman, who is making desperate efforts to combine domestic virtue with the sovereignty of bellehood. No person can arrange that impossibility better than the Vose, but it has long been vulgarizing her position. She gets irritable, and sometimes disagreeable, under the complication. I am glad to find that Chapperton begins to see things in that light. For it really was his influence that put Mrs. Humphrey Vose on her pedestal."

"I only took her beauty and accomplishments into consideration, then; the husband and the rest were of no account," said Chapperton, leaning back in his chair and putting both thumbs into his vest-pockets.

"Oh, the husband of a reigning belle never is of much account anywhere," laughed one of the younger members of the council, throwing his half-smoked cigar into the ash-tray contemptuously, as if it had been the handicapped thing he was speaking of. "Only, the poor fellows will not always be kept out of sight. But, when we have dethroned the favorite, Chapperton, where is her substitute to be found?"

"Oh, Chapperton can be trusted for that," broke in three or four voices at once. "He has got someone in his eye."

Chapperton tilted his chair rather dangerously, threw back the lapels of his coat, and hooked his thumbs into the armholes of his vest. The pockets were not far enough apart to permit the swell of his ambition.

"Wait awhile, and we shall decide that," he said, with a satisfied smile. "Of one thing I am determined: our next female sovereign shall have neither husband nor children. They are demoralizing. Besides, such persons can only sink back into divorce or domestic insignificance. Our next choice must be—"

"Someone the Prince has smiled upon," said one, with a careless laugh.

Chapperton released his hands, and spread them out with a deprecating gesture.

"No, no; that idea will not take root on this side the Atlantic. We have better judges and brighter material than he has ever discovered. It is the craze of society to follow England in everything; but that will soon reverse itself, and we will begin the revolution."

"I do not yet comprehend what fault Mrs. Humphrey Vose has committed, that you are all so bitter against her," said the youngest member of the club, who had said but little till now.

"Only this," answered Chapperton: "she has outlived our liking."

He spoke sharply. It was not often that he did this; but this unexpected opposition, slight as it was, irritated him.

The youngest member saw this, and rather enjoyed it; for, just then, he was in high favor with Mrs. Vose, and ready to defend her, while there was not another man in the room who had not, during the years of her supremacy, hoarded up some slight, or sharp repartee, or other cause of resentment against her.

"For myself," he said, "I have never found her less than charming."

A low derisive chuckle went round the table, which brought some angry blood into the youngest member's face.

"That is because you have been so lately introduced to her, and to us. You have no claim on the gratitude she cannot feel, and there is no need of pretense where all real feeling is absent."

"I should not care to have any service I could render a lady, burden her with a sense of gratitude."

Again a derisive laugh ran around the table, and a voice that came out of it said:

"Gratitude? That is a word to which Mrs.

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Humphrey Vose attaches no meaning. It is her philosophy to drain the juice of her lemon, and throw away the peel: I've heard her say it."

The young man—for he had not yet reached middle-age—ceased to contend. The words that had been reported as coming from the lips of Mrs. Vose had struck upon him painfully. Could such cold selfishness be the motto of that gifted—and, to him, beautiful—woman, who had, in a hundred different ways, singled him out as an object of especial regard?

Meantime, a cynical smile had passed around the little circle. There was scarcely a man present who had not gone through this bit of disenchantment with Mrs. Humphrey Vose. To most of them, she had expressed what she intended to be considered exclusive gratitude for their attentions, and this sweet delusion had in each case won deeper devotion to her cause; but a great outgush of feeling becomes very tiresome after its object is secured. New friends had required all her vivid sensibilities, or there might be a falling-off in her train of admirers.

The elder members of the club understood all this, and, with them, the interchange of smiles began. This feeling of contempt for the youngest member was so evident, that he winced under it. Some of his associates appeared to have an understanding among themselves, from which he was excluded. This thought irritated him, and he arose and quietly sauntered out of the room.

A restrained laugh followed him.

"He is in the first stage," said one. "I found it very agreeable. To feel that one is lifted out of the level and placed on a pedestal by a charming woman—and, after all, Vose is that—has a captivating effect. She must have some idea of how things are drifting, when her fascinations are wasted on him."

CHAPTER XXII.

Mr. Ward—for that was the younger member's name—had wandered out into the moonlight, which lay full upon the front of the hotel, surmounting the sweep of a grassy hill, that gave him a full view of the lake and its interlocking shores, where the shadows of tall trees, broken promontories, and stretches of wild-wood wore a faint tinge of green in the darkness. Moonlight swept the water, quivering over it like flashes of chain-mail cast down on a battle-field. Lights flashed here and there from the farm-houses all along the shores; and, in the midst of the water, ploughing up its silver like a fairy-bark, came a tiny steam-yacht, lighted up with Japanese lanterns, and flinging back curls of white smoke, in which sparks of fire flashed here and there.

It was a pleasure-party, taking a moonlight-sail down the lake.

Ward watched the craft with a slight feeling of envy. He remembered that Mrs. Vose had invited him to join the excursion, to be given in her honor, and to which she, as usual, controlled the invitations. This dinner at the hotel had prevented Ward's acceptance; and, to him, it was a loss. How pleasantly the little crowd upon that yacht was enjoying itself! A faint sound of music reached him from the distance. It came nearer and more distinct. Someone on board was playing the banjo, and, with it, now and then, came the rise and fall of a female voice—soft, clear, and in wonderful cultivation.

Ward had heard that voice before, but never in the open air, with a gentle night-wind to waft it onward.

"She is in high spirits, to-night. My absence does not depress her so much as she predicted; but music is her passion—as she said, I remember, with that she might console herself."

The barge drew up to its wharf. Its occupants came on shore—laughing, talking, and apparently happy as birds let loose from a cage. Mrs. Vose came first, leaning on the arm of a young man with a certain surrender of effort that seemed to throw herself entirely on his support. These two mounted the hill in advance of their party.

Ward remembered when she had leaned on him with the same confiding grace, and drew his breath heavily. She was very beautiful, coming up the green slope of the hill, with the moonlight on her face, and two white and gloveless hands clasped over that young man's arm in a way that would have seemed caressing, had he been her husband. As it was, Ward ground his teeth, as he looked on, all the more because her attitude seemed so natural.

Why? He could not have told you, had you asked him. The woman was nothing to him. She had never professed to be anything more than a friend; but, with her, as she did not hesitate to say, with childlike innocence, friendship was more intense than the love of most women, and she did not bestow it lightly or without corresponding devotion.

These very words had been said to Ward, and he remembered them with a sting of resentment as she came so leisurely sauntering up to the veranda. She must not find him there—at least, not in his present mood. What should he do? Go back to his comrades in the dining-room, where the atmosphere was heavy with smoke and scandal?

No; his heart rebelled against that. An empty room, in which the lights had been extinguished,

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was left with one of its windows still open. He hurried into the room, and sat down in the shadows: unconscious, in his irritation, that he might seem to be an intentional listener. His heart beat quickly, as Mrs. Humphrey Vose came up a short flight of steps directly opposite the window. She did not remain there, but commenced walking up and down the long veranda, still with her hands clasped over the young man's arm, and with her face lifted to his.

The party from the yacht swarmed up the steps; but she was too pleasantly occupied for any regard to the movements of her friends; and, seeing this, they moved off to a distant part of the veranda, and proceeded to entertain themselves until their carriages were ready.

Directly, paper cornucopias, full of those crisply-curled and transparent fried potatoes that have rendered the name of Moon famous, were served among them, and were daintily eaten from the gloved or ungloved fingers, as bonbons are eaten in Paris.

When a waiter brought one of these cornucopias to Mrs. Vose, she seated herself by that open window, and went on with the low-voiced conversation she had maintained since she came up from the lake.

Ward, who was sitting back among the shadows, could not move without discovering himself. Indeed, he did not think of anything more than keeping the concealment he was in; for such careless conversation as can be expected in the open air, and surrounded by company, was not likely to have any serious element of secrecy in it.

"Protest against it as you will, some great change has come over you since we met," she was saying.

"Very likely," said the young man. "Just then, I was so bewildered—so fascinated, if you will permit me to say it—that you must have been glad to get rid of my crude attentions. I have had more serious things to think of, since then."

"More serious than the perfect friendship that was more to me than the devotion of other men? That was a feeling I have always supposed would last forever."

The young man bent his face toward her, and the moonlight fell upon it—a strong handsome face, full of manly earnestness.

He was no languid dude, casting his weak homage at the feet of this astute woman, but a man of earnest purpose, who had evidently, at some period of his life, been under her influence, to which she was attempting to lure him back: for no reason, as anyone who knew her well would have accepted, beyond the hungry grasp of vanity, which looked upon all men as its prey.

To the young man who listened to her low caressing voice, it had all the pathos and power of deep feeling, though she spoke of things so sacred to a proud and honorable woman, that violets in their first dew would have seemed more harmonious than the bits of potato she was crushing between her teeth. Indeed, it would have been impossible for any woman to have expressed herself more touchingly.

Ward listened to it all, and absolutely sickened beneath the infliction. Every word of this sweetly-modulated falsehood had been poured softly into his own ear, and the result was the infatuation that makes thoughtful men ridiculous, even in their own estimation, when the delusion is swept away.

How stale, how insipid and egotistical the words that had charmed him fell upon his ear when addressed to another person! The lady had practiced them so often, and with such thrilling effect, that they fell from her lips almost without the ring of false metal. He recognized even the changes of voice that heralded suppressed tears or deeply-smothered sorrow, as she described the loneliness of an uncongenial marriage—the struggles of a wife, superior in her own nature, to lift a commonplace husband to the level of a grand intellectual career. How distasteful it was to refinement of character to accept the homage or wealth of such men, without longing to cast it aside with bitter loathing! Of course, she did not speak of such persons in her own experience. The only return she was able to make a husband who adored her was to accept his magnanimity, without a sign of the humiliation it cost her to take so much, when her heart was craving for some more delicate form of appreciation.

It was hard, she said, to chain one's self down to the mere luxuries of life; and harder still, that they should become the necessities of a refined soul, that aspired to grander and higher attainments.

Her children? Ah, yes; she had, in them, a source of delight—she could almost say, of adoration. There, her heart might safely anchor itself; but, in an uncongenial marriage, there was always a sadness of feeling that maternal love could never supply. Perhaps it was that there was such warmth and depth of feeling in her own heart that— But she must not speak so much of herself. No doubt, if she had missed entire happiness in domestic life, the fault lay in her own nature. It was so difficult to keep a bird, longing for the free air, in a cage, gild it ever so brightly. Sometimes, she did feel like

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breaking through the golden wires that most women slave for. Without love, and its entire devotion, she could imagine nothing worth living for.

All this had been said a hundred times, and in as many different ways, to men who felt themselves selected out to receive what seemed to them a sacred confession—forgetting that, with a married woman who can take any person into her domestic confidence, nothing can be sacred.

The man inside the window, and the man who was bending toward the lady, had both been introduced into the secret recesses of her lonely heart, as she called that portion of her symmetrical figure now marked by a cluster of violets, the offering of Mr. Ward himself, at the time he made his excuses for not joining her party.

There was something so feminine, in this approach to what Mrs. Humphrey Vose regarded as entire friendship, that half the woman's popularity had been perpetuated by the sympathy which exalted her into a martyr, and degraded her husband into a creature who, having purchased so much beauty and exquisite sensitiveness with his wealth, should think that sufficient compensation for magnanimous liberality and honest affection.

Mrs. Vose was far too wise in experience to allow any subject she touched to merge into weariness. She was a creature of infinite variety, and knew how to glide from a state of fine poetic despondency into heroic cheerfulness, without destroying the effect of one sentiment with the other. She had learned to smile as teardrops were trembling on her eyelashes, and drifted off into a strain of pleasant hopefulness with wonderful tact.

Now that her destiny was fixed, and all the bright aspirations for superior love seemed out of reach, she might seek compensation in the friendship which, with her, had always been more passionate, more steadfast and full of poetry, than the best affections some women were capable of bestowing. In such friendship, her soul, if not her heart, must find its best delight. Here Mrs. Humphrey heaved a deep sigh, exactly the counterpart of one the listener inside of the window had heard on another occasion.

Neither this soft heaving of the breath, nor all the touching eloquence that preceded it, produced its usual effect on the young man who had been its object, and Mrs. Vose was led to a deeper effort of sentiment in his behalf. In lifting one hand to her bosom, as the sigh escaped it, she loosened the tuft of violets that lay there, and, after a moment's hesitation that was almost girlish, held it toward him.

"I have worn it all day, thinking to give it to you at night, fresh from my heart. If you should dream on it, tell me what it says, in the morning."

The young man took the flowers, and thanked her; but he did not hide them in his bosom, as she had expected, or touch the hand that held them toward him.

Ward, in a shadowy way, saw and heard all that passed. They were his violets she had given: the little tuft of blossoms that was to console her for his enforced absence, she had said, during all the lonely hours that must follow before they could meet again.

With an imprecation, all the more vehement because he was compelled to smother it, Ward started from his chair and left the room, not even caring to tread softly. Mrs. Vose was startled by this sound of heavy footsteps so near them, and arose with more precipitation than was usual to her.

"I hear the carriages: our friends are coming this way. In another moment, we must face the world again, and be like the rest. So, good-night."

CHAPTER XXIII.

It was no unusual thing for Mrs. Humphrey Vose to hold a sort of morning-levee, in the hotel-parlor, before she excluded herself for the afternoon-toilet, about which she was particularly fastidious. Occasionally, when the day was sultry, she was followed by her little court into the open verandas, where strangers might be informally presented, and polite forms of adulation ventured upon without much regard to ceremony.

"The Club," as that superior gathering of gentlemen called itself, was usually in attendance on these occasions, ready to endorse the popularity of the favorite with their stale compliments, or gather in new recruits with the assiduity of royal chamberlains, when any stranger appeared worthy of their social consideration.

One of these pleasant gatherings had begun to assemble around her, on the morning after the club held its weekly game-feast at the lake; but, instead of bowing before the lounging-chair in which the lady posed with such graceful languor, Mr. Chapperton kept aloof, and was so busy in conversation with two or three gentlemen at one end of the veranda, that he paid no regard to her presence there.

At other times, those who could merely claim acquaintance with the lady gave room to her more powerful admirers; but, just then, they were so scattered and occupied, that no one of them came

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forward to claim his privilege, and, for once, Mrs. Humphrey Vose had been permitted to pass to her seat with no distinguished escort by her side, and to remain there several minutes quite alone.

Mrs. Vose was annoyed. The situation was one of the novelties that she was not prepared to accept as a compliment. The attentions of her elderly admirers had become tiresome in the extreme. Their obsolete witticisms and labored flattery had lost all its freshness and sparkle—if, indeed, any ray of intelligence had ever kindled into wit or wisdom with them. She almost knew what each man was opening his lips to say, before a word was uttered. Still, this sort of homage had its influence on her world-at-large, and the loss of it, even for one morning, disturbed her.

At this critical moment, Mrs. Norris was making a slow promenade up and down the veranda.

Always an imposing figure, in her heavy black silks and trailing jet fringe, she seemed more than usually majestic, that morning. Her fan, of black ostrich-plumes, was in constant motion —now slowly wafting the air to her own face, now saluting someone in the crowd, and, again, gathered up in her hand, as a queen carries a sceptre. She paused a moment at the chair Mrs. Humphrey Vose occupied, and addressed that lady with a politeness so elaborate that it fell upon the ear like fine irony.

"Ah, this is a novelty," she said; "one so seldom finds you sufficiently disengaged to exchange a quiet 'good-morning.' What has happened, that I have this privilege now?"

Mrs. Humphrey Vose shot one quick glance from under her drooping eyelashes, as she answered:

"I beg ten thousand pardons, Mrs. Norris, for my forgetfulness of the homage due to your age, yesterday. But one does make mistakes sometimes, and fall short of the respect due to the most venerable. That I, of all persons, should have done this, grieves me beyond anything."

Nothing could have been more sweetly uttered than this ladylike apology, and nothing could have been more graciously received.

"Oh, if there was any omission in that respect, I did not observe it," said the old lady, with a look in her eyes that glittered like steel. "Age is a subject one forgives her best friend for forgetting. But I keep your friends from their morning-devotion."

Mrs. Humphrey Vose leaned forward, and bent her head. Mrs. Norris walked on, with a grim smile on her lips. Chapperton joined her, and they conversed together in confidential undertones. Mrs. Vose settled back languidly in her chair—too indolent, it seemed, to open the fan that lay idly in her lap; but no member of her coterie had as yet claimed the privilege of opening it in her behalf.

The color slightly mounted to her cheek, as she saw this, and it deepened to a flush of pleasure when young Dayton moved quietly to her side, and, taking up the fan, waved it gently as he conversed with her, with an appearance of deeper interest than he really felt. He had noticed the studied, almost rude, neglect which her devotees had assumed, and, with the generous impulse which prompts a high-minded man to offer help where it seems to be needed, came forward in obedience to her signal, which was so slight that no one but himself observed it.

"What did the violets tell you, last night?" she whispered. "You see, I have kept everyone away, in order to hear about it."

A serious, almost stern, look came into the young man's face; he closed the fan abruptly, and gave it back to her. "There are too many people about us, for an answer here," he said; "but you will give me an opportunity?"

A smile crept over the lady's lips. "Oh, yes," she said; "you will drive with me, this afternoon."

Dayton bowed.

That moment, Mrs. Brooks and Dorothea came through one of the sash-doors into the veranda, and halted there, surprised by his presence, and struck with sudden indignation. Neither of them could have told why, or in what way his movements should have been a cause of disturbance to her.

Dayton did not observe them, after he had surrendered the fan to its owner; he stood by her, while she opened and shut it half a dozen times with a lithe movement of the wrist, taught her by some friendly Spanish dame. To one acquainted with the childlike grace with which these women move and speak, this performance of our Saratoga belle might have been considered clumsily studied; but, to the crowd, all that she did seemed perfect. At any rate, she was entirely satisfied with her own performance, and continued it complacently, while a few young men, hitherto kept in the distance, gathered around her: men she would have preferred a thousand times to the members of the club, had any one of them counted for as much in her world. As it was, Mrs. Humphrey Vose left the veranda, that day, with a weight upon her spirits.

Dayton did not see his friends from the country till after Mrs. Vose had left, in order to prepare for her drive. Then he recognized them.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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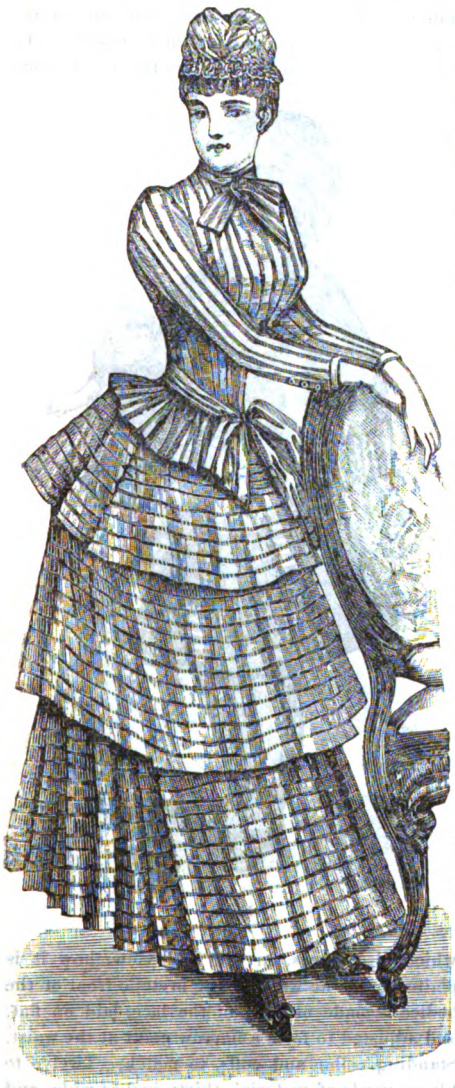
EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1—Is a costume of washing-material: striped gingham, seersucker, or étamine. The latter is a new fabric; looks like lace muslin, with embroidered pin-stripes; comes in écru, with brown; also écru, with brown and blue or red in the stripes, with embroidery to match. This model is very simple, easily made, and requires no trimming, being composed entirely of the material. The material is used crosswise for the three deep flounces which compose the entire skirt. These flounces may be either gathered or kilt-plaited; the latter is more elegant and stylish. The foundation-skirt, which is of the same material, is made lengthwise. The bodice, sleeves, and short flounce, which trims the edge of the pointed bodice, all lengthwise of the material. The ribbons or sash, of the same, begin from the side-seams of the bodice. The back of the bodice may be finished in a short point, to match the front, or a box-plaited



No. 1.

No. 2.—Front.

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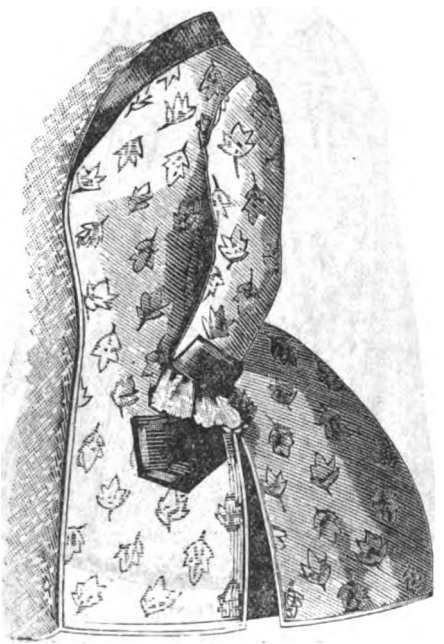
postillion. The collar is tied, to match the sash at the waist. A tiny capote, of the material, completes this costume. Fifteen yards of thirty-

No. 2.—Back.

inch goods will be required. This model will serve equally well for any of the light woolen textures—such as nun's-veiling, albatross, crèpe-



No. 3.

cloth, etc.—but not for the rough goods. They must be made with plain skirts and long clinging drapery.

No. 2.—We give the front and back view of this costume. The material used may be either figured or plain, and the model is suitable for China silks, embroidered étamines—in fact, any of the more dressy thin goods for summer-wear. The skirt has a narrow knife-plaited ruffle as edge: above which, on the front-breadth, are seven lace or embroidered flounces. Our model calls for torchon lace. The overdrapery is a simple plain skirt all around, hemmed on the edge. It hangs straight on the left side. The right side is looped, as seen in the illustration,

No. 4.

which also shows, in the back-view, how it is plaited in at the waist. The bretelle-front of the bodice is made entirely of the lace, laid on flat, and adjusted to form a narrow point at the waist. Standing collar and cuffs, to match. Twelve to fifteen yards of material, thirty inches wide, and twelve yards of lace, will be required.

No. 3.—This stylish and effective matinée is made of figured cashmere, or brocade in silk or wool. It is lined with surah, and piped with satin, as a finish to the edge. The side-seams are left open from a little below the waist-line.

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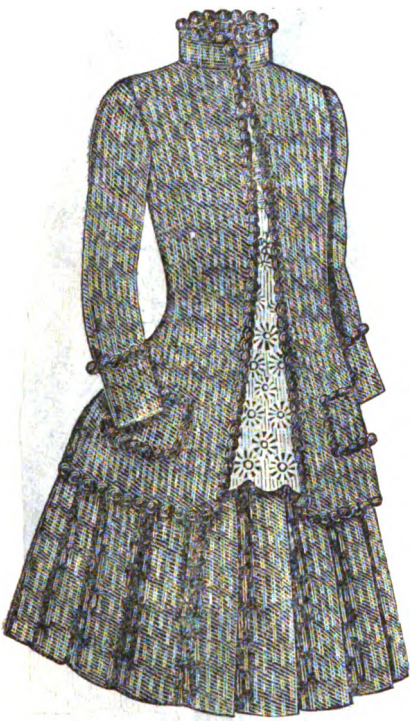
A rolling collar of velvet; cuffs and pockets. A jabot of soft lace finishes the front and edge of cuffs.

No 4.—Blouse-costume, of navy-blue flannel, for a little girl of four years. The skirt is laid in deep box-plaits; and, between each plait, rows of narrow cream-white worsted braid are arranged. The blouse is of cream-white tennis-flannel. Vest, turnover collar, and cuffs of the navy-blue, trimmed with the narrow braid matching the skirt. The blouse has an elastic run in the tuck at the edge, which holds it in place at the waist. A bow of blue ribbon ties the blouse at the point of the collar.



No. 5.

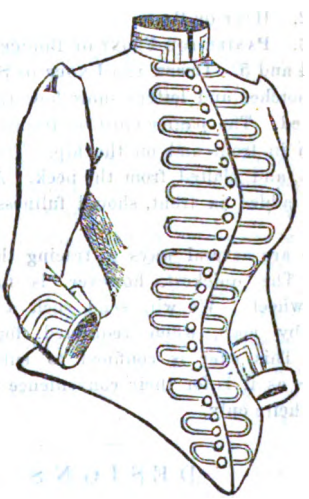
No. 5.—For a girl of eight years or so, we have a walking-costume of mixed light summer woolens. Our model is of bronze-green. The skirt is kilt-plaited or plain, as the taste may decide. The long jacket-bodice is simply trimmed with one row of olive-wood beads; the collar, cuffs, and pockets likewise. Waistcoat of écru embroidery.

No. 6.—For a boy of seven to eight years. Knickerbocker trousers and a blouse-jacket, belted at the waist. To be made of navy-blue flannel, stitched or braided on collar, cuffs, and edge of blouse.

No. 7—Is a new bodice for spring and summer wear, made of light-weight lady's-cloth. Our

No. 6.

model is of crimson cloth, braided with black worsted braid, in military style, as seen in the



No. 7.

illustration. The bodice has a postillion-back. The braid is put on the sleeves to simulate a

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deep cuff. High standing collar, braided to match.

These stylish red jackets, will be extremely fashionable for mountain and seaside wear, for cool mornings and for driving.

LADIES' DRESS-PATTERNS.
Mrs. M. A. Jones, 28 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia, will send, by mail, the pattern for any costume in this number, or any other costume, on receipt of price. These patterns will be such as can be used, and are not mere "catch-penny" affairs. For full particulars of prices for them—polonaises, skirts, waists, etc., etc., and also for children's dresses—see May number, page 456, etc., etc.

GIRL'S POLONAISE, WITH SUPPLEMENT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

It is the purpose of this department, as all our old subscribers know, to give the latest fashion of its kind: a polonaise, jacket, mantle, waist, cloak, or some other article of dress. Whoever takes "Peterson," therefore, will be sure to get, every month, not only a score of costumes to select from, but also the very latest and most stylish article out, with a dress-pattern of it: which, if made up, will put the wearer ahead of all others in fashion.

For this month, we give a Girl's Polonaise. The engraving annexed shows how this polonaise looks when made up. Folded in with the number is a SUPPLEMENT, with full-size diagrams, from which to cut out the dress-patterns. As we have said often before, the best way is to cut out these patterns in paper, and fit them to the one who is to wear the polonaise, altering where necessary: and not until then to cut into the material. In this way, all possibility of making a mistake as to fit is avoided. Our pattern is both new and pretty, and is for a girl of ten years. The pattern is composed of five pieces:

1. ONE FRONT.
2. HALF OF BACK.
3. PANIER FOR FRONT OF BODICE.
4 and 5. UPPER AND UNDER OF SLEEVE.

The notches and letters show how the pieces are joined. The panier must be draped beneath the sash in front and on the hip. The back is Princess, and plaited from the neck. A similar piece is added in front, should fullness be preferred.

There are several ways of tracing these patterns. The quickest, however, is to use a tracing-wheel. We will send such a tracing-wheel, by mail, when requested, for fifteen cents. This offer is confined to subscribers, however, as it is for their convenience we make it, and theirs only.

We give, also, on the SUPPLEMENT, some new and beautiful designs in embroidery, for which see description elsewhere.

DESIGNS FOR DUSTERS, ETC.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give two outline-designs for marking dusters or towels. Very frequently, the maids you employ use the materials which are supplied to them for clean-

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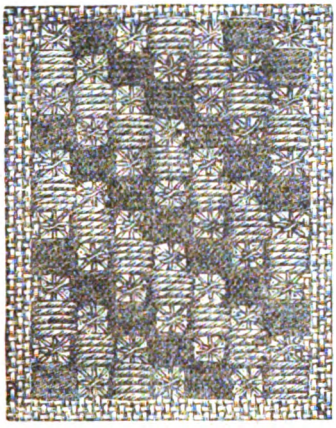
ing-purposes indiscriminately for plate, crockery, and glass, as well as for lamps, furniture, and nicknacks, and very often to the detriment of one or the other article in question. Now, this can, in a measure, be prevented and controlled by marking the various dusters and towels with outline-figures suggestive of the intended purpose, as indicated in our wood-cuts. A clever pen can draw them on the material with marking-ink, or work them with fast-colored cotton in cross or stem stitch. We give four of these designs.

DESIGNS FOR EMBROIDERING SLIPPERS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



No. 1.

No. 2.

These designs are worked on stout linen with purse-silk, gold thread, and crewel-wool. In No. 1, the rows of squares are done in satin-stitch, with alternate dark and light blue purse-silk, while the stars are put in with gold thread in point-russe. In No. 2, the lattice-lines are worked with olive-colored and the squares with reddish-brown crewel, traversed with gold thread, as seen in the illustration. Either of these patterns, when completed, will make a pretty slipper.

TABLE-NAPKINS, TRAY-CLOTHS, ETC.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

Table-napkins, tray-cloths, and an endless array of minor articles, supply material for the taste and ingenuity of the worker. Every lady knows the texture and pattern of huckaback, with its little dice of silky threads all running lengthwise of the material. Toilet-towels are wonderfully improved by a strip of embroidery of such.

We give, in front of the number, two very beautiful designs for these purposes, marked Nos. 1 and 2. We will suppose No. 1 to be chosen first. Now, to work this, you must trace the pattern on your material, at a little distance from each end. The leaves and centre vein can be worked in green washing-silk, in outline-stitch. This stitch we described in our January number, on page 93, but will say here that it is much the same as crewel-stitch, used for stems: a rather long stitch on the right side of the work, and a short back-stitch behind. The stitches must slant in the direction of the line to be followed. If this line bear to the right, the needle must be brought up to the left of the thread; but, if the line bear to the left, it must be the reverse.

The fruit may be outlined in orange, with the spot at the end, in a brown shade of the same. A few circular stitches may be put in to shade them; or, if liked, the whole fruit can be filled in with a sort of network formed by long threads drawn across diagonally, so as to form diamonds. Where these threads cross each other, a stitch should catch them down to the material. This stitch is often used, more or less open, to fill up a space which would be too white if left blank, such

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as the calyx of a flower, or a large bud, or as in the present instance. The flowers may be outlined like the rest, in blush-pink, with a deeper spot in the centre; or they would look even prettier filled in, either with crewel-stitch or satin-stitch, in white silk tipped with pink. The flower-stalks, of course, must be of delicate green. The larger stems are of olive-green or russet-brown —or, indeed, the two shaded into each other.

When the pattern is all worked, the darning of the foundation is commenced. This is done as a grounding, and brings out the pattern well. First decide on the width you wish the embroidered band to extend, and make a line of outline-stitch, say in gold-colored silk, which is to form the limit of the darning. Now, with a pretty shade of pale-blue, draw up the silk from the back, and pick up the threads which form the dice of the huckaback, lifting all in one row, and covering back on the next row. In this manner, all the interstices between the leaves and flowers must be filled in. At the margin where the gold line is made, the silk used for darning must be carried to the back, and brought up to the front at the next row of dice; and, in the same way, wherever the pattern intercepts the straight lines of darning. A piece of toilet-fringe makes a pretty finish to the towel.

In a similar way, do Fig. 2; and the pattern looks well as a border to an apron, put on as an insertion. Very little need be said as to the colors required for this pattern, as they are so well known. We are all familiar with the holly-wreath of dark-green shiny leaves and its bright scarlet berries. With very little trouble, the straightness of the above pattern may be turned into a circle for a set of d'oyleys or toilet-cushion, or into a large square for a toilet-cover. The berries would look best done in satin-stitch, not in outline; but the little black spot in each berry must not be forgotten, which might be a single cross-stitch.

BAG FOR BONBONS OR WORK.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

This bag, which is called Joan of Arc, is made of rich brocade, woven with the figure; but any handsome brocade with a figure, or a bunch of flowers on a plain satin, surah, or plush background, will make an effective bag for either bonbons or fancy-work. The illustration shows how the bag is made.

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COLORED PATTERN: STRAWBERRIES, ETC.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give a design for strawberries and leaves, colored, for a side-board cover or side-table scarf. This beautiful design is done in Kensington-stitch, and may either be worked in English wash-crewels or wash-silks. Use butcher's-linen or fine crash for the material to work on. The design may be arranged as a border for each end, or it may be sprinkled all over, as given. For a side-board cover, nothing can be prettier or more suitable. Fringe the ends of the cover, leaving a quarter of a yard at each end for the fringe, which should be knotted five or six rows deep. Two shades of strawberry-red for the fruit; two shades of green, either olive or blue green; or make some of the leaves and stems of one color, some of the other. Small French knots, or pointed stitches of dark-green, for the dots in the fruit.

EMBROIDERY-DESIGNS ON SUPPLEMENT.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We give, on the SUPPLEMENT, this month, in addition to the dress-pattern for a girl's polonaise, two new and very tasteful designs in embroidery:

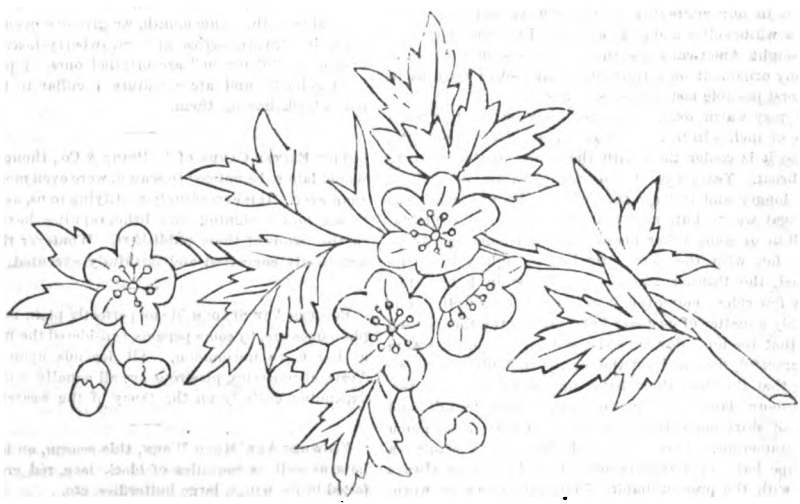
1.—STRAWBERRIES, FLOWERS AND LEAVES, to be done in Kensington or outline stitch: a design suitable for many purposes.

2.—CALLA-LILY, also to be worked in Kensington or outline stitch, and available, like No. 1, for almost any purpose.

These, with our colored pattern, make "Peterson," for this month, particularly desirable, in the way of embroidery-designs: as usual, ahead of all others.

SPRIG IN EMBROIDERY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This design may be used for a variety of purposes, according to the taste of the embroiderer. It would be a pretty thing for flannel. A row of them would make a nice border for a petticoat.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

All About Riding-Habits.—A subscriber asks us for some hints as to riding-habits: how they ought to be made; of what material, etc. In reply, we give, in the front of the number, an engraving of the latest fashion in riding-habits, and add here some general remarks in addition:

Riding-habits, in the first place, are now made short, and as tight-fitting as possible. The habit, on the left side, is made so short, in fact, as to show the foot, in walking; but it is cut longer, with gores, on the right side. It is quite impossible to describe this dress accurately. There is a place shaped to fit over the pommel and over the right knee, which makes the habit almost a hideous dress, when off the horse; but, when the wearer is mounted, the affair has quite another aspect. Then the short left side of the skirt falls far enough to cover the stirrup-foot. The right side, which is longer and is taken up by the seat on the saddle, has the appearance of being straight all around. There must not be a plait or fold below the waist. The habit must be cut to fit the figure perfectly, and must fall without any fullness.

The bodice is also close-fitting, but must not be made too tight, as anything which prevents freedom of motion on the horse is destructive of all grace in the rider. The bodice is buttoned straight down, from the throat to the waist. The sleeves are put in comfortably, but without any fullness in the armhole. They reach to the wrist, and are buttoned on the outside with three small buttons. A rather short postillion-basque is formed behind. From this basque at the back, to the buttons in front, a small basque, of an inch or so deep, finishes the bodice below the waist. Not a particle of ornament of any kind ought to mar a well-fitting bodice. Nothing but machine-stitching is used, one row near the edge of the inch basque; nothing else is allowable. Even a bouquet on the corsage, as seen in our engraving, is not always worn now. A narrow white collar and cuffs are all. Englishwomen and well-taught Americans are the best riders in the world, and any ornament on a riding-habit is looked upon as in the worst possible taste by these ladies.

For very warm weather, a habit may be cut to open a couple of inches in front, to show a plain linen chemisette, because it is cooler than with the bodice buttoned up to the throat. Years ago, when riding-habits were worn much longer and fuller, a thin cloth or heavy merino was the usual wear; but, now that they are so close-fitting, a Melton or some other heavy cloth must necessarily be worn: for, with the skirt stretched so tightly over the pommel, the thinner material would be in holes, after a very few rides; moreover, it would not hang well. It is probably a matter of custom; but, whereas the theory used to be that the long flowing skirt and waving plumes were very graceful, they had not the dignity and fittingness, we think, that the close short habit has, and were, moreover, much more dangerous, as the unnecessary length and width of skirt made the chances of catching it so much more numerous. A straight high hat, like a man's—a stovepipe hat—or a round-crowned Derby hat, is always worn with the present habit. The veil, if one be worn, ought to have no flying ends; no flopping curls or ends of ribbon ought to be seen; and the whole appearance ought to be very quiet and business-like.

Of course, in country-places, where long distances have to be made on horseback, especially in hot weather, the stovepipe or Derby hat can be comfortably exchanged for a straw, which will shade the face, and the habit may have more scope as to width, and be made of a lighter material. But the present fashion for stylish horsewomen is that which we have engraved and described, and it ought to be followed as much as possible by those who wish to be "correct."

Plant Shade-Trees.—Even in cities, according to an eminent authority, Dr. Stephen Smith, shade-trees are conducive to health. He fortifies his position by an analysis of mortality-reports. Dr. Smith says an acre of grass gives the air six thousand four hundred quarts of moisture in twentyfour hours, but trees are even better coolers. The old Washington elm at Cambridge, although not very large, exposes to the air a surface in leaves equal to five acres of vegetation. Trees keep an even temperature of about fiftyfive degrees, while the temperature of an exposed pavement on Fifth Avenue on a hot day has been found as high as one hundred and thirty degrees. When this test was made, a thermometer in the shade of a tree near by recorded only seventy degrees.

Earn a Free Copy of this magazine, by getting up a club. In addition to the clubs of this kind mentioned in the Prospectus (for which see second page of cover), we will send a free copy to anyone getting up a club of two at $2.00 each (or $4.00 in all), or a club of three at $1.75 each ($5.25 in all). On the whole, a free copy for getting up a club is, perhaps, the most desirable premium; for it keeps coming every month during the *whole year*.

Our Beautiful Colored Patterns.—Last month, we gave a colored pattern, a design for "Daisies," for the end of a table-cloth. This month, we give one even more beautiful, in "Strawberries and Strawberry-Leaves." These designs in "Peterson" are original ones, by pupils of the "Art School," and are a feature peculiar to it, no other lady's-book having them.

The Easter-Cards of L. Prang & Co., though reaching us too late to be noticed in season, were even more beautiful than ever. It is exceedingly gratifying to us, as Americans, to see how designing and lithographing have improved in the hands of these publishers. Whatever they print is artistically conceived and faithfully executed.

Bodices Are Seldom Made perfectly plain now; but the plain ones are, by some persons, considered the more stylish, as the more uncommon. All depends upon the figure. Vests, chemisettes, plastrons are all equally worn, the style depending entirely on the fancy of the wearer.

Flowers Are Much Worn, this season, on bonnets and hats, as well as coquilles of black lace, red crèpe, or net, jetted birds, wings, large butterflies, etc.

Just Do Your Duty, day by day, and leave the rest to Providence. The All-Wise Ruler knows what is best for us.

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It Is Never Too Late To Get Up Clubs for this magazine, or to subscribe for a single copy. Now is a good time to subscribe, especially for those who do not wish back numbers, as a new volume begins with the July number. But back numbers can always be had, when persons prefer to begin with January. No magazine offers such fine premiums for getting up clubs. For example:

Three copies for $4.50, with the large engraving, "Angel of Paradise," or "Forget-Me-Not" Album, for premium.

Four copies for $6.50, with an extra copy of the magazine for one year for premium.

Five copies for $8.00, with both an extra copy of the magazine for one year for premium, and either "The Angel of Paradise" or "Forget-Me-Not" in addition.

But see the Prospectus on the second page of cover. *Specimens sent gratis*, if written for in good faith, by those wishing to subscribe, or get up clubs.

Our Steel-Engraving, this month, is after an original picture in the last Paris salon, by the famous artist—Schneider. Compare steel-plates like this, such as "Peterson" gives, with the so-called ones that appear in other lady's-books, but which, instead of being real steel-engravings, printed from the steel, like ours, are either half-illegible litho-photographs, or mere lithographs.

Additions May Be Made To a Club at the price paid by the rest of the club; and, when enough additional names have been sent, the sender will be entitled to another premium or premiums. The additions may be made at any time, all through the year.

A Pleasant Sympathetic Manner is worth more, as a general rule, socially, than either beauty, intellect, or even accomplishments. Persons with such a manner are always popular—nay, loved.

Back Numbers Can Always Be Had by writing to us, and enclosing eighteen cents a number. So, if your news-agent says he can't supply you, write to us at once.

Has The Wheel of Fortune gone around for you lately? Remember, it is revolving all the time, and will be uppermost for you in turn.

Wraps are Very Short at the back, to fall properly over the tournure, and often have long ends in front.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

Life of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. By his brother, Rev. Samuel Longfellow. 2 vols., 12mo. Boston: Ticknor & Co.—These are two very elegant volumes, beautifully printed and bound. They are illustrated with fine steel-plate portraits and numerous wood-engravings and fac-similes. The work ought to have a large sale, for the admirers of Longfellow are countless, and the life is told in a manner to make one love and respect the poet even more than ever. It always struck us how reticent Longfellow was, at least in regard to the deeper passions; he nowhere shows the egotism, not to say fire, of Burns or Byron; and we used to ask ourselves whether he really was incapable of profound feeling. That question is answered, once for all, in the volumes before us. It was not because Longfellow was insensible to the deeper passions, that he avoided them in his verse: it was because he considered the warmer emotions too sacred for display. This comes out prominently in that saddest of tragedies, the loss of his wife, who was accidentally burned to death. The event made such an impression on the poet, that, for five years afterward, he did not write a line: he suffered in silence. Yet he suffered not the less—suffered intensely. One day, when a visitor said: "I hope you will bear your cross with patience," he replied: "Bear the cross? Yes: but what if one is stretched upon it?" Eighteen years after his wife's death, he was looking over an illustrated volume of Western scenery, when his attention was arrested by a picture of a mountain, whose snow-covered side was furrowed by ravines, in such a way as to give the image of a gigantic cross. The picture impressed him so powerfully, that he wrote the following verses, which he put away in his portfolio, no one knowing of their existence until his death. They appear, for the first time, in the volumes before us.

"In the long, sleepless watches of the night,
A gentle face—the face of one long dead—
Looks at me from the wall, where round its head
The night-lamp casts a halo of pale light.
Here in this room she died, and soul more white
Never through martyrdom of fire was led
To its repose; nor can in books be read
The legend of a life more benedight.
There is a mountain in the distant West
That, sun-defying, in its deep ravines
Displays a cross of snow upon its side.
Such is the cross I wear upon my breast
These eighteen years, through all the changing scenes
And seasons, changeless since the day she died."

Victor Hugo. By A. C. Swinburne. 1 vol., 12mo. New York: Worthington Co.—This is a criticism—or, rather, a eulogium—on Victor Hugo, the great French poet. It is full of acute analysis, and, though sometimes turgid in style, at other times rises to great eloquence. We hardly think, however, that posterity will accept Mr. Swinburne's estimate in its entirety. Victor Hugo was a very great poet, but hardly the equal of Dante, Homer, and Shakespeare: and this is where his admirer places him. The volume is very beautifully printed.

Hap-hazard Personalities, Chiefly of Noted Americans. By Charles Lauman. 1 vol., 12mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.—Mr. Lauman's long experience as a newspaper-man, author, and artist, gave him exceptional facilities for making the acquaintance of eminent men—literary, political, and scientific—Irving, Longfellow, Henry Clay, Joseph Henry, etc., etc. The present volume is the result. It is full of entertaining anecdote. We recommend it as one of the most readable books of the season.

Salammbo. By Gustave Flaubert. 1 vol., 12mo. London and New York: Saxon & Co.—Of all Flaubert's fictions, this is the most celebrated. The scene is laid in Carthage, in the time of Hamilcar, the father of Hannibal. Apart from its merit as a story, it has much value as a picture of the age; for its descriptions of the great Phœnician city, and of the manners and customs of its inhabitants, are as faithful as they are vivid. The translation is by Mr. French Sheldon.

A Mental Struggle. By "The Duchess." 1 vol., 12mo. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.—This anonymous novelist continues to be one of the most popular of cotemporary ones. Her present story has even more than her usual vivacity. It is this increase in power, when others generally are falling off, that is the secret of her success.

Young People's History of England. By George Makepeace Towle. 1 vol., 12mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.—A clear and concise history of England, from the Roman conquest down: just what it pretends to be, a narrative for beginners, and, in its way, it is unrivaled.

My Son's Wife. By the author of "Caste." 1 vol., 12mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—A new edition of one of the most popular fictions of the day. The story is laid in England, and is full of incident. The characters are admirably defined also.

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OUR ARM-CHAIR.

WHAT EDITORS SAY OF "PETERSON."—Of all persons, editors—who see all the magazines, and can thus compare one with the other—are the best judges of any one magazine. Now, editors everywhere praise "Peterson." Says the Hardley (Pa.) Broad-Axe: "The last number is superb. It is really astonishing to one who has watched the make-up of this magazine for twentyfive years—nay, for more than forty years—to understand how it is possible to improve the whole artistic work, yet such is the fact. It is not a mere idle say-so, when we repeat that 'Peterson,' unlike all others, does really progress, and grows better and brighter yearly." The Lancaster (Pa.) New Era says: "None of our monthlies retains a stronger hold on the public than 'Peterson.' Devoted to all that pertains to taste in dress and culture, it fills a place reached by none of its cotemporaries. Its illustrations are always good, and generous in point of numbers, and accepted as authority on points of taste. There can be no better periodical for the household. Its stories are always first-class." The Laurens (S. C.) Herald says: "It is brimful of useful, suggestive, and entertaining matter. The new spring styles and colors in dresses are shown in the double colored fashion-plate and the numerous fashion and fancy-work engravings. The steel-engraving is a fine work of art, and the stories and poems are full of interest." The Scranton (Dakota) Pioneer says: "As usual, ahead of all its competitors. The fashion-plate will cause a flutter of admiration in all who behold it. The stories, all original, are better than usual. 'The Millionaire's Daughter,' by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, grows in interest and force." If we had space, we could give pages of such notices. *Now is a good time* to subscribe or to get up a club. If every subscriber would get another, our present large list would be doubled. You can safely tell your friends that there is nothing bogus about "Peterson." Everything is *the best of its kind.* What it promises, too, it fulfils. Send that other subscriber!

PASTRY WITHOUT BUTTER.—The American pie has been subjected to more unjust abuse from foreign writers than any other of our distinctive products, if we except the recent tirade against the American hog. And yet, we cannot say that it has been altogether undeserved, because of the villainous compound—thick, hard, and heavy—that is too often made to do duty as a "crust," and which, by courtesy, is called "pastry." Light, tender, flaky, and digestible pie-crust, and all kinds of pastry, can be made most readily by the use of Royal Baking-Powder, without any butter; or with half the usual portion, if preferred; or with a small quantity of lard or other shortening, as desired. Pie-crust thus made is much more wholesome and digestible, besides being more economical and easier prepared. In addition to saving all the butter, if desired, one-third the flour is also dispensed with, as the crust is rolled that much thinner, the leavening-qualities of the Royal Baking-Powder swelling it to the requisite thickness. If dripping or lard be used, the Royal Baking-Powder removes any unpleasant taste, rendering the crust as short, sweet, and pleasant as if made from the finest butter. Those who know the appetizing-qualities of the genuine home-made American pie will rejoice that, by the aid of Royal Baking-Powder in the pastry, it can be made quite as digestible as it is delicious.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

SOUPS.

Asparagus Soup.—Take twentyfive heads of asparagus, put them in a saucepan with one quart of vegetable-stock; let them boil till done; remove the asparagus, pound it in a mortar, then pass it through a sieve; mix one tablespoonful of flour and one ounce of butter in a saucepan on the fire, add a little sugar, pepper and salt, the asparagus-pulp, and the stock in which the asparagus was originally boiled; let the whole come to the boil, put in a little spinach-greening, and lastly a pat of fresh butter. Serve over small dice of bread fried in butter.

White Soup, Without Meat.—Put two quarts of water into a clean saucepan, the crumb of a small baker's-loaf, a bunch of sweet herbs, some whole grains of pepper, two or three cloves, an onion chopped fine, and a little salt. Let it boil half an hour. Then take the white parts of celery, endive, and lettuce, cut them into pieces, boil them in the soup till quite smooth. Strain the soup, set it over the fire again, and, when it begins to boil, add a lump of butter rolled in a little flour; let it boil a few minutes more, and serve.

MEATS, ETC.

Minced Veal.—This is one of the most agreeable, simple, inexpensive, and wholesome of made dishes. The meat from any joint of veal is available, and every part may be used, some people not even objecting to a little fat. It must all be cut away from the bones and nicely minced. The brown outside, the gristle, and the bones (broken up), must be boiled into a gravy, with a little salt, pepper, and a blade of mace; then strained off, and, with the minced meat, put into a stewpan with a teaspoonful of grated lemon-peel, the same quantity of lemon-juice, a tablespoonful of cream, and a piece of butter blended with flour. As soon as perfectly hot through, the mince ought to be poured out upon the dish, lined with toast.

Sheep's Head.—Steep the head for two or three hours, then split it, take out the brains and tongue, boil the head gently for three hours with a few carrots, onions, a stick of celery, a bundle of sweet herbs, a few cloves, whole pepper and salt to taste, then breadcrumb, and brown the head slightly in front of the fire. Mince the lights, cut the liver in slices, and fry them; boil the brains in a piece of muslin. In dishing up, put the mince on a dish, then the head opened out, the tongue cut into slices, the brains divided into four, and the slices of liver ranged artistically all round. Judicious seasoning is essential.

Fowls, no matter how small—excepting, perhaps, spring chickens—ought to be always stuffed before cooking; nor is there any trouble, if breadcrumb and picked thyme are kept, as they ought to be, at hand, nicely preserved in wide-mouthed bottles, and stowed away in a dry place.

Apple Fritters.—Make a batter, not very stiff, with one pint of milk, two eggs, and flour to bring it to a right consistence. Pare and core six apples (large ones), chop them small, and mix them well in the batter. Fry in lard, and serve with powdered sugar sifted over them.

Cold Potatoes and Beef.—Slice the beef and potatoes; put an onion to a good gravy, either from the joint, or stewed from the bones; let the potatoes and beef simmer in the gravy. Add vinegar, pepper, and salt. Thicken the gravy, and serve hot, with slices of toasted bread.

Plain White Sauce.—Melt a piece of butter in a saucepan, add a tablespoonful of flour, pepper and salt to taste; mix well, then add milk, and keep on stirring until the sauce acquires the desired consistency.

VEGETABLES.

New Carrots with Cream.—Trim a quantity of the smallest new carrots that can be obtained, and boil them in salted water. When done, drain off the water. Melt one ounce of butter in a saucepan, add to it a dessertspoonful of flour, pepper, salt, grated nutmeg, a pinch of powdered sugar, and a small quantity of cream. Put in the carrots, simmer gently a few minutes, and serve.

Carrots, Maître d'Hotel.—Take some new carrots, and trim each neatly; boil them in salted water till they are just

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done, then drain off the water; add a piece of fresh butter to the carrots, some parsley finely minced, a dust of powdered pepper, a little powdered loaf-sugar, and a squeeze of lemon. Give the saucepan a toss or two on the fire, and keep the contents hot till the time of serving.

Potatoes à la Lyonnaise.—Slice an onion finely, and fry it in butter until it begins to take color; add four or five cold boiled potatoes, cut in slices three-eighths of an inch thick, salt and pepper to taste, and keep shaking the saucepan till they are quite hot, and also begin to brown. Beef-dripping, if properly clarified, may be used instead of butter.

Tomatoes with Cream Gravy.—Cut the tomatoes in half, and season them with pepper and salt; then fry them in fresh lard. When they are brown on both sides, add some butter and cream; thicken the gravy with butter and flour, mixed as for drawn butter. Tomatoes prepared in this way make a very palatable breakfast and tea relish.

French Beans au Beurre.—String some young French beans, but do not cut them. Boil them in plenty of water, salted to taste. When done thoroughly, drain them, and toss them in a saucepan with a large piece of butter; add a sprinkling of pepper and a squeeze of lemon, and serve.

DESSERTS.

Cheesecake.—Use rennet, or make a curd as follows: One quart of water; two eggs; one quart of new milk; two spoonfuls of lemon-juice or good vinegar. Boil the water in a stewpan. Beat two eggs, and mix them with a quart of new milk; add them to the water, with two spoonfuls of lemon-juice or good vinegar. When the curd rises, lay it on a sieve to drain. *Cheesecake.*—Half a pint of good curd; four eggs; three spoonfuls of rich cream; a quarter of a nutmeg; one spoonful of ratafia; a quarter of a pound of currants; puff-paste. Beat half a pint of good curd with four eggs, three spoonfuls of rich cream, a quarter of a nutmeg grated, a spoonful of ratafia, and a quarter of a pound of currants washed and dried. Mix all well together, and bake in patty-pans lined with a good puff-paste.

Whipped Cream.—Sweeten half a pint of cream with some loaf-sugar which has been well rubbed on the outside of a lemon and then pounded. Put it into a perfectly clean cold bowl, and add to it the beaten-up white of an egg. Take a perfectly clean cold whisk, and whip the cream to a stiff froth in a very cold place, or over ice.

CAKES.

Rice Griddle-Cakes.—One pint and a half of cold boiled rice; put to soak an hour in warm water enough to cover it. Mash the rice well, and make a batter, just before using it, with one quart of sour milk, one light quart of flour, salt to taste, and two eggs well beaten. The batter ought to be moderately thick. Stir in a teaspoonful of soda just before frying. Fine batter-cakes may be made of stale light bread; trim off the crust, soak the bread, and make it by the above recipe. Sour bread may be used to advantage this way.

Wheat-Flour Batter-Cakes.—One quart-measure of flour, three parts full, three tablespoonfuls of sifted corn-meal, two or three eggs beaten separately; make a moderately stiff batter with sweet milk, two teaspoonfuls of soda sifted with the flour and meal, one teaspoonful of tartaric acid dissolved in water, or a heaped dessertspoonful of yeast-powder; stir the soda in just before frying; never stir it after it effervesces. Good cakes may be made by this recipe, substituting sour milk for the acid.

PRESERVES AND JELLIES.

Strawberry Jelly.—Stem the strawberries, put them in a pan, and, with a wooden spoon or potato-masher, rub them fine. Put a sieve over a pan, and, inside of the sieve, spread a piece of thin muslin; strain the juice through this, and to a pint add one pound of sugar, with a quarter of an ounce of isinglass, dissolved in water, to every five pounds of sugar. When the sugar is dissolved, set the kettle over the fire, and boil it to a jelly. Pour it into glasses while it is warm, and paste them when cold.

Rhubarb Jam.—Wipe, peel, and cut up the rhubarb; allow equal weight of rhubarb and sugar, and two ounces of sweet almonds blanched and cut into quarters, and the juice and rind of two lemons, to every six pounds of rhubarb. Boil the rhubarb with a little filtered water until tender; add the sugar, lemons, and almonds; and boil, skim, and stir well, for three-quarters of an hour.

To Ice Currants.—Take some fresh currants in bunches, and have ready some white of egg, well beaten; dip them in, lay them on a board, sift double-refined sugar over them thickly, and dry in a stove or oven.

SANITARY.

Whitening Flannels and Washing Linens.—To whiten flannel made yellow by age, dissolve one and a half pounds of white soap in about twelve gallons of soft water, and also two-thirds of an ounce of spirits of ammonia. Put in the flannel, stir well round for a short time, and wash in simple water. When black or navy-blue linens are washed, soap should not be used. Take, instead, two potatoes grated into tepid soft water, after having them washed and peeled, into which a teaspoonful of ammonia has been put. Wash the linens with this, and rinse them in cold blue-water. They will need no starch, and should be dried and ironed on the wrong side. An infusion of hay will keep the natural color in buff linens, and an infusion of bran will do the same for brown linens and prints.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Clouds Ought To Be Knitted, we would inform our fair correspondent Julia, with double Berlin-wool for the thick, and Shetland-wool for thin part. Thick wooden needles; the thicker the needles, the more effective the work. Set up seventyfive stitches in double Berlin; knit four rows, as you would a garter; then join the Shetland wool—without breaking off the Berlin, which ought to be carried along—and knit two rows, as a garter; then four rows of the Berlin-wool, and so on, knitting alternately thick and thin, backward and forward, until your cloud is long enough, always carrying the wool from one stripe to the other along the side. Of course, each row ought to begin at the same side: be careful about that. Thirtyfive stripes of the Berlin and thirtyfour of the Shetland wool make a very nice-sized cloud. It is prettier drawn in at each end with a tassel made of the Berlin-wool, by rolling it thirtyfive times round a card any depth you choose, and drawing it in at the end, rolling the wool round to confine it, and then cutting it.

A Bag Like a Ball can be made by cutting light pieces of crinoline wire, twentythree inches long, joining them together in circles, and binding them together, top and bottom, in the shape of a ball, leaving even distances between every wire. This will form a wire ball, as large as an ordinary-sized football. Cut sixteen pieces of brown holland, the size and shape of the spaces between the wires, but a little larger. Stitch all these sections together, leaving one seam undone, for the opening; turn the right side out, and bind the two edges with ribbon or tape, and put on three buttons and loops; now put the holland case over the wire ball, making the opening come between two of the wires. To keep the case in its place, it must be fastened here and there to the wire; finish by sewing on a loop of ribbon, to form the handle. This bag is greatly improved in appearance if a small wreath of flowers be worked down the centre of each section of holland; or it can be painted like a terrestrial globe.

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OUR ARM-CHAIR.

"NECESSARY TO MY HAPPINESS."—A lady, sending a club, writes as follows: "I thought I would try to do without 'Peterson,' this year, for money is very scarce in Kansas. But I cannot. I have taken it continuously since 1875, and it is really necessary to my happiness." That is just the point. In no way can so little money be spent which will bring so much happiness as by subscribing for "Peterson." It cheers lonely hours; brings the great world before one in fiction; instructs, amuses, refines, and teaches how to dress economically yet elegantly. Men, even when complaining of "hard times," will spend dollars and dollars on cigars, yet grudge a small sum to their wives to subscribe for a magazine.

CATARRH AND BRONCHITIS CURED.—A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease, sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Dr. J. Flynn & Co., 117 East Fifteenth Street, New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

AN AMERICAN PERFUME for the Royal family. In looking over our European fashion-exchanges, we note the following, from the "Ladies' Pictorial": "The Prince of Wales is well known as a connoisseur in perfumes, and has taken a great liking to Edenia. The jeunesse d'orée—or, shall we say, the young England party?—will, no doubt, follow his example, and Edenia will be all the rage, this season."

NEW SHOE-DRESSINGS come and go: Button's Raven Gloss, however, remains the standard, because it makes shoes look new, not varnished.

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

☞ Everything relating to this department should be addressed "Puzzle Editor," PETERSON'S MAGAZINE, P.-O. Box 328, Marblehead, Mass.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN MAY NUMBER.

No. 280.

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HINTS ON ART.—No. 1.

PAINTING ON DOORS has become such a general practice, that a few words on the subject will perhaps be an advantage to amateurs interested in this branch of work. It must be conceded that it is an occupation in every way suitable to women of refinement and education. Panels are usually painted with oil-colors. Common house-paint makes a good ground to work on. Supposing the door to be a pale sea-green, salmon-pink, or the fashionable cream-white, a branch of an apple-tree, with the pinkish-white blossom in full bloom, makes a charming design for the panels. Besides this, there are various familiar weeds which grow in our lanes and woods that make exquisite subjects for the kind of painting we are at present considering. Thistles, for instance, are admirably adapted for decorative treatment, and especially the silver-gray thistles which grow near the sea and on the edges of cliffs. The common puff-ball, or dandelion-seed, would be another pretty subject for door-panels; it would be especially pretty on a pale sea-green or dull-silver ground. Wall-flowers look admirable on a dull-gold background, as do orange tiger-lilies, dahlias, Japanese chrysanthemums, and other somewhat stiff-looking flowers.

Some people paint single figures on their door-panels. We have seen the figure of a girl, in medieval attire, indicated with considerable spirit, on a gold background, with a most happy result. Others, sometimes, have a landscape, put in with a light and suggestive touch, the coloring being rubbed on thinly, and the outlines not too hard. But landscape ought not to be attempted by anyone who has not had considerable experience in that branch of art; for decoration of such an ambitious kind challenges criticism, and draws attention in a way that a few flowers or weeds would not do.

Some knowledge of design is indispensable, in order to produce an effective door. For instance, it would be very bad taste to have the heaviest part of the design at the top of the panel; the design ought to run upward, not down. A door with a Japanese "motif" often looks extremely well, the design running through each panel, and reappearing in the underneath ones. For instance, we have before us, as we write, a black painted door, in which there are four panels, the upper ones being long and the lower short. These panels are covered entirely with gold paint—not too bright—and on this is a spirited design of conventional wall-flowers, treated in the Japanese manner. The sprays or branches appear to spring from the sides of the lower panels, and reappear in the long upper panels with the happiest effect. In the same room, some large folding-doors are treated in a similar manner; only, in this case, yellow and fire-colored nasturtiums with their leaves are scattered on a dull-gold ground.

FASHIONS FOR JUNE.

FIG. I.—WALKING-DRESS, OF FINE MAUVE GINGHAM. The skirt has a narrow plaiting of the material; it has five tucks. The overdress is a polonaise, edged on the front with Hamburg embroidery, and untrimmed at the back; it is slightly gathered at the waist, back and front, the gathering forming a plastron. Sleeves rather full, on a band at the elbow. Black velvet band at the neck and in front of the waist, and bows of the same at the right side. Straw hat, trimmed with black velvet ribbon and field-flowers.

FIG. II.—WALKING-DRESS, OF PINK ALBATROSS. The underskirt has four plaited flounces, edged with écru lace. The overskirt is short in front, looped far back, and falls quite long behind. The bodice is plain at the back, full in

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front to a yoke on the shoulders, and has a waistband fastened with a mother-of-pearl buckle. Straw hat, trimmed with pink roses.

FIG. III.—VISITING OR GARDEN-PARTY DRESS, OF BLACK GRENADINE NET. The bottom of the skirt is edged with a plaiting of poppy-red satin. Above this, is a plaiting of black satin; then a deep flounce of the grenadine, trimmed with a black lace. The long overdress is also edged with lace, as well as the deep basque, which has a black velvet belt—reaching from under the arms only, and fastened by a large steel buckle. The vest is of black lace, over red satin. Bonnet of soft white crèpe, trimmed with a large yellow rose.

FIG. IV.—VISITING-DRESS, OF PRIMROSE-COLORED CANVAS. It is edged with a narrow knife-plaiting, and there is a simulated skirt of plaited lace. The overdress opens on the left side, over the plaited lace dress, is edged with watered silk, falls in full straight plaits at the back, and is laid in plaits on the left side, which are somewhat drawn up on the right side, to show the plaited lace. The close-fitting bodice has revers, of the canvas of the dress, and a watered silk waistcoat. Bonnet of yellow crèpe, trimmed with white flowers.

FIG. V.—VISITING-DRESS, OF DARK-GRAY STRIPED GRENADINE. The skirt falls straight at the back, but has also a very small drapery; it is plaited at the side, but opens wide over a rich brocade of soft dull colors. The panel is edged with gray satin ribbon, and is put on in two deep loops, with a trimming of the ribbon just below the waist. The skirt opens only a short way up, on the right side, to show more of the brocade, which is also slightly seen at the bottom of the front. The bodice is postillion at the back, and is made with three points in front, and opens over a vest of the brocade. Hat of dark-gray straw, trimmed with high loops of changeable silk, of the colors of the brocade.

FIG. VI.—WALKING-DRESS, OF DARK-BLUE ÉTEONÉ. The bottom is edged with a narrow knife-plaiting. The skirt opens in front, and is attached to the bodice in plaits, which are draped at the back. The front of the skirt is filled in with plaitings of blue figured canvas. The bodice opens over a plaited vest of the figured canvas, and has blue velvet revers, collar, and cuffs; it is made with a postillion-basque at the back, and has two points in front. Hat of coarse straw, trimmed with blue surah silk.

FIG. VII.—GARDEN-PARTY DRESS, OF BROWN FOULARD, COVERED WITH PINK ROSES. The bottom of the skirt is edged with plain brown foulard. The skirt itself is made of plain brown foulard, flounced with broad lace. The overdress of the figured foulard is edged with a ruffle of lace, narrower than those on the underskirt, is long and pointed in front, gathered high up on the hips, and falls in loose drapery at the back. The sleeves and front of the pointed waist are edged with a narrow lace ruffle. Collar of lace. Hat of brown straw, trimmed with a plaid silk in gay colors.

FIG. VIII.—WALKING-DRESS, OF IRON-GRAY SERGE AND GRAY BOUCLÉ CLOTH. The skirt is of the gray serge, box-plaited with panels of bouclé cloth. The full round tunic is of the serge, with a puff at the back. The jacket is of the bouclé cloth, with a full postillion-skirt at the back, and opens over corduroy waistcoat of a lighter shade of gray; and the habit-skirt is of white rep or piqué. Hat of gray straw, with stiff trimmings of gray corded silk.

FIG. IX.—VISITING-DRESS, OF BLACK SPOTTED GRENADINE. The bottom of the skirt has a plaiting of black silk. Above this, at the back, is a plaiting of black French lace. The lower skirt has a square apron-front, edged all around by a flounce of lace, which disappears under the front of the polonaise. The polonaise is short, and round in front; it is drawn high at the sides, and, where it joins the back, a fan-shaped plaiting of lace is placed on each side. The bodice of the polonaise has a deep collar, square back and front, made of piece-lace, and a narrow plaited vest of black silk, inserted in a long V-shape, and edged on each side with silk buttons. Lace cuffs. Hat of black straw, trimmed with black velvet and yellow daisies.

FIG. X.—EVENING-DRESS, OF WHITE MUSLIN AND WHITE LACE, for a young lady. The skirt is edged with two plaited ruffles. Over the muslin—or white silk, if preferred—is a dress made of one of the many kinds of cheap and most beautiful imitation laces, which now come for dress-purposes. It ought not to be made too full, as the pattern would not show well, neither will it fall so well. It is caught up at one side by a large cluster of pink moss-rose buds and blue forget-me-nots. The low round bodice is confined at the waist by a band of white satin, and a broad sash of white satin ribbon falls at the back. The bodice is edged with a ruching of lace, and there are narrow white satin bows on the shoulders.

FIG. XI.—GARDEN-PARTY HAT. This extremely pretty hat is made on a white foundation, and is composed of several rows of white plaited thin muslin, and decorated in front with a large bunch of purple violets.

FIG. XII.—JERSEY, edged with gold braid, and having a plaited vest of dark-red silk.

FIG. XIII.—VISITING-DRESS, OF WHITE NUN'S-VEILING. There is a narrow plaiting at the bottom. The drapery of the front of the skirt is full and long, and is fastened under the plain full fall at the back. The mantle is long in front, very short at the back, which helps to form the sleeves; is of black figured and jetted grenadine, lined with red silk. Bonnet of black lace, with a trimming in front, of dark-red ribbon.

FIG. XIV.—BODICE OF RIDING-HABIT. The postillion is longer than has been recently worn. A buckram interlining ought always to be used, to insure a fit without wrinkles.

FIG. XV.—ZOUAVE JACKET, OF BOUCLÉ CLOTH, edged with braid.

GENERAL REMARKS.—It will be seen, by the engravings in front of the magazine, how great is the variety in fashion; for all the patterns are worn, not only for the purposes for which we have designated them, but some of the walking-dresses and visiting-dresses are quite as much used for the house, when train-dresses are not desired.

The excessive draping and looping at the back of the skirt are less and less seen, but the tournure continues to be as large as ever, only the skirt now usually falls in full straight plaits from the waist to the foot. For rather short or stout persons, this is the most becoming style. Still, the looped skirts are by no means out of fashion, and tall slender persons cling to them, as they are so much more adapted to them than the straight folds.

Bodices of a different color and material from the dress are much worn, especially by young people; and this is a most sensible and economical fashion, as a worn-out bodice can be replaced by some inexpensive stuff, and an old skirt thus utilized.

Striped materials form part of most dresses: sometimes for the petticoat, with a plain bodice and drapery, sometimes as the bodice and drapery, with a plain petticoat, or as panels or vests, etc., etc.

Collars are worn higher than ever, and are, as a rule, very uncomfortable, in consequence; though, so strong is habit, that a dress with a low collar is at once proclaimed "old-fashioned."

Black lace is very much used for dressy costumes: sometimes it is piece-lace, of which the dress is made, and trimmed with the narrower trimming-lace, or it may be an old black surah silk or satin, flounced or draped with lace. These dresses are suitable for almost all occasions except actual street-wear.

Grenadine, striped gauzes, canvas, mohair, all soft thin

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woolen goods, sateen, cambric, gingham, lawn, are all equally fashionable.

Gauze ribbons are popular for the trimming of dresses, as well as of bonnets.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

RUE DES PETITS CHAMPS.

I do not suppose there ever was a season when bonnets and hats were so entirely eclectic as they are at the present moment. Only a certain elevation of trimming is prescribed. Otherwise, a fashionable lady may wear a high Tyrolean hat, or a close capote, or a Russian toque; or she may indulge in coarse Dunstable braids, or fine English straw, or folds of tulle, or network of beads. She may trim her hat with a pair of imitation wings, formed of jet, or with ostrich-tips. She may have the crown veiled with tulle, or covered with silk laid in folds, or surrounded with wide faille ribbon, either in black or colors, studded with square jets. Or she may have a gauze scarf wreathed gracefully around it, or else entwined in an indescribable and elaborate manner, with ostrich-tips peeping out amongst its convolutions. She may wear flowers on her hat or bonnet, or jet chains, or clusters of fruit or nuts. And, only occasionally now, I am pleased to say, one sees a hat ornamented with a bird. A very curious structure, and rather a picturesque one, was a high wood-colored straw, of the Tyrolean shape, with an owl's-head, encircled with a wreath of ivy, set at one side of the high crown. The narrow brim was bordered with a garland of ivy, and was lined with wood-colored velvet. Large wide-brimmed hats, in fine black English straw, are trimmed with black faille ribbon and ostrich-tips, and have the brim lined with black velvet. Small Rhine-stone buckles confine the ribbon, and relieve the sombre aspect of the hat. These hats are also trimmed with scarfs of cream gauze, or with bands of wide faille ribbon of a pale-yellow hue; but the plumes are invariably black, to match the straw. Large rustic-bonnets, of Dunstable braids or coarse gimps, are prepared for watering-place wear, and are trimmed with a large bouquet of varied flowers, set in front of the low crown. They have no strings. Sweet-peas and roses form a pretty combination for adorning such a bonnet.

The Spanish jacket is becoming very popular, and is a good deal worn by elderly ladies, even for demi-toilette. It is composed of the same material as the dress, and is made to fit closely at the back, opening in front over a vest of another material, or of the same stuff in a darker shade. Side-panels on the skirt repeat the material or the hue of the vest. Thus, I have seen a toilette, in wood-colored satin, made in that style, with the vest and side-panels in chestnut-brown velvet. Small-pattern black and white silks make up very stylishly for a young and slender wearer in the following fashion: The skirt is covered with four flounces of graduated width, the narrowest and topmost one starting from the waist. Each flounce is bordered with a bias band of black taffeta, two inches in width. The corsage is in black taffeta, cut slightly pointed back and front, and opening over a full shirt-front of white crêpe-lisse. Around the waist is passed a belt of black taffeta, to which a wide sash of the same material is attached at the back.

Stripes, in all sorts of materials, are immensely in vogue. A dress may have a striped underskirt, and an overdress and corsage of plain material, or the styles may be reversed. A very pretty toilette for an elderly lady may be composed of a corsage and overskirt in black taffeta, opening over an underskirt and vest in black satin and white faille stripes. The overdress and corsage may be trimmed with black lace.

A very elegant walking or visiting dress is composed of heavy black faille, trimmed with jet, and having a vest formed of folds of pale pink or blue or lilac surah or crêpe-de-Chine, the corsage just meeting at the waist, over the vest. With this toilette, is worn a capote in black lace and jet, ornamented in front with two jet wings, between which is placed a high standing loop of faille ribbon, matching the vest in color precisely. This is perhaps the most tasteful of all the walking-costumes of the season.

Dresses in black gauze are sometimes made with a number of flounces, alternating with black lace ones. Others have one side of the skirt covered with a multiplicity of narrow ruffles, with long flat draperies drawn back across the skirt, both back and front, and falling in set folds at the opposite side. In fact, all sorts of pretty and fantastic forms for skirts are permissible during the present season.

Walking-shoes are made very plain, and are not quite so pointed as they were a few months ago. A very stylish shoe is entirely composed of patent-leather, with a single wide strap passing across the instep and buttoning at one side. House-shoes are more elaborate than ever. They are cut very low in front, and are embroidered with colored beads intermixed with gold ones. This embroidery looks particularly well on a shoe of bronze kid. Satin slippers are embroidered with beads of their own color, and are worn with very fine plain silk stockings, the shoe and stocking matching the ball-dress precisely. Fashion has taken greatly to the pretty bags in colored plush for opera-glasses, which were first invented in America. They are shown adorned with the gold or silver monogram of the owner of the opera-glass, and some of them are edged around the top with a narrow ruffle of fine old point-lace. A charming novelty for the drawing-room table is a book-cover, composed of antique brocade, and ancient embroidery and gold passementerie intermingled with gay-colored plush, so as to have the effect of the binding of an ancient manuscript or missal. They are lined with satin, and are usually of the size to contain an ordinary French novel. They are most artistic in color and in material, and are really very beautiful.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—BOY'S SUIT, OF GRAY TWEED. The knickerbockers have a band below the knee, fastened with a small steel buckle. Above this, are two buttons. The blouse is double-breasted, fastening diagonally from the right side to the waist, with large buttons; and it is confined about the waist with a band of very broad military or Russian braid, fastened with a broad steel buckle.

FIG. II.—GIRL'S DRESS, OF PALE-BLUE ZEPHYR. The skirt is in large plaits. The bodice is full, back and front, gathered at the waist, and is confined by a sash of the material, edged with écru-colored cambric embroidery. The collar is also edged with the same embroidery. Hat of yellow straw, trimmed with white ribbon and feathers.

FIG. III.—GIRL'S DRESS, OF CITRON-GREEN SATEEN, figured with blue forget-me-nots. The skirt is tucked and edged with a box-plaited ruffle. The overdress is a polonaise, gathered at the top to form a yoke, and the slight fullness that is left is gathered at the waist, back and front. The skirt is looped high on sides. Sleeves three-quarters length, with a ruffle at the edge. A cluster of ribbon bows on the shoulder. Green straw hat, with blue feathers.

FIG. IV.—HAT, OF BLACK STRAW, for a young lady. The turned-up brim is faced with black velvet. It is trimmed, in front, with loops-and-ends of black satin ribbon and stiff dark-red feathers.

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Engraved & Printed by Illman Brothers

THE RIVAL BELLES.

[illegible]

Engraved expressly for Peterson's Magazine

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DESIGN FOR BACK OF PORTFOLIO, TABLE-SCARF, ETC., ETC.

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EVENING.

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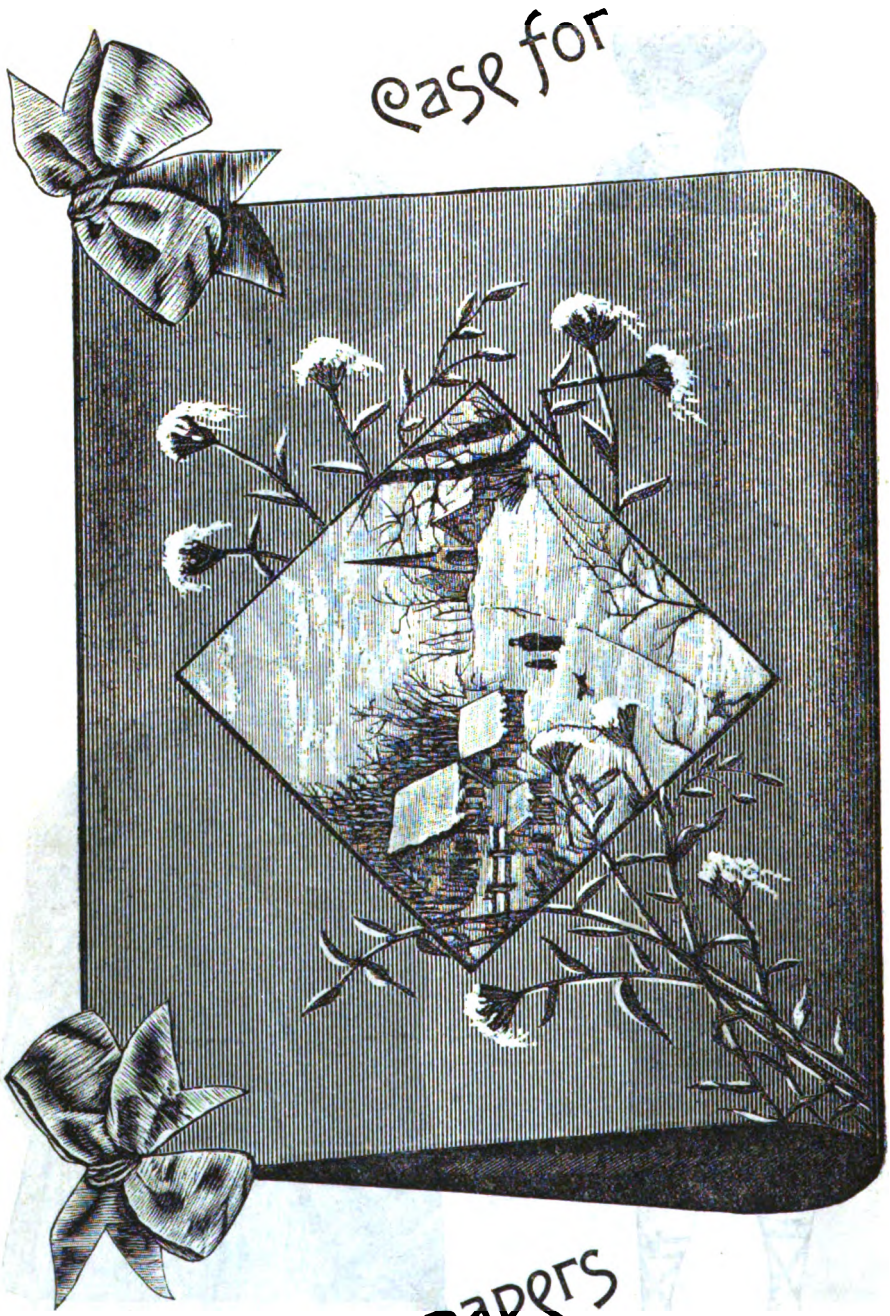

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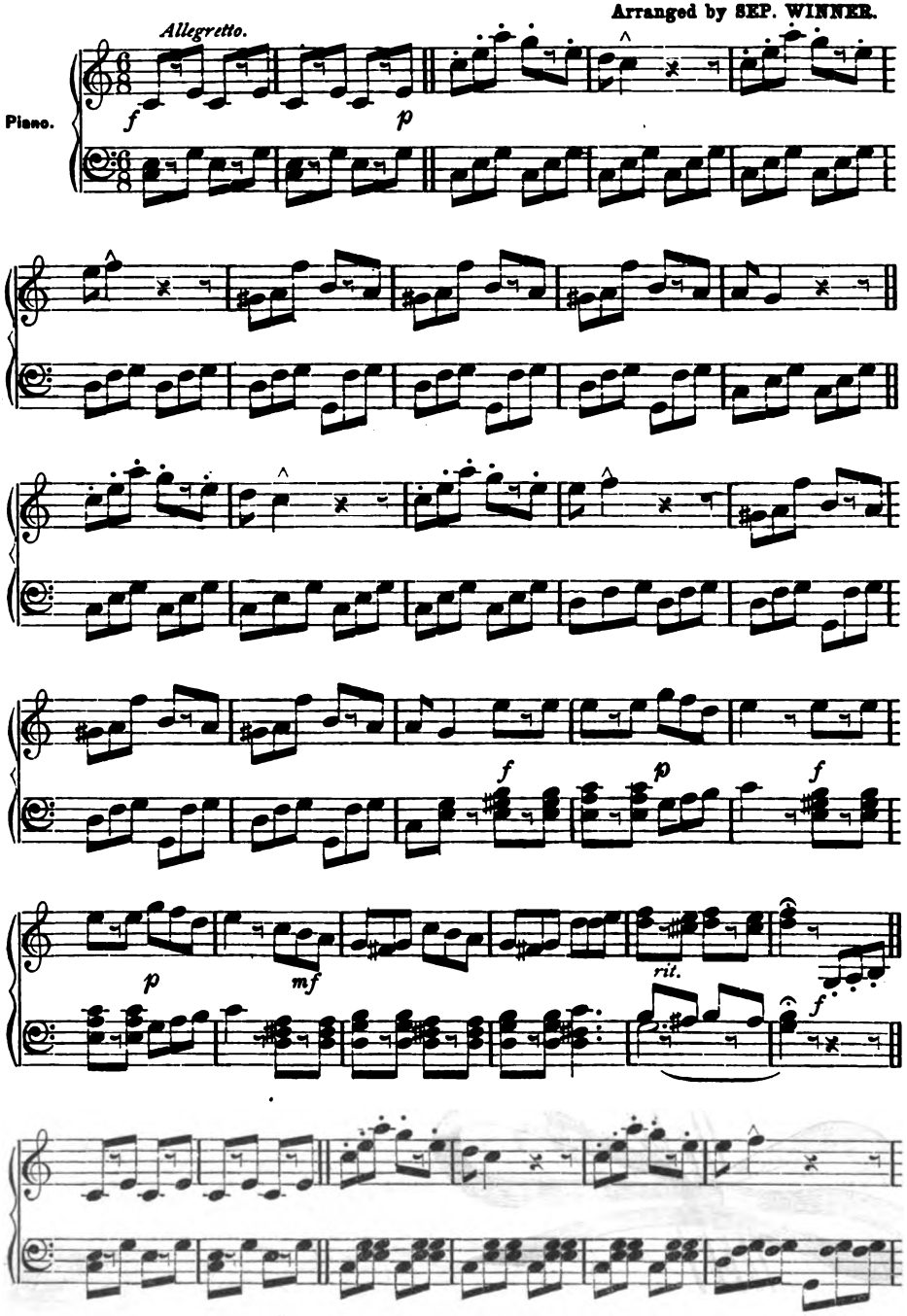

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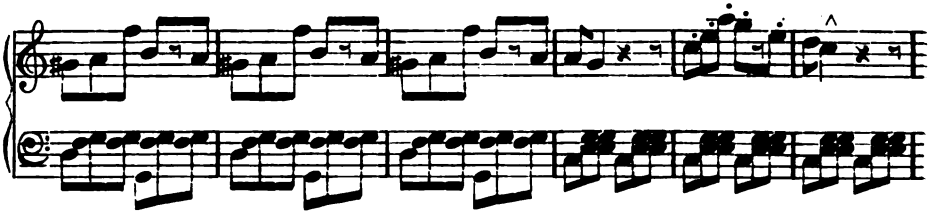

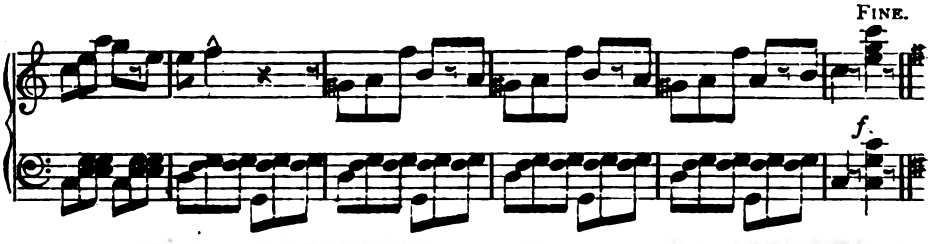

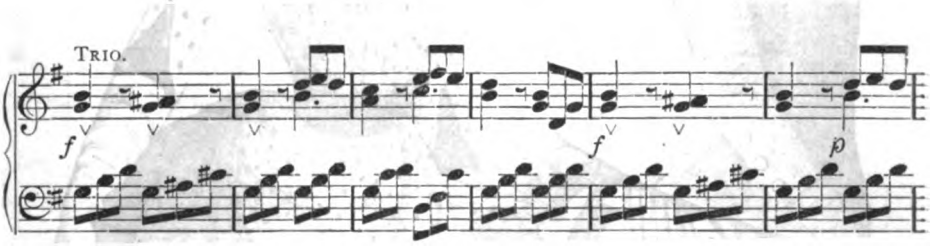

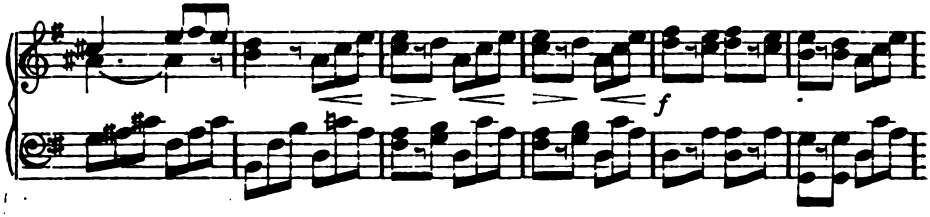

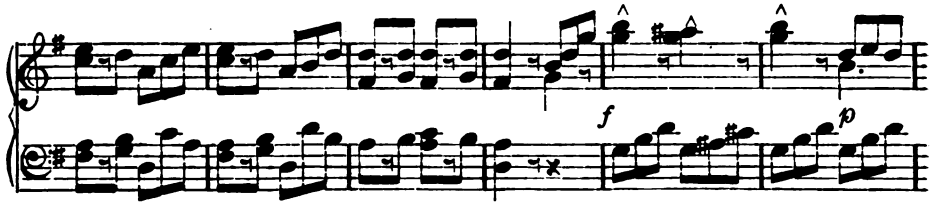

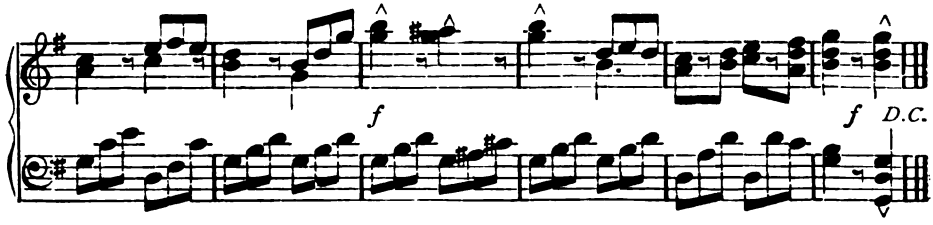

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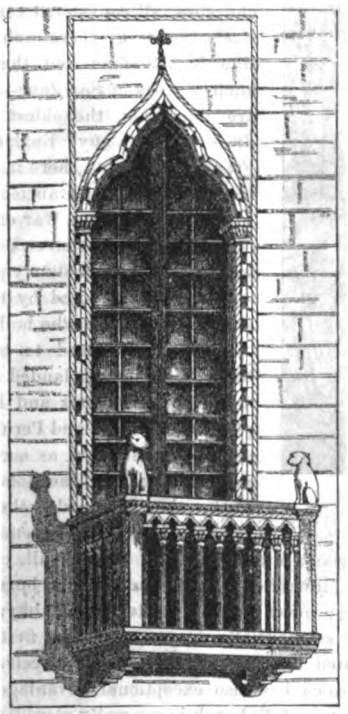
PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XC. PHILADELPHIA, JULY, 1886. No. 1.

WHERE JULIET LIVED AND LOVED.

BY HENRY J. VERNON.



BALCONY.

THE story of Romeo and Juliet is better known, perhaps, than any other of its kind. It owes this popularity to the fact that it appeals to every age and condition. The school-girl follows its development with tears; the young maiden reads the balcony-scene with heart-throbs and flushes of emotion, even the septuagenarian stops to listen, sighing for the days of youth and romance, that now alas!—for him at least—are gone forever.

Yet few persons know anything of the old town where the tragedy occurred; for the story is a real one: and even the house in which Juliet lived is supposed to exist still at Verona. The Montagu and Capulet families are both historical. Dante refers to them in his "Purgatorio," VI, 107. He says:

> "Vieni a veder Montecchi e Capaletti
> Monaldi e Filippeschi, uom senza cura,
> Color già tristi, e costor con sospetti."

> "Come see the Capulets and Montagues—
> Monaldi Filippeschi, reckless one,
> These now in fear—already wretched these."

Feuds between families, in those old Italian towns, were quite common, and were kept up with great bitterness, often for generations. The histories of Florence, Pisa, Siena, and Bologna are full of such feuds. Occasionally, however, two young people, whose fathers were enemies, would meet accidentally, and an attachment spring up between them, in spite of the traditional family hostility. Sometimes, though but rarely, there was a happy ending to the complication. But more frequently a tragedy was the result. Of all these tragedies, that of Romeo and Juliet was the most impressive; and therefore the tale has survived, while others similar to it have been forgotten.

Not only was the story of Romeo and Juliet real, but the exact date when it occurred is known: Girolamo della Corte, an old Italian chronicler, fixing it in the year 1302. To inhabitants of colder climates, the suddenness, the tempestuousness, of Juliet's passion seem incredible at first; but, to one familiar with the Italian character, there is not the least improbability in either. The details of the legend, moreover, have all the air of actuality: they are so out of ordinary experience, that they are not likely to have been invented. To all time, the story will keep its hold on the human heart. How Romeo met Juliet, and how both loved at first sight; how he came to her balcony, and she listened to his pleadings, only regretting that he was a Montagu, and therefore an enemy; how

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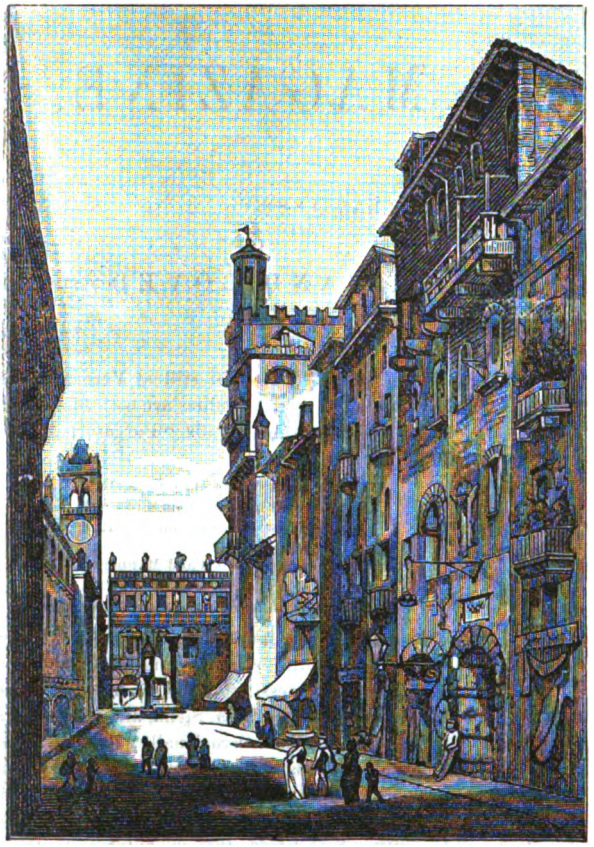

HOUSE OF JULIET.

this, and all the rest, happened, till it ended in the death of both: will not this bring tears to the eye, in the twentieth century, as it does in the nineteenth, and as it has done for the five hundred years and more that have preceded?

But, if we are thus moved, on reading the legend here in America, how much more vividly does the story impress us at Verona, where we walk the very streets that Romeo walked, and see balconies everywhere like that from which Juliet leaned! Those old Italian cities have always had a strange fascination for us. Everything is so new in America, that antiquity, merely as such, has the charm of novelty. Nor is this all. A certain glamor of the imagination surrounds and transfigures those venerable cities. Take Verona, for example. Here is a town that was centuries old, not only when Columbus discovered America, not only when the Normans invaded England, but when Constantine proclaimed "the peace of the Church," more than fifteen hundred years ago. Its streets have been trod by Julius Cæsar, by Theodoric the Goth, by Charlemagne, by Barbarossa, by Dante, by Titian. In its very heart, there yet stands an amphitheatre, second in size only to the Coliseum, whose seats are still in as perfect repair as when they echoed to the roar of lions, or shook with the shouts of thousands, as some gladiator died. Englishmen come to look at this massive Old-World edifice, whose ancestors, when it was first built, dyed their skins with woad, and sacrificed human victims in Druidical groves. Verona has Christian churches, all considered comparatively modern there—churches like San Stefano and the more ancient parts of San Zeno—which are older than the oldest cathedrals of Germany, England, or France. We think, here in America, that a house is ancient, if it was built before the War of Independence. But the streets of Verona are lined with stately palaces—many yet inhabited by the descendants of those who built them—which had ceased to be new before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth, before Cortez and Pizarro plundered Mexico and Peru. This old Italian city saw, as successive masters, the Gaul, the Roman, the Goth, the Lombard: the local tyrants of the Middle Ages; the Venetian; the Austrian: and it lived on through all, continuously inhabited; never sacked and burned, as Rome; never made desolate, like Palmyra; the same substantially now as when the first Cæsar flaunted the Roman eagles in its streets.

Verona has also exceptional advantages in its position. Edinburgh is generally considered the most picturesque city in Europe. But Ruskin, no mean judge in such a matter, ranks Verona above Edinburgh. "I remember a city," he says, in his lectures on architecture and painting, "more nobly placed even than Edinburgh; which, instead of a valley now filled by lines of railroad, has a broad and rushing river of blue water sweeping through the heart of it; which, for the dark and solitary rock which bears the castle, has an amphitheatre of cliffs crested with cypress and olive; which, for the two masses of Arthur's Seat and the ranges of the Pentlands, has a chain of blue mountains higher than the haughtiest peaks of the Highlands; and which, for the far-away Ben Lodi

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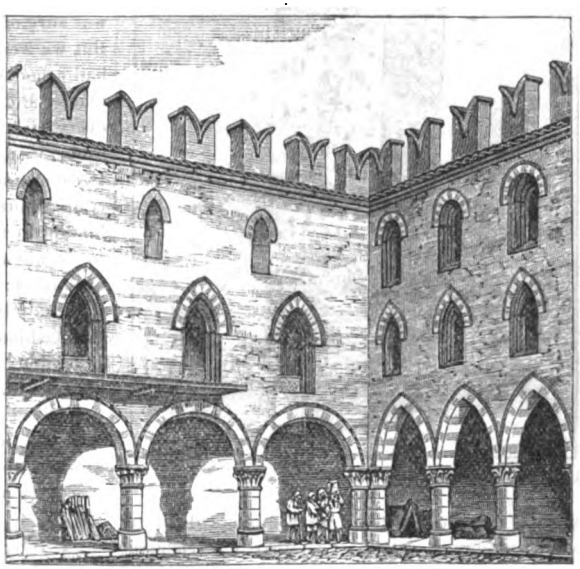
and Ben More, has the great central chain of the St. Gothard Alps: and yet, as you go out of the gates, and walk in the suburban streets of that city—I mean Verona—the eye never seeks to rest on that external scenery, however gorgeous; it does not look for the gaps between the houses; it may for a few moments follow the broken line of the great Alpine battlements, but it is only when they form a background for other battlements built by the hand of man. There is no necessity felt to dwell on the blue river or the burning hills. The heart and eye have enough to do in the streets of the city itself; they are contented there: nay, they sometimes turn from the natural scenery, as if too savage and solitary, to dwell with a deeper interest on the palace-walls that cast their shade upon the streets, and the crowd of towers that rise out of that shadow into the depths of the sky. That is a city to be proud of, indeed."

We have said that the palace which Juliet is supposed to have inhabited is still shown in Verona. But the building can never have been more than a fragment of the original edifice, even if the tradition is to be believed; for the Capulets were great people in their day, and lived in corresponding splendor, like other princely families. The house is comparatively small, and is now degraded to a common inn, resorted to by vetturini; it is called the "Osteria del Capello," and stands on the right-hand side of Via San Sebastiano, where it may be recognized by its projecting sign and its deep cavernous carriage-way. Families of the rank of the Capulets and Montagues occupied palaces with spacious courtyards and open galleries, and very often with noble towers or campaniles. One of the finest of these towers is that of the Scaligeri—in fact, one of the most imposing of its kind in all Italy. Or, at least, the Capulets lived in a palace of the second class, of which many survive, each having its courtyard and its half-Byzantine, half-Gothic arches and windows. For all these stately edifices were built, more or less, after the fashion that prevailed at Venice, a city that was sufficiently near to Verona to influence the taste of the latter very effectively. In all of them, on the side facing the street, you see balconies, many of which are exactly like those on the Grand Canal: balconies where fair dames sat, in their bravery, to watch processions, or where love-stricken girls like Juliet stole forth to listen to whispered vows in the moonlight. Beautiful in themselves, these balconies become invested with an additional charm, when we think of the fair bosoms that have throbbed behind them, or of the handsome cavaliers who have looked up, with dark and eloquent eyes, from the pavement below.

In the garden of the Orfanotrofio, in the southeastern quarter of the city, close to the river Adige, and just off the Vicolo della Franceschine, there is a trough of red Verona marble, which is exhibited as the tomb of Juliet. But, as there are people still living who remember it when it was used as a washing-trough, it can hardly be considered authentic. There was



COURTYARD OF PALACE.

another tomb shown, in the same place, in the last century, which, whether it was the original tomb or not, was chopped up, long ago, by relic-hunters, when the present one was substituted in its stead. We do not believe the first, however, was any more authentic than the last. If there ever had been a tomb of Juliet, it would probably have been of quite a different pattern—the pattern popular in her time: a sarcophagus, more or less costly, raised on a pedestal, in the style of that of Petrarch, at Arqua. Verona is rich in such tombs. Those of the Scaligeri, in the little graveyard of San Maria Antica, surrounded by its exquisite trellis of wrought-iron, are beautiful specimens of this type, though more expensive than the tomb of a young girl would ordinarily have been. A very fine tomb of this description,

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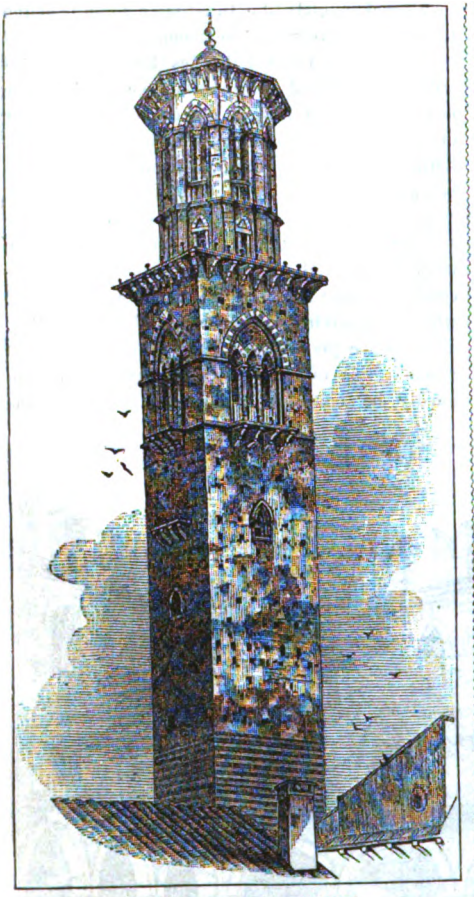


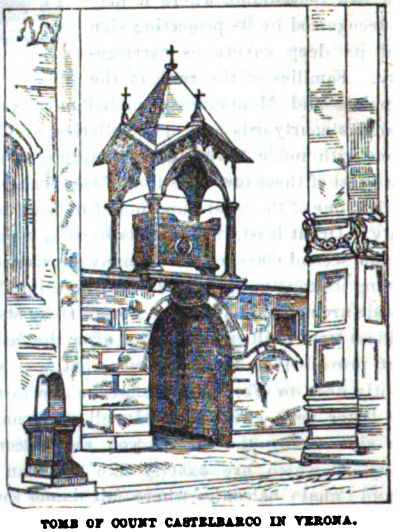
TOWER OF SCALIGERI PALACE.

erected only a few years after Juliet's death, is that of Count Guglielmo Castelbarco, a friend of the Scaligeri. It stands on the left-hand of the church of San Anastasia, over a gateway, and is almost the first object that arrests the eye of the traveler, when he goes out for a walk, the morning after his arrival at Verona; for the principal hotel is located directly opposite to this fine old church. If a tomb had been erected over Juliet, either in expiation, or to keep her memory alive, it would probably have been of this fashion. But it is not credible that so costly a monument, under any circumstances, would have been dedicated to a young girl. It is doubtful for that, as well as for other reasons, whether there ever was a tomb of Juliet at all.

The Adige, that flows through Verona, makes a wide circuit in doing so, which adds greatly to the picturesqueness of the old town; for you catch glimpses of water at the end of nearly every street. Not far distant is Lake Gardia. To the north, lie the Austrian Alps. Venice sleeps, amid her islands, eastward, hardly ninety miles away. The bridges, the towers, the long façades of the palaces, all shining white in the Italian sun, and reflected in the rushing river, make Verona, as you approach it, seem almost like some city in a dream.

It was under such a glamor that we saw it for the first time. The visit was made, too, under peculiar circumstances. It was in 1866. We had been at Milan, intending to go on to Verona and Venice. But the war broke out between Italy and Austria, and, the very day we were to have left, the trains to Verona were stopped. "You can't get any further than our frontier, at Denzenzano, on Lake Gardia," said our landlord, rubbing his hands in glee; for he thought he was sure of us for another week, or even longer. But we were not to be frustrated so easily. We had come to Europe to see Venice, among other places, and to Venice we were resolved to go, at every risk. "We will run the blockade," we said; "or, at least, attempt it. Telegraph to Denzenzano for a carriage to meet us when the train comes in, and leave the rest to us." The landlord expostulated. "He could not undertake to be answerable for what might happen," he exclaimed: and he evidently regarded us as more than half insane; shrugging his shoulders, after the fashion of his countrymen. But we were inflexible; and the telegram was accordingly dispatched.

Arrived at Denzenzano, we found a rickety omnibus awaiting us. But, before we were allowed to proceed, we had to encounter even more urgent expostulations. We were not to be



TOMB OF COUNT CASTELBARCO IN VERONA.

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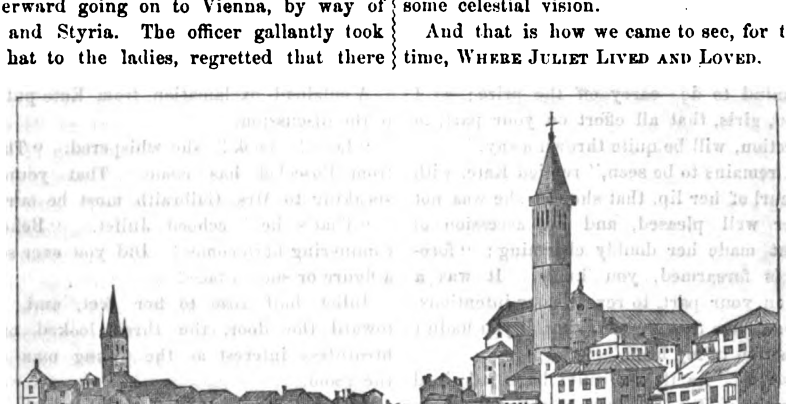
moved, however. "We can but be turned back," we said; "and the Austrians are not going to eat us." So, off we started. We had not gone more than a mile, when another vehicle joined us: some countryman, with business at Verona, we supposed. Soon others fell into the line, until we had quite a motley procession at our heels: carts, wagons, gigs, carriages, everything known in the shape of a conveyance—a regular Falstaff's regiment of broken-down dilapidated vehicles.

We reached the Austrian outposts in a driving rain. Here we were all brought to a halt. Most of the procession was sent back without further word. But, for ourselves, we assumed an air of great indifference, asking to see personally the officer in command. To him we showed our passports, and told him that we were Americans traveling for pleasure, adding that it would be a great disappointment to us—to the ladies of the party especially—to be balked of seeing Venice, and afterward going on to Vienna, by way of Trieste and Styria. The officer gallantly took off his hat to the ladies, regretted that there had been even this temporary detention, and ordered our coachman to drive on. All the other carriages, however, were turned back, inexorably. That is what American energy did; or, as one of the fair members of the expedition said, "cheek." For our part, we considered it only another proof of what can be achieved by pluck and perseverance, even under the most untoward circumstances.

We may add that, more than once, subsequently, in consequence of the war, we found ourselves in rather annoying situations; but that the Austrian officers were always invariably courteous, even to excess, and ever ready to impose their authority to relieve us from our discomforts.

So we drove on into Peschiera, where we took train for Verona, reaching it just as the sun was setting; the grand old city, with its bridges, towers, palaces, and "abounding and exulting river," standing out glorified, as it were, like some celestial vision.

And that is how we came to see, for the first time, WHERE JULIET LIVED AND LOVED.



VERONA FROM THE RIVER.

THE LILACS.

BY MARIENNE HEATON.

I STAND at the western window,
Where the rays of the dying sun
Stream through the leafy shadows,
When the day is nearly done.
And the lilacs—oh, the lilacs!—
With their sweetly faint perfume:
How they thrill my soul with sadness—
Fill my heart with pain and gloom!

Vanished years rise up before me,
And the balmy air of spring
Wafts the faint breath of the lilacs
In a song she used to sing.
Hark! the music, low and tender,
Throbs my heart with sudden pain.
Dead? Ah, yes—the years are going—
But the lilacs bloom again

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THE RIVAL BELLES.

BY EMMA GARRISON JONES.

"You know, of course, that Mrs. Galbraith expects her nephew here to-night?"

"You don't mean Horace Ashley, Juliet?"

"What other nephew, pray, has Mrs. Galbraith, who could be of the slightest consequence? Yes, my dear, I mean Horace Ashley, the rising young statesman; the owner of Boscobel; the very handsomest and cleverest young man at Washington; the great 'catch' of the season—oh! scores of feminine anglers are destined to bait their hooks for him, and throw out their lines, in vain."

"And why in vain, Juliet? Is it because you intend to secure the prize?"

"You've said it, my dear," replied the young lady, with an emphatic movement of her pretty head, while her dark eyes sparkled with pleasure and excitement; "that is just what I have made up my mind to do—carry off the prize; so I warn you, girls, that all effort on your part, in that direction, will be quite thrown away."

"That remains to be seen," replied Kate, with a slight curl of her lip, that showed she was not altogether well pleased, and an accession of color that made her doubly charming; "forewarned is forearmed, you know. It was a mistake on your part, to reveal your intentions. I might not have thought of trying, if you hadn't put the notion in my head."

"Nonsense! As if you could have refrained from trying! But I don't object, my dear. You're welcome to do your best. There would be no glory in a conquest, if there were no competition. Come, Viola: shall you enter the lists, too?"

The three young ladies—the "three rival belles," as they were called—were grouped together at the far end of Mrs. Galbraith's handsome drawing-room, amusing themselves by taking note of the arrival of the guests, when this little conversation took place. Three fairer young creatures could not well be imagined; and, while they were entirely different in style and appearance, each one was charming. All were exquisitely dressed, for Mrs. Galbraith's was *the* "ball" of the season.

The young lady, called Viola, laughed merrily, as she replied:

"Dear me, no; I couldn't think of such a thing. I was just pitying the hapless young man, in view of the fate that awaits him. No, indeed; I shall not enter the lists. To tell the truth, I really don't care so much about the prize in question."

"Neither did Reynard care about the sour grapes," laughed Juliet. "We all know you don't care at all to be mistress of Boscobel, and take your afternoon-drives behind those lovely Arab horses that came on, last week. You don't care to go to the national capital, this winter, as the bride of a rising young statesman, and wear your velvet and diamonds with the best of them. You don't care in the least for all this—now do you, Vi?"

"No, I shouldn't care particularly, unless I cared very much more for the person who brought me all these things," replied Viola, serenely.

A subdued exclamation from Kate put an end to the discussion.

"Look! Look!" she whispered. "The party from Boscobel has come. That young man speaking to Mrs. Galbraith must be our hero."

"That's he," echoed Juliet. "Behold, the conquering hero comes! Did you ever see such a figure or such a face?"

Juliet half rose to her feet, and, turning toward the door, the three looked on with breathless interest as the young man entered the room.

And he was really an object worth looking at. Straight as a dart, strong as an athlete, and handsome as a Greek god, and having, withal, a genial pleasantry of air and manner that was quite irresistible.

The young man was being presented, by Mrs. Galbraith, to her numerous friends, and presently the two advanced toward our charming trio.

"Horace," whispered the lady, "I'm going to introduce you to our 'three rival belles.' You see them at the lower end of the room yonder, grouped together like the 'three graces.' Now, my dear fellow, if you really want a mistress for Boscobel, and a wife to share your public honors, here's your chance. You won't find three prettier girls in a lifetime. Just look now: a blonde, a brunette, and a pretty brown-haired creature, with eyes like a dove. You can take your choice."

"I'm not so sure about that," laughed the

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young man. "It takes two to make a bargain, you know."

"As if you couldn't win any woman living," replied his aunt, with fond pride.

They had by this time reached the corner where the young ladies were sitting, and Mr. Ashley was duly presented. Some little conversation ensued, and then the music struck up, and the young statesman bowed to Juliet, and begged the honor of her hand for the set that was forming. The favor was granted with great graciousness. As he led her away to the ball-room, the young lady could not help glancing back at her companions, with a flash in her black eyes which said, as plainly as words: "Didn't I tell you I should win?"

In the course of the evening, however, both Kate and Viola had the pleasure of dancing with the young Congressman; and his attentions were so equally bestowed, that, when the evening ended, poor Juliet was forced to admit, with secret humiliation, that she had had but very little of which to boast.

However, she felt even more determined than ever to win the prize. Accordingly, for the ensuing week or two, she exerted herself to the utmost to please and entertain Mr. Ashley. Nor was her friend Kate idle, for Kate had also entered the lists. The young man would be going off to Washington soon, she said, and so she resolved to make the most of her time. "Juliet shan't win," she said, "without a fight for it."

Not so with Viola. While she found Mr. Ashley exceedingly pleasing and entertaining, she let matters take their own course, and did not bother her bright head one way or the other. She had many loving cares and interests to keep her busy at home, and the very last of her thoughts was for her own pleasure. She was one of those persons who derive their chief delight from making others happy; and, moreover, she held tenaciously to an old saying, which her mother had taught her: "that, no matter if a pretty girl sit at home in the chimney-corner, when the right one comes along, he'll be sure to find her." And, to tell the truth, pretty dove-eyed Viola was so happy at home that she was in no wise anxious about being found.

Meanwhile, the days drifted by, and the time for Horace Ashley's return to Washington drew near. Both Juliet and Kate, by this time, were beginning to despair of success. The young gentleman was quite as charming as ever, always polite and attentive; but he showed no sort of preference for one or the other. Yet he was not so indifferent as he seemed. It was, as the French say, "the embarrassment of riches" that was the trouble. Juliet was witty, and he appreciated wit; Kate sang exquisitely, and he was passionately fond of music. Had Viola not been there, he might have loved one of them, possibly Kate, but though Viola had no particular specialty, she was always womanly as well as bright: "a second Rosalind," as he once said. A little incident, which revealed to him her thorough unselfishness, her superiority even to Kate, decided the matter.

"Why has not Viola joined your dancing-class?" said Mrs. Galbraith to Juliet, one day, when the latter was making a call. "She was always the first to do it."

"Oh, it is one of her fads," said Juliet, contemptuously. "She was going along the street, the other day, when she saw an old man, sitting on a doorstep and crying, or making pretense to cry, for I believe the latter. He had a basket with him, with a lot of tapes and such things to sell. Viola stopped to ask what was the matter, when the old man said he had eaten nothing that day: that he couldn't sell anything. He spoke in a sort of rude German; for, though Viola is a great German scholar, she could hardly understand him. She made out, at last, however, that he was a Swiss, who, as times were hard at home, had come to America to better his fortunes. But he had found that it was as hard to get along here as in Switzerland—in fact, harder. He had spent his last cent, and had tasted no food for twentyfour hours. But he didn't care so much for that, he said, as that he wanted to see Switzerland before he died. He had left his old wife there, intending to send for her when he made money enough; 'but now I shall never see her again, nor the dear old hills,' and he sobbed as if his heart would break. At least Viola tells the tale in that dramatic way. For my part, I'm always slow in believing these stories: so many idle scamps live by playing on one's sympathies, you know. However, to make a long story short, Viola took the old man home, and gave him a good dinner; and, to do him justice, he seems really to have been half famished: perhaps his tale was true, to that extent, after all."

"I always knew Viola had a kind heart," said Mrs. Galbraith.

"Yes, she's as soft a little thing," with a half-sneering laugh, "as I ever knew. For what did she do next? Took all her pocket-money, and bought a ticket with it, for the steamer, so that the old man might get back to Switzerland. And that's why she hasn't joined the dancing-class. She says she can't afford it, this winter. For my part, while I think it was well enough to give

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the old fellow a dinner, when he was hungry, I don't believe in sacrificing one's pleasure for a whole winter, in order that an old fool might return to his Swiss mountains, which it was his own fault that he left. One must draw the line in charity, as in everything else. But dear Viola is such a little fool in such things, that, if she had a million, she'd give it away to the first beggar that asked her."

Now, Horace Ashley had been, unseen, a listener to this conversation. He had been calling on his aunt, but had retreated to the back drawing-room when a visitor was announced; and, though the portière between the parlors was closed, so that he was invisible, he yet could hear every word that was said. His heart began to beat with emotion; the tears almost came into his own eyes. "Noble girl," he said; "self-sacrificing soul." And, before he knew it almost, he had put his hat on, gone out by the back door, and was half-way to Viola's house.

He rang the door-bell, hardly knowing why he had come; for it would not do to tell Viola what he had heard—not tell her, at least, as yet. She entered, looking tired; for she had been, that very morning, to see her Swiss off by the train.

"It is such a lovely day," he said, inventing an excuse on the moment, "that I have ventured to call and ask if you will take a drive. I would come around about three o'clock, if you would honor me."

"I shall enjoy a drive very much," she answered, frankly.

So, at the appointed hour, the two handsome Arabs were at the door. The drive proved so pleasant—to Ashley, at least—that it was the precursor of many others. Nor did Viola seem to dislike these drives either; and she always returned from them with a heightened color.

"Auntie," said Horace to Mrs. Galbraith, about a fortnight after the conversation he had overheard in her parlor, "I have taken the advice you gave me. I've chosen one of 'the rival belles' for my wife."

"I don't need to be told," smiled the lady "I've got eyes to see. My dear Horace, allow me to congratulate you. There is always a prize in every lottery, and you are a winner in this. I quite approve of your choice."

"Good gracious! Who would ever have dreamed of such a thing?" snapped Juliet, when the engagement had been announced, and the wedding-day named. "What! That little Vi Graham to carry off the Congressman, and over both our heads, Kate? There must be something amiss. Horace Ashley can't be as clever as people say he is."

"My dear," said Kate, who was far the better of the two, "let us be fair. I think he's even cleverer. It isn't every man who is capable of discriminating between gold and glitter; and you must admit that dear little Vi is the genuine metal through and through, and we perhaps are not."

"Speak for yourself," retorted Juliet; "I am not pinchbeck, even if you are—"

"Oh!" replied Kate, with a laugh, "I don't confess to being pinchbeck either. Only Vi is better than I am; and I suppose we all get what we deserve, and nothing more."

Horace Ashley had been married for some time before he ever alluded to the conversation he had overheard. But, one day, a foreign letter came for his wife, and, as he handed it to her, he said:

"My dear, if that is from your old Swiss, I should like to know if he got home safely."

"My old Swiss?" said Viola, coloring to the roots of her hair. "Oh, then you know," opening the letter. "He is so happy: he got home safely, and says he'll never leave his dear hills again. How did you hear of my old Swiss? I thought it was a secret of mine."

Then he told his story. "And, from that hour, I resolved," he said, "to win you, if I could, dear!"

"THEIR SUMMER SHEEN."

BY CHARLES I. HOUSTON.

In June, dear perfume-laden June!
  Fresh zephyrs from the woods are flung;
The birds their happy voices tune,
  And sweet soul-stirring airs are sung.

Well may the poets tell its praise,
  And weave its beauties into rhyme,
While Flora's gems their fair heads raise—
  Oh, balmy, youthful, joyous time!

And then July, voluptuous maid!
  With flow'r and fruit and golden hair,
And songs, and dances in the shade,
  While fragrance floods the slumb'rous air.

All nature smiles with calm delight,
  Beneath the azure sky serene.
And forest, hill, and streamlet bright
  Are regal in their summer sheen.

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THE CORSAIR'S CAPTIVES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE ISLAND OF DIAMONDS."

PROLOGUE.

It is almost incredible, yet nevertheless true, that men are still living who remember when Algerine corsairs ravaged the Mediterranean. That the Christian nations of Europe should have submitted to this state of things at all, much less for centuries, will forever be a stain on their good name. Yet they stood idly by, while Moslem pirates, for hundreds of years, captured unoffending trading-vessels, and consigned their crews to slavery, or, what was worse, to the galleys for life. Often innocent Christian girls were made prisoners in this way, and sold in the slave-markets of Constantinople, to be the toy or victim of some brutal Turk.

It is to the honor of the American republic, that it was the first nation that undertook to put down these corsairs. Even the writer of this prologue remembers that, when a boy, the exploits of Decatur, Stewart, and Somers, at Tripoli and elsewhere, were still comparatively fresh in the memory. His blood quickens, to this day, as he recalls the gallant exploit of the first of these naval heroes, in rowing, in an open boat, into the harbor of Tripoli; boarding the frigate Philadelphia, which had been captured by the Turks; setting fire to her; and escaping, unharmed, after running an encircling line of batteries. By a treaty, soon after effected, American subjects were exempted from capture. But it was not until 1816, when the English sent a fleet against Algiers, that the piratical kingdoms then holding the northern shores of Africa were compelled to abandon their brigandage against all nations.

The following narrative is not a romance, but a fact, and shows to what perils, a century and a half ago, the navigation of the Mediterranean was subjected. The author, at the time of the narrative, was a lad of fourteen; but he lived afterward to do good service to his country, having commanded a king's frigate at the siege of Louisburg, in 1745. His commission, or rather a photograph of it, as a captain, in that expedition, now lies before me. The paper on which his narrative was written is yellow with age, and the ink faded. His descendants, in both the male and female line, exist in great numbers, and have filled high offices, at various times; they are, to-day, soldiers, clergymen, lawyers, statesmen, even authors. Scores of them, if it were necessary, could testify to the truth of this narrative.

CHAPTER I.

One day, my father, at breakfast, told me to come to his counting-room, in an hour or so. I went, accordingly.

"How old are you, Harry?" he said, looking up from his desk, where he had been writing letters. My father was what was called a shipping-merchant, and we lived in Hanover Street, Boston, where I now also live.

"Fifteen," was my reply.

"So I thought, and just finished at the Latin school. Would you like," after a moment's pause, "to go to Harvard?"

"Not unless you particularly wish it," I said, boldly. "I had rather see the world, and, in time, come to be a great merchant, like you."

"That's what I told your mother. There's no profession so honorable," with a proud lift of the head, "as that of the merchant. I don't mean a mere shopkeeper, who sells sugar over his counter, but a man who takes ventures to foreign ports, and has, in order to be successful, to know all about the countries he trades with. Nothing opens the mind so much, my lad. Of all the professions," my dear father always called it a profession, "it is really the most liberal."

"So I think, sir, and I have proof of it in my honored parent."

I said this quite sincerely: for, from my very babyhood, I had always looked up to, admired, and even reverenced my father.

"Tut, tut, Harry," he said, but he coughed to conceal his emotion, "no flattery. You are a good boy, and, I think, love me. But this is not business. Now, this is what I propose. But sit down, sit down, lad."

For I had been standing, all this time, as I had been always taught to do, when my parents spoke to me: a custom, I am sorry to observe, falling much into neglect in this fast age, which so many call progressive.

"Thank you, sir," I replied, and took a chair at a respectful distance, though still nigh enough to hear without his having to raise his voice so as to be overheard by the clerks in the outer room.

"I hope, Harry," he went on, kindly, "that,

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when I die, there will be some little estate, at least, for you and your sister. But nothing is certain, nothing is certain in this world," twirling his thumbs, in a way he had when in earnest. "So I am glad to hear you say that you prefer to do something for yourself, instead of living a life of indolence, and trying to play the fine gentleman. I think, my boy, that St. Paul was right, when he said that those who would not work ought to starve: and I have seen too many of my good neighbors' only sons ruined by wealth, ever to wish you to go without a profession. What say you," suddenly changing his tone, "to a voyage to the Mediterranean?"

Now, of all things, this was just what I desired most. I had read a good deal about England, France, and Italy, and this last, especially, was the one country I longed to see. The enthusiasm for the old Romans and their grand republic, which has exercised such an influence on this generation, and has had so much to do in that way, indirectly, in securing our recently-won liberties, was just then beginning to take hold of the younger minds of my generation: at school, indeed, we did nothing but talk of Brutus, of Coriolanus, of the Scipios, of the Gracchi; and there was not one of us but would have been only too glad to have been Brutus himself, and struck down the traitor, Julius Cæsar, in the Senate-house. A voyage to the Mediterranean meant seeing Italy at some point, and perhaps even a visit to Rome. I was not surprised that my father had a ship going to the Mediterranean, for he had often made ventures in that direction, even as far as Smyrna; but I was a little astonished that he should offer to send me so far, particularly on a first voyage. A trip to Philadelphia, with New England rum for a cargo, to bring back the famous Pennsylvania wheat, or one to the West Indies, for Jamaica rum and sugar, was the utmost I had hoped for. I half started from my chair, in my excitement.

My father smiled.

"But understand, Harry," he continued, waving me back to my seat, "that it is not to be a voyage of mere pleasure. You say you wish to be a great merchant. Well, you must begin at the foot of the ladder, if you expect to succeed. Nothing in the world, worth the having, is won without good honest work. Apples don't fall into people's mouths: they have to be shaken down. All the really successful men of my day worked, from Sir Cloudesley Shovel down: it is the only way to make a man of one: it teaches the great lesson that, if one wishes to rise in the world, one must depend on oneself. You are to go out as cabin-boy. If you are faithful in that capacity, I shall, when you get a little older, send you on some short voyage as supercargo. If that proves a success, you may take command of one of my ships for a few years, or you may come at once into the counting-house. But you must work your way up, just as if you were a poor man's son. Understand that, my boy."

"That is what I would like best to do," I replied, proudly. "I hope, some day, to live to command a king's frigate."

I said this in my boyish enthusiasm, little hoping that it would ever come to pass, though it did, and at Louisburg: as my commission, locked in my great iron chest, would show, even if men had not heard of it otherwise. But this is a bit of a garrulous old man's egotism, which I hope my reader will forgive, for it has nothing to do—directly, at least—with my story.

"You will not be entirely without some companionship of your own proper rank," said my father, after awhile, "for young Dudley goes out as supercargo."

Now, this "young Dudley" was the son of a neighbor, who was a member of the council, a lawyer by profession—what, in the old country, is called a barrister. It had been originally arranged that the lad should succeed his father, and he had been carefully educated at Cambridge, accordingly; but, being of a bold and adventurous spirit, he had finally got permission to follow the sea instead. The Boylstons, and others of our neighbors, though also educated at Harvard, had preferred to be merchants and shipowners, rather than professional men; and he wished to imitate their example, he said. He had made several voyages already, one of them to the Mediterranean. I had often listened to his tales of adventure in strange countries, and the sights he had seen there: the great Kraken off the coast of Norway, the volcanoes of the Lipari Islands near Sicily, and the cannibals of South America. These tales had helped to influence my desire to go to sea also, at least for a time, and before I should settle down for life. Jack—we boys called him Jack, and he was so good-natured he took no offense at it—was a hero in my eyes: everything he did was perfect. I thought him the bravest as well as the handsomest young fellow in the world; all the more because he was more than ten years older than myself. It was, on my part, one of those boyish loves, which have all the enthusiasm of a later one for a woman, without the peril of those coquetries that so often drive a poor admirer almost to distraction. To visit the Mediterranean, and with Jack, was the height of my ambition. I could not avoid an exclamation of joy.

"Oh! I am so glad," I cried. "Jack, of all others!"

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"Yes: Jack, of all others," answered my father, smiling. "But I have in store for you an even greater gratification, or what ought to be one: you are to bring back your sister—in fact, that is, after all, the principal object of the voyage."

Now, I had a sister, as I ought already to have said, somewhat older than myself. She and I, indeed, were the only children of our parents. But I had not seen her for three years. She was one of the few, the very few, girls that, at that time, were educated in France; though, since the late happy alliance of these now independent colonies with his most Christian majesty, it is becoming quite the fashion, with people of means and liberal ideas, to send their daughters to school at Paris. But, sixty years ago, it was very rare, and had only happened, in the case of my sister, because my mother was of Huguenot descent, and because my father, on one of the ventures he made in person to Marseilles, had hunted up her relations at Toulouse; and, an intimacy being thus renewed between the families, and many letters afterward exchanged, it had finally been thought a good thing to yield to the suggestion that Laura should be entrusted to her French relations, to finish her education. The old Marquis d'Avignon—for our connections were people of title, though not of much wealth—pledged himself, and his wife, that nothing should be said to influence my sister in the matter of religion; for the Avignons, of course, were of the Roman faith, else they would have had to go into exile, as the younger branch did, in the person of my mother's grandfather, who was a Huguenot. And I must be just to them, and say that they faithfully kept their word; indeed, it was not in their natures to do otherwise, for they were, by mental and emotional organization, both, singularly liberal and broad-minded. This is a long sentence, and not quite Addisonian, but I do not see how I could have said what I had to say in a shorter one.

The most delightful letters had reached us, every month or two, from my sister, who, though often homesick, was enraptured with the life in the quaint old city of Toulouse, where, as she wrote, the roses were always in bloom, and where "life went as if set to music." Once she had been to Paris, with her cousins, and seen the king eat in public, at Versailles. Her education was now complete. As the marquise said: "No more finished lady could be." Yet, much as Laura had come to love the old couple, she began to long, now that her studies were over, for home. "She was eighteen," she wrote, "and had really nothing more to learn: why not arrange, as soon as possible, to let her return to Boston? She was dying to see her dear papa and mamma." So my father had fitted out the first competent craft of his that arrived in port, and decided that I should go, as he could not, to fetch Laura home.

"You will first voyage to Bristol, with a cargo," he said. "There, Harry, you had better leave the vessel; for her destination afterward will be Smyrna; and it is hardly necessary you should go so far, especially as the time might be spent, with greater advantage to you, in seeing the sights of London and Paris. My plan is that you should stay awhile in both those great capitals, and afterward go on to Toulouse, and there take up your sister. I have written to the marquise to provide a suitable woman to travel with Laura—a staid middle-aged one—as far as Naples, where you will meet the brig. I might, indeed, arrange to have you meet your sister in London, instead of Naples, especially as Dudley will have a cargo from Smyrna to that port. This is rather your mother's opinion. But I know you wish to see Rome and Italy, and I suppose Laura wouldn't object to it either. So it has been decided that you go to Naples. You will have a chance to look at Vesuvius, lad, and the old city—Pompeii, they call it, don't they?—which has just been dug up. Pliny, I think, tells of the eruption that buried it, though I have almost forgotten these old school-studies—and you'll come back so learned," with a genial smile and a knowing nod, "that you won't allow your old father to have a word to say about anything, you'll be such a conceited young jackanapes."

CHAPTER II.

When it came to parting from my dear mother, and I saw her tears, I had half a mind to repent my going. But I knew it would never do to give up now: all my young friends would laugh at me; and, besides, who was to go for my sister, if I did not?

Nevertheless, I stood on the deck, looking back wistfully at Boston, until the last steeple had disappeared in the distance. It is not the fashion to praise our noble harbor, but to me it is one of the most beautiful in the world. I have seen the famous Bay of Naples, as the reader already knows, and that of New York also, which some people there think almost as fine—though this, of course, is only provincial ignorance—and, though both are grander, especially that of Naples, there is in Boston harbor a picturesqueness of its own. I think the numerous islands, that stud its crisp waters, have a good deal to do with this; but I am quite willing to believe in the fact that it is

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because it is my native place, that I admire it so much. What is a man good for, if he does not stand by his own? An Englishman should think England the greatest nation in the world, and a Bostonian should think that there is no place, never was any place, like Boston. But enough of moralizing.

At last I saw the heights of Copp's Hill, where our family vault is, and where so many of my forefathers have been buried, fade into the twilight, and, turning away, I made pretense to go below to look for something, but in reality to hide a tear. That last look of my mother haunted me. Dear soul, I shall never forget her tears, or regret that I ever disobeyed her.

We had a quick run to the Scilly Islands: for a northwest wind struck us, as soon as we were fairly clear of Cape Ann, and we carried this wind all the way to the British Channel.

"A cracking breeze, Mr. Dudley," I heard the skipper say, as he came down to breakfast, the second day out. "Got it first in the second watch, and is about as much as we want. I only hope it will hold: if so, we'll go all the way to Land's End on this tack, without shifting a sail."

"She is lying over finely," answered Jack, "and going like a race-horse. I was forward, just now, watching her. 'Gad! sir, how she froths through the seas."

"Froths a little too much," replied the skipper. "I should like her better, if she didn't carry so much bone in her mouth. I wish I was a shipbuilder."

"Why?" and Jack laughed, half incredulously. "Do you think, captain, you could improve matters?"

"I am sure I could, young man," replied the skipper, slightly nettled. "Why will they build craft so full in the bows? Can't they take a lesson from a bird? Are any of the swift ones—a swallow, say—built bull-headed, like ships are? No. They are as sharp, as sharp almost," hesitating for a simile, "as the blade of this carving-knife. We copy the English, and the English copy the Dutch; and so we make our ships as blunt in front as behind. We might take a lesson from the French. They, at least, know how to build ships, even if they can't sail them. Do you know, Mr. Dudley, that the fastest frigates in His Majesty's navy are those that have been captured from the French? Lord, sir, if I had built this craft," and in his emphasis he stuck his fork into the round of beef, as if it had been the unfortunate shipbuilder, and he was taking his revenge, "I'd have had her so she'd go two knots faster through the water, and not make near so much confounded leeway on a wind. She froths too much, sir."

"I begin to see," said Jack. "You are quite right. But it takes a long time for people to get out of a rut, once they have been used to it."

"Yes, I've seen fellows, in Europe, ploughing with a wooden plough, just as their forefathers did, I'm told, in the times of them old Romans. I believe, after all, we Yankees are the smartest people in the world."

"No doubt of it. We've had to depend so much on ourselves. Then, you see, captain, we are, in one sense, a picked race. Only the pluckiest sons, or pluckiest families, came to America—for others it was too venturesome, as well as too perilous—and you and I, and all other good New Englanders, are the result."

Perhaps this was just a shade beyond the good captain. He looked puzzled for a moment, and then replied:

"Not that I mean to say a word against the 'Saucy Polly,' the craft that I have the good-luck to command. She's the smartest thing that sails out of Boston harbor, and can show her heels to anything except a king's pinnace or a Turkish corsair."

"A Turkish corsair? Are they so fast?"

"Yes. The darned lateen-sailed things can go like the wind. But the Grand Turk, of late years, has put a stop to their privateering, and perhaps they are no longer built; at any rate, we are not likely to see any, as was unluckily the case when I was a boy, or else, of course, we shouldn't have been sent up the Mediterranean."

"No, it would be unfortunate," said Jack, gravely, and I supposed he was thinking of my sister, as I knew, afterward, that he had been.

Well, we were off Land's End before three weeks, and, two days after, made the good port of Bristol. I had thought Boston quite a large place: but it was a village, compared to Bristol; and, as for the ships in the harbor, I gave up counting them as useless: they made a forest of masts, and were from all parts of the world, though principally from the West Indies and the Carolinas on one side, and Russia and the Baltic on the other.

Here I left the "Saucy Polly," and, being provided with letters to my father's correspondents at London, took stage for that great metropolis, where I arrived, after three days, with no greater inconvenience to our party than the frightening of our women-passengers by a false alarm, on Hounslow Heath, that the highwaymen were after us.

In London I remained a fortnight, and would have staid longer, if time had permitted: for the

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sights to see there are infinite. London is really the modern Babylon in size, though I don't mean in wickedness. I went to St. Paul's, which I thought the finest church in the world, till I saw St. Peter's; and to the old Temple church, a curious round building, where the Knights Templars once worshiped; and of course to St. James's, to see the king drive out in state: and to the House of Commons, to which my good friends, the Childs, my father's correspondents and bankers, had got me a pass—a rare privilege, I was told. I there heard the great Sir Robert Walpole make a speech. But he struck me, in spite of his being Prime Minister, as a very ordinary-looking person, no better than many a red-faced fat farmer that I had seen come in to Boston market. My companion, a trusted clerk of the firm, a staid middle-aged man, shared my opinions, and even went beyond them. He was a bit of a Tory, as I afterward heard, and was, perhaps, not quite without prejudice against Sir Robert. "Ah, if you had only heard Bolingbroke speak, as I once did," he said, rapturously. "There was an orator!"

"Yes," he continued, "all the Walpoles are coarse and beefy. At best, you know, they're only common Norfolk squires. Ah, you should see some of our real old nobility. I've often met the great Duke of Somerset, when driving in his coach. But hush: if we talk this way, and are overheard, we'll be taken up for treason, likely as not."

I saw, also, Westminster Abbey, and paced the aisles of which Addison has written so beautifully; and once I walked out as far as Holland House, where Addison died, and saw the stately old mansion, in the midst of its ancient trees. My good friend, the clerk, who was something of a reader, and loved to talk of the wits, and even pretended he had a bowing-acquaintance with some of the lesser of them, took me to two or three of the coffee-houses where they met; and I remember, on one occasion, that he introduced me to an old dilapidated man, who said he had often met Addison, and even exchanged snuff with Dryden. He patted me on the head, and remarked, patronizingly:

"I am glad, my young friend, to hear that you are interested in these things. I had thought that, in America, the English language had almost ceased to be spoken, and that some red-skin jingo had taken its place. It's a common thing, isn't it, to marry the pretty squaws? You color up; and I see, from that, and from the fine English of your complexion, that there has been nothing of it in your family. But I suppose you shoot buffalo on Boston Common?"

Such was the ignorance of this country, abroad, half a century ago. How could a man, who called himself a scholar, believe such nonsense? And yet I have met, since, and even in my old age, Englishmen just as ignorant. The English are a great people, but they are very insular.

I crossed to Calais, from Dover, stopping to see Canterbury, as I had promised my dear mother. For, as she said: "It is, Harry, not only the place where Christianity was first preached to your Saxon ancestors, but the crypt there has been generously given up to us exiled Huguenots, to worship in: a fine action on the part of those of a somewhat different faith, as those of the established church in England are." I saw no cathedral, on the Continent, as noble, in some respects, as Canterbury; and certainly none with as many historical associations; they still show, you know, the very stone in the pavement, and the marks of the blood, where Becket was assassinated.

But, if I were to tell of all the things I saw, and the pleasure I enjoyed in beholding what I had read of, I should never get on with my story. I was at Paris for ten days, and there had letters from my sister. I went, once, out to Versailles, and saw the great fountain play. The park was full of people. The court walked up and down, on the terrace, in full view of us all. Nothing can be imagined more splendid than the sight. I do not believe Solomon himself lived half so royally. To think of the great king—"le grand monarque," they call him there—being the male descendant, in unbroken line, from Hugh Capet, a thousand years ago: there is nothing like it in the history of Europe, nor, I believe, in the annals of the whole world. But to get on.

I found Toulouse a fine stately old town, and, remembering that it was civilized long before Paris, did not wonder at the gracious manners of its citizens, or the air of refinement, even if a little provincial, that hung over all. Here the marquis, a perfect type of the old school, as I was told, and his wife, the dearest old lady in the world, and quite a second mother to me, even if she was a descendant of Charlemagne, as the family pedigree showed, received me with open arms. I spent one of the happiest months of my life at their house.

At last, however, with many regrets from the old couple, and with the benediction of the good father-confessor of the family, Laura and I, accompanied by Laura's traveling-woman—called her maid there—set forth for Marseilles, whence we took ship to Genoa, and afterward to Civita Vecchia, the port of his Holiness, the Pope.

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At Genoa, I and Laura, in our youthful enthusiasm, were full of Columbus, and of "old blind Doria" who fought at Constantinople. We were continually talking, also, of the wars with Pisa, and of all the other historical associations of the place. But all these things vanished utterly when we got to Rome.

How well I recall the day, now nearly sixty years ago, when we drove by the church of St. Peter and St. Paul, standing desolate in the midst of its fever-stricken fields, and so on to the gate of St. Paul, and then past green fields and rocky knolls, though we were inside the walls, with only an occasional house, and now and then a lonely damp-looking church, to be seen, till we came to where the old Circus Maximus used to be, and saw the peasants from the Campagna, with the white oxen to their two-wheeled carts; and the little cover, like a tent, under which they slept; and the small spiteful dogs that barked at us from the safety of their vantage-point. And then the clatter of our chaise over what had once been the Sacred Way, with the Coliseum on our right, and the Capitol rising lofty in front; and so on, past crumbling temples and vast palaces; and up narrow streets, where wild-eyed black-haired women stared insolently at us, and where children tumbled in the gutters; with old rags, hung out to dry, fluttering from strings passing from window to window overhead; and so to a great wide open square, which, we were told, was the Piazza di Spagna; and by a double flight of marble steps, very grand to see, that ascended to the hill above, where the church of St. Minerva was; and then into a narrow side-street, hardly more than a lane, where we were to lodge. To this day, I remember it all, and, if I live a thousand years, I shall never forget it.

Well, we saw the cardinals driving in their scarlet carriages, with three or four footmen hanging behind; the Swiss Guards at the Vatican; the Guarde Nobile, in which every member has to be a nobleman; and once the Pope himself: after all, a pleasant old gentleman, whom we met driving, from St. Peter's, along the meadows, to the Flaminian bridge, quite out of town, who smiled at us, and held up two fingers, in a fashion I have seen the infant Saviour do in old pictures, which, I was told, was his way of giving the blessing.

I had thought St. Paul's magnificent; but what shall I say of St. Peter's? Certainly, it is the most splendid church-building in the world, alike in size, in architecture, and in decoration. Some people prefer the Gothic, such as Canterbury and Westminster; but, fine as they are in their way, they belong to a rude age, while St. Peter's is composed after the best models of ancient art. The precious marbles in it are beyond price. Gold is lavished everywhere. One has no idea on what a vast scale St. Peter's is constructed, until one measures oneself against one of the great marble cherubs, near the entrance, and sees how pigmy one is. We stood under the vast dome, and looked up into its immensity, until Laura turned giddy.

"You ought to be here at Easter," said the Italian banker to whose firm we had brought letters, and who went about with us courteously, showing us everything worth seeing. "At that festival, the dome, outside, is lit up with thousands of lamps: things are so arranged, that every lamp flashes into light almost simultaneously—oh! it is worth a lifetime to behold that alone."

When we reached Naples, we found the "Saucy Polly" already waiting for us. Laura's attendant remained to see her charge on board, and then went back on shore: to start, at once, for Toulouse, well rewarded for her journey by the munificence of my father.

I had noticed a troubled look, as I thought, on the face of Jack, when he came to our hotel, on hearing of our arrival. But I got no opportunity to ask him for an explanation, until we had made sail and were leaving Capri on our lee, with Ischia looming up on our starboard bow, close ahead. I had been struck, however, by the fact that he would not let us stay over, even for a day, to ascend Vesuvius or visit Pompeii, but insisted on putting to sea at once.

"What's up, Jack?" I said. "Something, I know; or you wouldn't be in such a confounded hurry."

"Hush! You mustn't say a word to your sister, or even talk about it where she can hear. But the sort of truce that has existed for some years between the Sultan and the Christian powers, and during which the Algerine corsairs were stopped, has been broken; and we were told, at Naples, that the sea swarms with these terrible rovers. You remember, don't you, what the skipper once said about the way the lateen-built craft of these pirates could sail? Well, I shall not feel comfortable till we are out of the Straits of Gibraltar. That is why not a day was to be lost, and why you'll die, perhaps, without seeing Pompeii."

CHAPTER III.

But Jack's fears proved groundless. At least, it seemed so for awhile. The days went by like a dream. Sailing on the Mediterranean, in fair weather, and with a favorable breeze, is like sailing on enchanted seas. Now and then, a

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storm comes up, and generally suddenly; and then there is sometimes danger; for the waves run short and high, often with a nasty cross-sea; and, if you have a native crew on board, they usually fall on their knees, and begin to invoke the saints, instead of standing by helm and canvas. But we had only Salem or Gloucester men on board—lineal descendants, most of them, of the old Norsemen, to whom the ocean is a second nature; and we experienced, for awhile, nothing but halcyon seas, and winds that seemed to blow from Arcady itself. At least two of our party, almost from the first, seemed to think this: they were Jack and Laura, of course.

Jack had known Laura before she left for Europe; but she had been then merely an unformed girl, and just at the age when girls are most shy, and therefore least uninteresting. But now she was grown up, and in the first fresh bloom of womanhood: besides being very beautiful. If a brother's partiality had not discovered this, it would have been impressed on me by the attention she had attracted everywhere, not only at Toulouse, but on our journey to Naples. "Mon Dieu!" our cousin, the marquis, had said. "She is another Helen in beauty: vot is ze ting, in America, zat make your ladies so beautiful?" I saw, at their first meeting, that Jack was absolutely dazzled by her. In addition, Laura, by all odds, was the most cultured woman he had ever met: even his own sisters could not compare with her: for, though they had enjoyed the best education the colonies afforded, it was not equal to what could be had in France. On his part, as I have already said, Jack was one of the handsomest fellows possible; not merely a good-looking Adonis, but with an intellectual stamp in his countenance, that raised him quite above a beauty-man: he was, moreover, as you saw at once, as intelligent and enthusiastic as he was brave and good-looking. The two young people found a hundred subjects in common immediately. Besides, there was no one else, on board, for Laura to be intimate with—not even the skipper, clear-headed as he was. Jack, in fact, was the only person, besides myself, of her own rank socially, not to say of her own mode of thinking. Then Jack and she were both young and of a suitable age. Even I, a lad, soon divined what it all meant. I remember that the first suspicion of it flashed on me in the pantry. "Jack for a brother-in-law," I cried: "oh, what luck!" And then and there I danced a clumsy hornpipe, in spite of the limited space. If I had been six years younger, I have no doubt I would have stood on my head.

They were together almost all the time. But it was when the great stars came out, throbbing and throbbing in the deep purple sky; when the white sails rose overhead, towering and towering, till lost, it almost seemed, in immensity; when the balmy wind, that seemed to blow from the very rose-gardens of Genoa, far away as they were, stole past; when the dark water went slipping silently by the sides of the ship, with now and then scintillations of phosphoric light shooting across them: it was then that the voices of the two young lovers, for they were lovers already, sank into soft whispers; and eye met eye, swimming with emotion; and, when their hands happened to touch, as they sometimes did, a thrill darted through every nerve and fibre of the body. Oh! young love, we have all known it in our day—I, too, in my day, though long years after this—and, if there is a man who has not, that man may be said never to have really lived. Young as I was, and as yet a stranger to the passion, I recognized it, and stood aloof, after the first evening, in reverence and respect. It was, on both sides, a case of love at first sight.

But this idyllic life could not last forever. Even at its height, it did not relieve Jack, as I could see, from anxiety. Perhaps it even increased his concern. Nor was the skipper less troubled. The horizon was watched, all the time, for passing sails, to see if any looked suspicious, in which case the orders had been to give them a wide berth. A lookout for this purpose was kept constantly at the masthead, a practice only usual with men-of-war, and during war itself. Every stitch of canvas, that would draw, was spread. The skipper walked up and down, ordering a rope to be tightened, or a point more to be taken out of her: and the winds themselves seemed to feel with him, for they blew favorably and stiffened every hour.

On the third day out, Laura, at the noonday-meal, complained of a headache, and said that she would lie down for awhile, instead of going on deck.

"Do so, my dear child," said the skipper, with fatherly concern. "You have been too much in this hot sun, and it is not good for you. I have wanted to tell you this, from the first; but you seemed so interested in watching the progress of the vessel, that I did not like to interfere. Try and get a bit of sleep, and do not come on deck again till the cool of the evening sets in."

Laura took his advice, and returned to her state-room, while I remained to put away the dishes, which was my duty as cabin-boy. Then I went on deck.

It was a beautiful day, with a blue sky overhead, a brilliant sunshine, and a rattling

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breeze. We were going through the water at a pace I had never seen the brig go before. Every rope drew taut, and the saucy craft careened well over, the water hissing and sparkling by, as she forged her way through the deep ultramarine seas.

Suddenly, from the masthead, the lookout cried:

"Sail ahoy!"

The captain, who had been leaning over the side, chatting idly with Jack, who was smoking, glanced quickly up, and called, in answer:

"Where away?"

"Well astern, sir. On the lee-quarter."

I looked in that direction, and thought I could see, far away behind us, a bit of white, not larger than my hand, that was probably the sail. But, the moment after, it disappeared.

"It was only the sparkle on a wave," I said to myself, "a bit of foam on the distant horizon."

"Can you make her out?" cried the skipper.

"Looks like a lateen-rigged craft. Very big sail, sir: almost as high as a first-rate."

The skipper started, and glanced quickly at Jack, who had now thrown his cigar away, and was listening and looking, as pale as ashes.

"Can you see her hull?" asked the captain.

"No, sir, not yet. She's well down astern: several knots, sir."

"I will go myself to the masthead," said Jack, taking the glass from its place in the companion-way: and, in a moment more, he was running up the ratlins, and, the moment after, was seen perched on the crosstrees.

He was gone quite ten minutes. During this interval, the sail had become visible from the deck, though still a tiny speck in the far distance. The mere fact that we could see it at all, so soon, however, was a proof that it was overhauling us only too rapidly.

At last, Jack came down. His face had a worn eager look that I shall never, never forget.

"She sails faster than we can," he said, "and seems to be in chase. She's lateen-rigged, as the lookout says. Her hull just begins to show: long and low; everything about her rakish. I don't like her appearance at all."

"Humph!" said the skipper, dryly. "But we have the weather-gage of her," glancing up at the masts, and then at the fluffy bit of white, miles astern, "and that's a good deal. I think, too, we can lay a point closer to the wind."

We were already close-hauled, as I have intimated, and, as the wind had freshened, the water was bubbling and hissing through the scupper-holes. The skipper beckoned the mate to his side.

"There's a craft there, Mr. James," he said, "as you've seen already, no doubt." In fact, every eye on board was directed toward the sail in chase; and questions and answers, assertions and denials, were being exchanged constantly, respecting it, by the crew. "Well, I think she has rather a suspicious look—the long and the short of it is," he continued, breaking off abruptly, "we must show her our heels, if we can."

"If we can," repeated the mate, dubiously, stroking his chin, as his habit was when in doubt, "but she's gaining on us deucedly—"

"That's just it," answered the skipper, half testily. "Give the brig another pull on the braces."

In a few moments, the foreyards were braced up still tighter, and the gallant little brig, in response, lay over more than ever.

"I think I will go up to the crosstrees myself," said the skipper, after an anxious quarter of an hour. "It seems to me that this ugly-looking craft is gaining on us still."

"I fear so," answered Jack; and he glanced uneasily at our pursuer.

The captain was absent for full another quarter of an hour. When he came down, he looked more anxious than ever.

"Her hull is quite plain, from the crosstrees," he said to Jack, "and crowded with men. There's no doubt she's a corsair."

"Great heavens," ejaculated Jack, "and Laura here!"

"Yes, that's the worst of it," said the skipper, not observing, in the excitement of the moment, that Jack had called my sister by her Christian-name. "I wish, with all my heart, I had never come on this venture."

"It is too late for regrets," said Jack. "The thing is, what can be done?"

"She'll stand more canvas?" Jack shook his head. "She must stand it," said the skipper, running his eye aloft. "Mr. James, set the foretopskysail."

I should have said that we already had our forecourse, foretopsail, and foretopgallantsail set, besides the mainsail, maintopsail, and maintop-gallant sail. The brig was lying over so much, that, considering her model, it was doubtful whether more canvas, even if she could carry it without splitting it, would not bury her too much, and so actually impede her progress. The mate evidently thought so, by his looks; but he gave the order without hesitation, such is discipline even on board a merchant-craft; the boatswain's whistle shrilled; and the men began to run up the ratlins.

Under this additional sail, the stout brig leaned

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over more and more. The water foamed and frothed under her stem. The wind whistled among the interlacing cordage and past the vast sheets of white canvas overhead, as I had used to hear it, when a boy, roar through the pine-forests of Nantasket, where I had often gone when a child.

"She won't stand it," whispered the mate to Jack, when he found himself by the side of the latter for an instant, the captain having gone to look at the compass. "Something will go."

"I think so too," cried Jack. "But, great heavens, what else is there to do? We must shake off that fellow. Do you know, Mr. James, what capture by an Algerine corsair means?"

"Yes, sir: the galleys. Oh, I know all about it. To be chained to an oar, under rain and sun, half fed, poorly clad, with the lash over you all the time—"

"And for women?"

Jack, as he said this in a hoarse whisper, glanced toward the cabin.

"Oh, my God!" ejaculated the mate, in a tone of horror. "I hadn't thought of that before. Great heavens, what will become of her?"

At that instant, even while he spoke, a report like the crack of a ten-pounder was heard overhead: and, looking up, we saw that the skysail had split, and was a hopeless wreck.

The brig fell off a point or two at once. The next quarter of an hour was spent in repairing the damage. No attempt was made to spread more canvas; for it was seen to be useless. Indeed, it would have been madness, for the wind was still freshening, and it was a question whether we would not have to take in sail soon.

During the next hour, our pursuer steadily gained on us, though not so fast as at first. The brig, indeed, was now at her best point in sailing: she was always fastest when she had as much wind as she could carry. The Algerine, as with most craft that were rigged in her fashion, was best in a light breeze.

"Oh! let this half-gale only hold," said the captain. "That devil there hasn't weathered on us a bit, for ever so long: and a stern-chase is a long chase, you know, Mr. Dudley. If we can keep our own till night, we can manage, it may be, to dodge her in the darkness."

"Yes," replied Jack. "Put out all our lights, and set one of the boats adrift with a lantern in her: that might deceive the rascals."

We were now high with hope. The afternoon was drawing on. There is no twilight in those Southern waters; for, when the sun sets, darkness succeeds almost immediately. Fortunately, during all these anxious hours, Laura had kept her state-room, so that she was spared our alternate hopes and fears. Several times, I had stolen down and listened at her door. Her low though deep and regular breathing told me she was still asleep. The last time I descended, some instinct led me to lock her door from the outside and remove the key, which had been in the lock. I did this softly, and then stole on deck.

A great change had happened during the interval I had been absent. The wind had begun to fall, was falling every instant, as it does toward sunset on our own coasts, and often in the Mediterranean as well.

"This is what I was afraid of," the skipper was saying to Jack. "We are now at the mercy of those devils. Oh! for night—"

"Yes," interrupted Jack; "she weathers us already. Unless the breeze freshen again, she'll be up with us in an hour."

"The breeze won't freshen," replied the captain, doggedly. "I wish to God it would."

In a little while, we could see, even from the deck, not only the low long black hull of the Algerine, but also the crowd of men, more black specks as yet, that leaned over her bulwarks, watching us greedily. Slowly yet surely the snake-like craft crept up astern, crossed it, and ate her way into the wind on our weather-quarter, though still astern.

I watched her with breathless fascination. At last, I saw a puff of smoke shoot out from her bows, a muffled detonation followed, and a cannon-ball, ricocheting over the waters, plumped into the sea, about a quarter of a mile behind us.

"The next one will come nearer," said Jack. "Isn't it time to arm the men, as well as ourselves, captain? We will make a fight for it, at least."

"And I'll blow up the ship," I said, eagerly, creeping up to them, "if you say so, as soon as I find it going against us."

"Bravo!" cried Jack. "I see we can trust you, Harry. Yes, blow her up. Better that, ten thousand times, than—"

He stopped abruptly, and turned away, clenching his hands.

The men, the next moment, were called aft, the situation explained to them, and a stirring speech made by the captain. I had not supposed it possible for the old man to be so eloquent. The tears ran down the cheeks of more than one bronzed face, when he alluded to my sister, and bade the men think of their wives and daughters at home. When, in conclusion, he asked them to stand by the ship, they shouted, with one voice, that they would rather die than surrender.

They received their arms with another cheer, and

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went forward to their posts, stern and silent, to await the now rapidly approaching end. For, all this while, the corsair had kept firing at us, and had pierced our sails more than once, though, as yet, no shot had struck the hull. But this immunity, we knew, could not continue long. The Algerine was evidently intent on boarding us, when her greater numbers would be fatal.

The wind, by this time, had fallen to a dead calm. This brought us to a complete stop, and we lay as if at anchor, the huge sails thrashing overhead as we rolled, now to this side, now to that, on the swell. But the corsair never slackened her speed. Getting out her sweeps, she stole up to us, more than ever like some huge snake, or, rather, enormous centipede.

There was, to me, a horrible fascination in it all I remember gazing at her, breathlessly, until she was within a stone's-throw, and then it suddenly bethought me to look once more at the sky, and the horizon, and the descending sun, which, I said to myself, I might never see again. The great orb, round as a shield, and already reddening with the evening vapors, was about an hour high. It never seemed to me more beautiful.

I turned from it, with an unconscious sigh, and glanced at Jack, who stood, with his pistols in his belt, and a cutlass in his hand, his teeth set firm, his hands clenched, watching the corsair. My sigh arrested his attention; high-strung as we are, in such moments, the slightest sound is heard: he turned a quick glance at me, over his shoulder, and said, in a whisper:

"You won't forget, Harry?"

I knew what he alluded to: it was that I should blow up the ship: or, if that failed, fire her

"No," I answered, stoutly, "I will not forget."

He put out his hand. sideways: his eyes again fixed on the Algerine.

"Good-bye!"

"Good-bye!" I responded, and we pressed hands.

The next instant, there was a shock, that nearly flung me off my feet. It was the corsair striking us, as she was laid alongside.

A moment after, the pirates were swarming over the sides, by scores—nay, by hundreds, as it seemed to my excited imagination.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LOVE'S WOUND.

BY MARGARET KIETH.

A STIFLED sob, a misty eye—
Old memories are fleeting by,
That cut with keenest pain.
A voice I hear, a smile I see,
A joyful thrill that, woe is me,
I ne'er can know again.
Ah, woe is me!

Is this the end, for me, of love?
I pray Thee tell, Father above:
Of loving, is this all?

Must I, henceforth, walk sad apart,
Nor thrill of joy my pulses start?
Can only death's dark pall
Soothe aching heart?

The world is wide, the years are long,
There's much of music, mirth, and song.
Is there, in all, no healing balm?
Through north, through south, and east, and west,
Is found, for me, no peace or rest,
But only in death's calm?
God knoweth best.

QUESTIONING.

BY MRS. H. S. JOHNSON.

WHEN the heart is broken,
And the pain is pain no more,
When the passive spirit
Drifts unto the farther shore,
Will the shadow follow
That came the sunlight o'er,
Or, in the fathomless,
Be lost forevermore?

Will the hope, that vanished
When the night grew cold and drear,
Brightly glow a welcome
In the morning that is near?
And the early blossom—
Oh, will it then appear,
Complete in loveliness,
Where skies are soft and clear?

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WHAT DID THE DOG SEE?

BY LUCY H. HOOPER.

THE story which I am about to tell has one positive merit: it is true in every particular, and I relate it in the first person, as it was told to me. The real narrator is a man not unknown to the scientific world.

In the year 1876, prior to the opening of the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia, I received from a well-known scientific publishing-firm in one of our large Western cities, where I myself reside, an order to write an exhaustive report concerning certain departments in the Exhibition. The terms of my engagement demanded of me the production of a very detailed and carefully prepared account of the exhibits in question. In fact, it was a piece of work which, including the time to be spent in investigation and research, would consume nearly the whole period of time for which the Exhibition was to remain open. I therefore decided to take up my abode in Philadelphia, for six months at least. So, early in the month of April, I set about establishing myself there, in as comfortable and economical a manner as possible. Having no children, my family party was small, consisting only of my wife and myself, and a thoroughbred little English bull-terrier, called Snap. This last was, by no means, the least important personage of the trio, either in his own estimation or in that of his master and mistress. He was a handsome little animal, exceedingly intelligent, and a capital watch-dog; being, moreover, afraid of nothing, from a rat to a burglar.

After several consultations on the subject, my wife and I finally resolved to eschew hotels and boarding-houses, and to take a furnished house, provided that we could meet with one that would suit us, and that was not too high-priced for our means.

So I sallied forth, one morning, to interview real-estate agents and house-agents, with my mind made up to undergo a long probation in the quest of an abode that would be at once cheap and desirable. Fortunately, I came across just such a house as we wanted, on the very first morning of my search. Its one drawback was its distance from the Exhibition, where I was perforce compelled to spend a portion of every day; but its other advantages more than atoned for that defect. It was situated on a side street, in a part of the city that had once ranked as one of the most fashionable. But fashion had deserted the quaint old street, some years before, and its large roomy mansions were being converted, one by one, into stores or offices. The house that was offered to me was not as spacious as many of its neighbors, and the furniture, though scrupulously clean and in good order, was of a singularly antiquated and tasteless type. It dated from some fifty years back, the parlors in particular displaying well-preserved specimens of what some writer has called the "style crinière." The heavy mahogany chairs and sofas, the latter huge ponderous affairs with great scroll-shaped ends, were covered with black haircloth, woven in a pattern of flowers and leaves. A massive centre-table, with a top of statuary marble, stood in the front parlor. But, in every other respect, both of these apartments were furnished exactly alike, the carpets being of velvet pile, so faded that the pattern of monstrous nondescript many-colored flowers, scattered over the brown ground, was barely discernible.

Still, the house was roomy and airy, indispensable qualifications when the heat of a Philadelphia summer was to be encountered; and everything was so neat and in good order. These advantages, coupled with the phenomenal smallness of the rent, decided me to take it: subject, of course, to the approval of my wife. She was quite as much pleased with the house, when I brought her to see it, as I myself had been, though she was amused and amazed at the ponderous proportions of the antique furniture. Even the bedsteads were very Alps for height, a small stepladder covered with carpet, standing at the bedside in every room, in order to facilitate the nightly climb of the inmate. The agent, on inquiry, told me that the house belonged to an aged and aristocratic couple, who, many years before, had gone to travel in Europe for the sake of the health of their son and only child, leaving their home in the care of two servants. The son, after dragging out a precarious and suffering existence for nearly a quarter of a century, had lately died, and the old people had not yet decided whether to sell the house or to return to inhabit it. Pending their decision, it was to be rented furnished; but its out-of-the-way situa-

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tion and old-fashioned furniture had prevented his obtaining for it such a price as its size and general aspect might seem to warrant.

In a very few days, we were settled in our new abode. As is the custom with nearly all Philadelphia houses that date from the period at which this one was built, it comprised not only the main edifice, containing the two large parlors, with bed-rooms above them on the second and third floors, but also a spacious back building, wherein were to be found the kitchen, with a dining-room above it, and a supplementary bed-room on the third floor. Jenny, my wife, who is passionately fond of music and is an amateur performer of considerable repute, hired a fine grand piano, which she caused to be placed in the front parlor, and that was the only addition that we found ourselves compelled to make to the plenishing of the house.

By the time that the Exhibition opened, we were as thoroughly and quietly settled as though we had lived at No. 204 —— Street for months, instead of weeks. Our days passed on in a nearly unvarying fashion. We spent a great part of our time at the Exhibition. In the evening, Jenny would establish herself at the piano, and devote an hour or two to assiduous practice, whilst I, seated at my writing-table in the back bed-room, which I had turned into a sort of library, by placing there my papers and a collection of books of reference, plied my pen busily at my appointed task.

Late in the month of June, Jenny appeared to grow weary of her piano, and no longer practiced as assiduously as she had done at first. She would generally go down to the parlor, as usual, when I began my writing, but would remain there sometimes not more than half an hour: and occasionally she would stay upstairs, reading or writing or working, till bed-time.

At last she came to me, one evening, and, in rather an embarrassed manner, said: "Ralph, does my piano-practice disturb you whilst you are writing?"

"Not in the least," I replied. "On the contrary, it has a soothing effect, and seems to stimulate the flow of my ideas."

"Could you go on with your work, if you were in the room with me whilst I was playing?"

"Perfectly well. But why do you ask?"

"Because I am going to request you, as a great favor, to come down to the parlor, in the evening, with me, whilst I am practicing. I will have the centre-table moved into the back room, under the gas-bracket, and you can write there just as well as upstairs, if the music does not annoy you. Will you do this for me?"

"Most certainly, little one. But what is the matter?" I asked, in some surprise. "Why do you require any company whilst you are busied with Beethoven and Schumann? Has anybody frightened you? Or has Snap followed you downstairs, to howl disagreeably, as is his wont when he hears sweet music?"

"You know I always shut Snap up in the back bed-room," she answered, "before I come downstairs, so as not to torment the poor beast with the sounds that he detests. No, it is something else. I am afraid you will think me very foolish—but I cannot stay alone in the parlor any more."

"And why not, Jenny?"

She hesitated.

"Come, little girl," I said: "I insist upon hearing all about this mysterious scare of yours. You are not wont to be nervous or fanciful. What is it that has terrified or troubled you?"

"Nothing. That is the strange part of it," she said. "If I saw anything, or heard anything, I could reason myself out of my fright. But what has happened to me, for the last three or four evenings that I have gone downstairs to practice, is simply this: After I have been playing for some little time, I am suddenly stricken with the impression that there is some person in the room with me. You know, as I sit at the piano, I can see the whole extent of the two parlors opposite to me. The first time that this feeling came over me, I got up and looked about the rooms in all directions. There was no one there. I then went back to my piano; but the impression became stronger and deeper, till it was actually intolerable, and I was glad to get rid of it by closing the instrument and hastening upstairs. This has occurred now every evening, lately, that I have been in the parlor alone. I have lighted the gas-burners in both rooms, before sitting down to practice, so as to be able to see distinctly all over both parlors; but that unpleasant impression never fails to return. After I have been there for some fifteen or twenty minutes, I feel as if someone came in through the door of the front parlor, approached the piano, and took up a post at my elbow. I see no one, and I hear nothing; but I cannot describe to you the feeling of groundless horror that comes over me. Of course, it is merely a nervous fancy, and, if you will only consent to keep me company, Ralph, while I am practicing, I think that your presence will serve to chase away all such foolish ideas."

I laughed, and joked my wife a little about her invisible auditor, but consented readily enough to adopt the plan that she proposed.

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So my desk and papers, my encyclopedias and scientific books of reference, were all transferred to the back parlor; and there I sat and wrote, while Jenny played in the front room. Her plan proved a decided success, the unpleasant impression that had so annoyed her having wholly failed to return.

One very hot day, however, toward the end of July, Jenny returned from the Centennial grounds with me, suffering from a violent headache. It did not yield to the usual remedies, being increased in intensity by the heat of the weather, and, in the evening, as soon as she had taken a cup of tea, she announced her intention of going to bed. After seeing her comfortably established for the night, with ice-water and camphor and aromatic vinegar at hand, I asked her if I should remain with her.

"No, no, Ralph; I would rather have the gas lowered, and keep perfectly quiet. I feel as though I could sleep, and, if I can only fall into a good sound slumber, I know that that is the best thing for my head. Go down to your writing, and do take Snap with you; for the little villain insists upon climbing on the bed and licking my face, and I want to be left undisturbed."

So I did as I was requested: lowered the gas to a faint blue spark, tucked Snap under my arm, and made the best of my way to the back parlor. The two parlors were, in fact, virtually one room, being only separated by a pair of folding-doors, which were always left open. The sashes in the back room were raised, and the atmosphere felt cool and pleasant, after the oppressive weather of the afternoon. I drew up the centre-table to the sofa, which stood in the recess beside the open window, lighted the gas-burner at the end of the mantelpiece, and sat down to write, with Snap established on the sofa beside me and nestling as close to me as possible.

I soon became absorbed in my work, which, that evening, chanced to be a translation from the German, the style of the writer being so involved and obscure as to keep my wits actively at work in the difficult task of first discovering his meaning and then of transferring it into comprehensible English. I had come across an unusually difficult passage, and was puzzling my brain as to what the writer really had meant to convey in his tangle of verbs and nominatives, when, suddenly, the feeling that Jenny had described took possession of me. Someone was in the room with me—of that I felt irresistibly convinced. I looked up and around me. My single gas-jet lighted up the room in which I sat, to its farthest corner. There was no one there. The front parlor was in partial obscurity, it is true; but no sound or movement betrayed the presence there of any living being.

As I leaned forward, trying to see into the shadow, a growl from Snap startled me. I glanced down at him, and was surprised to see that he was crouching close to the sofa, quivering in every limb, whilst his eyes were fixed apparently on some object unseen by me, in the front parlor. Slowly, slowly, with dilated eyes and scarcely-moving head, he seemed to watch the approach of something that was apparently coming from the other room into the one where we sat. I knew this by the way his eyes followed it, and by the terror that made every hair bristle on end, till it had apparently come directly opposite to him.

Suddenly, with a loud yell, he leaped from the sofa, and tore out of the room: making, as he did so, a wide detour, as though to avoid the thing or creature that had so terrified him.

It must be confessed that I followed Snap's example, not even waiting to extinguish the light, though I incurred, thereby, a long lecture on the following morning, from our old family servant, who "had no patience with Mr. Ralph's carelessness and wastefulness," as she put it.

By common consent, both Jenny and I avoided the parlors of our new abode, during the remainder of our stay in Philadelphia. As for Snap, no amount of coaxing or scolding would ever induce him to enter those rooms again. My books and writing-table, and Jenny's piano as well, were transferred to another part of the house. The dining-room was used as a sitting-room. In this way, except when we received callers or entertained company, we contrived to leave the downstairs apartments to the unseen occupant whose presence had proved so annoying to us.

No farther inexplicable occurrences, in consequence, troubled or amazed us, so long as we resided in the old house. At the end of the allotted period for which we had leased it, I paid the rent, and handed over the keys to the agent, with a very decided feeling of relief.

A year or two later, I received a letter from a friend in Philadelphia, stating that the old house had been sold, and that the furniture would be disposed of at auction, on a day that was already specified. Jenny had conceived an affection for a certain old-fashioned chest of drawers, that stood in the bed-room we used to occupy, so she begged me to have it purchased for her in case it did not go at too high a price. I went to Philadelphia, therefore, to attend the sale in person,

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and succeeded in securing, not only the chest of drawers in question, but sundry other articles at fabulously low prices. Amongst these last were numbered the parlor sofas and armchairs, the massive mahogany frames of which were valuable, though the haircloth that covered them was hideous. These I sent at once to an upholsterer, to be recovered and restuffed.

A startling discovery was the result of this order. When the workmen removed the covering and stuffing of the front parlor sofa, there was found, thrust deep between the framework and the cushion, the bones of a tiny skeleton—that of a new-born infant. Who had put it there? Nobody could even conjecture. The old house had remained so long unoccupied, it had passed into the care of so many successive groups of servants, and it had been left uninspected for so many years, that every clue to the perpetrators of the deed was wholly lost. Yet unquestionably a terrible tragedy had been enacted there, for one significant trace of crime remained: a deep indentation was visible on one side of the little skull; and an eminent physician, to whom I caused the pitiful relic to be shown, declared that the fracture had been inflicted with a blunt instrument, while the child was yet living, and that the injury had caused its death. Alas, what unknown tale of shame and despair lay behind all this!

The old house has been torn down, and a showy granite-fronted insurance-office has been erected on its site. There is not a vestige left of the residence that we occupied in 1876. But sometimes, on the occasion of one of my infrequent visits to Philadelphia, I take a walk down —— Street, and, looking at the ground-floor windows of 204, I wonder what the dog did see, after all.

"JUST BEFORE DAWN."

BY A. M. EWELL.

Now are hushed the winds of night,
By their own wild cries affright;
Or o'er gray hills, valleys black,
Eastward fleeing, do they track
To its very source the light!

Now athwart my window-sill
Shifts and fades the moonlight, till
I could fancy it her shade,
Who from this same room was laid
In yon grave upon the hill.

Now day's strife and hope and fear
Than night's dreaming seem less clear;
And vague thoughts, in daylight spurned,
To realities have turned;
Life secedes, and death comes near.

Now's when life-blood, ebbing slow,
Coldest runs; life's fire burns low,
When souls oftenest from the clay,
Newly parted, take their way.
Christ be with them as they go!

Now, in hush of earthly sound,
Spirits stealing o'er the bound
Of that world invisible,
Between earth and heaven and hell,
Float impalpably around.

Are they footsteps rustling so?
Was that sound a whisper low?
Was't a breath that stirred my hair?
May not unseen tenants share
Space they loved once long ago?

Death and darkness have had sway
All too long—come, life and day!
See at last, o'er eastern hills,
The first daybeam wakes and thrills.
Welcome light, make no delay!

IN BERKELEY SQUARE.

BY SARAH DOUDNEY.

The lindens murmured in Berkeley Square,
When summer was sweet and young;
And, high at her window, a lady fair
Was touched by the song they sung.

"Oh, beauty, honor, and high estate,
Your triumph is swift and brief;
The sigh of the summer foretells your fate—
We all do fade as a leaf!

"A summer life is the life ye lead,
A season of smiles and flowers;
But the autumn comes to blossom and weed,
And your day shall end as ours."

The lindens murmured in Berkeley Square,
When summer was sweet and young;
And a working-girl, who was walking there,
Was cheered by the song they sung.

"Oh, truth, and patience, and trust in God,
Your triumph is sure, but slow!
If the roots strike deep in the trampled sod,
They spread, and flourish, and grow.

"Though the tree stands bare through winter days,
Does the sap forsake the bough?
The Father ye love is a God to praise
If He sends you winter now."

The lindens murmured in Berkeley Square,
And the maidens heard their song;
Then one girl's spirit grew heavy with care,
And the other brave and strong.

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IN SUCH HASTE.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

THE steamer is passing up the Narrows, and the great city lies before it, shining in the afternoon sun. Roofs, cupolas, and towers are glorified by the golden light, until one might almost believe oneself looking at a fairy-scene, instead of a busy bustling mercantile metropolis.

Rex Beaumont stands on the deck and watches the shore he is rapidly approaching, wondering anew why he has come back in such haste without valid reason. The sight of his native land, after nearly three years' absence, affords him no pleasure: indeed, it only accentuates the restlessness and bitterness which have been growing toward this climax during the whole voyage, a goodly foundation wherefor he brought with him when he came on board.

He hears a group of passengers close by expressing their delight, and rejoicing over a speedy reunion with relatives and friends. He listens, in spite of himself, to their gay animated talk, impatient of what he mentally terms overstrained enthusiasm, and answering only in monosyllables when one after another tries amiably to draw him into the conversation.

But, indeed, Rex has not proved a lively or sympathetic companion, during this trip from the Old World to the New, though nobody ever made it with surroundings more conducive to cheerfulness; for the sea has been as smooth as glass under the gorgeous June sky, and the passengers in general have fed and slept and chattered as gayly as birds. In fact, they have shown such entire contentment, and such ability to amuse themselves with the veriest trifles, that Rex has rather despised them for it, as a wild-pigeon shut up in a cage full of canaries might look down on the placidity with which his companions accommodate themselves to their prison.

He has not got beyond coldly-civil speaking-terms with anybody; and the male passengers, to a man, have, days since, pronounced him the most unsociable disagreeable fellow they ever met; and even the women are obliged to admit that he is as unimpressionable as an iceberg.

Were he old or ugly, doubtless their censure would have been more severe than the masculine verdict; but, as he is young and handsome, they ascribe his taciturnity to melancholy rather than ill-humor, and so are inclined to forgive it. Indeed, several damsels with romantic proclivities—there are such left, even in this generation—weave poetical fancies in regard to the cause of his gloom; and it actually happens that, like most poetry, their fancies possess certain grains of truth at bottom. But Rex has treated these would-be consolers rather more distantly than he has other people; his studied disregard, oddly enough, increasing in proportion to their claims to prettiness, vivacity, or wit.

Now, as he stands watching the familiar landmarks start into view on every side, he suddenly hears a name pronounced, which makes him pause involuntarily.

"Mrs. Grantley? Yes, indeed; she is a great deal handsomer than any woman I saw in Europe." The speaker is a bluff, jolly, fat man, who has been Rex's special abhorrence. "Mrs. Grantley? Why, she's miles ahead of any of the English beauties. She could give the lot no end of odds, and walk straight over the course before them."

The gentleman's last sentence is mixed and enigmatical; but, in this decade, even ladies do not profess to be puzzled by slang; and the stout man pronounces his verdict with such decision that anybody would need to be very bold to dispute it. Nobody tries. So far from it, a little gray-eyed woman, whose plainness of feature is atoned for by a marvelously-sweet voice, says:

"And she is as clever as she is beautiful. Mrs. Grantley could do anything in the world she set her mind to—write books, manage a state—yes, lead an army, if it were necessary."

There is a laugh at this peroration. Then someone says:

"Besides ruling society, I believe she goes in for philanthropy, and all that sort of thing, tremendously."

"She is just an angel of goodness," asserts the other.

Rex has heard enough about the woman to whom he owes his broken heart and wrecked life. He hastily reviles himself for having allowed the bare mention of her name to hold him fast, in spite of his volition. As he walks away, he catches more words concerning her angelic kindness and wholesale schemes of Samaritan charity, and thinks wrathfully that she is just the sort of person to turn public philanthropist, since she can do it without any

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trouble to herself, and on a scale of sufficient magnitude to make all Christendom ring with her good deeds.

Standing on the forward deck, among the groups of German steerage-passengers, who look as little excited by this approach to their new life as if they were ruminating animals in the middle of a familiar pasture, Rex has ample time to go over again in his mind the old story, which is always new in its bitterness. He has never grown accustomed to his pain, which is as keen to-day as it was during the early weeks after the passing of the first numbing shock.

After all, it is not much of a story, this secret of Rex Beaumont's. That is, its record holds nothing especially fresh or original, though the details of his mistakes and miseries might easily be spun out to fill a goodly volume.

This is the third summer since his first meeting with Constance Wilmot, in the White Mountains, and his falling madly in love with her beauty, her mental gifts, and, most fascinating of all, her sweet womanly ways.

In the autumn of the same year, they meet again in New York, and impetuous Rex urges his suit with such eloquence that she is moved to own her affection for him, and the pair promise themselves an ideal future of happiness, as superhumanly lovely as it is humanly impossible.

But Constance possesses an ambitious mother and a worldly-wise elder brother, who put their ambition and wisdom together to harden their hearts against any actual engagement between the young people at present. Matters must rest as they are until Beaumont can see his way clear from certain business-embarrassments which have unexpectedly crippled his means, fate choosing this precise season to show itself grim and forbidding for the first time in his life: perhaps as a little warning, though Beaumont does not view it in that light.

Before spring wakes up again, important matters take Rex away off to the antipodes. But there good-luck awaits him, and fortune is the more genial in her mood—according to the habit of the fickle goddess—because of the frowns and harsh blows she has lately dealt him.

His affairs right themselves with extraordinary persistence, his new ventures prosper like happy dreams, and, by the time he has been eighteen months in Australia, opulence is once more within his grasp; a present competence so considerable, and a large fortune from his possessions so certain in the near future, that the most mercenary-minded guardian cannot help owning him a prize in the matrimonial market.

Land which his father had purchased long previous, and which had lain almost worthless for years, had suddenly risen into value, owing to the discovery of rich minerals in its depths. Potent capitalists take the matter up, and, between the sums paid down, the royalties, the shares, and all the rest of the sugar-plums destiny showers on him with a liberal hand, Rex, from a worldly point of view, is a very enviable young man.

He has not written a word home to any human being about his hopes, and, now that fulfillment has crowned them beyond expectation, he seats himself to write Constance the glorious news.

While he is trying to steady his pulses enough to perform his delightful task legibly, his American mail is brought in. It brings no communication from his betrothed—he may call her so now—and, in his disappointment, he lays down his pen to open the newspapers before he goes on with his epistle: lays it down, never to be taken up again, so far as that letter is concerned.

The first paragraph which meets his eye, in the first journal he unfolds, contains the announcement of Constance Wilmot's marriage with the rich banker, Lorimer Grantley.

So our poor Rex does what any other impulsive youth would have done, under the circumstances: tears the newspaper, and tramples on it—tramples, too, on his own blighted hopes and broken heart, for the time believing that he can crush both into dumbness beneath his wrath and scorn.

In his despair, a thirst for change of scene, excitement of any kind, seizes on him. He sets sail for Europe with all speed. He roves about from Norway to Greece, seeking forgetfulness, avoiding great capitals where he would be likely to encounter acquaintances from his own land, and actually opening no letters which chance to follow him about, except such as bear the monogram of his Australian land-company on their envelopes.

He races and rushes from one country to another, finding all equally barren and wearisome, and finally has come back without warning to America, solely actuated by some impulse as imperative as it is baseless.

And here he is at his journey's end, with an angry regret at his own folly for returning. Any place would be preferable to the land which holds that perjured woman; and, if it were possible, he would set sail for Europe again without so much as putting foot on shore.

But the steamer is at the wharf; the Germans load themselves with mysterious bags and bundles, and prepare to depart; and Rex makes

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his way along the deck, a dark shadow on the general brightness.

The other passengers exchange warm farewells, and make engagements to meet soon and often; but Rex slips off with as few words as possible to anybody, though, from a sudden revulsion of feeling, his natural amiability asserts itself, and he grows a little ashamed of his misanthropic gloom and obstinate isolation.

As he drives toward his hotel, it occurs to him that misanthropy is only a form of weakness; and, once on this tack, pushes his discoveries on to face the fact that, if he does not take measures to subdue it, this petted companion will grow into a tyrant whose grim clutch must gradually smother every noble faculty in his nature.

These reflections haunt him during the entire evening, as he sits alone in his room, and they have a good effect. He sees that an existence such as he has led during the past months is an unpardonable sin against himself—against humanity.

Rex forms some very wise resolutions before he goes to bed, and he has sufficient strength of character to live up to them. He will waste no more time in brooding over what he has lost. It is idiocy, since he knows it was not worth the keeping, else the loss would not have overtaken him

Well, he is back in America. He wonders if the irresistible impulse to come, which urged him on like some actual physical force, has meant that he was to meet this new crisis. At all events, now that he is here, and his judgment and common-sense have wakened from the lethargy which has locked them so long, he determines to lead a dawdling aimless life no longer. Occupation is what he wants. He will go to work as hard as if work were a necessity for bodily existence: it is certainly, he feels, a necessity for his mental and moral life. He will be of some use in his day and generation; the stewardship of his fortune shall be scrupulously fulfilled; and, if the future cannot bring happiness—a blessing which his wisdom of six and twenty years regards as impossible—at least it shall leave him with a record over which he can look back without shame or regret.

Doubtless these feelings must have been gradually taking root and growing in his mind; but they burst on him with a spontaneity which is startling: and he is so thoroughly humiliated that only the prospect of labor and usefulness preserves to him a shred of self-respect.

He gets up, the next morning, so full of his new schemes, that he is positively light-hearted and cheerful—or, rather, he is completely carried beyond pitiful miserable self by his resolves and plans, which is a better and higher thing.

He holds interviews with several business-men of his acquaintance, and comes away therefrom still more cheerful; though, beyond the preliminary arrangements he has opened, nothing can be settled and carried into action until autumn.

The summer must be passed. That thought meets him on the threshold of his chamber, like an unwelcome guest who has entered during his absence.

The weather is terribly hot already. Everybody who can get away has fled; for New York is as a furnace, with its scorching pavements and a sky of brass overhead, as is so often the case in June. The midsummer tropical days, in fact, seem to have lost themselves in this Northern clime, and are apparently too well pleased with their quarters to try and find their way home.

Where to go at present is the question. Rex has been an orphan since early boyhood; even his former guardian is dead; he possesses few relatives, and none with whom he is on such terms of intimacy that he feels either warrant or inclination to descend unceremoniously upon them.

He has no mind for watering-place gayeties. Even in the days—how far-off they look to his trouble-dimmed eyes!—when he was new to manhood, the rush of fashionable society possessed few charms for him; and now the thought of any such attempt at distraction is wearisome in the extreme.

Looking idly over the newspaper-advertisements, he reads the name of a village on the coast of Maine where he used to go with his mother when a child, and which he revisited for the last time some six years previous.

He will go there now, he thinks: the quiet old-fashioned place will be full of sadly-sweet memories which can hold no bitterness, and it is so world-hidden that there is slight danger of its having been transformed into any approach to fashion or gayety.

He makes his preparations to start at once, but is delayed until the ensuing day by a request for a business-interview from one of his old acquaintances. A strange impatience takes possession of him: the same feeling of necessity to hurry away which has brought him across the ocean, half against his will: a presentiment that some work awaits him at his journey's end, to accomplish which no time must be lost.

He is vexed and scornful at his own folly, and at the last moment inclines to turn in some other direction, just to punish himself for having allowed his nerves to fall into a state of such

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womanish weakness; but he cannot resist the impulse that holds him in its grasp. The absurd sensation will not leave him, even after he is actually on his road. Each time he wakes in the night from troubled dreams, it haunts him like a visible presence—dumb, though imperative as a ghost.

It is sunset when he reaches his destination. He drives through the pretty village, which looks little changed, except that it boasts a great stretch of white building at one end: a hideous new hotel, which some venturesome speculator has lately erected. But Rex does not stop there. He passes nearly a mile further on, along the shore, and beyond a deep curve in the bay, and finally arrives at the quaint old brown house where he used to lodge in his boyhood.

The place is not a whit altered. There is the group of pine-trees; the wide piazza, curtained with flowering vines; and, on the step, stands the venerable landlord, placidly smoking his pipe.

"I suppose you don't remember me, Mr. Danforth," Rex says, as the weather-beaten Boniface moves forward to meet him.

Mr. Danforth stares, in a mild effort to decide whether or not he does; but, when Rex mentions his name, is ready with the heartiest greeting the young wanderer has received since his return.

"You're a good deal t'otherwise; but it's you yet," Mr. Danforth says. "Why, mother'll be proper glad to see you agin. She's never tired of talking about the scrapes you used to get into."

He breaks off in his speech to shout lustily for "mother," as he always calls his wife; and that good woman speedily appears, looking the very embodiment of comfort and hospitality.

She is asked to identify the new arrival, and is a little puzzled at first; but, with the spirit of divination strong in her New England blood, she soon triumphantly and cordially pronounces his name.

Rex is shortly set down to a repast so heterogeneous in its nature that it might be either breakfast, dinner, or tea, but is excellent under any appellation. He is shown afterward into his own old chamber; and, tired out, not so much by his journey as by the effect of his odd restlessness, he goes early to bed, and soon falls sound asleep.

In the middle watches of the night, he is awakened by a violent knocking at the door, and hears the old landlord call:

"Mr. Rex! Mr. Rex! there's a fire in the village—and a bad one, too: I expect it's the hotel."

Rex dresses quickly, and is soon on the road to Plympton, preceded or followed by every other inmate of the house. He hears the tumult long before he reaches the scene of disaster; then he rounds the base of the hill, and is at the entrance of the village.

As Mr. Danforth surmised, the new hotel is on fire. A dense cloud of smoke rises to heaven; the flames seethe, billow, and roar; and the crash of falling timbers and the thud of broken masonry sound like the noise of cannonading; while, far above the din and terror, the moon shines placidly in the midnight sky, and nature looks down with a sphinx-like smile on the ruin and suffering.

Plympton possesses only one engine, and that too ancient and dilapidated to render any efficient service. But the entire population has collected, and men, and even women, are formed in lines, and pass buckets up and down, all working with the strength of desperation. Yet there is slight hope of saving the great ugly edifice, in which so much money has been sunk. But at least the adjacent houses can be kept from burning, and the larger portion of the hotel-furniture is saved. Better still, it is settled that all the inmates have escaped or been rescued, and general gratification at this assurance has passed from mouth to mouth, lending everybody new courage and strength.

But, soon after Rex arrives, a sudden shock of alarm spreads through the crowd. A lady has been seen standing at a window in the second story of the hotel-wing, the lower floor of which is already a prey to the flames, though that portion was the last to catch fire.

"It must be Mrs. Grantley," one of the hotel-employés calls out; "those are her rooms."

This announcement increases the universal horror and sympathy; for Plympton has been in a flutter of excitement for days past, over the unexpected honor of being graced by the presence of the millionaire's beautiful wife.

Rex hears the name. He understands now the significance of all the warnings he has lately received, and, in bringing him near this woman again, destiny has brought him his revenge—the only kind he craves: he will save her life, and she shall always have the humiliation of remembering that she owes the gift to him whom she has so deeply wronged.

He calls for a ladder; and, when it is brought, he pushes eager assistants unceremoniously aside, fastens it securely in position, and begins to mount. The smoke blinds his eyes, and several times forces him back; tongues of fire dart out, trying to scorch or terrify him. But he struggles on, while the throng below waits and watches in

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breathless silence; for, since that momentary appearance at the window, Mrs. Grantley has not been seen.

Rex reaches the casement at last, and springs over the sill. He glances to and fro amid the smoke, and, by the lurid light from without, sees a woman lying on the floor—sees her beautiful face quite plainly, looking white and perfect as an ivory carving, surrounded by its halo of golden hair.

His heart stands still. He remembers only that he is looking at the woman he has loved, whom he loves yet. Every thought of her treachery, and his scornful wish for an humiliating vengeance upon her, are obliterated from his mind.

"Constance! Constance!" he groans, unconsciously using the name which is still familiar to his thoughts. She does not answer. She has often told him, in the old days, that she believes his voice could call her soul back from beyond the grave. But she does not hear it now. She lies there in a dead faint. She is completely dressed, and grasps a small satchel in her hand, so that it is evident she retained her presence of mind, and did everything in her power up to the latest moment, when the dense smoke had choked her and made her insensible.

Beaumont lifts her, and she is such a slight creature that he does it without difficulty. When he reaches the window, he pauses to inhale the fresh air, for he is half stifled by the smoke. The breeze, striking her forehead, revives her. She opens her eyes, half raises herself in his arms, and gazes wonderingly in his face.

"Rex!" she calls, faintly. "Is it you, Rex?"

"It is Rex," he repeats. "I will save you."

But she has fainted now, and he carries her slowly down the ladder, amidst a silence which is alone broken by the ominous crackling of the flames all around; then, as he nears the ground, a simultaneous shout goes up from scores and scores of throats, in honor of his courage and victory.

Strong arms seize him and his burden. Women weep aloud with fervent blessings. For the moment, all thought of the work still remaining, in order to insure the safety of the village, is lost in this great throb of sympathy which unites all hearts.

Suddenly, Rex is conscious of a sensation as if he and the woman he still clasps so tightly were slipping down, down through illimitable space. Then a great darkness shuts in on him, and utter oblivion succeeds.

But he and Constance are both safe and well cared for. When the effect of the nervous shock is over, she is found to have sustained no injury, and is able to explain that, after her first escape, the recollection of some important papers induced her to return to her room, unknown to anyone, believing the venture safe enough. But Beaumont has been less fortunate than she. His left arm is badly burned. Not that this by itself would be a dangerous accident, but the fever it superinduces becomes alarming, from the fact that, in some way which will never be satisfactorily accounted for, his head has received a severe blow. The doctor thinks he may have struck against some article of furniture on entering the chamber, for there is an ugly sharp cut which makes a zigzag to his temple. But, however caused, the accident is severe, and he is very ill during several days and nights, and persistently delirious, even after this stupor has ceased. During his delirium, he fancies he sees Constance always beside him. He talks to her—upbraids her—but owns that he loves her still, though upbraiding himself yet more harshly for such weakness after her heartless behavior.

He lies there helpless, and Constance's image never ceases to haunt him, and the tale of the past is told many times, with a strict adherence to detail which few steady brains could emulate.

At length the fever abates, and he sinks into his first natural sleep, from which the doctors declare he will awake perfectly rational, and will soon recover if he can be soothed and set free from the absorbing and painful recollections which seem to haunt him.

After a lapse of many hours, Rex rouses out of his health-restoring slumber, and, as the doctors have predicted, his mind is sane enough, though he is miserably wasted and weak.

He stares about, vaguely realizing that he has been ill; sees, seated near him, a stranger lady, whose beauty, great as it is, is surpassed by the wonderful sweetness and goodness which pervade every line of her face. She is so charming to look at, that for some time Rex lies regarding her with a sort of childish admiration, while tales of sick people waking to find themselves attended by angelic visitants flit vaguely across his brain, and he tries to recall what picture it is, in some Old-World gallery, of which she reminds him.

This effort is sufficient to dispel his drowsy tranquillity; he is wide-awake now, and at his first movement the lady is bending over him with a heavenly smile. She gives him a cooling drink, and then, without waiting for him to speak, quietly answers some of the eager questions which her quick feminine perceptions have read in his eyes.

But his gaze goes beyond her. He glances toward a window, and there he sees Constance,

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seated in the shadow of the curtains, shrinking back as if to avoid observation if possible, while yet watching his movements with tremulous anxiety.

He remembers everything: his saving her from the burning house; the fiery passion which leaped up through the ashes of the past as he clasped her in his arms; and he feels the same eager thrill now, and, full of wrath toward himself and her, he calls out in a chill disdainful voice:

"Mrs. Grantley—you here?"

"Yes; and I want to tell you how grateful we all are, but I can't," a voice says. It is the lady sitting by the bed who speaks, while Constance leaves her chair and stands a little aloof, white and trembling.

"Can't you speak, Mrs. Grantley?" Rex cries, fretfully.

"I do," the same lady rejoins. "If you want my cousin to talk to you, you must call her by her name. She has not changed it."

"I don't understand," Rex exclaims, wildly, with his eyes still fixed on Constance. But she remains silent, and the other lady continues, in her clear liquid tones:

"Be quiet, and you shall. You see, Constance and I are not only relations, but we own the same Christian name. It was I who married Mr. Grantley. By what odd mistake some of the newspapers, in copying the account, got our last names mixed, and made her out the bride instead of bridesmaid, we never knew."

"Oh!" gasps Rex. He can say no more.

"They did, however," the lady continues, "though they set the blunder right later, as you might have discovered a good while ago, as you might a number of other things, if you hadn't hidden yourself at the world's end, where neither letters nor wishes could reach you."

"Constance! Constance!" is all Rex can utter.

She is beside him. But she is afraid of the effect of the excitement, and tries her best to soothe his agitation.

"Rex, Rex," she says, "you have told me everything, in your fever. I know the whole story. Drink this, and go to sleep."

"I will, if you love me. Oh, Constance!"

"You shall ask me that when you wake," she replies, smiling brightly through her tears.

Suddenly she stoops and kisses his forehead, whispering:

"Are you satisfied—do you believe now?"

So Rex falls asleep, holding her hand fast; and, when he wakes, after a long interval, he comprehends fully that he has not dreamed his happiness—it is all real.

For Constance still sits beside him, and her voice answers softly as he calls her name.

THE BETROTHAL WALK.

BY JASPER BARNETT COWDIN.

In the cool shadows of the wood,
Her soft hand resting on my arm,
We loitered, where the solitude
Threw over us its quiet charm.

She seemed almost a spirit there,
Transfigured in that amber clime;
I never saw her half so fair,
So full of love's sweet blossom-time.

A tender light shone from her eye,
The violet's modest pleading look;
Or as, in June, the deep-blue sky
Makes bluer still the tranquil brook.

The yellow masses of her hair
Fell on her bosom's drift of snow,
Like golden rays of sunset fair
On silver clouds that faintly glow.

Far down the forest's green arcade
We found a rustic vine-clad seat,
Where whiffs of wind with swallows played,
And where the watery blooms were sweet.

There sitting, hemmed in leafy frame,
Our thoughts moved on to tenderness;
The long-withholden question came:
What words I spoke, well may you guess!

The faint blush ripened on her cheek;
In shyness fell her violet eye;
So soft her voice, her head bent meek,
I know you guess her low reply!

All nature wore a livelier grace;
And, bending over us, the tree
Was first to kiss the upturned face
Of Celia—as though bantering me.

The swallows thicker flew, and proud
To flash before us and be gone;
The rushes, like an orient crowd,
Bowed low toward our sylvan throne.

The wild brook found a voice of cheer,
And trilled along in melody;
The lily bent her list'ning ear
To catch the music flowing by.

The squirrel, with a sidelong glance,
Peeped at us from the hazel-wood;
And with unusual radiance
The sun went down in merry mood.

We lingered in the shadows late;
Above us curved the faint new moon,
And followed to her cottage gate—
Our happiest morn will dawn in June.

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A STORY OF "TWO KISSES."

BY AGNES JAMES.

I.

Of all the merry party assembled at Blythewood, the merriest is pretty Lettie Hervey. Her rivals call her "a flirt," but this is only because they envy her the attention gentlemen pay to her: nobody could be more frank, or truer at heart; and this is what the hostess, Mrs. Kennedy, says of her. All the girls call Mrs. Kennedy "Aunt Nan," which shows how they love her; but none love her like Lettie.

Yet, it must be confessed that Lettie's high spirits sometimes carry her to lengths that give color to the charge of heartlessness. She is rattling on, now, in a way to deceive anyone who does not know her well. Kate Maxwell has just charged her, indirectly, with coquetry; and Lettie, too proud to contradict, breaks out in retort.

"You say I try to make men fall in love with me," she cries, scornfully. "Well, what if I do? Isn't it like playing with balls, my dear, when keeping two or three flying at once is such fun? Besides, it amuses the men as much as it amuses me. We can both stop playing, when we are tired. It is merely 'to pass the time,' as the French have it."

They are all sitting out on the lawn, under the shade of the big elm, at "five-o'clock tea," and the tea is in most happy and successful progress. At this moment, and before "Aunt Nan" can express in words her disapproval of Lettie's gay sally, a servant appears, bringing a card on a small silver salver. Mrs. Kennedy utters a joyful exclamation, and rises in such a hurry that she almost upsets the teapot.

"Maxwell de Treville," she says. "What a surprise. Kate, your cousin has come home, after his years of absence. He must have heard you were here, dear; that has brought him over, no doubt." For his splendid estate is only a few miles off. "Come in with me to meet him."

Kate gets up a pretty little blush in response, looks around triumphantly on the other girls, and trips away after Mrs. Kennedy.

In a little while, "Aunt Nan" and Kate, with the new arrival accompanying them, are seen coming slowly from the house. It happens, just then, that Mrs. Kennedy is saying: "And perhaps, Max, you remember the Herveys, when you were Mr. Havisham's pupil. Frances, the eldest, is married; but Letitia is here now. Do you remember her?"

"Little Lettie? Oh, certainly I remember her," he cried. "A wild sunburned little witch, perpetually in mischief. We were great chums."

And he laughs, as memory calls up the "wild little witch," with her vagaries and pranks, her rebellion against all "constituted authority," and—her utter loyal devotedness to himself. All this was years ago, before he went to Europe; but he can see her plainly yet, her short pink frock torn by the briers, her tangled "towy" hair tossed about by the wind, her little rough brown hands, her light slight frame, though strong and active as a boy's, her odd little tanned face and turned-up nose, and—her one beauty—a pair of bright soft hazel eyes, lifted to his, watching eagerly for a word of praise or blame from the tall hero of fifteen, who sometimes petted her and always tyrannized over her.

He is still smiling at this vision, when they reach the group under the elms, and he finds himself heartily welcomed by a number of old friends, and being presented by the hostess to sundry strangers.

Lettie sits still, however, and watches him. "Well, he is very good-looking," she says to herself. Tall and blond, with a long fair mustache, and the bluest, honestest eyes she has ever seen. He carries himself like a soldier—easily and gracefully: and his voice has a pleasant ring; and his laugh is cheery and ready.

"Come here, Max. Here is an old friend. Here is Lettie Hervey," Mrs. Kennedy says, and draws him toward Lettie's chair.

He gives a slight start of surprise. Instead of the little "hoyden" he expects, he sees a beautiful young woman, fair and stately, with a crown of gold-brown hair, and the sweetest, warmest glow on her cheeks.

She rises, with a little smile dimpling round her lovely lips, and comes toward him, her white dress flowing about her like a soft white cloud, and holds out a perfect hand, slender and fair as a lily.

He stands, dumb and staring, before this lovely creature, until her red lips part in a gay laugh, and she lifts to his a pair of dark-fringed hazel eyes, wonderfully soft and bright: Lettie Hervey's eyes!

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II.

"I DON'T believe you know me, Max," she says.

"Lettie—Miss Hervey. I—I hadn't the slightest idea—I'm sure I beg pardon," he stammers, incoherently.

"What, for not knowing me? Well, it is rather unpleasant to be so completely forgotten." And she flashes a mischievous covert little glance at him.

"I had not forgotten you," he protests. "But then, you know, you were—well, to tell the truth, you were an ugly little thing then; and—and now—" Words fail him; but the sentence is finished by a gaze of intense speechless admiration from his very expressive deep-blue eyes.

"Yes; I am a civilized young lady now," Lettie says, subsiding into her chair, and gently waving her large fan. "I don't tear my frocks now; and I try to keep my hands clean, and am very patient when my maid combs my hair."

"Yes, how you used to hate having your hair combed," said Max, laughing. "Do you remember the day when you ran away from Sarah, and threw the comb in the brook, in the meadow?"

"I do. And I also remember that you made me wade in after it; carried the comb and me back to Sarah, and ordered me to stand perfectly still, until every tangle was combed out."

"Ordered you? Did I? What a young bear I must have been."

Lettie doesn't contradict him. She only laughs in turn—her merry careless laugh. Then she turns to answer, over her shoulder, a question of one of the other gentlemen, while Max gazes bewildered at her. Is it possible, he says to himself, that he ever tyrannized over—teased and lectured—this lovely creature? Can it be that this queenly young beauty has ever trotted tirelessly about after him, through woods and fields and marshes? Ever slipped out of the back door at the hall, and come racing through the orchard, at the sound of his whistle? Ever stolen jam-tarts from the cook for his delectation? And how coolly he had taken it all then! She evidently remembers his bearish ways. How rude and detestable he had been! He recalls also the fact that he had even declined to kiss her, when he bade her good-bye, the morning he left his tutor's to return home, and thence to go to Europe to finish his education at Heidelberg. She had come, drowned in tears, poor little mite, to the orchard-gate, to say farewell. She had pushed a little package into his hand—her cherished candy-rabbit, and a book-marker, with a straggling "Remember Me" worked on it—and held up her face to be kissed. "No," he had said, "I can't kiss you, because your face is dirty. Learn to keep it clean, and I'll kiss you, perhaps, when I come back."

Meantime, she rattles on with Captain Marsh, Ralph Adair, and others of the company. Max looks on, half savagely, and is beginning to mutter: "Rather making fools of themselves about her," when she suddenly turns to him.

"Do you remember," she says, "my white pony 'Niobe,' Mr. Treville?"

"Yes, indeed," he replies. "James, the old groom, used to vex you so by calling her 'Nobby.'"

"Why, how good your memory is!" she says, with a bright sweet glance from her hazel eyes. "Poor dear Niobe! she lived till two years ago. I am promoted to a full-grown horse now," she added, demurely; "and I rather prefer riding with a saddle, at present."

"Oh, yes," cried Max, enthusiastically, and eager to redeem himself in her eyes, "I remember everything we did in those good old times. I remember you—the very first time I saw you—crying, because James had set Grig, the terrier, on a poor little stray kitten that ventured into the stable."

"And you rescued it. I liked you for that!" What a frank friendly look she gives him. And how sweet her voice is, in its lowered gentle tone! It is practically a tête-à-tête they are having now, for the others fall out of the conversation. He drops his voice.

"I know you were always too good to me," he says. "The best little friend I ever had. And I am afraid I teased you sometimes, and was very rough and tyrannical. Is it too late to beg your pardon for those sins?"

"Not at all too late," Lettie answers, with a laugh, "but you must first prove your penitence by being ever so nice to me now. How can I tell that you will not tease me or tyrannize over me again, if I forgive you too easily? And you must recall and confess all your sins," saucily, "during our whole acquaintance, from the beginning to—the end."

She leans back in her chair, with her half-folded fan pressed against her lips—to hide a smile, he is sure, for her eyes are shining with laughter.

"Oh!" he exclaims, hurriedly. "Then you remember? I hoped you had forgotten; but you know I thought I was coming back in six weeks—what a rude young cub I was—and—and—what on earth can I do to atone for that—now?"

He blunders, colors, and actually looks inexpressibly wretched, while Lettie laughs mischievously, laughs with her two eyes also.

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"Nothing, nothing," she says at last, when she can speak. "I will freely, and of my grace, forgive you that. I only had some curiosity to know if you remembered it."

Max has recovered himself now, however. After all, there was something a little like a challenge in her words, and he catches it up.

"With the deepest contrition, I acknowledge my guilt in the matter," he says, with perfect gravity, "and I solemnly vow to make atonement for it—whenever you will let me."

This cool rejoinder disconcerts Lettie for a moment. But she recovers instantly; she is still mistress of the situation.

"Oh," she says, "there is no need to atone for what is gladly forgiven." With a careless wave of her fan, she turns to Mr. Scatterley, and begs him to give her some cherries.

So Max finds his tête-à-tête ended, and begins to fear he has dared a little too much in that last remark.

III.

A MONTH has gone by; a month of sweet, bright, golden weather. Long ago, Max has discovered, and for that matter so has everyone else at Blythedale, that he is very much in love with Lettie Hervey. But which of all her lovers Lettie prefers, nobody knows, though quiet "Aunt Nan" sometimes fancies she could guess.

Little Grace, "Aunt Nan's" twelve-year-old child, says to Lettie, one day: "I like Max de Treville so very much. You must not flirt with him, dear, he is so nice. Come, Kate, let us make her tell if she really likes him."

"Oh, Mr. de Treville is very well. Of course I like him, after a fashion, Gracie," responds Lettie, carelessly.

"One more ball to play with, isn't he, Lettie?" Kate says, in her soft voice, which Lettie always feels to be so insincere.

Lettie suddenly throws up her head, colors, and seems about to speak, but does not. Then she quietly puts out her hand, strokes Kate's fair hair and says, laughing: "You nice soft little white cat! How sweet of you to remember all my clever speeches."

And "Aunt Nan's" eyes, for "Aunt Nan" is present, rest wistfully on Lettie's lovely face, and she wonders what that sudden flush and those sparkling eyes can mean.

To find out for himself the extent of Lettie's "liking" for him has been the aim of Max's existence for many days. But it seems somehow impossible for him to do it. For it begins to happen—does Lettie choose to have it so?—that anybody else, Ralph Adair or Captain Marsh, can take Lettie off for an entrancing walk, or ride, or chat in a quiet corner, but she never is alone with him.

"Miss Hervey, what have I done, that you have put me in such punishment lately?" he whispers, desperately, one evening, in the drawing-room, under cover of Miss Wilson's loud rendering of "Ah! I Have Sighed to Rest."

"Hush! You must not talk when a person is singing," whispers back Lettie, laughing.

"Then do take pity on me, and come out on the terrace—for five minutes only. I'm sure your head must ache: mine does—and I dread that final blood-curdling scream."

"Oh, you wicked boy!" is the laughing whisper in return. But she does manage a quiet retreat through the window near her, and in another moment they are walking down the long terrace, with a sky full of stars overhead and the warm summer wind around them.

"Now tell me," he says, after awhile, "why you dislike me so."

"Dislike you?" she exclaims. "What do you mean?"

"I mean that you avoid me. At first, it was different. You really seemed glad to see me, and we had so much to talk about, and you—you were very kind; but now you will scarcely speak to me. I think, if you knew how utterly wretched it makes me, you—you would not do it."

It is neither a very clear nor a very eloquent speech, but it is passionately uttered; and Lettie listens in silence, and her head droops a little. She does not answer at once. When she does speak, her voice is very low.

"I did not mean to be rude," she says. "You must not think that."

"But you have avoided me. Why was it?"

Lettie does not answer at all now. For the first time in her life, she is utterly tongue-tied. She certainly cannot tell him that it is a new sort of shyness, never known to her before, that has made her shrink from him lately, and especially since she knows that "people are talking" about them.

Max bends lower, to look into her face, and falters:

"Was it because you thought it the kindest way of telling me—that you liked someone else—better than you do me?"

"No—oh, no. Whom could I like better than an old friend?"

Max lays his hand gently down upon hers, for she has taken his arm, and she does not withdraw her hand as he does it. This makes him so utterly happy, that he dares not speak for a

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little while, for fear of breaking the "charmed spell." Then he says, low and huskily:

"But I am not satisfied to be only your friend. Lettie, I want something more. You know I love you. I want your love. Will it ever be mine?"

IV.

ALAS, the spell is broken. The little hand slips from his, and Lettie makes him a demure courtesy. For the life of her, she cannot resist saying what she says:

"What, love me? The little girl whom you wouldn't even kiss, when she brought you a farewell present—"

She is interrupted by voices and steps approaching. Kate is coming out, with Captain Marsh and Ralph Adair; and Kate is crying: "Where is Lettie? What has become of Lettie?"

"Don't go in yet!" entreats Max, seizing her hand. "Or promise me half an hour to-morrow. I can't get a word with you in the house. At the big oak in the park, at eleven—"

"Yes, yes," she says, hastily, for there is no time for discussion; and, with a laugh and a lovely blush, she flies away, leaving Max on the terrace. He saunters up and down there alone, for awhile.

"Star-gazing, Max?" a sweet voice says, presently, and his cousin Kate—soft, white, and noiseless—glides up to him and puts her hand on his arm.

The morrow has come, and Lettie strays slowly toward the big oak in the park—purposely a little late. It would be horrible to be there first. Well, she is not first. Max is there, leaning against the big tree, with his arms folded. He comes to meet her: but, surely, he is very deliberate about it, and— Lettie stops, shocked and frightened. His face is white and set and stern; he does not hold out his hand to her.

"Max, what is it?" she cries, breathlessly.

"You know what it is," he says, hoarsely. "It is that you have been making a fool of me. You said, you know, that you liked to have two or three lovers: it was like playing with balls, keeping two or three flying at once: it amused you. When you were tired, you could stop. Do you deny that you said it?"

Lettie stands confounded, speechless, for a moment. She knows who has sped this shaft. She had seen Kate slip out on to the terrace, after she herself had gone in, the evening before; and she realizes now what it meant. The color fades from her cheeks, and she is as pale as Max.

"Did you say it?" he repeats, sternly.

She is too proud, too much hurt at his manner, to explain.

"Yes, I did," she answers, drawing herself up.

"Then your avoidance of me meant that you were tired of me, for the time? But you were willing—since I was such a fool as to let you—to take me up again now."

"You can think that, if you choose," she says, haughtily.

He stares at her for one moment, with a look of despairing appeal in his deep-blue eyes. Then he turns abruptly, and is gone.

How Lettie gets through that day, she never knows. A storm of pride and anger, of grief and wounded love, rages in her heart all day; but no one guesses it—at least, no one but "Aunt Nan," who watches the fevered flush on her cheeks, and who listens anxiously to the wild gayety of her talk and laughter. And, at night, when she sits alone in her room, there come a gentle step, a kind hand on her bowed head, and it is "Aunt Nan" who whispers fondly: "Dear little girl, won't you tell me about it?"

Then "the heart melts and the tears flow down," and Lettie sobs out all her story on that sympathizing breast. They talk late into the night, and the last thing "Aunt Nan" says, as she kisses and leaves her, is: "Oh, Lettie, if he come back to you, child—and he loves you so much that perhaps he may—do not let wicked pride stand between you and your life's happiness."

V.

IT is October. Lettie has long ago gone home. Life is very dreary to her. Those last two weeks at Blythedale, when Max never came there, were bad enough; but, at home, fifty miles away, where she never hears his name called—where no one wonders "what Treville is about," or has "just met Max, who was going up to town for a few days," or has had a letter from him, and thinks "he will be back next week"—it is insupportable. She goes through her daily routine of little home-duties sweetly and patiently; but her wild spirits are gone, and the Squire pinches her cheeks and says: "Where are your roses, little girl? They'll come back when we have some hunting—hey?" And her busy bustling mother thinks she has had "too much gayety," and makes her go to bed early and take long walks. Lettie does not care much for the walks, when the children overpower her with their noise and their exuberant affection—she is very sweet to them always, though—but she likes to slip away by herself, and sit and think. She is sitting in the old orchard, one day, with the mild October sunshine round her, and falls to thinking, as usual. What else can she think

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of but Max? "He loves you so, that perhaps he may come back to you," "Aunt Nan" had said. And, for weeks, she had thought and dreamed of that possibility. It had been so long now: he would never come—never forgive her the idle words she had uttered, when she did not know him.

If she could have explained, perhaps—but she had been too proud, and now it is all over!

How her lip curls in scorn, as she thinks of Kate's treachery. She gets too restless to sit still, and, rising, saunters to the gate and stands there gazing down the little path that leads through the woods.

"Perhaps," she says, "Kate's plot has succeeded in everything: perhaps Max is now engaged to her." The little path lies dreamily in the half-shadow, half-sunshine, of the October day.

Max used to come along that path, years ago, and it was here she parted from him, the day he would not kiss her. She had cried a little about that, at the time. But childhood's tears are quickly dried. She had missed him very much at first, and then—had been happy without him. But it was different now. Oh, if he had only never, never come back! Or if, by the strange sweet miracle that happens in lovely impossible dreams, he could come back once more.

And, if he should, what would he say to her? How should she meet him? She falls to dreaming about it again; and so it happens that she does not hear an actual step on the soft orchard-grass, or know that anyone is near till she hears her name called.

She starts guiltily, for it is Max. He is standing there, gazing at her with passionate love in his deep-blue eyes.

"Lettie, Lettie," he says, quickly, "I want you to forgive me, if you can. I know, now, how unjust I have been to you. Dear, whether you love me or not, forgive me!"

He holds out his hand. She gives him hers, without hesitation, and he takes it in a warm close clasp.

"Dear 'Aunt Nan' told me," he goes on. "What a fool I was, to believe what Kate had said. It was only a jesting speech, she assured me, and made before I came to Blythedale. It did not mean that you were playing with me."

Lettie's only answer is to lift, to his, a pair of lovely eyes, full of tears.

The strong arms were around her, in another moment, and a passionate kiss fell on her sweet lips. She pushed him away, however, at this.

"Sir!" she says.

He is startled.

"What—what is it?" he cries. "Dearest, don't you love me, after all?"

She looks at him saucily.

"Are you sure, sir," she says, "that my face is clean, that you kiss me?"

He bursts into a peal of laughter, and catches her back into his arms; and now she does not resist.

"You little witch! You have had your revenge," he cries. "Yes, I did refuse to kiss you once, and it was here, on this very spot. But—Lettie, love—I'll never—refuse again."

"Then you shall be rewarded," she says, and straightway she kisses him.

And that is the story of the Two Kisses.

A RAINY DAY.

BY AGNES L. PRATT.

Low hung the clouds upon the earth,
Their sad tears ever dropping
Upon the trees and dripping flowers,
Without a thought of stopping.

So sad the sky had seemed all day—
So sad and full of sorrow,
We wondered if the sun would come
To cheer it, on the morrow.

The tender flow'rs drooped low their heads,
So drearily complaining;
The trees, with leaves and branches wet,
Were weary of the raining.

But still the clouds dropped floods of tears
Upon the drooping flowers;
And still the brook leaped madly on,
Vexed with the copious showers.

When suddenly a rift appeared—
The clouds were done with crying;
And, through the rift, the sun shone out,
The sad clouds' teardrops drying.

And soon the flow'rs looked up again,
The summer sunshine greeting;
The trees unbent, and shook their leaves,
The sun's bright welcome meeting.

And then I thought how like to life,
The raining and the shining:
For man is like an April day—
First smiling, then repining.

And when the clouds the lowest droop—
When man is most complaining—
The golden sun breaks through a rift,
And drives away the raining.

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OUR "FOURTH OF JULY" PICNIC.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

THINGS in our naborhood has been desp'rit quiet, ever sense Doctor Briggs's wife run away with the doctor's father, and left Briggs and five little orfins to the charities of the cold world.

There hain't been no sensations at all, wuth speaking of. It's true that Sary Ann Bemis took lessons in painting, and daubed up all the plates and pint-mugs in the house; and the lightning struck Jim Folsom's barn, and made two barns out of it; and somebody stole two of our hens and a rooster: but what I meant to say was that there hain't been much going on to take up folks' minds. Now, tain't possible to live as you'd ort to, unless you have your mind employed. You want to have something or other on hand all the time, to 'tend to, or else you won't amount to a row of pins.

I've been making a crazy-quilt, and it's driv me nigh about insane, a-trying to git up new stitches, and to beg pieces enough to finish the plaguey thing without buying nothing. Reuben—that is my husband—says that a woman that'll spend time a-sewing up one of them skairt-looking pieces of patchwork ort to be put onto bread and water till her brains cool off. But then, Reuben is a man, and can't be expected to appreciate art.

Bent's Corner, where we live, is a real country-place. Everybody is farmers and farmers' wives, except Elder Jones, and Doctor Briggs, and the clerk over to Freeman's store.

Sez I to Margaret Ann, my oldest girl—sez I: "How would it do to git up a picknick for the Fourth of July?"

And sez Margaret Ann, which is looking for a beau the hardest kind—sez she: "Oh, ma! that will be perfectly lovely."

Margaret Ann has been to a city-school, and larned to talk out of the grammars and dictionaries; and she'll fire off words, four or five stories high, jest as easy as I can say "s'cat!" when Tab gits up on the buttery-shelves. 'Twould make your head dizzy to hear her, when she strikes out in earnest.

I mentioned the picknick to Reuben; but he only snorted in a way that's nat'ral to him—and that's nat'ral to all the Wigginses—runs in the blood; and sez he: "Mirandy, you're allus a-hatching up sumthin' to bother. I shall jest be well into haying, by the Fourth of July, and I ain't a-going to hinder time to go to any picknick, unless it should be a wet day: and it ginerally does rain when there is a picknick, I've took notice."

If there's anything Reuben enjoys, it's to throw cold water onto folks' plans. He'd git fat on it, if he could have enough of it to do. Not but what Reuben's a good man, and a member of the Bent's Corner Meeting-House; but he's got a nat'ral talent for nagging. 'Twas born into him, I expect.

I did my work up airly, that afternoon, and went round to see the nabors, about the picknick. I found 'em all ready and willing to help. Widder Bunker agreed to bring pies and sponge-cake. Mrs. Brown to bring Charlotty Ruse—whatever that may be. Mrs. Smith said she'd fry doughnuts, and her little Tommy would speak a piece. Elder Jones's wife would bile some eggs, and the elder would offer some remarks. Deacon Stebbins would give two roasted hens. Crane's folks said that they'd fetch a sponge-cake, and sing "Hale Columbus" and other Fourth of July airs. Mrs. Giles would bring corned-beef and pickles. The grocery-clerk agreed to furnish the coffee. Doctor Briggs said he'd be there, with his little orfins, and be prepared to give us pills, in case our dinner didn't set. Squire Power would give us a speech, and his wife would read a poem on "Bunker Hill." Suffice it to say, that everybody was ready to do sumthin'.

We decided to have the picknick in Pinkham's Woods, back of the meeting-house, so's to be ready to run in there, under cover, in case a shower should come up suddint.

"I should feel safer to be in the meeting-house, in case it should thunder," sez the Widder Bunker, who is a real pious woman before folks, and has got her eye on Elder Minks, over to the Holler, which is a widder, like herself, and has got six children that his two fust wives left him to remember 'em by. Folks that works for the Widder Bunker does say that she scrimps the hired-men awfully; and Sile Jones, that done her hoeing last summer, said that he wished she'd put some of her piety in her baked-beans. But, law sake! 'tain't wuth while to notice all you hear. We all know, that has ever tried it, that it's a desp'rit diffikult thing to be religious, when

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you're a-measuring corn and pertaters to sell, or boarding the hired-men, as ginerally has terrible appetites, and want two dollars a day for seventyfive cents' wuth of work, and their board throwed in.

Reuben said he'd bet twenty cents that it would rain, the day of the picknick; and, I declare, I believe the critter would have felt bad if it hadn't.

We was on the ground bright and airly in the afternoon. It was hot, as Fourth of July has a habit of being; and, in half an hour, my front-hair, that I'd curled onto an iron, had straightened out lank; and the flour that I'd dusted over my face, to take the shine off, was jest made into dough by the perspiration that poured down my forrud. And my linen collar was wilted down, like a newly-sot-out cottage-plant. Reuben was in his shirt-sleeves, and so was a good many other men.

Elder Jones's folks had a cousin there, from the city: a young man by the name of Leander Fitz Jenks. He was a stewdent in the theological cemetery, and he had long hair, and a waxed mustache, and a blue necktie; and all the girls pretty nigh went into spasms over him. Margaret Ann was the wust off of any of 'em; for she's been reading novels lately, and she's on the lookout for a hero.

There was pritty well onto a hundred there, and we had a swing, and some crowkay, and some lawn tenants, and Mary Jane Brown's cabinet-orgin, and all went merry az a marriage-bell.

Deacon Stebbins hit hiz foot into one of them crowkay wickers and fell headlong, az he was coming onto the ground, with them two hens done up in a table-cloth; and the hens bounced down over the hill, and never stopped till they brung up in the biling spring where we got our water. About a dozen men and boys and dogs was a-chasing of 'em, but the hens got in ahead. Squire Power sed that there was no question but what they was spring chickens now, which made even the deacon laff.

At dinner, it would have done your soul good to see how the folks took holt. There was a good deal sed about the Star-Spangled Banner, and General Washington, and 1776, and the land of the free, and the American eagle, and other Fourth of July talk; and, when everybody was full, Crane's folks sung "Hale to Columbus," and Mary Jane Brown tooted the tune on her orgin. It was enuff to make the cold shivers run down yer back to hear them Crane girls strain up; and once or twice I thought Almiry would lose her breath intirely. The noise skaired all the dogs nigh about out of their wits. They howled and barked, and hung their tails between their legs, till I ixpected nothing but some of 'em would be took with the highdrophoby, and we should be all bit to death and have to be sent to Paster, as so many other poor souls has been.

But the Cranes got through at last, and sot down dreadful puffy; and then Squire Power was called on for a speech. The Squire is a short man, but what he lacks in height is made up in width, so there's as much of him as there is of amost anybody, only it's spread out t'other way.

Somebody suggested that he should stand up on the table, so's to be seen better; and, with the help of a chair, we histed him up. He sot his feet and braced hisself between two half-eat dishes of ice-cream, with a couple of custards behind him, and them two hens of Deacon Stebbins just in front, for nobody had a knife that he'd risk trying onto them fowls, and they was left whole, except that one of Briggs's boys had dug out some stuffing and eat it with his doughnuts, instid of cheese.

The Squire bowed to all sides of the ordinance, and then sez he:

"Ladies and gentlemen: I am happy to be able to address you on this joyful occasion—this celebration of the anniversary of the time that tried men's souls! [Applause.] With the sky of a free country above my head, the soil of a land of liberty beneath my feet, the strong bulwark of the Constitution to lean against, I feel that I stand upon a platform which nothing can disturb or destroy—"

He'd got as far as that when two of the dogs, that had been fighting over a piece of corned-beef, went bang against the leg of the table, rite under where the Squire stood. The table wasn't very stiddy; and out come that leg, and down come the whole consarn; and the Squire went over into the custard pies, and the ice-cream went over onto him, and them two Stebbins hens bounced out of the platter, and the two fighting dogs grabbed a hen; one dog had one end of her, and t'other dog had t'other end of her, and they growled and they pulled, and they shook and they yanked, but law sake! they might as well have tried to pull the equator in two. That hen was put together upon honor. There wasn't no job-work when she was built. Elder Jones grabbed her by the middle, and the dogs let go so suddint that he lost his ballances, and sot rite down into the kittle of coffee that had been brought up and left on the ground. Dr. Briggs sed that there was good grounds for thinking that that coffee was well settled; at which the

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deacon laffed again, and the widder Bunker snickered in chorus.

By the time we had got everybody picked up and wrung out, it began to thunder; so we scrambled round lively and gathered up our things. It was amost night and it was pretty dark, and when the waggins was brought up we all piled in as quick as we could, and the waggin that I clomb into, first putting in our plates, went off rattle-to-bang, as if it had run mad!

"Gracious airth!" sez I to Reuben, "what does ail old Susy? She haint skairt by the thunder and Mars, is she?" sez I, and I couldn't see into her acting at all, for the old mare is ginerally as stiddy as a saw-hoss.

"Star of my soul," sez Reuben, "be not alarmed! I am with thee! I will protect thee! Whoa, there! I will rescue thee, or perish in the attempt! Whoa! Whoa, I say! What ails the beast? Since first mine eyes beheld thy face, and feasted on thy matchless grace! Whoa, I say! I've been consumed by Cupid's flame—"

"Reuben," sez I, "what in nater has come over you? Do hold the old mare in! She'll go to deestrucktion, and all my best crockery aboard! Are you and she both crazy?"

Just then there come a flash of lightning, and I was a-looking rite straight at Reuben, and my soul and body! it wasn't Reuben at all! It was that theological cemetery feller. And we didn't have our waggin and old Susy, but a stable-team that was all camfire and gunpowder every time it thundered.

"Jupiter!" sez the young man, "I thought I was taking Miss Almiry Crane home. I've made a mistake—I—Whoa! Whoa! W-h-o-a!"

And jest then it thundered and lightened all to once, and the hoss fetched a spring and busted the waggin, and landed Fitz Jenks and I, and about two bushels of crockery and tin pails and coffee-pots, by the side of the road, in a mud-hole; and the hoss went on about his bizness jest as if he wasn't paid for, at a dollar an hour.

Well, no bones was broke, and we made the best of it. Fitz Jenks helped me pick up the crockery, and we marched home, each of us carrying a couple of tin pails and a pile of plates; and Reuben went back after the rest of the ruins.

I haint never heard the last of it, about gitting into the wrong waggin; but law sake! I don't mind it. Accidents will happen in the best families, you know, especially when you go in a FOURTH OF JULY PICNIC.

A PERSIAN FIRE-SONG.

BY BENNETT BELLMAN.

Do we know the spirit of the winds that move us?
Do we know the height of the stars that shine?
Let us sing some song to the gods that love us—
Sing some song to the gods divine.

Who is it ever hath seen their faces?
Have they ever on earth passed by?
Afar in the sky, in the distant places,
Dwelleth forever our gods most high.

Do they hear the sound of our sorrowful voices?
Do they see the lights of our altars blaze?
We will lift up our song, while our soul rejoices;
While the great light shines, we will give them praise.

Who is it ever hath seen their faces?
Who is it ever that understands
How the sky afar, in its unknown spaces,
Is strewn with the fire from out their hands?

With the light of the fire, the earth is gladdened;
Withdrawn from the air, but the dark remains.
O gods! now give to us, we who are saddened,
More fire for the food of the life in our veins.

"LET THEM FADE AWAY."

BY EMMA S. THOMAS.

"LET them fade away in the great unknown,
With the snows of yester-year."
Let the hopes that are fled, the birds that are flown,
Leave never a trace of a tear.

For the present has joys as full and complete,
As the days that are passed away:
And the flowers that brighten the path for our feet
Are fair as ever to-day.

The birds are singing as sweet a song
As ever they sang before;
And the scent of the rose lasts just as long,
And is sweet as it was of yore.

Let the day that is passed, like a rose full-blown,
With its burden of hope and fear.
Fade quickly away "in the great unknown,
With the snows of yester-year."

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THE MILLIONAIRE'S DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1885, by Miss Ann Stephens, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

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CHAPTER XXIV.

When he recognized them, he came forward with a flush of pleasure.

The gloom that had darkened Dorothea's face broke into a smile, at his approach; but Mrs. Brooks received his greeting with the formality of a person who harbors some hidden feeling of offense. She did, indeed, feel as if, in some way, this young man belonged to them; but for what cause, or in what his bondage consisted, it would have been impossible for her to explain.

"You have not been near us. It seems an age since we heard that you were here," said Dorothea; but this reproach was softened on her lips into a welcome, sweet and genuine as any man could desire.

Dayton held her hand in his, longer than was quite necessary, as he answered:

"I should have come to pay my respects directly after my arrival; but a friend and classmate of mine is lying ill here, and I went to him first. It seemed as if I might do something to comfort him a little, and that took me away from the hotel awhile, and I have found myself occupied up to this morning; but for this pleasant surprise, I should have been at your parlor-door in a few minutes."

"We will return there now, if you still have that intention," said Mrs. Brooks, a little more graciously.

Dayton hesitated, and seemed to reflect a moment before he answered. When he did speak, it was hurriedly:

"No: with your permission, I will make the best of my good-fortune here, until the lady I have promised to drive with comes down."

"The lady you have promised to drive with?" repeated Mrs. Brooks, after her usual peremptory fashion. "That means—"

"Mrs. Humphrey Vose, the person I was talking with just now. You know her, perhaps?"

Dorothea shook her head, and the brightness in her eyes clouded over again.

Mrs. Brooks shook her head, also—or, rather, gave it a slight toss backward.

"No," she said. "She is a married woman, I am told, and drives out every day; but I have not once seen her with her own husband. I do not wish to be censorious, but—"

"Ah, here comes Mrs. Vose now," said Dayton, rather abruptly. "I will see you later in the day."

Mrs. Brooks returned his bow with a bend of the head, so grandly moral that it almost brought a smile to his lips; but Dorothea watched him as he joined Mrs. Vose, with a pang of jealousy that left her cheek pale and her eyes clouded with something like tears.

There are few more pleasant drives than that which lies between Saratoga Springs and the lake. On each side of the road, woods and fields are in a state of perfect cultivation, while still retaining much that is wild and beautiful in nature.

At your right, fields red with clover lay warm in the sunshine. Then came meadows ready for the scythe, while a gleam of tall wild-flowers turned the fences into hedges.

On the left, running parallel with these open fields, a stretch of woodland lined a portion of the way.

There larch-trees, slender birches, and the deep green of spruce and pine cast their shadows over a hedgerow of wild vines, blueberry-bushes, and such broad-leaved plants as love a moist soil marked the passage of a running brook.

In her usual mood, Mrs. Humphrey Vose was in the habit of pointing out the beauties of this scenery with much effect, for she never missed an opportunity of exhibiting the intense love of nature which she declared to be a passion with her; but, just then, she was much too anxious for any attempt at artistic effect, and, instead of dwelling upon the lovely bits of scenery as they presented themselves, touched her horses up with a sharp snap of the whip, now and then, as if in some way the beautiful animals had offended her.

For once in her life, the lady had broken over her own caste of worldly wisdom, and allowed her temper to manifest itself to a disadvantage. With the best of her ability, she had given and

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repeated an insult to a woman who had been her friend, if not social benefactress, and even then began to feel the effect. This occupied her mind completely during the first ten minutes of her drive, and it was not till Dayton said rather anxiously: "Had you not better give the reins to me?" that she was capable of dropping into her usual sprightly or sentimental role.

"Am I so careless?" she said. "That is because something has made me absent-minded; but the creatures know me, and are safe in hand. Besides, I want you for a better purpose. There are splendid wild-flowers all along the way, and I have a special longing for something purely natural, this morning. One gets so tired of ovations of hot-house lilies and roses. I feel as if a plume of lilac from the bush, or even a tuft of fresh clover gathered by—by some dear friend, would be worth them all."

Dayton made no answer. He was very thoughtful, that morning; but she had plunged into her sea of romance, and went on, but with a touch of nervousness in the hurried utterances that carried an undercurrent of anxiety.

"There!" she exclaimed, forcing a little outburst of enthusiasm, as she pointed to a meadow that swept down to the highway in waves and slopes of long grass, that rippled like water under a gentle wind. "There is a splendid cluster of lilies yonder. Don't you see? They give a flush of yellow to the grass. You shall bring them to me, while the ponies take breath."

Dayton obeyed at once: leaped the fence, waded knee-deep through the grass, and came back with a clump of bell-lilies in his hand.

"Ah, how lovely!" she exclaimed, holding up the golden bells, that the sunshine might reveal the spots of red that mottled them like rubies. "Now, a little beyond, the place where you found these is one of those superb plants that I have never seen out of this neighborhood, all covered over with cream-colored blossoms that seem like fairy-cups. Then, on the other side of the road, where you can hear the waters of a brook gurgling, are plenty of blue flags: bring some of the long lance-like leaves, and we shall have a bouquet unequaled by all the hot-house flowers that people stifle me with. Indeed, it is association that gives a crowning sweetness to even commonplace things."

Again Dayton leaped the fence, and gathered the beautiful but nameless bunch of blossoms that grew profusely in the fields they were passing. Then he crossed the road, went down among the larches, and brought back an armful of blue flags and trailing clematis-vines, all of which he deposited at the lady's feet before he took his place by her side.

She received them with a sensation of real pleasure; for she had reached that stage of a luxurious life that demanded profusion and novelty, rather than refinement; and to find herself half-buried in wild-flowers, which one of the finest young men at the springs had gathered for her, was a kind of homage that pleased her particularly: for it would be apparent to all the persons who had witnessed the comparative solitude in which she had been left by those she had considered as her fast friends, that morning.

It would be difficult to say why Mrs. Humphrey Vose had selected young Dayton for an especial object of attention, just as her own affairs seemed to be approaching a crisis. Perhaps some pleasant reminiscence of a very delightful acquaintance with the young man, when, fresh from his college-life, he had been thrown in her way, and escaped into the world before her fascinations had brought him entirely to her feet; and, to this woman, an unfinished conquest was almost a defeat. Perhaps it was that, surrounded by all that is false and worldly in life, the honorable frankness and superior intelligence of this one man had a charm of novelty for her. Let this be as it will, the fascinations of mind and manner which she possessed were, that day, exercised to the utmost in his behalf; but all the bright effort of spirit, all the sweet romance that fell from her lips, failed to animate the young man into sympathy.

Though she had arranged that drive for his complete subjection, infinite variety failed of its usual effect. Dayton was grave, almost sad, when he got into that little carriage, and no smile, no flash of wit or tender reproach of which she was capable, could lift the gloom from his spirit.

They had reached the lake, and, turning down the shore-road, passed a little bird's-nest of a cottage, which seems to hang literally half-way down the high curving bank.

Looking down into the pretty wilderness of trees, vines, and flowers, that turn the whole spot into fairyland, she said tenderly, as if whispering to her own heart:

"Ah, in a place like that, with one capable of feeling all that entire friendship can be, what a lovely bit of Paradise one might have then! But you have not told me yet what my violets said."

These words, soft as foam, and so meaningless to the woman who uttered them, were checked abruptly on her lips; for Dayton laid his hand firmly on hers.

"Don't! I entreat you, say no more of that."

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The young man was agitated, and he grasped her hand severely.

"What is the meaning of this?" she exclaimed, opening her eyes widely, and with her lips apart.

Dayton released her hand at once.

"Excuse me," he said: "but the mention of those miserable flowers has made me forget myself."

"Those miserable flowers? What can you mean?"

"Only this: Last night, after I left you at the hotel, I went to see a sick friend, with those flowers in my hand. He knew that I had been all the evening with you, and thought they had been sent to him. I had no heart to tell him the truth, the joy of receiving them seemed so great, but felt like a traitor all the time."

"Who is this young friend of yours?" inquired Mrs. Vose, in a low constrained voice. "I have no idea."

"His name is Hurst. I presented him to you, myself, months ago: a fine but exceedingly sensitive young man, whom I loved dearly. He was my classmate in college, and has been my friend ever since. Surely, you need not ask."

Mrs. Vose was silent, during some moments. Then she said:

"Yes, now that you give his name, I remember he was a friend of yours; and perhaps for that reason I liked him very much. He is seriously ill, then?"

"Seriously ill?" he said, almost fiercely. "The man is on his death-bed, I fear."

CHAPTER XXV.

Mrs. Vose made a shrinking movement, impelled to avoid her companion as much as possible; then, as if she had in some way reassured herself, she said, in her usual sweet even voice:

"In that case, it was nice of you to give him my little bouquet: otherwise, I might not have forgiven it."

"It was not your forgiveness I should have asked, but his: that I, an old friend, should participate in the deception was an act of treason that I shall always remember with regret."

"Deception? You speak of commonplace things in strong terms, Mr. Dayton."

"Are deceit, cruelty, the breaking-down of a life, commonplace things?"

"Why do you speak to me of this young man so earnestly, as if I were to blame for his feeble constitution? I was interested in him—I liked him: there was so much feeling and poetry in his nature, that appealed to all that was kindred in my own ideas. He was a man so completely removed from the commonplace people with whom I was surrounded, that it was impossible to class him with them. He knew this, and, I think, was perhaps a little more than grateful."

"For the friendship which is so much more than the love of ordinary women," said Dayton, with a tone of dry sarcasm in his voice, which broke forth in spite of his effort to speak quietly.

Mrs. Vose darted a swift glance at the scornful expression which the young man's face had taken. An angry breath rose to her throat; but she was accustomed to quell such emotion, and gave no sign of it here.

"Ah, yes. What else could I give him?"

"Perhaps he was foolish enough to require something quite his own, in exchange for the faith, the homage, the beautiful tenderness that was the only idea that he could have of a friendship that was to be eternal as truth itself. Even when you ceased to find excitement in his devotion, he believed that the delicacy that made you peerless in his eyes had caused the fear of invading the sacred boundaries of an honorable friendship. Nothing less than this, he thought, could have influenced you to put him aside, that your good name might be protected, while his heart was broken. His health sank under this sudden and most unexpected request; but he felt himself called upon to make a sacrifice—to turn back from a path that you thought it perilous to tread further in company. Without a word of reproach, or an effort at resistance, he gave up all that was dearest to him in life, and, with the faith of a martyr, is perishing, as even strong trees wither when their roots have no rain and their leaves no sunshine.

"And how do you know this?" questioned Mrs. Vose, with the slightest possible thrill of dread in her voice. "Surely no man, with the refinement I have given your friend credit for, would have felt the need of a confidant in the sufferings that must spring only from an over-refined nature. If men will dream themselves to death over the failure of one sentiment, surely his want of that strength women admire so much is alone the cause. When his attentions became so assiduous that people began to notice them, I did request that they might be discontinued. It was a little thing to ask, and surely no one could have made a request of this kind with more delicacy. That, I should have supposed, in itself, would have met with the appreciation of an honorable man, and my name would have been sacred to him forever after. It seems that I have overrated your friend."

"That would be impossible. To overrate a

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man like him, one must reach the elevation of character that gives him entire faith in others. If you have reproaches for anyone, let them be given to me. My friend is incapable of disloyalty to man or woman—even of suspecting it in others. He is a being to love and honor wherever intellect and pure unselfishness is a standard of excellence."

Mrs. Vose struck one of her ponies sharply. She was getting tired of the praises Dayton was heaping on the young man whom she had for a time exalted to the heaven of her friendship, and dismissed when his power of adulation lost its novelty. All that she had ever desired of her devotees was the personal adulation which her insatiate vanity demanded with an eternal craving. Real feeling, and even devoted love, wearied her; but yet she took great credit to herself because they had never yet stirred her cold selfishness into such defiance of public opinion as the imprudence of less calculating women might have done.

During some minutes, she remained silent; then she said:

"It seems strange that you should speak to me in this severe way. What can young Hurst have said to you? I noticed the change in your manner yesterday, and wondered at it. Tell me what complaint he has made against me."

"Complaint? He only spoke of you with the tender regret of a soul that had lost its guardian-angel—for such you had appeared to him."

"And you set him right in that particular?"

"No; I only listened, and recognized all the sources of his infatuation in my own experience, when illusion was the wine of life to me."

"And, having recovered from your own illusions, you were ready to destroy them in others," said Mrs. Vose.

"No, no; I am not so cruel as that, especially with a man like Hurst. He has, perhaps, so little time to live, that the dissipation of a dream might be fatal. For my right hand, I would not have disturbed his faith in the beautiful integrity of your course regarding him. It would have been like dashing all religion from his soul. In the light that came to his eyes, when he saw the flowers in my hand, and believed that you had sent them, I gathered all that he had suffered, and, hoping to prolong the gleam of happiness they brought, resolved to use this opportunity of appealing to you After our conversation, last evening, when all that you said of yourself warranted a demand upon your generosity, I could not hesitate to ask the most gentle consideration for him, as an atonement for his broken life."

"An atonement? Broken life? What have I to do with these things? What can you wish of me?" exclaimed the lady, stung into animation, in spite of her cold-blooded self-control.

"You can, at least, give the sympathy which all gentle-hearted women feel for sickness. Let him feel that he is not altogether forsaken—that, at least, the bonds of a common friendship are still unbroken."

"But how?"

"Surely, there is no need that I should point out the way, to a person of such abundant resources," said Dayton.

"But I have no talent for comforting unreasonable people, and detest sickness in all its forms; nothing annoys me so much. Some people are more delicately organized than others, and must keep from sickness and trouble in pure self-defense. It is not my fault if I am one of the number."

"Had you said as much as this to me, last evening, as we sat in the moonlight, I certainly need not have made this useless appeal to-day; nor should I have been tempted to give your violets to my friend."

"I can see no reason why you should have practiced any deception in the matter. Men who plunge into unreasonable illusions can hardly expect them to be kept up. Indeed, little artifices of this kind are always offensive to a nice sense of honor, and I must confess to a slight surprise that you should propose any participation in it from me."

Here Mrs. Humphrey Vose deliberately tightened the reins, wheeled her horses, and drove back to the springs at a swifter pace than she had chosen in coming from them.

Dayton, sickened, even to disgust, by the polite insolence of the woman he had already begun to despise, sat by her side in silence. He would not venture to speak, lest the indignant words kindling to his lips might fall with unseemly harshness on a woman's ear; but there was something in his face, when his companion caught a sidelong glance at it, which brought more color to her fair cheeks than any natural emotion had done for years. She knew that this one man had fathomed her real character, and was only silent in his contempt of it from respect to the womanhood which she misrepresented.

In this mood, Mrs. Humphrey Vose drew her ponies up to the front of the hotel with more than their usual dash, looking bright and animated from the effect of her drive, which must have been peculiarly pleasant, everyone thought; for she came from it half-buried in wild-flowers and with warm red in her cheeks.

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Looking back, after she left the carriage, she ordered the groom to be careful and bring up all the flowers. Then, with the usual bland smile on her face, she walked side-by-side with Dayton up the steps and through the crowded hall—exchanging salutations, speaking of the delights of her drive, and, apparently, one of the happiest creatures in the world. Behind them came the groom, with his burden of field-flowers trailing along the floor, and the supercilious smile that only belongs to servants who venture to sneer at the caprices of their employers.

At the door of her own apartments, Mrs. Vose turned and held out her hand—still smiling, still suave and pleasant, as if there was neither anger nor bitterness under it all.

"I will not ask you to go farther," she said, lifting her eyes to his for one instant with a look of pathetic appeal. "All that you have told me is so painful, so unexpected, that you will not think hard of it if I wish to be alone."

Dayton was touched. Tears absolutely stood in the beautiful eyes lifted to his: such tears were the last arrow in Mrs. Vose's quiver of attractions, and they seldom failed to attain their object. They might have proved effective here, if Dayton had not turned back as he reached the head of the stairs, muttering to himself:

"I was wrong, almost ungentlemanly, in leaving her so abruptly. After all, she is not entirely heartless."

He turned back, and was approaching the door he had just left, when it opened: and the groom came through, dragging the flowers he had taken there with him; and, from within the room, the impatient voice of Mrs. Vose rang out:

"Where shall you take the trash? Into the ash-heap—the gutter—anywhere: only take them out of my sight." There was no trace of tears in her voice then.

CHAPTER XXVI.

DAYTON was a man of ardent, almost chivalric, character: handsome, earnest, and, in many respects, original. He had been a favorite in society whenever he had found time to enter it since his student-days, and in that experience had acquired more self-poise and worldly wisdom than the more sensitive young friend whose first experience in the measure of fashionable excitement had resulted in such bitter disappointment.

During some days after his drive with Mrs. Humphrey Vose, Dayton had avoided that lady and the throng of idlers with which he was surrounded. Saddened and made keenly anxious by the condition of his friend, which appeared to be more than critical, he bitterly blamed the woman who had been so baneful to this one valuable life, and to the heartless system to which she belonged. Just then, he was unable to see anything but evil in the social excitement around him, where men and women swarmed in the summer-time like bees; but, unlike these useful insects, gave back to the world no honey from the flowers among which they rioted. The frivolity and selfishness of this life seemed to have been laid bare to him for the first time, in the trivial but triumphant career of this one woman of the world.

The intense sympathy he felt for the young friend, who was suffering as only the acutely sensitive can suffer from the abrupt termination of strong attachment of any kind, made him intolerant of the artifices that had at one time nearly ensnared himself, and for some days he kept entirely aloof from the crowd of pleasure-seekers that thronged the hotel, confining himself entirely to the society of his friend.

After awhile, he remembered the abrupt termination of his visit to the Brooks family, and was thus drawn into the world again.

There he found the same monotonous whirl of gayety sweeping on, as if time could accumulate like money, and happiness lay in the waste of it: Mrs. Norris presiding in the grandeur of a long-established position, Mrs. Boardman gracious, piquant, and a favorite with everyone, and Mrs. Humphrey Vose, without apparent effort, fighting her own battle of fashionable superiority.

Mrs. Brooks had been drawn into the coterie of matrons. And, strange enough, Dorothea felt herself out of place in this wilderness of restless young people, who, she had been led to believe, created a Paradise on earth, which it would be the crowning glory of a girl's ambition to enter.

With all her caprices and inherited arrogance, the girl had brought with her, into this new world, the fresh energy of a broad country-life, a heart capable of generous, anxious, and dangerous impulses, but still untainted by selfishness that comes from the training which leaves so little of real girlhood in the fashionable world.

A thoroughly-bred city-girl would hardly have escaped the attentions awaiting her, to watch among the crowd that came and went for one person who had never presented himself since the day when she saw him drive off with Mrs. Humphrey Vose, the lady she had envied but now began to criticise and dislike with a feeling that would have been hatred in a more vindictive person.

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No city-girl would have wept like a child in her own room, angry with herself, displeased with everything, and at times wishing herself back in Hollow Swamp, where every creature she met seemed to love her.

Dorothea was realizing all the grandeur, the pride and glory of that ideal Paradise of fashion that girls had so often described to her at the boarding-school. She found herself an inmate of this second heaven—flattered, caressed, envied; but there was something lacking in it all. No spirit of true enjoyment came with this new life. There was no sparkle to the wine poured forth, only as a libation to her own vanity; for, beneath it all, lay a fresh young heart that thirsted for something higher at better than fulsome flattery or heartless devotion. Men old enough to be her father wearied her with attentions that stung the reigning belle, who understood their meaning, into a feeling of absolute rivalry.

One day, Dorothea was sitting alone in her favorite corner, pretending to read, but glancing over her book and searching the crowd as it gathered after breakfast, when she saw Dayton moving quietly up the veranda, as if in search of someone.

Mrs. Vose was standing in the way, with a little knot of people around her, and Dorothea saw a quick flash of recognition stir the repose of her countenance, as if some deeper feeling than was usual to the lady had inspired it.

The girl held her breath, and watched. As Dayton came nearer, that quick eager flash which she had noticed beamed into a smile, and Mrs. Vose made a scarcely perceptible gesture of invitation to approach her.

Dayton saw it; but, without a moment's pause, bent his head gravely and walked on.

Dorothea drew a deep breath. He had seen her; he was coming that way, with a pleasant recognition in his eyes. The color rushed into her cheeks; the book in her hand trembled, though she still pretended to read it.

Dayton saw the girlish artifice, and it pleased him. Compared to the subtle deceptions of the woman he had just passed, this effort to hide the gladness beating at her heart was like the natural coquetry of a little child. He approached her slowly, giving himself time to observe the changes in her appearance since they had parted at Hollow Swamp.

"How beautiful she is!" he thought. "After all, there is something in this life, artificial as it is, which gives the last refinement of taste to nature. She is not the same creature I saw driving her grandfather's cows home, that day, in the swamp."

Dorothea heard his step approaching, through all the hum of voices and tramp of the crowd. She looked up, and, though she strove to conceal it, he saw all the gladness in her face.

"Have I surprised you, by coming at last?" he said, with deprecating gentleness. "I have but one apology to offer for leaving you so abruptly—all the rest must depend upon your charity: A friend whom I love dearly has been very ill—is so yet. In my anxiety for him, I forgot everything else—even those to whom I am most indebted. Tell me: am I to hope for pardon here?"

"We have missed you. We have wondered why you did not come to us; but—but no matter about that. Why should you think of us, when you have so many friends, and some of them so much admired?"

In spite of herself, Dorothea glanced toward Mrs. Vose, who, on her side, was regarding her and Dayton with one of those sidelong glances that always carry a sinister scrutiny with them. His look followed Dorothea's. His first impulse was to speak the truth, and say: "You are mistaken: I can no longer be friends with that lady." But the prudence of worldly wisdom came in, and he only said:

"Believe me, Miss Brooks: there is not, in all this assemblage, a person to whom I owe the explanation I have just given you. Certainly, not the lady you are looking at."

"Ah, she is a lady to whom no one thinks of giving offense. We poor girls from the country are less fortunate."

Dorothea arose, as she spoke. That sidelong glance from Mrs. Vose was upon her still, and she grew restless under it.

A cloud of zephyr worsted fell from her shoulders, over the pale-blue of her morning-dress, like a drift of white sea-foam. She drew it around her.

"If you are thinking of a walk to the springs, permit me to accompany you," said Dayton. "It is so long since we have had a stroll together."

Dorothea sighed. She was thinking of the orchard-shades, the footpaths, and the tangled wild-woods, where dogwood and wild-azalias grew, which they had explored together with such independent choice of action that she could not speak of it now without a blush.

"Ah," she whispered, scarcely above her breath, "they were so pleasant, those walks. Have they torn them all to pieces, with their oil-wells? What can we look for more pleasant here?"

"It seems to me, that you have found no reason for complaint," said Dayton, as the girl

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checked their progress toward the entrance-hall, to exchange bows or a careless word or two.

No wonder that people turned to look at Dorothea, as she passed down the street and joined the group of water-drinkers at the fountain; for a brighter, happier, or indeed more beautiful, face than that which looked out from the shadow of her parasol could not have been found in the multitude of pleasure-seekers at the springs. In her imperfect fashionable training, she had lost nothing of the natural grace that was born with her on the Hollow Swamp farm, and proved the greatest charm of her new life; for, with all her efforts to become like the experienced girls that seemed to her so attractive, the natural self-reliance and vigor of her old freedom would break forth, and give the charm of originality to her demeanor, which might have disappeared under more perfect training. Besides this, strange as it may seem, this girl of the country and of the people had received all the rudiments of a useful education more perfectly than the graduates of female colleges and seminaries among whom she now moved; for Mrs. Hilton had been her instructress, and the modest exercise of that lady's high ability had impressed her pupil with an idea that there was yet much for her to learn before she could compete with finished young ladies.

Up to this time, she had not learned how superior her own teaching had been in everything but the superficial accomplishments that are like the foam upon shallow waters. This trait of character had not struck Dayton so forcibly in the Hollow Swamp district as it did in close contact with the people he was now associated with. He observed with satisfaction, if not pride, the signs of admiration bestowed on her as they walked down the street together, and, when they reached the spring, was both surprised and annoyed by the crowding of men around her who were supposed to stand aloof from all newcomers until their antecedents, and, above all, bank-accounts, were well attested.

To Dorothea, these attentions were delightful. She was pleased that Dayton should witness the homage these distinguished persons thought fit to bestow on her. Indeed, everything had a blissful brightness, that morning: the water, as she tasted it, seemed to sparkle on her lips; the hum of voices and little bursts of laughter that broke through the crowd were sweet as bird-songs to her; she smiled on every object that met her eye, and had a gracious salutation for each acquaintance she met.

Dayton remarked all this, and, without understanding the feeling of unrest that prompted the action, proposed that they should pass from the spring-house to that pretty park into which it opens. There a couple of tame deer were resting beneath the cool shadow of the trees, and a gay morning-dress gleamed here and there through the green of the leaves.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Dorothea went willingly. The soft turf on which she trod was not more elastic than the step that scarcely touched it. She saw the deer, and recognized them with a cry of delight.

"Oh, they remind me of our own woods. When I was a little girl, they housed among the young birch-trees, in full sight of the house; and, if anybody frightened them, they would take such long, long leaps over the bushes, in groups or couples, that it seemed to me as if they must have wings. How small this lovely green lot seems, compared with our fields and woods," the girl added, with a sigh that pleased Dayton more than her gayety had done.

"Then you sometimes do remember the old home?" he said, looking into the face suddenly uplifted to his, on which the sunshine cast the shade of a flower through the lace and rose-colored silk of her parasol.

"Think of it? The home—the dear old home? I can say this to you, for you know all about it, and will not think me vulgar because—"

"Because you love the old home?" interrupted Dayton, meeting her glance with one that sent a thrill through her whole being. "Do you know, Dorothea, I sometimes almost blame myself for my share in the enterprise that has sent you and your household adrift from that safe harbor, into the peril of a scene like this."

"Peril? What do you mean, Mr. Dayton?"

"I hardly know, myself," said Dayton, alarmed by the force of his own language. "One cannot explain fears that comprehend so much. I was thinking of another person."

"Another person?"

"Yes; one very dear to me."

Dorothea drew a sharp breath; she could feel the color fading from her cheeks, and turned her head that he might not observe it.

"You were thinking of Mrs.—of the lady you drove out with, the other day," said Dorothea, in a tone of voice that sounded harsh in comparison with its former sweetness.

Dayton looked into the girl's face earnestly. It was clouded, and a gleam of angry defiance swept over it.

"Yes, I am speaking of her," he said, gravely. "She is a person who manages to occupy one's mind constantly."

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Dorothea was silent; for the spirit of her mother was rising strong within her. If Dayton had brought her into the cool green shadows of the park only to talk of Mrs. Humphrey Vose, she had no desire to continue the walk that had commenced so pleasantly.

"But there is another person who is perhaps more likely to interest you than Mrs. Vose. The young friend I have told you of, who has been ill during some weeks, and is in need of more gentle comforting than an awkward man can give—a vague idea has come into my mind that your mother, and perhaps yourself, might visit my friend Hurst now and then, till he is well enough to leave the springs, if he ever does leave them alive."

"Is this friend of yours so very ill, then?" inquired Dorothea, with quick sympathy. "What can we do to help him? I have had so little experience in sickness."

"But you are young, full of spirit, and always—that is, almost always—cheerful. It is exactly this breezy atmosphere from the outside world that he needs most."

"But Mrs. Humphrey Vose," said Dorothea, relapsing back into bitter thoughts of that lady: "you seemed to connect her with this man as if she were his friend."

Dayton answered with a laugh that bespoke some of the contempt with which he heard that lady's name connected with a real kindness—a laugh that made Dorothea's heart beat more freely.

"Oh, one can hardly expect so much of Mrs. Vose," said Dayton, angry with himself for this little outburst of bitterness against a woman. "She would have a thousand good reasons why it would be improper, if not impossible, for her to hunt up her friends when they fall ill. Besides, she is so exquisitely sensitive."

Was the man in earnest? Why were his words and the tone in which they were uttered at such variance? Had he dared to request of her something that might shock the delicate sensibilities of that other woman? Or was it that he really thought her more capable of cheering the gloom of a sick-chamber? This last thought was uppermost with Dorothea, as she revolved the question in her mind.

"I could read to him, and tell him about everything that is going on," she said, with sudden animation. "Is he fond of poetry?"

"He is himself a poet. I have seen his writings, and they are beautiful."

"A poet, and your friend. I wonder if he will seem at all like other people?"

The girl's face was sufficiently animated now: Dayton had opened a new idea to her. There was something that she could do besides loitering about the parlors of the hotel, and submitting herself to the flatteries of Mr. Chapperton and his set.

"When shall we go and see this friend of yours?" she said. "And what can one take for him—flowers or—"

"Take your own bright self. Nothing can be more charming," answered Dayton, with a sudden impulse of gratitude for the interest he had aroused. "As to the time, your mother will arrange that for us."

Dorothea gave a little grimace, which her companion did not see. She had not the slightest intention of consulting her mother about what seemed to her the most natural thing in the world for any kind-hearted person to promise.

"Only tell me when your friend is ready to see us. I shall be so glad to make somebody who needs help a little happy," she said. "It will be like going into a new world, to hear a downright poet talk."

"I did not know that you were enthusiastic in your love of poetry."

"Oh, anyone who has been much with Mrs. Hilton—I mean Rue's mother—could hardly keep from knowing how beautiful some poems are. It was like music to hear her read, sometimes. But," she added, with a laugh, "one has no time to think of such things here."

Dayton walked on in silence. He was thinking of something far away, which arose like a picture in his mind, in which the beautiful girl by his side held no part. It was that of an old brown house, with a porch of latticework over the door, purple with morning-glories and wet with dew. In the shadow of these vines sat a young girl—fair, gentle—with a golden tinge in the folds of her garments, and a flicker of light shining and fading into shadows on her bent head.

In the meantime the new position of Mrs. Brooks was becoming unnatural and at times irksome. Thus, she became restive under the patronizing friendship of Mrs. Norris, who never hesitated to enlighten her when she blundered into some breach of the social code, and undertook to regulate her movements more than a woman of such proud independence could endure with patience.

Mrs. Boardman, even—one of the most genial and kindly women that ever gave the charm of graceful sincerity to a fashionable circle—was far too highly cultivated for perfect companionship with a person who had come upon the social race-course late in life, weighed down

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with old habits and associations. Of one thing the astute woman became entirely conscious, and founded her claim for position in the artificial life around her on the sure reputation for great wealth, which she soon learned was the most important credential she could offer to society. This omnipotent claim for social distinction was impressed upon her by Chapperton so frequently, and with such earnestness, that he became her principal adviser and devoted attendant. Though the consideration that her wealth gave her fell short of the success that she had expected from her own personal attractions, there was a sense of power in it that almost compensated for the disappointment to her vanity.

At the Hollow Swamp farm, she had been mistress of all she surveyed: even of the good old father, who accepted her dominion over him as a proof of the affection he longed for: and the husband, who never disputed her wishes, and gave no other woman of her acquaintance the right to question his entire devotion to her. During his married life, he had made no intimate friends in the neighborhood of his home. Always gracious, always apparently cordial, to the lowest workingman, he never seemed to forget some mysterious influence that really kept him apart from the people with whom, from the first, he had been popular. Though disposed to jealousy, as most selfish people are of their possessions, this singularly-wedded wife had never found reason for any indulgence of that passion with her husband: for he made no female acquaintances, and, so far as social companionship went, confined himself closely to the members of his own household, in which Rue Hilton almost belonged, though her mother, who seldom visited the house, was almost a stranger to him.

In the whirl and bustle of Saratoga life, these relations of husband and wife were changed. In the brilliant influx of varied characters certain to meet there, Brooks was sure to find many persons in sympathy with his higher attainments, and capable of inspiring the dormant social elements that seemed almost dead within him.

In this place, Mrs. Brooks began to feel, for the first time in her life, the great distance that lay between herself and the man she had so long believed herself honoring in an unequal marriage. But now all was changed. In that gay throng, the husband she had always loved with a sort of patronage had hardly appeared when he became an object of female attention from the ultra-fashionables of the place, who had, as yet, scarcely deigned to recognize her. In that easy and quiet manner which comes so naturally to a man born and bred among the educated classes, he took his place without effort, and was besieged with those subtile attentions that follow such men everywhere in this country, especially when a reputation for great wealth is added to brilliant personal attractions.

Mrs. Brooks saw all this with surprise and no little resentment. The gay world in which she had expected to reign as she had done at home seemed to sweep her household into its vortex, and, with it, all the power she had wielded over it, and this made her doubly exacting and so unreasonable that Dorothea became utterly rebellious; but Brooks received her complaints in silence, while the only change produced in his life was an increase of that ceremonious deference he had always paid to her, and a forbearing smile now and then, when polite silence seemed scarcely possible.

More than once, when her disturbance broke forth in reproaches, that grew more and more bitter when she could obtain no response, she had coarsely—for it was impossible to approach the subject in any other way—hinted that all the power of wealth still rested with her, with a covert threat that its advantages would be controlled at her own pleasure, and thus obedience to her wishes in the new life be maintained as it had been in their former home.

Mrs. Brooks understood the power of money well enough to feel all the advantage that lay in her, in suggestion; but there was something in the self-respect he had always maintained that prompted her to veil her coarse threat with some caution. But, even then, a deep red flush came over his face, and he started and shrunk as a full-blooded horse does when touched with a whip.

That was all: he made no other allusion to the threat; but, had she been a sensitive woman, the increased chill of his manner must have warned her not to approach that subject again.

With Dorothea, the mother spoke more plainly. "The money was hers," she said, "every cent of it, and always would be. If she ever might have been foolish enough to share it with anyone, that time had gone by. She was now more than ever determined to keep the loaf under her own arm. Those of her family who chose to regard her as competent to control it should never be denied a slice. Understand this, young lady: in the midst of your flatterers and finery, you are no better off in fact than Rue Hilton in yonder, unless I choose."

Dorothea was standing before the mirror in her dressing-room, when this was said to her. She did not even take the trouble to get angry,

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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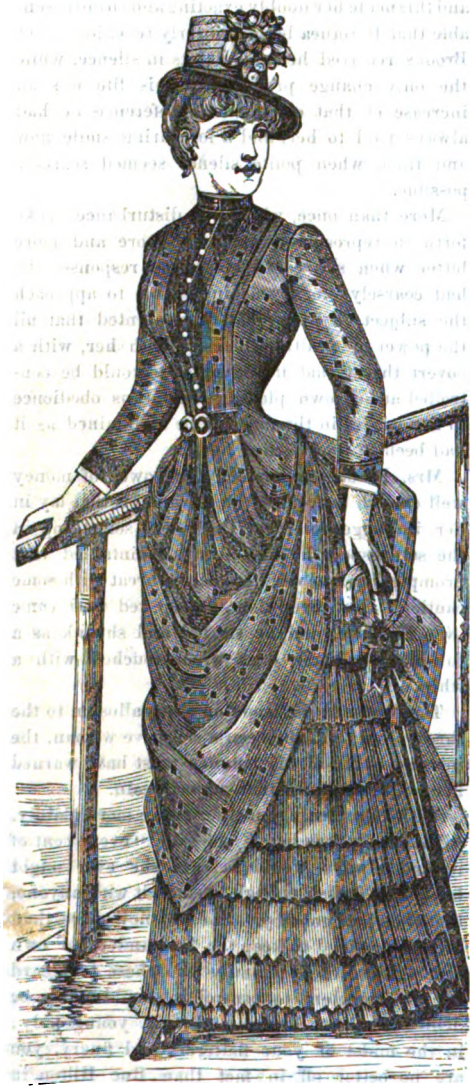
EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

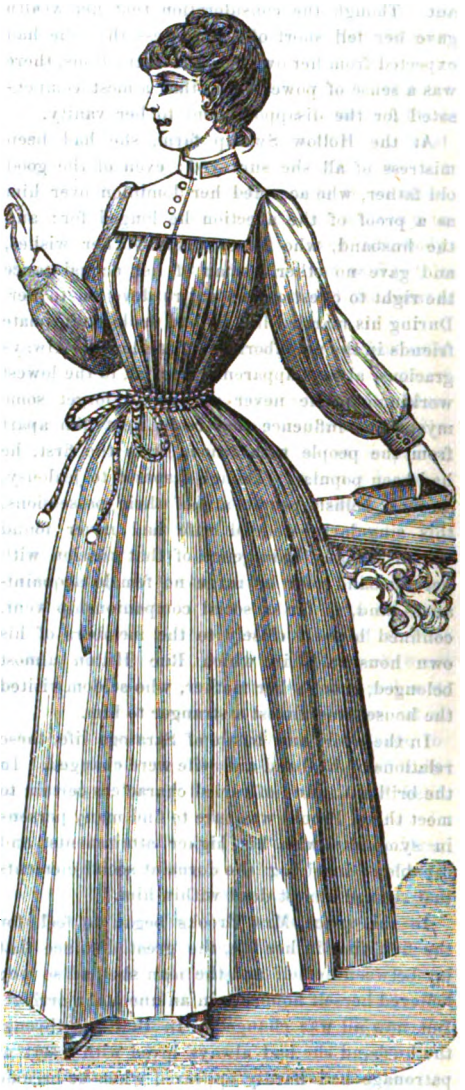
BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1—Is a costume of plain and figured sateen. The underskirt is of the plain material. A tiny knife-plaiting edges the skirt, above



No. 1.

which are nine narrow ruffles, gathered. In our model, these ruffles are buttonholed on the edge in points. Of course, this is optional; and, as such a finish requires a great amount of labor, something else may be substituted: either a torchon edge or a narrow Hamburg. The bodice



No. 2.

and over-drapery are made to simulate a polonaise. The figured material is used. The apron-front is pointed, simply hemmed on the edge,

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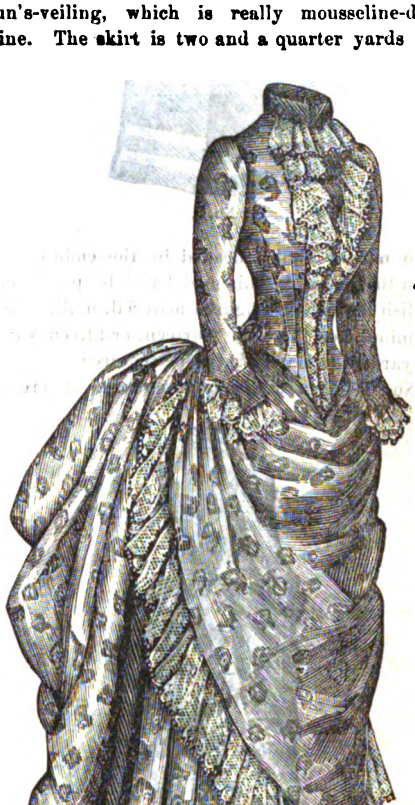
bunched up in plaits, high on both sides. The back-drapery is cut in with the back of the bodice, in two long breadths, and then arranged in full puffs over the tournure. The front of the

No. 3.

bodice has a double box-plait coming from the shoulder-seams, and full from the waist-line, exactly in front; this forms the fullness of the bodice from the belt down; the extra length is caught up to form a large puff in front, as seen in illustration. A velvet vest, cuffs, and collar complete this costume. The belt is also of velvet, and ornamented by a clasp of oxydized silver. Buttons to match. This model will be equally suitable for the plain and embroidered ginghams, India foulard silks, embroidered and plain pongees, also for white or écru muslins. Fourteen to sixteen yards of thirty-inch goods will be required.

No. 2.—A simple robe-de-chambre for a young girl, in either flannel, cashmere, or gingham. A plain yoke back and front, to which the robe is gathered, being confined at the waist with a heavy cord with ball ends. Full bishop-sleeves, gathered at the shoulder and into a straight cuff, just large enough for the hand to pass through. Small buttons, four for the yoke, three for each cuff. Ten yards of single-width material will be required.

No. 3—Is a morning-dress for a young lady. The material may be of printed sateen or printed nun's-veiling, which is really mousseline-de-laine. The skirt is two and a quarter yards in



No. 4.

width, and is trimmed with four flounces, full and graduated. These flounces continue all around the skirt, only at the back they are made to stand out very much by means of the inside steel springs. The basque is plain, round back and

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front. A full vest, edged with embroidered muslin, is gathered at the neck, below the standing collar, and again at the waist. The sash is made of the material, pointed at the ends, and edged with the embroidery. It begins at the side-seams, and ties in front, as seen in illustration.

No. 5.

Two narrow ruffles, headed by the embroidery, trim the sleeves. This model will be pretty and stylish for any thin figured material, mull, Swiss, étamine, etc. Twelve, fourteen, or fifteen yards of yard-wide material will be required.

No. 4—Is a stylish house-dress, of cream-

No. 6.

colored sateen, figured with roses; the plaited underskirt is trimmed with two rows of the cheap but beautiful lace which now comes for such purpose; the long shawl-like front is also ornamented with the lace, but the full back-drapery is untrimmed. The close-fitting bodice has a postilion-back, a point in front, and it opens over a plain cream-colored sateen vest; it has lace put on in jabots down either side of the sateen vest, and the collar and cuffs are of plain sateen, trimmed with lace. A grenadine or a foulard would look equally well, made in this way.

No. 5—Is a sailor-frock, for either a little girl or boy of about four years of age. It is made of dark-blue flannel or serge, and trimmed with white or red braid. The skirt has not much fullness, and the bodice is also slightly full both back and front; the waistband is trimmed with braid, as well as the large square collar. If it be wished to make this dress a little gayer, it may be slightly opened in front and worn over a blue

No. 7.

and red or a blue and white striped jersey, or the bodice may be quite high to the throat. Dresses of this description are most suitable for the seaside or for cool summer days in the mountains.

No. 6—Is a stylish evening-dress, of surah, nun's-veiling, albatross, or cashmere. The skirt is entirely covered by six flounces of lace. The two upper ones need not extend all across the front, as the long apron-drapery will cover them. The front drapery falls in a long point, and is plaited high up to the side-seams of the basque, which is pointed back and front the same. A wide sash of figured or watered ribbon is arranged in two long loops with ends, making the back-drapery. High standing collar. Tight coat-

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sleeves, open on the inside seam at the cuff and trimmed with lace and ribbon. Eighteen yards of lace, ten yards of double-fold material, or fifteen yards of surah will be required for this

No. 8.

costume. Black surah, with French or Spanish lace flounces, and black watered ribbon for the sash, would make a very elegant toilette.

No. 7—Is a quaint and simple little costume for a girl of eight to ten years. It may be made of muslin, soft cashmere, gingham, or flannel. The neck and edge of sleeves are trimmed with wide torchon or Irish lace. A wide sash of the material ties at the back. The dress is so simple it hardly needs description. Gathered at the neck, and tied in at the waist. Full sleeves to the elbow.

No. 8—Is quite a new style for a little girl of four or six years. The dress is made of percale or gingham, embroidered in small figures. The edge of the skirt is buttonholed or bound with braid. Yoke and cuffs to match. A sash of the material ties at the back.

LADIES' DRESS-PATTERNS.

Any style in this number will be sent by mail, on receipt of full price for corresponding article in price-list below. Patterns will be put together and plainly marked. Patterns designed to order.

Princess Dresses: plain,	$ .50
" " with drapery and trimming,	1.00
Polonaises,	.50
Combination Walking-Suits,	1.00
Trimmed Skirts,	.50
Watteau Wrappers,	.50
Plain or Gored Wrappers,	.35
Basques,	.35
Coats,	.35
" with vests or skirts cut off,	.50
Overskirts,	.35
Talmas and Dolmans,	.35
Waterproofs and Circulars,	.35
Ulsters,	.35

CHILDREN'S PATTERNS.

Dresses: plain,	$ .25	Basques and Coats,	$ .25
Combination Suits,	.35	Coats & Vests or Cut skirts	.35
Skirts and Overskirts,	.25	Wrappers,	.25
Polonaises: plain,	.25	Waterproofs, Circulars, and	
" fancy,	.35	Ulsters,	.25

BOYS' PATTERNS.

Jackets,	$ 25	Wrappers,	$ .25
Pants,	.20	Gents' Shirts,	.50
Vests,	.20	" Wrappers,	.30
Ulsters,	.30		

If the pattern desired be of some fashion in the magazine, then send the number and month of magazine, also number of page or figure, with money for same, and also whether for lady or child. Address, Mrs. M. A. Jones, 28 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia.

CASE FOR NEWSPAPERS.

BY MISS E. J. WELSH.

A unique case for newspapers, to hang on the wall, is shown in the pretty design in the front of this number. It is made of dark-red satin, lined with red sateen and interlined with card-board. It takes just three-quarters of a yard of satin, half a yard wide, the same quantity of sateen. Baste the outside and inside on the card-board, and overhand the edges together; finish the edge with a cord.

A chromo of a pretty little winter-scene is made as thin as possible, by soaking it in warm water, and peeling as much paper as possible from the back.

Paste it on the front of the pocket, and paint a few sprays of flowers behind it, laden with snow. The snow-scene can be painted on, also, if preferred.

Fold the case and sew the corners together firmly; sew brass rings on it to hang it up by; fasten a large bow of satin ribbon on the corner.

Any other picture, however, will do, instead of the winter-scene.

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BOY'S SAILOR-SUIT, WITH SUPPLEMENT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, here, a pretty as well as seasonable costume for a little boy, say four or five years old; a sailor-suit, suitable for summer wear, even though the little fellow never goes sailing. It consists of seven pieces, viz:

1. HALF OF FRONT OF JACKET.
2. HALF OF BACK OF JACKET.
3. HALF OF VEST-FRONT.
4. BACK HALF OF LEG OF PANTS.
5. FRONT HALF OF LEG OF PANTS.
6. HALF OF COLLAR.
7. SLEEVE.

Note that the vest-front is a small piece set in under the jacket, to fit into the neck where the jacket-collar turns open. The letters and black dots show how the pieces join.

The suit is made of navy-blue flannel or cloth, and trimmed with braid. The bit of vest is of blue and white striped flannel. The anchor may or may not be braided upon the left arm, as seen in illustration. Pointed cuffs.

We also give, on the Supplement, a beautiful and new design for a pillow-sham.

LAVENDER DISTAFF: SACHET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give an original design for a sachet of lavender. Gather the blossoms, with the long stems, at the time when the lavender is at its full blossom and while it is fresh and green. Cut the stems as long as possible, making a bunch of stems about as thick as your forefinger; tie close to the blossoms; then turn the stems over the blossoms and begin to weave, with a narrow taste ribbon, in and out of each stem, basket-fashion. Do this until you have the proper size of the distaff. We give the illustration full size. Ornament, as seen, with bows of the narrow ribbon: pale-pink, blue, lavender, yellow, or two colors together may be used, as the taste may suggest. This is an entirely new design.

COLORED PATTERN: DESIGN FOR PORTFOLIO, ETC.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER

In the front of the number, we give a beautiful original design, à la Japanese, for the back of a portfolio, etc., etc., etc.

The work is to be done in outline-stitch, but, if a rich effect be wished, the flowers, birds, dragon-flies, etc., can be done solid. This design is

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particularly effective on linen, with the waved lines and circles executed in gold-colored floss or gold thread, and all the rest in black, which gives it the appearance of an etching. But, if a richer effect be wished, blue satin may be substituted for the linen, the waved lines being still in gold thread, and the flowers, birds, etc., in their natural colors. The design may also be used for a table-scarf and various other purposes, according to one's taste.

LAUNDRY-BAG.

BY MISS E. J. WELSH.

We give, here, a design for a laundry-bag, which will be found extremely convenient. It is to be hung on the inside of a closet-door.

It is formed of two pieces: one measuring twenty inches in width and thirty in length, and the other twenty in width and forty in length, that allowing ten inches for the flap. This is cut in points, and the laundry-bag worked in outline-stitch, with either red or blue working-cotton.

An appropriate design is worked with the same on the lower part of the bag. The flap is bound with worsted braid the color of the working-cotton. The bag is then joined and bound with the braid.

A place to slip a stick in is stitched in the top of the flap, and a stick run in it. Screw-eyes are screwed in this, to hang it up by. If one does not care to embroider it, very pretty ones can be made of cretonne in the same style.

SILVER BROOCH: IN REPOUSSE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

A very pretty silver brooch may be made by taking a half-dollar or a dollar (according to the size you wish the brooch to be) and hammering it flat on a flat-iron with a small hammer. Next, smooth the edge with a file. Then take a common nail, and with it execute the design which we give on the next page.

This is done by placing the head of the nail on the silver, and hammering on its point. This forms a depression, and a succession of these constitutes the dots, or ground, as seen in the cut we give. This is very easily done. The tracing of the outlines of the dolphins is more difficult, but is done also with the nail, which workers in

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repousse call a tracer. The silver medal should be fastened on a bed, to keep it firm; and this may be of common wood, or lead, or any other material not too hard. Before working, paste the design on the medal. Our cut represents a dollar, for, when hammered out sufficiently, the standard dollar will be of that size.

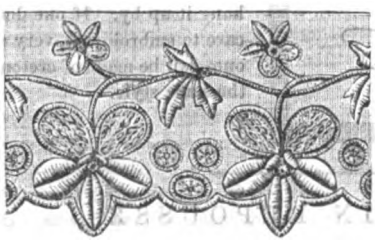
Repousse-work is now quite the fashion. Most of it is more elaborate and difficult than this brooch, however. It is generally done in brass; but, except in large towns or their vicinity, it is difficult to get the rolled brass necessary or the different-sized tracers, etc., etc.; for an ordinary nail cannot be used as a tracer in all patterns. Personal instruction, too, is desirable, if a lady would attain proficiency in the more elaborate repousse-work. We may, however, give, in some future number, instructions in repousse-work.

WALL-POCKET OR WORK-BASKET.

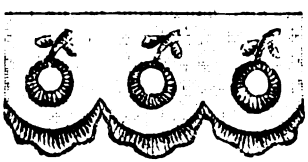
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

The great popularity of wall-decorations—in the shape of bags, fans, or baskets—has led to the lavishing of all kinds of pretty designs upon them. Our model has a basket for foundation, with a red silk band and gold lace laid over it around the centre. The bag at the bottom is of red silk or satin. Gold-colored satin ribbon bows and cords, to match, complete this fantasie, adding three plush balls at the point.

EMBROIDERY ON FLANNEL.



These borders are useful for edging flannel skirts, sacques, etc.; may be worked in silk or linen floss.



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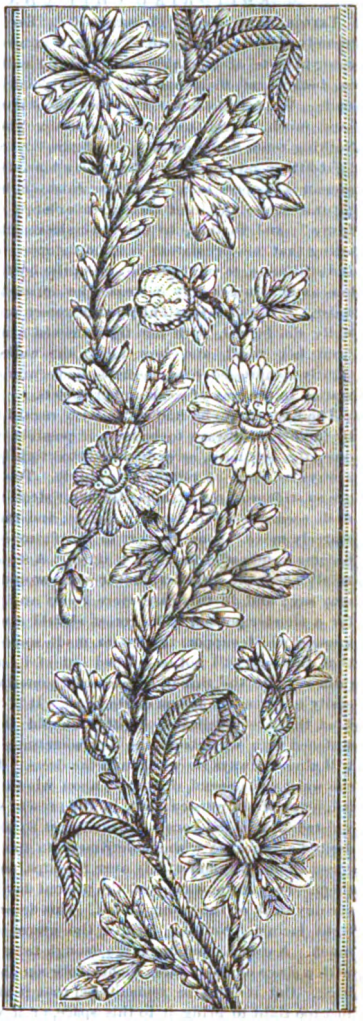
TOBACCO-JAR, WITH DETAIL

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



So long as gentlemen use tobacco, tobacco-jars will be nice for presents. Here is a pretty design for one.

The jar is covered with plush and ornamented with an embroidered band, which we add, full working-size, in detail. These embroideries are executed in silks, following the natural colors of the flowers and leaves. The embroidery is done in long stitches, called point-russe. The detail shows how the stitches are done.

DESIGN FOR PILLOW-SHAM.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

On the Supplement folded in with this number, we give a new and beautiful design for a pillow-sham, with the motto "Good-Night." On the Supplement for August, we shall give a match to it, with the motto "Good-Morning." These designs for pillow-shams, of which we generally give two every year, are very popular. "Peterson" is the only magazine giving them.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

TAILOR-MADE SUITS, CORSETS, ETC., ETC.—These extremely useful dresses are as popular as ever for street-wear, in spite of Worth's opposition, and will continue to be, because of their comfort, and especially if stylishly made. We fear, however, that they have done some, perhaps much, harm to our thoughtless young women. Nothing tends to set off a "good figure" so well as these tight-fitting garments, and the consequence is that a vain woman is tempted to compress her waist and bust out of all natural shape by tight lacing, in order to get a "good figure"; and, further, to have her sleeves made so close-fitting that the circulation is almost stopped in the arms; and still more, to increase the size of the bustle to a ridiculous extent, in order to decrease the apparent size of the waist. If one of these tightly-laced women only knew how badly she looked, with her tight-sleeved arms thrust out from her waist, and how badly she walked, with her tightly-compressed hips, perhaps there would be a reformation in the way of wearing her corsets.

The first rule to be laid down with regard to the corset, by the bye, is always to have it, if possible, a well-fitting one; the second is, *never* to lace it too tightly. It should always be made as pliable as possible. Too many corsets are so stiffened up with whalebones or steels that the poor flesh seems to be incased in armor, and the person can scarcely move. Some support to the figure seems to have become a necessity in modern times. A stout person certainly needs the corset, whatever some would-be reformers may say; and, in this case, more bones are required than for a slender person. The corset should always have the gussets, which support the bosom, made so deep and broad that the bust will not be pushed out of its natural place (almost up to the throat, as we see it sometimes), but fall easily to where the bosom ought to be. It is corsets of this kind that are indelicate. Neither should the gussets be stiffened with whalebones, as they sometimes are, for that will almost always show through the dress. The length of the waist will depend, of course, upon whether the wearer is long or short waisted; but, in the present style of long-waisted dresses, the corset is usually cut so as to give the desired appearance without detriment to the figure. The corset should fit comfortably over the hips, never compress them. Few of the women of the present day have the free springy walk of the young Diana. This defect is owing to tight lacing. Nothing injures the grace of motion so much. A corset should be large enough to be evenly laced, with a space of about three inches between the sides at the back. But it must be remembered that it should not be just too tight to bring it to this space, or it will not be a well-fitting one.

A slender person scarcely needs a regular corset at all. A well-fitting bodice of stout muslin, with a steel in front and thick cords run in here and there, will amply supply the place of the corset; or, if it is thought necessary to wear one, let there be as few bones in it as possible. In this article, we have said nothing with regard to the injury done to the health by tight lacing. Too often the health is made of secondary consideration, where the appearance is concerned But we wish it could be impressed on our young girls that health means beauty, and that, therefore, tight lacing is a mistake, even æsthetically. If the digestion is impaired, or the vital organs pushed out of place, by tight-laced ill-fitting corsets, the health, and consequently the appearance, must suffer; the girl gets a red nose, her complexion fails off, she can no longer walk easily and gracefully; in short, she loses, in real beauty, with every day.

THE VENTILATION OF THE SICK-ROOM is all-important. Unless you wish to lessen your patient's chances of recovery, you must not have a draught, especially about the head. Patients in a hopeful way to convalescence have died of the effect of a draught of cold air. Yet you must have ventilation, so as to change the air before it is breathed out, if your patient is to regain strength. A good fire helps the circulation of the air; or, in summer, a lighted lamp in the fireplace will answer that purpose. A screen may be used to protect the patient, if the open window lets a draught in upon him. A clothes-horse, with a sheet or shawl thrown over it, would be a sufficient protection. The door should always be shut when the window is open.

OUR ADVERTISING-PAGES, we would say to Ellen, advertise almost everything that a lady needs. To them we refer her in answer to her question. We are constantly asked, by letter, as in her case, where this and that can be bought, when our advertising-pages, if consulted, would save the trouble of writing. These advertising-pages are a great convenience to ladies who wish to order articles by mail. But then they should be read first, before addressing us. When, however, they do not give the information sought, we are always ready to give it ourselves. But first examine them.

TO EARN A FREE COPY OF THIS MAGAZINE.—In addition to the clubs for which a free copy is given—see Prospectus on second page of cover—we will send a free copy to anyone getting up a club of two at $2.00 each ($4.00 in all), or a club of three at $1 75 each ($5.25 in all). This offer is to oblige persons who wish to get up small clubs, and yet earn a free copy.

"THE MOST CHARMING."—The Lexington (S. C.) Dispatch says: "The most attractive, charming, and interesting book that we know of, for the ladies, is 'Peterson's Magazine.' The June number has reached us, and is full of every imaginable item that can interest the sex, in poesy, romance, art, and fashion."

THE DELICACY AND GRACE of our colored pattern for this month cannot, we think, be surpassed. The patterns for May and June were beautiful, but this one is even more so; it is so very refined. The feeling, as will be seen, is Japanese. All these patterns were originally designed for "Peterson."

"THE LITERATURE EXCELS."—The Dover (Del.) Delawarean says: "'Peterson's' last number is superb. You always get the worth of your money, with it, each month. The literature excels that of any magazine we get."

EMERSON NEVER SAID a finer thing than when he said: "Life is not so short but that there is always time enough for courtesy."

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It Is Never Too Late To Get Up Clubs for this magazine, or to subscribe for a single copy. Now is a good time to subscribe, especially for those who do not wish back numbers, as a new volume begins with this number. But back numbers can always be had, when persons prefer to begin with January. No magazine offers such fine premiums for getting up clubs. For example:

Three copies for $4.50, with the large engraving, "Angel of Paradise," or "Forget-Me-Not" Album, for premium.

Four copies for $6.50, with an extra copy of the magazine for one year for premium.

Five copies for $8.00, with both an extra copy of the magazine for one year for premium, and either "The Angel of Paradise" or "Forget-Me-Not" in addition.

But see the Prospectus on the second page of cover. *Specimens sent gratis*, if written for in good faith, by those wishing to subscribe, or get up clubs.

Pretty Colored Satin Puckered Rings, made on white elastic, about an inch or so in width, are very easy to make, and very ornamental when made. The circumference should be six inches. Cut the elastic to this length, stretch it out, sew on the colored ribbons—which should be an inch wider—along each edge of the elastic, then allow it to relapse. The satin will thus look puffed. Join it into a ring, and add a dainty little bow to hide the join. Members of the same family could each have a special color. Another way of making these rings is to cover a piece of card-board, about two inches broad, with a piece of rich-looking colored velvet, embroider the edge with a design in gold-colored filoselle, and add stars of the same at distances. A little piece of silk should line the ring before it is joined. Gold perforated card-board looks well, lined with a color, with a buttonholed edge of thick silk or shaded wool.

How To Transfer Patterns.—For the benefit of our new subscribers beginning with July, who may ask how to transfer the patterns upon the Supplement, we give the simplest way of doing it: which is, to provide themselves with one or two sheets of thin transfer-paper, on which the pattern is easily traced; with another sheet of carbon-paper, which is laid face down upon the article to be stamped, then the traced pattern over it in the proper situation, and the whole design gone over with a sharp-pointed leadpencil (hard), the design will be found perfectly traced upon the material. We will send the carbon and transfer paper to anyone who may desire them. They cost fifteen cents per sheet each: thirty cents for two sheets, and six cents for postage: postage-stamps will do.

"Fashions of The Highest Order."—The Centre Point (Ark.) Tocsin says: "The ladies' favorite, 'Peterson,' is the first to reach us, laden with fresh and unusually interesting matter, and with fashions all of the highest order, that will win the admiration of all ladies of taste."

Keeping "The Fourth" is not yet entirely forgotten, especially by the little ones; and one of our engravings, this month, represents some school-children having an especially "good time." In the background is the school-house.

"Worth Many Times Its Cost."—The Washington (D. C.) Tribune says: "'Peterson' is on hand, and, as usual, worth many times its cost." No newspaper weighs its words, by the bye, more carefully than the Tribune.

A "Homesick" Lady.—Says a lady, renewing her subscription: "Send me my old friend: I feel homesick without it." Tens of thousands hold the same opinion.

Additions May Be Made To a Club at the price paid by the rest of the club; and, when enough additional names have been sent, the sender will be entitled to another premium or premiums. The additions may be made at any time, all through the year.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

Violetta. A Romance after the German of Ursula Zoge Von Manteuffel. By Mrs. A. L. Wistar. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.*—No translator of German or French novels at all approaches Mrs. Wistar. She has the rare faculty of preserving the spirit of the original, while changing foreign idioms into English ones, as if the story had been written first in English, instead of in another language. More than this, she has an exceptional instinct as to what will suit the public taste, so that she invariably selects for translation stories that are sure to be popular. As a proof of this, of the thirty novels she has translated, not one has been a failure. The story just issued, though not quite as fascinating as "The Old Mam'selle's Secret," the first of her translations, is a love-story of the very best kind, full of romantic incidents, and ending happily, as all love-stories should, we think.

Monte Cristo's Daughter. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—Whoever has read "Monte Cristo," that most wonderful of romances, will wish to read this, the sequel, not only to it, but to "Edmond Dantes," which was itself a sequel to "Monte Cristo." The volume is printed in fair legible type, on fine cream-colored paper, and is in striking contrast to the almost illegible publications now so common, which have nothing to recommend them but their cheapness.

The Wreckers. A Social Study. By George Thos. Dowling. 1 *vol*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.*—A novel, as the author frankly states, "with a purpose." As a rule, we do not approve of such novels, for it is not true art, we think, to write dogmatically. A story should be a story, and not a sermon. Nevertheless, we make an exception in favor of this fiction. The volume is illustrated.

Exercises for the Improvement of the Senses for Young Children. By Horace Grant. 1 *vol.*, 16*mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.*—A very excellent little English treatise on this subject, originally published under the superintendence of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, and edited for the American public by Willard Small.

A Winter in Central America and Mexico. By Helen J. Sanborn. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.*—The author of this charming book went to Central America, in company with her father, who was called there by business. The result is a graphic, instructive, and entertaining volume, which we cannot commend too highly.

Down the West Branch. By Captain Charles A. J. Farrar. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.*—A narrative of a trip through one of the wildest regions of Maine, by certain members of the "Lake and Forest Club." A very entertaining book. It is also illustrated, and illustrated well. One of the popular "Lake and Forest" series.

Count Royal. A Story of Cross-Currents. By S. Baring Gould. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.*—A fresh installment of that popular series, "Lippincott's Twentyfive-Cent Novels." The author is already favorably known by his "John Herring," "Mehalah," etc., etc.

So English. An Idle Sketch. By a Man of the World. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. New York: Cherony Printing and Publishing Company.*—A story of very considerable merit, which we can honestly recommend as good reading.

Forgotten Meanings. By Alfred Wailes. 1 *vol.*, 16*mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.*—A little treatise designed to show the original meaning of many words now forgotten or used in an entirely different sense.

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OUR ARM-CHAIR.

Now Is The Time To Subscribe for "Peterson," beginning either with this number or with the January number, as you may prefer. In no other way can you get so much for your money. "Peterson" is now the only lady's-book that gives real steel-engravings, real steel fashion-plates colored by hand, monthly colored patterns, etc., etc. It is also the only one that gives first-class original stories, and not second-rate ones, those copied at second hand. Its writers are always the best of their kind: among them, Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, Mrs. Jane G. Austin, Frank Lee Benedict, Alice Bowman, Mrs. John Sherwood, Marietta Holley, Edgar Fawcett, etc., etc., etc. As in the case of its stories, so in all other departments: all is the best of its kind. No expense is spared to make it so, moreover. Whatever it promises, it fulfils. Now, every family should take a magazine: and, of all those for the family or ladies, "Peterson," we claim, *is the cheapest and best.* The Raleigh (N. C.) Spirit of the Age sums up the general verdict, when it recommends this magazine above all others; because, as it says, "it is filled with the best of reading-matter, and bright illustrations that cannot fail to make it attractive to the ladies; and, for that matter, to the general reader. We heartily recommend it," it adds, "to all." See the second page of cover, for the terms to clubs and the premiums for getting up clubs. No other magazine offers such inducements. Why not get up a club, or send us at least one subscriber? If every friend of "Peterson" would procure merely one subscriber, we should add more than a hundred thousand to our list at once.

Bread Without Yeast.—It is a well-known fact that bread made with yeast, if eaten before it becomes stale, ferments again in the stomach, producing indigestion and numerous other complaints. Bread raised with Royal Baking-Powder, instead of yeast, is entirely without this defect; but, on the contrary, is one of the most effectual preventives of indigestion or dyspepsia. By the use of the Royal Baking-Powder, the saccharine properties of the flour, which are destroyed by fermentation with yeast, are preserved, and the bread is made more nutritious. Ten per cent. more bread is baked—because of this saving—from the same quantity of flour.

The Royal Baking-Powder will also make sweet white bread from an inferior quality of flour, a property possessed by no other leavening-agent. Thus, much flour that is dark in color, or from other cause is considered below the finer grades, and therefore much cheaper, can be utilized and turned into a perfectly sweet and wholesome bread. Nor can bitter bread ever result from the use of too much, or more than the required quantity, of Royal Baking-Powder; as, whether used in small or large quantities, its proportions are in such exact equivalents that they always neutralize each other. Bread made in this way does not require mixing over-night, but may be prepared ready for the oven in a few minutes; an advantage that will be readily appreciated by every housekeeper.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

FRUIT DESSERTS.

Cherry Tart.—Take one quarter-pound of flour, rub into it two ounces of butter and two ounces of powdered sugar, add the beaten-up yolk of an egg with a pinch of salt, and enough milk or water to make the flour into a paste, roll it out thin, about two inches larger than the pie-dish it is to cover; put one and a half pounds of cherries, picked from their stalks—stoned, if preferred—into a pie-dish with a small quantity of moist sugar; cut a strip from the paste, moisten the edge of the dish with the paste-brush, and lay the strip on to it, moisten the strip of paste; put on the cover, press the edges together, trim them neatly, and ornament the border; sprinkle the paste with water, cover it with powdered loaf-sugar, and bake about half an hour. The top of tart, when cooked, may be brushed over with the white of an egg beaten up with a little finely-powdered sugar; it must then be put into the oven for a few minutes just to take color.

Raspberry and Currant Sponge.—One pound of loaf-sugar, five eggs, one pint of raspberries, two ounces of gelatine, one pint of currants. Boil the gelatine, until perfectly dissolved, in half a pint of water. Bruise the fruit and stand it over the fire, with a very little water and the sugar, until it is sufficiently cooked to squeeze through a jelly-bag. Strain through the bag into a large basin. Strain the gelatine through a sieve. When both are cool, mix well together, and add the whites only of the eggs, well beaten. Whisk all together half an hour, and stand on ice to cool. Eat with cream.

Fruit Tart.—Stone some cherries, greengages, or plums, and stew them for an hour, with plenty of sugar and half a tumblerful of water. Make a short paste with the white of one and the yolks of three eggs, an ounce of butter, an ounce of sugar, a pinch of salt, a little water and flour, quant. suff. Roll it out to the thickness of a penny-piece, line a tourte mold with it, uniting the joins with white of egg, fill it with rice, and bake it. When done, remove the rice, put in the stewed fruit, and serve.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Really Good Yeast.—So many housekeepers complain of the difficulty of getting really good yeast, that we give here a receipt that has been very highly recommended. It is to take six good-sized potatoes, wash and pare them, and boil them in two quarts of water with a handful of hops, the latter in a small bag kept for the purpose. When quite soft, take them out, mash fine, and pour upon them the water in which they were boiled, adding a little water for what may have boiled away, and also half a cupful of salt and same of white sugar. When cooled down to a lukewarm temperature, add one cupful of yeast to ferment it with. You will find now that it works like beer, and, having been covered closely and kept in a warm place, in the course of five or six hours the entire surface will be covered with fine bubbles, which indicate that it is ready for use. It should now be bottled and put in the cellar, where it will keep a long time. The bottles must not be corked tightly at first, or they will be liable to burst.

Damsons, to bottle.—Fill the bottles with damsons, and add to each bottle half a pound of castor-sugar. Put the bottles in cold water in a large pan on the fire, where they must remain for half an hour after the damsons have begun to boil. When boiled, let them cool, cork down tightly, and tie bladder over corks, and keep in a very dry place. Care should be taken that no bruised fruit is put in. Whilst the bottles are on the fire, hay should be put between them to keep them from breaking.

Pickled Cherries.—Pick over your cherries, remove all the specked ones. Put them into a jar, and pour over them as much hot vinegar and sugar as will cover them; to each gallon of vinegar, allow four pounds of sugar. Boil and skim it, and pour it hot over the fruit. Let it stand a week, then pour off the vinegar and boil it as before; pour it hot over the cherries a second time. As soon as they are cold, tie them closely.

Pickled Tomatoes.—Take one peck of ripe tomatoes, prick them with a large needle, and lay them in strong salt and water eight days. Then take them out of the brine, and lay them in vinegar and water for twentyfour hours.

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Scald a dozen small onions in vinegar, and stand the whole away to get cold. Drain the tomatoes, and add them to the cold onions and vinegar, with two wineglassfuls of mustard-seed and an ounce of cloves.

Raspberry Jelly.—Dissolve one ounce of gelatine in half a pint of water, add three-quarters of a pint of raspberry syrup, with a spoonful of lemon-juice, or fifteen grains of tartaric acid, boil and skim, and pour it into the mold.

Raspberry or Blackberry Vinegar.—Take a jar of vinegar and fill it with fruit; let it stand for three days; strain, and for every pint of juice add one pound of sugar; boil up once and skim: bottle and seal.

INVALID COOKERY.

Clear Beef-Jelly.—Make some very strong beef-tea in the usual manner, cutting the beef into small pieces, and putting it into a jar in the oven for several hours; strain it off into a basin, let it get cold, and then surround the basin with ice. A teaspoonful of the iced jelly to be given at a time. This is excellent when hot liquids cannot be swallowed; and a little isinglass may be added, to increase the nutritious properties of the beef.

Gum-Arabic Water.—This is good for irritation of the throat and constant cough. Put one ounce of the finest gum-arabic into an earthenware jar, with two ounces of sugar-candy and a pint of water; set it in a saucepan of water, and stir it occasionally until dissolved. Keep it hot, as it should be taken hot. Milk may be substituted for water, if preferred.

Almond Milk.—This is useful in cases of inflammation. Pound two ounces of sweet almonds and four bitter almonds in a mortar, mixing them with a little orange-flower water. Put them into a jug, pour over them a pint of cold water, and let it stand for twelve hours, stirring occasionally. Then strain through a fine sieve, and sweeten the milk with sugar-candy.

Lemon-Whey.—Cut a lemon in half, and squeeze the juice into half a pint of boiling milk, put on to the fire in a small saucepan. Let the milk and lemon-juice boil together for a few minutes until they curdle. Then strain it through an ordinary pointed strainer into a basin, and add a little sifted sugar. This can be taken hot or cold.

OUR ARM-CHAIR.

"EXCEL ANY OTHER OF ITS KIND."—The Warrenburg (Ill.) Times says: "Peterson for May opens with a beautiful steel-engraving, 'At the Opera': Peterson's engravings far excel those of any other magazine of its kind. There is a lovely colored daisy border, also, for a table-cloth. Take it all in all, Peterson is still ahead."

PERFECT SATISFACTION with any article on the part of a discriminating constituency is unimpeachable evidence of its worth, and this expresses precisely the condition of affairs respecting the rich and elegant Cashmere Bouquet Perfume, made by Messrs. Colgate & Co. They are the preferred perfumes of the period.

MISCELLANEOUS.

TO SAVE LIVES FROM FIRE.—So many persons lose their lives by their clothes catching fire and their own loss of presence of mind, or that of their families, that we think the following hints may be of service. In the first place, remember that fire cannot burn without air; so, to exclude the air—to smother the fire, in fact—is even a surer way of putting it out than pouring water on the flames; because it takes a long time to thoroughly drench a person with water as one stands up, and until that is done the fire goes on burning; but, if you lie down and roll, you can effectually quench the flames in a few seconds.

In the same way, if a child catch fire, clasp it fearlessly to you, flames next to you, and lie down with it. If you do not press it closely to you, you will not be able to put out the fire; but, as you lie beside it, wrap it tightly in your own flannel skirts, and, if only you can roll it on to the flames, you will at once extinguish them. No one, when she discovers she is on fire, can possibly, in that moment of terror and agony, think out then the best course of action; so make up your mind beforehand, that, with the discovery of the flames, you will lie down and roll. Of course, if possible, roll on the carpet or some other woolen material, and not on a cotton one. Or, better still, wrap yourself up in a woolen rug or blanket.

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

☞ Everything relating to this department should be addressed "Puzzle Editor," PETERSON'S MAGAZINE, P.-O. Box 328, Marblehead, Mass.

No. 282.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

[To "Nefaro."]

My first is in arm, but not in hand.
My second's in run, but not in stand.
My third is in spring, but not in fall.
My fourth is in tire, but not in pall.
My fifth is in face, but not in heart.
My whole is a most agreeable art.

Boston, Mass. IOLANTHE.

No. 283.—RIGHT RHOMBOID.

Across: 1. Pertaining to dew. 2. Proceeding from the sun. 3. Healed. 4. A plant. 5. A convention.

Down: 1. A letter. 2. A bone. 3. An imaginary bird. 4. An astringent mineral substance. 5. Ancient household-gods of Rome. 6. To confide. 7. A Russian river. 8. A word expressing negation. 9. A letter.

East Brady, Pa. ST. ELMO.

No. 284.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. A grain. 2. A dwelling-place. 3. A native of Italy. 4. An alarm-bell. 5. Small. 6. A city of Scotland. 7. Latin for "I." 8. A city of France.

My primals form the name of an American poet, and my finals the name of an English poet.

York, Pa. B. N. SYNDER.

Answers Next Month.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

NEW SERIES.

BY ABRAM LIVEZEY, A. M., M. D.

No. 2.—CUTANEOUS ERUPTIONS.

The chafing of the skin is quite common in infants, even with the greatest care on the part of mothers. When it starts behind the ears, folds of the neck beneath the skin, or in the groins, it often spreads with great rapidity, so that in a few days the vicinal cuticle is involved in a deep-red, often rawish condition, and very moist. It often originates from want of cleanliness, of drying the parts after washing, or the use of irritating soaps. The writer is inclined to believe that the best brand of imported white castile-soap is the very best. Possibly, "Pears' Soap," from some late trials, may prove superior.

The cure of these cases is readily effected by cleanliness, dryness, nursing or feeding the babe properly, washing

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gently with one of the soaps above mentioned, drying the parts well, and keeping them dry by dusting with bismuth as often as they show moisture—or, should this agent fail, then resort to "Mineral Earth" of the Baltimore Pharmacy Association. Not unfrequently, however, the secretions of the child's stomach, or its digestion, are depraved by the censurable habit of frequent nursing. No infant's stomach can be healthy, or digestion carried on healthfully, when nursed a dozen or a score of times a day and several times during the night. The milk sours, ferments, and no one portion digests before additions are made. Two, three, and four hours should always elapse between nursings, according to the age of the infant. This rule is more important than medicine; for, if observed, little or no medicine is needed.

Boracic acid, in fine powder, one and a half drachms, mixed with one ounce of vaseline, and applied by means of a stiff feather or camel's-hair pencil, two or three times a day, is an excellent cool soothing unguent, and babes generally remain very quiet while it is being applied. It is also a good application to humor about the toes of adults with fœtid odor, castile-soap and water being first applied, of course.

We wish to add a few words to ladies who are troubled with pimples, blotches, and an ugly skin, a recurrent sick-headache, a tendency to become "bilious," or prone to a disordered stomach, and say to them plainly that they will have to endure the unsightliness of the former, and suffer periodically from the latter, unless they call a halt, resolve at once to take up the cross and deny themselves of all pernicious food, as rich pastry (pies and cakes), preserves, cheese, salted meat and fish—beef and codfish excepted, when well boiled—pork, sausage, and all high-seasoned food, as dressing of roast of any kind, cucumber-pickles, boiled cabbage (an especial abomination), and all meat, potatoes, etc., fried in lard or grease.

They must also sleep regularly eight to nine hours nightly, say from 9 P.M. to 6 A.M. in winter, while from 10 P.M. to 5 A.M. in summer may suffice. In addition to this, they must bathe or sponge the whole body daily, at least in summer, with soft water, in which there should be a little soda, or castile or Pears' soap, and take suitable exercise in the open air.

In other words, they must eat regularly, and only three meals per day, of plain easily-digested food, sleep regularly in well-ventilated rooms, bathe frequently, with smart friction, and take plenty of outdoor exercise, short of fatigue.

HINTS ON ART.—No. 2.

Painting on Doors, as we said in our June number, is now much affected by amateurs. In addition to the hints on the subject given in that number, we add some suggestions for the coloring and decoration of doors and panels, as a guide for those to whom the harmonizing of colors does not come easily.

For instance, in a drawing-room in which there is a quantity of white wood, and of which the walls were papered or painted a pale tint, such as creamy-white or delicate yellow, it would be in excellent taste to have the doors colored a creamy-white, with silver panels, on which sprays of small yellow orchids (odontoglossum) would be strewn. In a room decorated with darker and more Oriental coloring, the woodwork of the apartment being in dull Pompeian-red, one could make a warm harmonious combination by placing panels of dusky gold in the red door, and painting thereon a spirited design of yellowish-red chrysanthemums. Blue draperies, furniture, or vases would be found necessary, in such a room, to give the requisite coolness demanded by the eye amidst such bright generous tones. A much softer, tenderer scheme of color might be composed by associating a pale yellowish-pink with soft mignonette-green. Doors of the darker tint might have panels of faint salmon-pink, but both these colors must be carefully chosen, or the result would not be happy. On the panels, a bough of an apple-tree in full blossom would be an admirable and appropriate decorative subject.

Black doors and woodwork look extremely well in some richly-colored rooms—for instance, they would be admirable where the walls were colored or hung in deep greenish-gold tints. Such sable doors should have gilt panels, on which orange-colored flowers or fruit would be the most suitable: a bough of orange-tree, with fruit and leaves, yellow and fire-colored nasturtiums, with their foliage, etc.

Orange, of not too violent a tone, in combination with creamy-white, is in high favor in artistic circles just now. Doors of white might have oranges, with their waxen blossoms and glossy green leaves, depicted on the panels. Dark dullish-brown harmonizes capitally with warm Venetian-red, but it requires some blue near it to be quite agreeable to the cultivated eye. Doors of dark-brown, with panels of the brighter color, might have a design of conventional corn-flowers in a good shade of china-blue, or the design, say that of a branch of a cherry-tree, might be put in with gold paint.

A charmingly fresh effect may be obtained by combining white with a pale daffodil-yellow. White doors, with panels of the brighter tint, might have white flowers strewn over them. Gold always looks well in juxtaposition with a bronze-green, the yellow tone in the green being the means of bringing the gold and the green together. In a bronze-colored door, we might have gilt panels, with mediæval figures painted in, the tones of the dresses being kept to warm dark colors, such as russet, dark-peacock, dull-red or olive-green.

In a room in which the prevailing tint was a pale sea-green, one could make a delightful combination by placing silvery panels in doors of sea-green, and depicting thereon boughs of pink apple-blossoms. Another exquisite combination is that of mauvish-pink rhododendron-color, with turquoise-blue and olive-green, the latter just suggested and no more. For instance, in doors colored all over with a faint rhododendron-tint, one could have a good design of stiff conventional flowers in pale-blue, the leaves and stalks in very soft green. This mauvish-pink tint would be very effective and original for a whole room.

Very artistic panels for doors may also be made by painting with gold paint on common crash or Roman satin, and afterward outlining the pattern with crewel-stitch in gold silk. This is, of course, all done before the panel is fixed in the door, which may be done with small nails, and finished off either with a narrow gilt beading or one which matches the door in tint. A capital panel may be made by thickly covering a piece of common gray crash with cherry leaves and stalks, painted in gold over yellow ochre, and outlining the whole with gold crewel-silk. Satin or Roman satin can be used for the same purpose.

FASHIONS FOR JULY.

Fig. 1.—House-Dress, of Grayish-Green Silk. The skirt is in long plaits on the front, where they open somewhat in fan-shape at the bottom. The panels are of silk, ornamented with beads, of the color of the dress. The panels are also wider at the bottom than at the top. Another plait is on the back part of each panel, and the back of the skirt is but slightly draped. The bodice has a small postilion behind, is pointed in front, with a vest of the beaded silk. This is a beautiful model for a black silk dress. Trimmings of colored beads, which can be sewed on

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the dress-material, can usually be procured in the large shops, but are expensive if fine.

FIG. II.—EVENING-DRESS, OF PINK SURAH. The foundation-skirt has a plain piece of the surah on the bottom, as well as in front, over which white flounces are draped; the sides of the skirt, which open over the lace front, are plain, with revers toward the back; the back falls in full folds and is undraped. The bodice is of emerald-green velvet, cut rather high and pointed back and front, has falls of white lace for sleeves, is edged with a gold cord, and has the bottom cut in round scallops.

FIG III.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF MAUVE CANVAS, FIGURED AND PLAIN. The skirt is of the figured canvas, with a plaiting on the front, at the bottom, of the plain. It is full at the back, but is not draped. The pointed paniers are of the plain canvas, trimmed with lace. The bodice is also of the plain material, with revers of the same and a straight plastron of the figured.

FIG. IV.—EVENING-DRESS FOR A YOUNG LADY. The underdress is of pink silk, and the overdress is of white gauze figured with pink. The bottom of the silk skirt has a narrow knife-plaiting. The gauze is lightly draped over the underskirt—held in its place, here and there, by invisible stitches. The bodice is full and round at the waist, with a narrow pink belt, with which a wide brocaded sash is worn. The neck of the bodice has a puffing of the gauze, with pink bows on the shoulders.

FIG. V.—EVENING-DRESS, OF SPOTTED NUN'S-VEILING. The skirt is laid in narrow straight plaits. The bodice is pointed back and front, and is trimmed, both back and front, with a white watered ribbon. The vest is of the veiling, laid in plaits. The sleeves are also plaited. The collar is of watered ribbon, as well as the broad sash which is carelessly twisted in the front below the bodice.

FIG. VI.—WALKING-DRESS, FOR THE SEASIDE. The underskirt is of dark-blue and dark-red striped flannel. The overskirt is of dark-blue serge, long, full in front, and draped at the left side. Full bodice, high full sleeves, and a waistband that crosses in front. The collar is of the striped material.

FIG. VII.—EVENING-BODICE, OF LIGHT-PINK SATIN MERVEILLEUX, brocaded with delicate pale-green flowers; the plastron is of pale-green surah, and a plaiting of Mechlin lace falls from the collar.

FIG. VIII.—NEW STYLE OF PARASOL. The lining is of the thinnest lemon-colored silk, and over this is a plaiting of black figured lace. A row of black lace finishes the edge.

FIG. IX.—WALKING-DRESS, OF GRAY AND BROWN STRIPED CANVAS. The skirt and bodice are of the striped canvas, and the overdress, sleeves, and plastron are of plain gray canvas. The skirt is put on to the bodice in full plaits, and it is gathered up on the left side. This style of dress is only suitable for slender figures. Hat of gray straw, trimmed with brown and gray striped ribbon.

FIGS. X AND XI.—NEW STYLE OF DRESSING THE HAIR, front and back view. This is called the Récamier style, after the celebrated beauty, and was the fashion of the earlier part of this century. It has lately been revived in Paris.

FIG. XII.—ANOTHER NEW STYLE OF DRESSING THE HAIR, in which puffs must be used, without the hair is very abundant.

FIG. XIII.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF DARK-BLUE NUN'S-VEILING AND DARK-BLUE FOULARD, FIGURED WITH RED FLOWERS. The foulard skirt is edged with a narrow knife-plaiting of plain blue silk. The nun's-veiling only forms an apron-front, as the foulard is made full at the back, and only has the addition of a long broad sash, shot with blue and red. The full vest is of the veiling, and the figured foulard bodice is cut in leaf-points at the waist. Collar is shot, red and blue, like the sash.

FIG XIV.—REMBRANDT HAT, made of black Spanish or Chantilly lace, and trimmed with a cluster of yellow roses and buds.

FIG. XV.—BATHING-DRESS FOR A LITTLE GIRL. It is made of white flannel, and trimmed with three rows of blue braid.

FIG. XVI.—BATHING-DRESS FOR A LITTLE GIRL. It is made of crimson serge, and is finished with white machine-stitching.

FIG. XVII.—WALKING-DRESS, OF OLIVE-GREEN ZEPHYR, FIGURED WITH DULL-PINK. The skirt has a wide panel on the left side, which is trimmed with large buttons. The front has a pointed shawl-drapery, and the back is also loosely draped. The pointed bodice has collar, cuffs, plastron, and revers of olive-green silk. Hat of cream-colored straw, trimmed with olive-green velvet and honeysuckle.

FIG. XVIII.—WOMAN'S BATHING-DRESS, OF NAVY-BLUE SERGE, trimmed with scarlet braid and bone buttons. The blouse has a yoke and sailor-collar.

FIG. XIX.—CHILD'S HAT, OF CHESTNUT-BROWN STRAW, trimmed with dark-brown velvet and two stiff feathers.

FIG. XX.—CHEMISETTE, OF WHITE CRÊPE-LISSE, with standing collar, edged with pearl beads. Three rows of these beads ornament the front.

FIG. XXI.—VISITING-DRESS, OF CREAM-COLORED NUN'S-VEILING. The front of the skirt has one large panel, the side is laid in plaits, and it is shorter behind, where it is cut out in leaf-shaped points, falling over a wide plaited flounce. The deep apron-front is full, and is also cut out in leaf-shaped points. These points must be lined, to make them firm. A broad cream-colored sash, with large roses embossed upon it, falls over the back of the skirt. The jacket is quite plain. Cream-colored straw hat, faced with green velvet. A roll of green velvet around the brim, and a bunch of pink roses and buds on the front.

FIG. XXII.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF CREAM-COLORED DELAINE, SPOTTED WITH DARK-BLUE. The underskirt is plain. The tunic is faced with dark-blue surah, and is turned up at the left side, so as to show the facing. The bodice is full. The yoke, collar, belt, and cuffs are of dark-blue velvet. The yoke is pointed back and front.

GENERAL REMARKS.—As the fashions for May and June told all that was really new in styles, there is but little to say in July on the subject. In the former months, the fashions had really been decided. Thin, *very thin*, woolen goods have, to some extent, superseded wash-materials for nicer dresses, as the cost and trouble of making the latter are quite as great as for the former. A great deal of ribbon, lace, jet, or colored beads is worn, and no two gowns that we see appear to be trimmed at all alike, nor made in just the same style. There was never a time when individual taste could have such full play as now.

Serviceable dresses, for those whose wardrobe is limited, can be made of black grenadine, canvas, etc., trimmed with jet, and worn with any pretty colored ribbons, changing the ribbons in color, so as to make the variety wished. Or, if the dress be made with black piece lace, it can be worn over black or any old colored silk gown of a bright tint that is no longer useful for outside wear.

Velvet bodices, of any color that will at all harmonize with the skirt, may also be worn with dresses the bodices of which cannot be used. In this way, one bodice may use up two or three old skirts.

Two old dresses are often employed now to make one stylish new one, and in these days no old gown seems to come amiss for such purpose.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

RUE DES PETITS CHAMPS.

The fashions of the day are less fussy and fragile than they have been in past spring seasons. There is also a

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positive return toward pronounced colors, instead of the faded tints that have been popular for so long. Violet and dark-blue are among the colors that are most liked. There is a new gray, called zinc-gray, that is a good deal used for full costumes, with gloves and boots to match. The hat worn with this shade is usually a black straw, trimmed with a cluster of lilac, and a bunch of lilac is worn at the corsage. Skirts are made in various styles, no one mode being emphatically enforced. Those with the tunic open at each side, and highest at the left side, are very fashionable The underskirt may be in velvet or in velvet-striped pekin, or may be covered with pinked flounces, or else trimmed with bands of velvet or with bias bands of silk or crape running around the skirt. The tunic may be either draped in front, or laid in long flat plaits. The style of looping the underskirt at the back is being revived. The wide Directoire sash has been introduced on some late toilettes: it is in soft-finished satin or satin-duchesse, and is laid in flat folds around the waist, being tied in a large bow behind. It is extremely trying to any figure that is not of exceptional height and slenderness; but, on a wearer of that style, it is undeniably graceful and picturesque. The lace frontage of evening-dresses is now continued from the skirt up the corsage, a vest in lace folds always being worn with a skirt-front in draperies of lace. Corsages are now extensively made with chemisettes of crape introduced, or with vests of crape folds or in fine-patterned piqué. For walking-dress, a costume in gray or dark-blue cloth, with the jacket-corsage opening in front on a piqué chemisette made exactly like a man's shirt-bosom and closed with tiny studs in gold or mother-of-pearl, is considered stylish. A linen collar and a hand-tied cravat complete the costume, which is piquantly masculine in its effect. Sometimes the skirt-front is made in a cream-grounded foulard, strewn with very small colored designs. A very pretty watering-place dress for a young girl is made in taffeta, striped with white and with some delicate fashionable color, such as pale blue or pink alternately, and made up in combination with plain silk of the same hue as the colored stripes. The corsage is open in front, and is made of the striped silk, cut on the bias and crossing in front, the point of the crossed frontage being met by a bow of solid-colored ribbon. A low-necked vest of the plain silk is set in the upper part of the corsage. The underskirt is laid in flat full plaits. The overskirt of the striped silk is draped in front, and cut up at the left side. The back of this tunic is formed of full draperies of the plain silk, and is caught by a bow of ribbon just beneath the waist. In pale-pink and white for a brunette, or pale-blue and white for a blonde, this toilette is very charming. For a black gauze or grenadine dress, or for one in soft-finished duchesse satin or surah, a single panel for the left side of the skirt, and a pointed vest in front of the corsage, with a similar pointed piece let in at the back, all closely and elaborately embroidered with fine jet beads, form an effective trimming. Jet is, in fact, more fashionable than ever, and so are all kinds of embroideries and dangling ornaments—known as pampilles—in gold, and steel, and silver, and pearl beads. These, on net or lace, form most effective trimming. Collar-necklaces of jet beads are worn with dresses trimmed with jet, and come in blue or bronze-colored jet, to match the trimming of dresses adorned with passementerie or embroideries of those colors. These necklaces are composed of a wide band of beads to encircle the throat, with fringes and pendants in various styles falling over the front of the corsage. They are never worn with low-necked dresses, but are clasped around the band of a high corsage, superseding the need of any plaitings or ruffings around the throat.

Bonnets and hats continue unchanged in style; but some novelties are shown for trimming, which is worn as high and pointed as ever. The tall leaves of the cactus or prickly pear form one of these new garnitures, and their pale-green color, smooth surface, and serrated pointed shape make them very picturesque and artistic-looking. Clusters of artificial red peppers are also worn, their brilliant scarlet color making them very effective on black lace or dark straw bonnets. These are worn "en aigrette" at the side of the hat or bonnet, as well as in front. Fruit will be a good deal worn, in place of flowers: black and red cherries, black, white, and scarlet currants, tufts of blackberries, and branches of plums being imitated in tantalizing perfection. Some of the new full-dress bonnets are very pretty, one being in pale-pink crape, its sole trimming being composed of pins, with large balls for heads, in silver filigree. Another was in lilac tulle, powdered with gold, the trimming a cluster of lilac.

An innovation for trimming walking-dresses is to have the vest, cuffs, and collar in undressed kid, in a hue matching the color of the cloth or woolen dress. But this style is too warm for wear in midsummer, and will do better for winter costumes.

The new parasols of the season are mounted on very long sticks, so as not to damage the high-trimmed head-gear of their fashionable possessors. They are mostly in colored gauzes, made up very full, and have handles in oxydized silver or in antique Dresden china. They are very elegant, but not very useful, as neither are those in Chantilly lace, made up over black chenille. The ever-useful sun-umbrella is shown with thick bamboo sticks, and coverings of dark-red or dark-blue silk.

The hair is now dressed very high, with a flat bow-knot formed of the ends of the back hair, arranged on the top part of the back of the head. The front hair is worn slightly waved or curling over the brow. The back of the head is now the place for attaching all ornaments in diamonds or Rhine-stones, such as pins with jeweled heads, stars, wild roses in diamonds, and other small-sized decorations. The smooth up-combed back hair of a fashionable lady will sometimes be perfectly constellated with such ornaments, at a grand ball or dinner-party. The drawback to this new fashion is that it is not seen to advantage except when the wearer's back is turned. Sprays of diamonds, either real or imitation, are worn at the side of the head.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—BOY'S COSTUME, OF NAVY-BLUE FLANNEL. The knickerbockers are rather close-fitting. The blouse-skirt is fastened about the waist by a leather belt. The large open collar shows a blue and white jersey, or a false piece may be inserted.

FIG. II.—GIRL'S DRESS, FOR THE SEASIDE. The bodice is a dark-red jersey-cloth, made blouse-fashion. The skirt is of cream-colored serge, striped with dark-blue, and the collar and cuffs are of the same material. The girdle and inserted vest are of dark-blue velvet, with anchors embroidered upon them. A knot of blue velvet ribbon fastens the collar. Hat of coarse straw, lined with dark-blue velvet and trimmed with velvet ribbon embroidered with anchors.

FIG. III.—GIRL'S AFTERNOON-DRESS, FOR THE SEASIDE, SPRINGS, OR MOUNTAINS. The skirt is made of cream-colored foulard, figured with rosebuds. The skirt is rather full, is simply plaited to the waist, and the bottom is bordered with a ruffle of cream-colored lace. The bodice is plain and close-fitting, and around the waist is a band of cream-colored ribbon, with a large sash tied at the back. A bodice, a little full back and front, would be very simple and pretty with this skirt. Bonnet of cream-colored straw trimmed with a half-wreath of roses.

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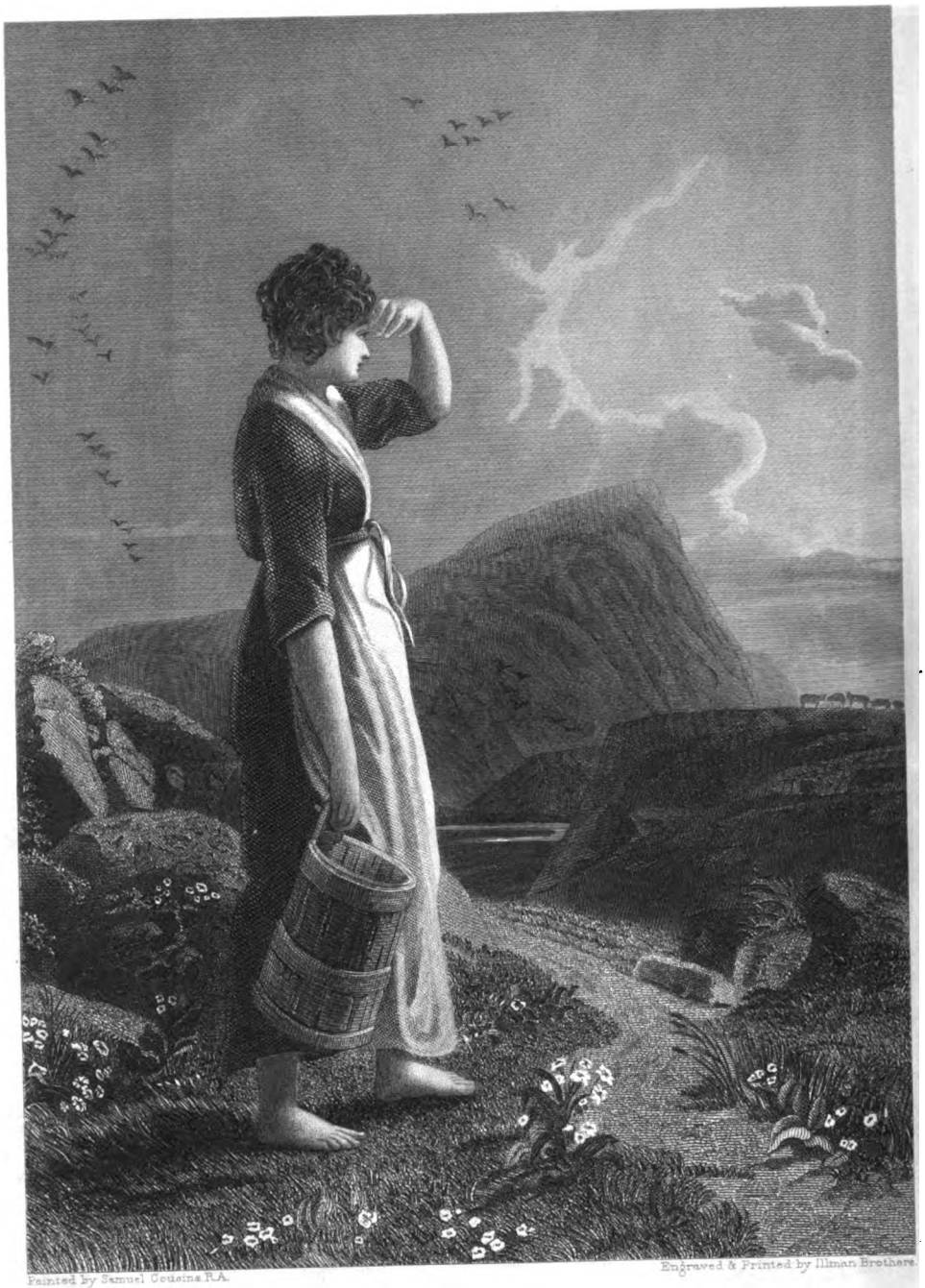

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MORNING AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

SEE THE STORY AN ALPINE ECHO

Engraved expressly for Peterson's Magazine

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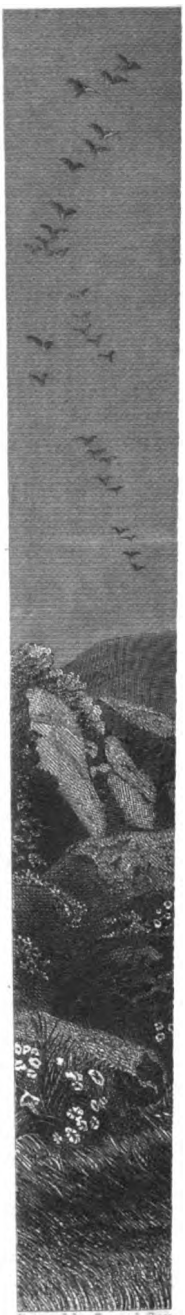

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Pattern in Embroidery for End of Small Table Cloth Fig

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"OUR FATHER WHO ART IN HEAVEN."

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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR AUGUST. HAT.

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HOUSE-DRESS. HAT. HAIR-ORNAMENT.

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WALKING-DRESS. HAT. CHEMISETTE.

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WALKING-DRESS. SURAH BODICE. HAT.

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HOUSE-DRESS. NEW-STYLE BODICE. FAN.

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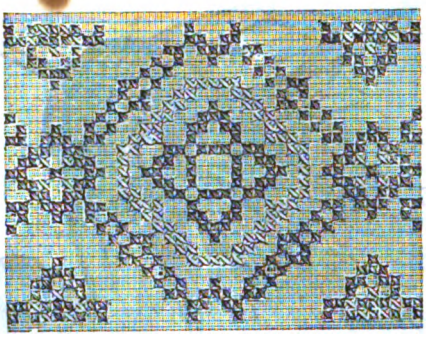

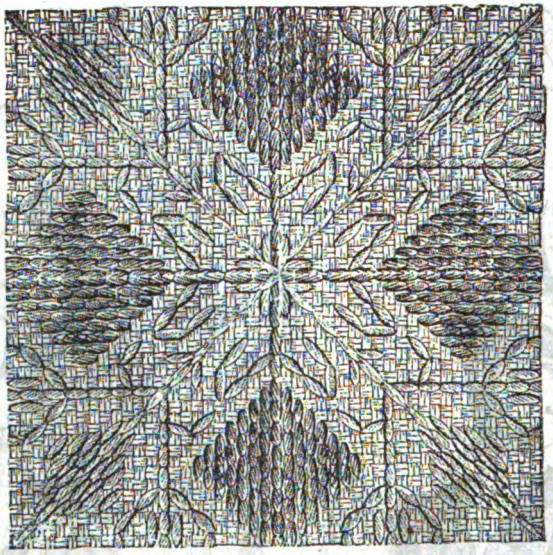

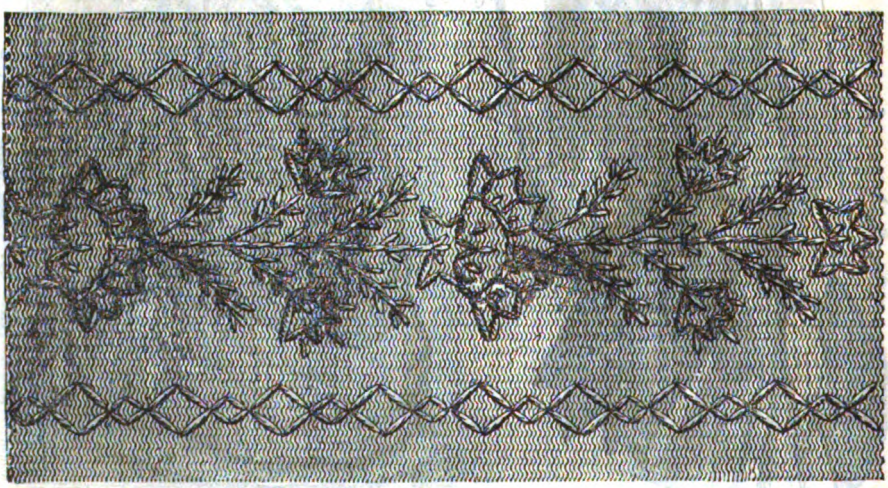

DESIGNS IN CROSS-STITCH, JAVA CANVAS, AND EMBROIDERY.

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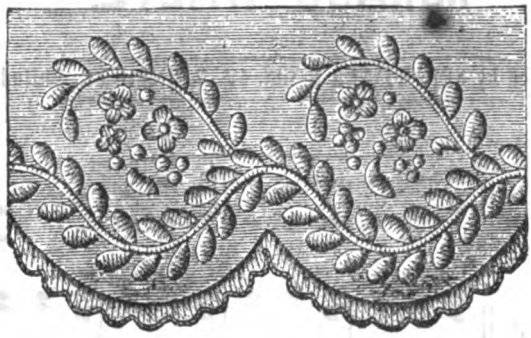

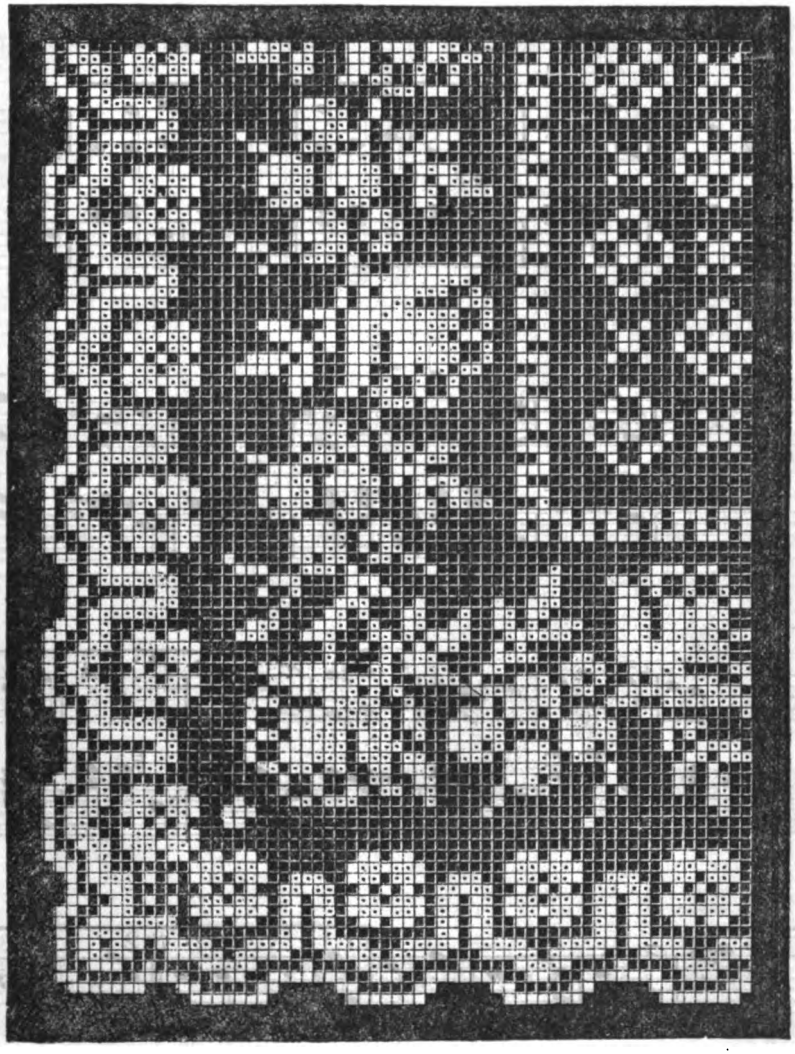

EMBROIDERED TRIMMING. TIDY IN CROCHET AND BEAD-WORK.

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MIKADO WALTZ.

As published by SEP. WINNER & SON, 545 N. Eighth St., Philadelphia.

"TIT-WILLOW."

PIANO.

mf *p* *mf* *p* *cres.* *p*

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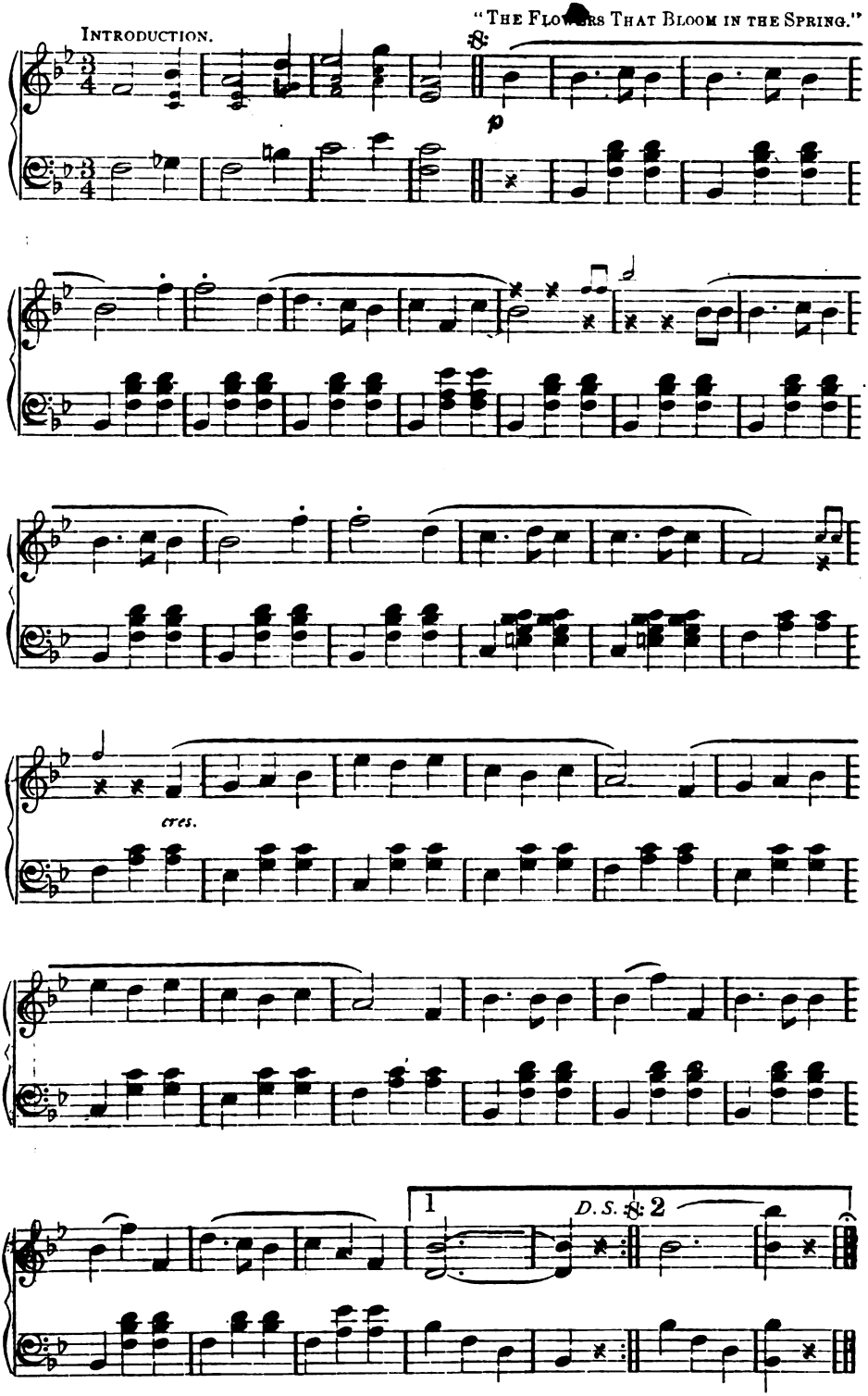

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BALL-DRESS.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XC. PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST, 1886. No. 2.

UNCLE ICHABOD'S HEIRS.

BY HELEN WHITNEY CLARK.

PRETTY Dora Darlington looked up with a sigh.

"The last bread-ticket's gone," she said, "and there isn't any gasoline to cook dinner with. Mab, what are we going to do?"

There were several shades of anxiety in her face, as she glanced at her sister, who was even prettier, and who was busily arranging a mop of curly hair under a rather shabby-looking straw hat and brown veil.

"All our trinkets are gone," she added; "yes, even mamma's watch, that we prized so much. Oh, I shall never forget how the old clockmaker, to whom we took it, haggled about the price."

Her sister arched her black eyebrows, and pursed up her red lips, with corresponding anxiety; but she answered, encouragingly.

"Never mind, dear. It ain't dinner-time yet, and I am going to the office, to see if there is any answer to our advertisement There must be one, by this time, I think; and, if the worst come to the worst, perhaps the grocer will trust us for a loaf of bread and some gasoline We've been regular customers, you know."

"I don't like going into debt," said Dora, prudently. "But it can't always be helped, I suppose Meanwhile, good luck to you."

The sisters were orphans. They occupied a tiny back room in the third story of Mrs Sharkey's lodging-house As long as Mab had kept her situation as cashier in Burton's well-known variety-store, with a salary of five dollars a week, they had managed to "keep the wolf from the door." A little gasoline-stove, with one burner, sufficed to cook their simple meals. For the rest, their furniture was of the plainest, and their dress the most economical Dora did copying and directing envelopes, whenever she could get any to do, which was not very often; but this helped, little as it was. Now, however, Mab had lost her situation, through the failure of the firm where she was employed, and they were reduced to almost absolute starvation But, in the meantime, Mab had advertised for another situation, and was in daily hope of meeting with success She was by nature cheerful, and always

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looked on the bright side of things. Yet, so far, her hopes had not been realized.

"Oh, dear," sighed Dora to herself, as she sat down to mend a rent in her only lawn dress. "I do hope Mab will get something to-day. It seems as though—"

"Good luck, Do! Good luck! Good luck!" cried Mab, bursting into the room, her lips and cheeks glowing brightly, and her hazel-brown eyes dancing with joy and excitement. "Oh, such good luck! You can't begin to guess it."

"Have you got a situation?" cried Dora, excitedly

"A situation? No, not a shadow of one But I've got something forty times better Look," and she held up a legal-looking document, which she had taken out of a long yellow envelope.

"What is it?" asked Dora, breathlessly

"You may well ask what It's a copy of Uncle Ichabod Smith's last will and testament, in which he bequeaths to us his farm, near Quincetown, on the Iron Mountain Railroad. And there's three hundred dollars coming to us, besides, which we can get by calling on Lawyer Pierson, to-morrow," finished Mab, excitedly.

"Oh, Mab! Oh! oh! A house, and farm, and three hundred dollars!" cried Dora, more excited, now, than even her sister. "We'll go right down and live on it. I've always been crazy to live in the country, and have a cow, and some chickens, and a garden—"

"Yes," broke in Mab, "we will. But oh, Do," with a sudden look of compunction, "all this time, we haven't thought of poor Uncle Ichabod—and he's dead."

"Why, to be sure we have not," answered Dora, suddenly becoming serious. "But, of course, we are sorry he died. I am, I'm sure. But, then, seeing we never saw him in our lives, we couldn't expect to feel very sorry, you know."

Both the girls tried to keep from feeling too elated, as they disposed of their scanty stock of furniture, and made preparation to take possession of their new "estate"

A few weeks after, and the sisters alighted at the railroad-station to which they had been directed, as nearest to the farm, and asked their way of the ticket-agent.

"Mr Ichabod Smith's, mum—miss?" he stammered, gazing admiringly at the two bright-faced girls, who smiled back at him. "Certingly, mum—miss, I should say You take that there road, agoing by the mill there, fur about a mile; an' then turn off on the right-hand road, fur a nuther mile an' a half, nigh about; an' you'll come to Mr Smith's house. It's the first house on that road, so you can't miss it."

"Thank you very much," returned both the girls, as they started on their walk, the elder leading the way, and the other following with the little lunch-basket

The fresh ozone-laden springtime air, the wild purple verbenas, and the tall blue spikes of larkspur, by the roadside; the blackbirds trilling and fluttering in the branches overhead, and, now and then, a gray squirrel, with a bushy tail, running nimbly up the trunk of some great tree, and peeping coyly at them from his leafy retreat: all formed a novel and charming experience

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"Here is the road going to the right," cried Dora, at last.

"How green and grassy it is. It doesn't seem to have been traveled much," replied Mab.

The road—because, perhaps, of not being much traveled—was an unusually pleasant one, with the trees arching overhead, and the sunlight sifting through in threads of tangled gold.

"There it is," cried Mab, as they came in

sight of a substantial brown farm-house, shaded by leafy sugar-maple and black locust trees, that stood on a green lawn a short distance ahead. "And only see, Do: a big buttonball-tree, right by the front gate! How picturesque it is!"

Hurrying to the house, now more eager than ever, they crossed the wide porch, festooned with morning-glories and purple-flowered wistaria-vines. Here Mab seized the front door-knob. But, to her consternation, it was locked.

"Oh, Dora! We forgot to ask Lawyer Pierson for the key," she cried, regretfully. "And it's locked."

"Dear me! What shall we do?" asked Dora, looking despondent.

But Mab, always fertile in resources, flew to the back door, which, to her delight, yielded with a touch; and the girls were soon inside the roomy kitchen.

"How nice and neat it all is," said Mab. "And a real old-fashioned dresser, Dora—full of dishes, too."

"And just look at the pantry!" returned Dora, exultantly. "So nice and light, and such wide shelves! It's splendid."

"And a wood-box full of dry split-wood," ejaculated Mab, fairly dancing around, such was her delight. "Let's get some dinner, Do—I'm as hungry as a raven; and then we'll explore round. Hurry up. I'll make a fire and cook the steak, while you set the table and make some tea," and, taking a calico apron from the lunch-basket, Mab tied it around her trim waist, and proceeded to kindle a fire in the big cooking-stove, while Dora drew out an old-fashioned dining-table, and spread on it the Turkey-red table-cloth which they had brought with them.

"Give me an onion, Do; I saw some in the pantry," said Mab, as she put the sirloin steak in a large iron skillet, which hung on the wall, and placed it over the glowing fire. "Beefsteak is ever so much nicer, flavored with a little onion."

Dora brought the onion, and also a jar of something, which she had found on the pantry-shelf.

"Canned peaches!" she announced, triumphantly, after inspecting the label. "I'm going to open 'em, Mab, and put some on the table. They'll be nice with our pickles and cheese."

"So they will," said Mab, turning her steak.

The table was already set, and Mab dishing up the steak, when a step at the kitchen-door arrested their attention.

Looking up simultaneously, they beheld a tall young man on the threshold, looking at them curiously, and with a little amusement.

Mab it was, who was the first to speak.

"To what are we indebted for this visit, sir?" she demanded, with dignity.

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"Visit?" he echoed, looking straight at Mab, with evident admiration of her spirit. "Well, I hardly call it a visit, to come into my own house."

"Your house?" cried Mab, with some asperity. "Why, this is our house, sir. Ours, I say! We have Uncle Ichabod's will, giving it to us, here in this basket."

"Excuse me," returned the young man, with an amused smile. "But I don't see how your Uncle Ichabod, or anybody else, could give you my property, when I have never sold it."

"But—but isn't this where Mr. Ichabod Smith lived?" It was Dora who now spoke—falteringly and doubtfully, for she began to fear that they had made a mistake.

"No, miss," returned the young man, respectfully, turning to her. "Mr. Smith's house is further along, on the next road. My name is Martingil. My mother is dead, my sisters married, and I live a bachelor-life here by myself. You can easily find out that I am not deceiving you, if you'll ask any of the neighbors."

"Oh, my!" cried Mab, clasping her hands.

"We've made a mistake," sighed Dora, "and we beg your pardon. What will you think of us for taking possession of your house?"

"And we've cooked your onion, and opened a can of peaches," confessed Mab, in accents of wild remorse, "and burnt up all your nice stove-wood."

Their host broke into a hearty laugh.

"Never mind; you're entirely welcome to it all, and more, too," he said. "Come: I see

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you've got dinner ready. I was expecting to have to cook mine myself. Will you let me share it with you?"

"Oh, thanks. That will be jolly," cried Mab, brightening up at once, and clapping her hands.

So they all three sat down. The meal proved a merry one. Mathew enjoyed the beefsteak and all, as he thought he never had enjoyed a meal before.

"It was all that ticket-agent's fault, for directing us wrong," pouted Mab.

"The road you turned off on is not the regular county-road," explained Mathew. "It's one I made for my own use. The other is about half a mile further on. But, if you'll wait for a quarter of an hour, I'll get out my spring-wagon, and drive you over, myself," adding, mischievously, "so that you won't make any more mistakes." And, without waiting for a reply, he hurried out to the barn.

The ride was a short one, and Mab and Dora were soon in possession of their new home. It proved, however, to be only a small log-house. But it was neat and snug enough, though by no means so roomy and substantial as the handsome dwelling they had at first appropriated. Still, it was a home, and the sisters proceeded to make themselves as comfortable as possible. A cow was soon installed in the little stable, fowls cackled and sang in the barnyard, and a neighboring farmer was hired to plough up a garden.

Three months of experience, however, sufficed to show the girls that farm-life is not without its disadvantages, at least for "lone women" and those used only to cities. The cow persisted in straying over the hills and woodlands, instead of coming home nightly, in orthodox fashion, to be milked. The hens hid their nests where they could not be found, in the long grass and the clumps of burdock and witch-hazel bushes. The neighboring farmers' young pigs broke into the garden, and destroyed the sugar-corn, the marrow-fat peas, and the crook-neck squashes and early-rose potatoes. And at last the girls became quite discouraged.

Mathew Martingil had been a sympathizing friend all along. One day he called, and found Mab, alone and rather despondent, tying up the one solitary rosebush they had, and which, by the bye, had been a gift from Mathew himself.

"I fear something is the matter," he said; "you look so sad. What is it? Can I—can a poor fellow like me—help you?"

Mab shook her head, and began to make up a little bouquet, to hide her embarrassment. At last she said, looking fixedly at her flowers:

"We—we can't get along on the farm, and so we've concluded to sell out and go back to the city. I hate to go, for I do love the country; but—"

"Then, don't—don't go," urged Mathew. He, also, had been embarrassed, and had been gathering roses, too. Dropping his flowers and taking one of Mab's little hands in his, he said: "Stay here, Miss Mab, and—and be my wife. Nay, don't turn away. Hear all. I fell in love with you the very first time I saw your face, it was so bright and cheery, and you were always so helpful. Why, it breaks my heart to see you despondent now. Oh, if you would only be my wife, I would do everything to make you happy—"

But why go on? Before long, the Smith place was vacant again, and Mab and Dora were back in the old brown farm-house.

Dora lived with her sister until a rich young farmer in the neighborhood fell in love with her, one day, as he was riding by and saw her at the edge of a wheat-field, gathering flowers and making them into a garland; and, before another spring rolled around, she too was

"Wooed an' married an' a'."

GROWING OLD.

BY LERA M. STEYM.

It matters not that every passing year
Destroys some grace;
That, plainly on the cheek, the scalding tear
Has left its trace;
Nor if the youthtime's silky sheen and gloss
Fade from the hair:
If showing traces of its pain and loss,
Its grief and care.

It matters not, though crimson hues should fade
From cheek and lip;
That, on the heart itself, hath sorrow laid
Its fiercest grip;
And if the face, once smooth and fair and white,
The years have marred:
The spirit, once so blithe and gay and light,
Finds living hard.

Oh! more than youthful beauty often rests
On age's brow:
For, if the heart has stood time's cank'ring test
As faith knows how,
A life well-lived gives nobler, higher grace
Than youth's best charm,
More winning power and beauty to the face
The heart to warm!

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AN ALPINE ECHO.

BY EMILY LENNOX.

"Oh, whistle, and I'll come to ye, my lad—
Oh, whistle, and I'll come to ye, my lad;
Tho' father and mither and a' should gae mad,
Oh, whistle, and I'll come to ye, my lad."

I.

Old Jacquard, the famous maker of music-boxes, lay dying. It was odd that, having made so many wonderful instruments, which sold for fabulous sums in foreign countries, he should still be poor and solitary. But another man's name always went on the boxes, and young Pierre Jacquard had gone away to America, years ago, to seek his fortune. There was no one in Gautschi to tell this kind son—for Pierre was good to his father—how poor the old man was getting. He was growing feeble and worked less, the price of his labor kept going down, and it cost more to live; so that Molly, the little orphan girl who lived with him and called him father, had a hard time with her housekeeping.

And now he was dying!

"What will become of Molly when I am gone?" said the old music-maker, thinking of the orphan girl, who had been such a comfort to him. "If she could only go to my son, Pierre. But, alas! alas! He is in America, and that is such a long way off."

At that moment, the young girl of whom he had spoken came tripping in. She and old Jacquard lived in a little Swiss hamlet, high up among the hills. From their door, they could see the mountains rising all around them, higher and higher, with green slopes on one side and precipitous declivities on another, until at last their lofty summits were lost in cloud and snow. Two or three of the small wiry cattle of the country belonged to the old man, and helped to eke out a livelihood, which, without them, would have been but little above beggary. These cattle were turned out to pasture, wild; but they knew Molly's whistle, and would come at the sound of it, to be milked. Every morning, as the sun rose and the clouds were dissipated from the hill-tops, she went forth with her wooden pail. This morning, she had been on the usual errand. But her cows had wandered further afield than ever, and at first she thought they were lost. But at last, shading her eyes to see better, she discerned them on a hill, half a mile away, with quite a valley between. Her shrill whistle, however, reached even that distance; and the truants, recognizing it, turned dutifully homeward. While she waited, she could not help feeling, with all the fervor of her young blood, and in spite of her poverty and coarse surroundings, how beautiful everything was. The river flowed, afar off, sparkling in the sunshine; the birds wheeled and soared in thousands, as it almost seemed; the breeze blew fresh and invigorating; never had the mountains appeared so beautiful, never had life been so full and exulting. Hence, when she returned to their little cottage, she was alive with that hope and energy which only come to the young, and then only when they live, as she did, a healthy outdoor life.

She had tripped in, so light of foot, and therefore so noiselessly, that, though she had heard old Jacquard's words, he had not heard her step. She spoke up now, blithely:

"Nay, father," she said; "cheer up. Thou wast always afraid of being a burden to Pierre, and I will not be a burden to him, either, even if your fears about yourself prove true. I can do something. I am young and strong, and perhaps I may get to America. But thou wilt live, dear; and, while thou doest, I will stay with thee."

"I will leave thee the ebony box," said the old man, shaking his head. "It is all I have to give thee. It is the best I have ever made. I shall not live long, and, if thou canst go to America, take it with thee. It may bring thee something there. Fetch it, my child. I want to hear it once more before I go; and thou, Molly, whistle for me. If thou shouldst see my son, Pierre, tell him I made this box. He will be proud of it. And don't forget to tell him, Molly, how I longed to see him. God bless him—and thee—"

The ebony box, richly wrought with a Swiss carver's tools, was brought to him. It was a wonderful instrument, in which the silvery melody of the cylinder was mingled with the soft jingle of bells, notes like an Æolian harp and the song of a bird as it sounds across the meadow on a May morning. The box was set with purely Swiss airs, in which one heard now and then the echoes of the Alpine horn, or the liquid yodel of the mountaineer. Then Molly shaped her lips for an accompaniment, and whistled.

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The song of the bird was taken up in a soft minor, sweet as a nightingale. Oh, if the world could have heard her whistle! It was a gift from heaven. The notes rippled and trilled over her lips, till the old man smiled happily and dropped his head.

"Art thou weary, father?" she said, leaning over him.

There was no reply; but Jacquard was no longer weary: he was dead.

II.

Some time ago, a firm in Philadelphia, engaged in interior decorating, erected a miniature house in its show-rooms, and fitted it up in the latest fashion. It had a parlor and library, a dining-room and kitchen, a bed-room and a boudoir, all designed by a famous young architect, who, on the day when it was thrown open to the public, was standing near it with a friend.

"You have certainly made a hit here, Pierre," the friend said, as he took down notes for a morning journal. "Your fame and fortune are certainly made."

"Too late," said the young architect, sadly.

"Too late? Why, man, you're barely grown-up."

"Yes," said Pierre, with deep emotion; "but yesterday I had news that my father is dead. He died in poverty, too, wanting much that I might have given him. But he never made his wants known to me; and I waited, that I might dazzle him with the sudden revelation of my success. Now, when I was just about to send for him and say that we need live apart no longer, they tell me he is dead!"

Tears rolled down his cheeks, and his friend grasped his hand sympathetically.

"I am sorry, Pierre," he said, kindly. "It does seem like hard luck."

"You don't know what it is to be alone in the world," said Jacquard, brokenly. "It is rough, even on strong men like me. I have worked so hard, too. I never asked my father for a dollar, after I left home. I was proud to starve through those years of apprenticeship, because I felt sure of success. It has come now," he added, with a sigh, "but what am I to do with it?"

His friend did not reply to this idle question; for, suddenly, through the quiet of the as yet unfrequented rooms, rose the melody of a sweet-toned musical-box.

"I am a merry Switzer-boy" was the air it played, followed by a sweet horn-echo and the song of a bird, warbling in perfect harmony. How clear the sweet notes of the songster were! They soared and trilled, flowing down into a soft undertone, then darting up into ringing heights.

"What is that?" cried Pierre Jacquard. "It sounds like a bird, and yet it can't be."

He took a step forward and peered into the handsome ebony box from which the music emanated. The name of Somebody & Co. was on the lid, but about the cylinder were certain hieroglyphics scratched, which Pierre Jacquard knew in an instant.

"My father made that box!" he cried, excitedly. "There are his marks, and those are my own native Swiss airs! Listen!"

A tender serenade, played by shepherd-boys on the mountains, followed the sweet yodel-song.

"Who is that whistling?" cried Pierre, with tears in his eyes.

"A girl," said his friend, who had been looking about him; "quite a pretty girl, too. I heard the firm had engaged her and her musical-box to attract attention. Quite a good card, I should say."

Pierre took a few steps forward, and saw her sitting there. Yes, she was a pretty girl; and she had sunny hair and eyes of fairest blue.

"Is it your box?" Pierre asked, eagerly, "or have you just learned to accompany it?"

She looked up, in a half-frightened way, and shook her head.

"No speak English," she murmured.

III.

"You are Swiss?" he cried, in his own language. "I might have known it! No one but a Swiss boy or maiden could whistle like that."

"Yes, I am Swiss," she answered, her face brightening joyously at the sound of her own native tongue, and some, too, at the praise he uttered. "The box belongs to me, sir. I brought it, myself, all the way from Gautschi."

"From Gautschi?" Pierre echoed, with a start. "Are you from Gautschi? Really? Then it may be you knew my father? He made that box and many others. That was his trade. He was called Jacquard."

"Jacquard?" she cried, holding out her hands with a radiant face. "Do I know the dear father who cared for me, a little orphan, after you went away, and he grew lonely in the châlet, by himself? Monsieur Pierre, I am Molly. Have you never heard of me?"

"My foster-sister!" clasping the little tremulous hands in his. "But, my dear child, how came you here?"

"I came over in the ship," she said, weeping from very delight; but she added, hastily: "I

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never meant to trouble you about me, Monsieur Pierre. I do not want you to think I will be a burden to you. When the dear father—" she paused, and looked at him with sudden apprehension. "Had you heard?" she faltered.

"Yes," Pierre answered, pressing the brave little hands softly; "I know he is dead—God bless him."

"That is what he said of you, Monsieur Pierre," she said, wiping away her tears.

"Don't call me 'Monsieur,' Molly. Call me 'Pierre.' Am I not your own brother?"

"Ah, yes," she said, raising her sweet eyes to his. "He always said you were good."

"And you must not talk so about being a trouble to me, Molly. I shall take you home with me, and you will be my own little sister."

"Ah!" she said, catching her breath. "How kind you are, brother Pierre! But I cannot ask so much of you. I can earn money myself. In Switzerland, there is no place for poor orphans. I soon found that out, and sold the cows, and then came out here. But," she added, with a sigh, "it was hard enough here at first, though I am getting along nicely now. I am paid for letting the box play, and I can always whistle, you know."

"Yes, I know you can," said Pierre. "I never heard anyone whistle like you. But you must let me take care of you, Molly, if only in return for all your kindness to my father."

"Was he not my father, too?" she said, reproachfully.

"Yes. He said you had been a dear kind daughter to him. He said that in his last letter. And I am rich, Molly. I am all alone, too. Will you not have pity on me, and make my life a little brighter?"

She yielded at that, and Pierre's friend stood aghast at the strange denouement which a half-hour had brought to pass.

Molly sat no longer to whistle, though the musical-box was left where it was, for some time, as a compensation for the loss of the firm's strongest attraction. But, by and bye, it was moved away, too. Pierre Jacquard built himself a house, and in it Molly built a home, where she reigned as actual mistress, for Pierre did not find brotherly love wholly satisfying, and within a year Molly had become his wife.

HARVEST HOURS.

BY MARION JULIET MITCHELL.

The harvest-time has come again,
And, over all the land,
Broad fertile fields of waving grain
Await the reaper's hand.
Delicious grapes, in purple clad,
In viny arbors hang,
Where summer's birds our hearts made glad,
As sweetest songs they sang.
The fruitful boughs, with apples fair,
Salute the blushing peach,
And many a luscious golden pear
Hangs just too high to reach.

But soon will pass, these golden hours.
The reaper, scythe in hand,
Will mow the grain, nor spare the flowers,
And desolate the land.
But then, the husbandman, with heed,
From all his broad land yields,
Will choose the ripest, choicest seed
For future waving fields:
So God, when death sweeps from the earth
Its human plants and flowers,
Selects those of the rarest worth
To bloom in Eden's bowers.

YE WINNA FORGET ME.

BY CHARLES I. HOUSTON.

Ye winna forget me, dear Jamie,
When ye sail awa' owre the braid sea;
Nor the days 'mang the sweet bloomin' heather,
On the banks o' the bonnie auld Dee.
This hour is our last ane thegither,
An' the twa years will seem lang an' drear;
But ye'll come back again tae me, Jamie:
I'll be faithfu' an' wait for ye here.

Ye maunna forget me, dear Jamie—
It will break my puir heart an' ye do;
Though ye meet ither lasses sae comely,
Be na fause tae yer hame-love sae true.
Keep this token o' sweet lowland heather
An' the picture I gied ye last spring.
Kiss me now, an' fareweel tae ye, Jamie:
I will wear the gowd locket an' ring.

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THE CORSAIR'S CAPTIVES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE ISLAND OF DIAMONDS."

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 50.

CHAPTER IV.

YET the fight would not have been an entirely hopeless one, if we had not been so vastly outnumbered. Indeed, for awhile, it seemed as if we might beat off our assailants. For the galley, in boarding us, had borne down from windward, and so approached diagonally, striking us just abaft the main-chains, her stern projecting far behind ours, and at a considerable angle. For some time, therefore, only about twenty feet of her hull lay alongside of ours, though, as the struggle went on, she not only forged ahead, but swung more around, till we were quite side by side.

Thus, during the early period of the combat, only a few Algerines could find room to board us: they were really in each other's way, as they swarmed to the assault. Moreover, the hull of the galley was much lower than the hull of the brig, and this disparity in our favor was increased by the height of our bulwarks. Thus, in order to board us, the Algerines had to climb up the almost precipitous sides of the brig for several feet. The skipper was quick to perceive this advantage, and shouted encouragingly to his men:

"We have them, lads! Fire—and fire sure! Not a soul can get on board, if you stand fast."

Half a dozen pistol-shots were the reply, and as many of the pirates staggered back, for our aim had been sure, and the close-quarters made the balls deadly. In falling back, the wounded impeded the advance of those behind; and, for awhile, there was to be seen, in front of and below us, only a struggling mass of humanity, in which it was impossible to distinguish the living from the dead, the wounded from those who were still unhurt. The shouts, the groans, the shrieks of the wounded, were awful. But the voice of the piratical leader was now heard above the din. He was a tall powerful man, dressed splendidly in scarlet, with an enormous white turban, and a belt stuck full of pistols. He stood on a thwart behind his men, encouraging them with his words, which he interlarded with what doubtless were imprecations, though the phrases were foreign to me. Perhaps I was the only one, on board the brig, who noticed him especially, for the attention of Jack and the rest was concentrated on those immediately in front: else, I am sure, somebody would have fired at him; and his death, at this early juncture, might have decided the combat in our favor, by creating a panic on the part of the pirates. If I had only had a pistol, I could have shot him myself; but, in arming the men, I had been overlooked. I glanced around, to see if I could discover a spare one anywhere; but all I could find was a cutlass, and of this I immediately took possession. For the old Bersecker blood, which, I think, lies dormant in all of us who are of Norse descent, began to ferment in me, boy as I was, at sight of the flashing weapons and the fury of men in fight. A frenzy took hold of me; I rushed to the bulwarks; and, as the Algerine craft had now swung around and lay side by side with us, I easily found a place and a foe; and then, for the first time in my life, I struck a blow in mortal combat.

The captain's voice was still rising high over the clash of cutlasses and the crack of pistols.

"Stand fast, my lads, stand fast," he was crying, for he was one of those men who find vent for excitement in speech; and besides, his words were needed to encourage his crew, now rapidly thinning in number. "Ha! That for you, you imp of the devil!" As he spoke, a stalwart pirate, cleft on the head by the skipper's cutlass, tumbled back into the galley. "Come on, all of you! We will, at least, die like men."

His wild words and still wilder gestures were in contrast with Jack's stolid phlegm. Standing by the captain's side, he dealt blow on blow, but in stern silence. Man after man went down before his arm; for, by this time, our pistols had all been fired, and, as there was no time to reload, the fight went on with steel.

It was just here that the enemy had us at advantage; for each pirate had half a dozen pistols in his belt, and the pirates themselves outnumbered us ten to one. We made but a thin line of defenders behind the bulwarks—just enough to cover the places where the two ships touched and allow of free play for arm and hand between each of the crew. But behind the

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opposing line of Algerines was another line, and behind that another, and in the rear of that others; and these last, firing over the heads of their comrades, kept up a continuous fusilade. This fire, though it would have been more deadly if they had not been so excited, for those southern races never fight with the cool precision of northern ones, yet was sufficiently deadly to thin our ranks very fast. Every moment, one of our little crew fell back, with a bullet in him, disabled, if not killed, and there was no one to take his place; while, when an Algerine was hit, there were a dozen to leap into the breach. And all this time the crack of pistols, the clash of cutlasses, and the shouts of the pirates went on.

Of course, I saw none of this after I became engaged in the fight personally. What I have just narrated was what I beheld in the first few minutes of the struggle. For the whole combat did not last a quarter of an hour. The onset of the Algerines was so fierce, and their number so great, that the scales were soon turned against us, and, when I rushed forward with my cutlass, the battle was already practically decided. The last I remember hearing distinctly, before everything else was lost in my own fight for life and death, was the voice of the skipper, shouting hoarsely:

"Now or never! Think of your wives and little ones. God help—"

Then his voice suddenly stopped, and I heard a quick thud, as if of the fall of some heavy object. But, from where I was now, I could no longer see the skipper or Jack, and at that very instant a great hulking pirate sprang up the side of the brig, and aimed a blow at my head.

The Algerine craft, in fact, had forged so far ahead, by this time, that she lay alongside of the brig for our whole length, and men from her were now swarming up to our deck, both in front and in rear of our sadly diminished line. I was on the extreme right, and close to the stern, and my assailant was really one of the last, as I afterward found, to leap on board. Fortunately, I saw his scimitar descend, just in time to dodge it, and, by a quick movement at the same instant, made a wild stroke at him with my own cutlass. But he was not less agile than myself, and evaded my blow without difficulty, leaping over the bulwarks immediately after. To my surprise, however, instead of repeating his blow, he caught me up in his great arms, effectually pinioning my own to my body by the process, and said, still more to my surprise, in the plainest English:

"Why, what a furious little devil it is! Don't you see, boy, that the fight is over, and that your keeping it up will do no good? By Allah! it has been only too bloody a one for us, and we ought to kill every mother's-son of you; but a live man is worth more in Algiers than a dead one, and so I'll spare you. What! You struggle yet, you young jackanapes? Well, then, there!"

With the words, he flung me on the deck, caught a bit of rope lying by, and swiftly and dexterously tied my arms and feet. Then he left me while he joined his comrades, who now had complete possession of the deck.

For a moment, I was dazed by it all. An Algerine pirate speaking English, and looking, as I now realized, himself like an Englishman? Yes; big and burly and red-faced, in spite of the tan, just as a Saxon Englishman does. Could he be a friend in disguise? My heart leaped up with hope at the thought. But no; it was impossible. Ah, I saw it all now. He was a renegade. I had read of such. He had doubtless been captured, and had abjured his faith to save his life. But such converts, as I had always heard, were more cruel than the real Turks. The half-formed notion, which had flashed on me, of appealing to him, of throwing Laura on his mercy, died away. No; there was no hope. And I was pinioned and helpless. Oh, what would come next?

What came, almost immediately, I saw only too soon. The pirates set to work at once to take stock of the field of battle. Their own dead and wounded were all on board the galley; for none had reached the brig alive until our whole defense had broken down by our being overlapped on both flanks; and after that the fight did not last two minutes. The captain of the galley was the first to see the body of the skipper—for it was the skipper, I now realized, that I had heard fall with that heavy thud. Giving the poor inanimate corpse a kick, the pirate pronounced his foe dead, and ordered the body to be thrown overboard, after first rifling the pockets. About a third of the crew, in whom also life was extinct, shared the same hasty obsequies. The rest, all of whom were more or less wounded, were tightly pinioned, and then, the forehatch being opened, they were pitched down it as if senseless blocks of wood: after which, the hatch was replaced and tightly battened down.

The renegade was foremost in this work.

"If they die, youngster, for want of air," he said to me, as he passed me, leading the procession, "we'll be well rid of the devils, that such spawn as you grows up into; and, if not, they'll

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bring, as you will, a good price in the slave-market."

Jack was among those consigned to this foul hole: foul now, because all fresh air was shut out from it. As he was dragged past me, I saw that he was bleeding profusely from the head, as if the result of a serious wound there. The renegade gave him a final kick, as his half-senseless body was tumbled down with the rest, and then, turning to me and kicking me in turn, for I lay near, said:

"That's one, at any rate, that will never live to see Algiers. And it's a pity, too, young one, for I'd like him for my own body-slave. With chains on his feet and on his hands, so that he couldn't do harm, it would be a pleasure to wollop him every morning, to give one an appetite for breakfast. You, too, would have been pitched in with the rest," he added, with another kick, "if I hadn't guessed you must be the cabin-boy, and we shall want you, you young devil, to wait on us at table."

CHAPTER V.

I LAY there for nearly an hour, unnoticed, after this, watching the decks being washed down, and the other preparations for getting the brig into good condition. A prize-crew was put into possession, with the second officer of the galley in command, and the renegade, as near as I could make out, next under him.

The sun was now setting, and the captain of the galley was in a hurry to be off. As the great red disk touched the western horizon, this splendidly-accoutred personage gave his last orders, and, stepping on board his own vessel, was rowed away into the gathering darkness, the great sweeps clicking and groaning in the rowlocks. Finally, these sounds died in the distance; and the low black serpent-like monster which they propelled vanished into the night.

Meantime, the brig lay rolling from side to side, on the long gasping swell; for, as yet, there was not a breath of air. All this while, I had been revolving my oath to blow up the brig, or, at least, set her on fire. My purpose to do one or the other had not faltered in the least. I was in an agony about Laura. I knew she could not get out of her state-room, for I had locked her in; but I feared she would knock on the door, to ask what was the matter, and so betray her presence. I said to myself, however, after some reflection, that she would have the sense to keep quiet, for no one had more presence of mind; and she must know that we would release her the instant it was proper, and that, until we did, her wisest course was to wait in silence. Great heavens! if she should fall alive, and by her own impatience, into the hands of the pirates! Better, a thousand times, that we should all go up together, in fire and flame. Keep my oath? Yes, a thousand times, yes.

At last, when everything was snug, and a watch had been set—for these Algerines, I found, were as particular in all these respects as ourselves—the renegade came up to me, and, cutting my bonds, gave me another of the kicks which he seemed to disburse so freely, and ordered me to arise.

"Look here, youngster, we want some grub," he said, "and you know all about where the stores are. Our cook has already fired up the galley, and we are deuced sharp-set, let me tell you. Up with you. Be lively. Fetch out your best, or by the Lord—Allah, I mean—I'll break every bone of your body. To think of such a youngster as you," with a grim laugh at the humor of the thing, "trying to cut down a man old enough to be your father."

Of course, I got up and prepared to obey with alacrity, for there was nothing else to be done; besides, if I was to carry out my scheme, my personal liberty was essential. I had been revolving it all in my mind, as I lay there. I knew where the powder was: a barrel, in a locked recess, at the fore-end of the cabin; but the skipper had always kept the key, and that was now either at the bottom of the ocean with his body, or had been carried off by the captain of the Algerine galley. Blowing up the brig was, therefore, impossible. But she might be fired. Yet, how this was to be effected, while I lay bound hand and foot, was the problem that perplexed me. I gnashed my teeth in impotent rage. I was, I suppose, half out of my mind, what with anger at the cool, almost contemptuous, way in which my fighting had been taken, and at the horrible fate that threatened Laura. What, therefore, was my joy, my almost insane delight, at being freed, even temporarily.

I set about my task eagerly. I lighted the cabin-lamp, unlocked the larder, distributed stores to the cook, and spread the cloth for supper. The renegade had accompanied me downstairs, and remained to watch me for a while; but when all this had been done, and he saw nothing in my demeanor to find fault with, he said:

"There: I see you accept the situation. You are not so big a fool, after all. It will be all the better for you, if you keep to this mind. In that case, I may be able to help you; but just now I am wanted on deck," for a head had peeped down

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the hatchway and called to him. "See that you have a regular holiday-feast by the time we can come below; for your brig, I see already, has a rich cargo, and, by Allah, we'll make a night of it over our prize."

He was gone in another moment. Now was my occasion. Not, indeed, to set fire to the brig. That would require preparation. I would have to get together combustibles, and pile them up by the side of the more inflammable woodwork. All this would require time, more time than I had just now. No; my occasion was to speak to Laura, and to bid her, under no circumstances, to reveal herself. As soon, therefore, as the form of the renegade had disappeared up the companionway, I turned to her state-room door, which was just behind me, and knocked softly.

"Hist!" I cried. "It is I—Harry. Are you awake?"

"Oh, Harry, what is it?" she responded, from the other side of the door. "I have been so frightened. Let me out, please."

"Speak in a whisper," I replied. "We have been captured. Hush—hush!" I cried, for she gave a half-suppressed scream. "If you be heard, we are lost. But, if you will keep quiet and trust to me, all will come right." Alas, I said this only to cheer her. I knew how far it was from being true. Come right? Laura, brave as she was, would have shrieked had I told her what "coming right" meant.

"I will—I will," she answered. "But where is Jack? Why isn't Jack here?"

"Jack will be here by and by," I replied, hurriedly, watching the companionway over my shoulder, so as to turn around and be busy laying plates, the instant I saw it darkened by a descending figure. "Yes, soon," I repeated. "God forgive me for the falsehood," was my unexpressed thought; "but what else can I do?"

"Then I will wait. I will not stir—"

"No," I interrupted, quickly, for I heard steps overhead, as if approaching the cabin-stairs; "no matter what noises you hear—carousing, or a strange language—keep quiet. Don't get frightened. There: good-bye for the present, and don't forget."

For the footsteps had now reached the top of the stairs; a moment after, the burly form of the renegade appeared, descending, followed by that of his superior officer, whom he was piloting. Two others, whom I took to be officers, but of inferior rank, came after.

"Now, boy, look sharp," said the renegade, addressing me. "I see, after all, you have to be watched," and he gave me a cuff on the ear. "You are a lazy hound. You ought to have had the table set by this time. Skylarking, I suppose; sampling the cold meats. By Allah! if you don't skip around faster, I'll give the wink to the captain here, and he'll have the head off your shoulders, with his yataghan, before you can say 'Jack Robinson.'"

They took their places at the table, and fell to eating, however, without waiting for me to set more plates; the renegade, indeed, being the only one who seemed to care particularly for that civilized-table accessory. He used his fork and knife, too; but the rest ate with their fingers. One of them did not even come to the table, but squatted on the locker, and, when he wished anything, pointed to it, for me to fetch it to him. All this time, the cook was bringing in, from the galley, strange dishes which he had prepared, and which indeed, I must honestly confess, gave forth a most appetizing savor, despite their odd looks. The conversation—jabber, I ought to call it, rather, for it was carried on in Turkish, a most outlandish tongue—was incessant and accompanied by much gesticulation. Once or twice, when I did not obey quickly enough the officer who sat cross-legged on the locker, the renegade broke out at me, in good round English oaths, using phrases that showed he must have been a sailor, perhaps a man-of-war's-man, before he turned Turk.

"Shiver my timbers," he said, "but if you don't jump about quicker, you lazy young lubber, I'll put a bullet through your head."

When they had gorged themselves pretty well with their feast, the renegade looked up at me, with a wink. He had just been having a rapid talk, or rather what seemed a discussion, with his chief.

"Look here," he said: "this is dry work. Haven't you something to wet one's whistle? The captain here is swearing by the beard of the Prophet that he'll have a bottle of wine, to celebrate our lucky capture, even if he never sees a houri in Paradise. For my part, I feel as if I could swallow two. It's many a day since I've had a good straight-out drink. Hurry up now, and fetch the liquor. Grog will do, if you haven't wine; and perhaps, on the whole, grog will be best."

Now I was astonished, in the first place, to hear that Mussulmans ever drank wine under any circumstances, for I had always read that the Prophet had sternly prohibited the practice; but I was more than this: I was horror-struck to think of the additional danger to Laura, should our captors become inflamed by drink, and then discover her. I stammered out something about there being no wine on board.

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"That's a lie, as you know, you young blackguard," shouted the renegade, shying a pewter plate at my head, which I dodged, fortunately. "Get it at once, or it will be worse for you. Here, I suppose, it's kept in this empty state-room, which, as I see, is safely locked. Open it, you imp of a devil."

He had been sitting between the table and Laura's state-room, and he had turned around and tried the handle of her door, as he spoke. My heart was in my throat in an instant. My knees shook under me. In a moment more, I said to myself, all would be discovered. I even feared that Laura, despite her assurances, despite my entreaties, might lose her presence of mind, and shriek out; for she must suspect, by this time, from the revelry of our captors, something of the truth, and be, perhaps, terrified out of her wits. But fortunately she kept silence.

I recovered myself immediately.

"No," I said, hastening to put myself between the renegade and the door, but seeming to be only waiting on the table, as I did it; "the wine isn't there. It's yonder, in that locker, which, you see, has the key ready in it. Prime stuff, too, as I've heard the captain declare. Sherry of the very best." I opened the locker, and placed a decanter on the table, as I spoke, and then reached up to the rack to get the wine-glasses. "Let me serve your honor first," with a low bow to the captain. "There's grog, too, you can make when you want it," I added, as I hastened to fill the renegade's glass. "Or punch; old Jamaica rum, the very best: sugar and lemons. Perhaps you'd rather have it, even now. I can get it in a minute, if you'll wait."

"No," draining his glass of sherry at a single gulp. "Devilish good. Nothing ever tasted better. Here, another glass. But no; first fill the captain's again, for I see he has emptied it; and then the rest. The punch will be better after a while."

There was nothing for it but to obey. The risk must be run. Possibly, after all, I said to myself, I would be able to conceal Laura's presence until I could find means to carry out my purpose. For I had never wavered for an instant. Nay, I had felt, every moment, that the necessity was greater and greater, to fire the ship, terrible as it was.

"Now I call this jolly," said the renegade, winking at me, when a second bottle had been produced, at his order, and emptied. He was already beginning to feel the mellowing influence of the fine old wine, and became, in consequence, as men of his temperament do, talkative and friendly even to foes. "You keep confounded good tipple aboard here," he said in English. "Between ourselves, the chief thing I dislike in my new friends is their Prophet's malediction against drinking. They live the jolliest of lives, except for that; plenty of good cheer here on earth, and lots of houris in Paradise. A word in your ear, my young fellow-countryman. You couldn't do better than join us. You're but a lad yet, and can't have much religion to speak of. Say the word, and we'll enroll you as one of the crew, and that will save you from being sold as a slave."

I affected not to hear him, not knowing how to put him off without angering him. Fortunately, at this moment, the captain held up his empty glass, and made signs to me for another bottle.

"By the Lord—by Allah, I mean," said the renegade, directly, after exchanging a few words with his chief, "the old fellow has mellowed, thanks to your sherry, down to the very marrow. It has opened the cockles of his old heart. He tells me that the Prophet holds all men to be brothers, and that it is hardly on the square for us to be eating and drinking down here, while the poor devils on deck, who fought just as hard as we did, haven't a drop to wet their whistles. The brig can take care of herself, in this calm, he says. Even the men at the wheel must come down. The captain is as drunk, you see, as the devil. You needn't stare at me with your big eyes, you young owl. He can't understand a word; and, if he could, he's in too high humor just now to get into a rage about anything. But, Lord, youngster, if you'd see him as I've seen him, angry in earnest— But there: I must go on deck and call the men, or you'll have a chance to see him angry yet."

The crew came trooping down in regular file, the captain of the watch first, the cook bringing up the rear. They quite filled up the cabin, comparatively spacious as it was. None of them came to the table, however; but each squatted himself on the floor, and fell to, with vigorous appetites, on the food that I hastened to serve.

At the order of the renegade, I produced, after awhile, the spirits: Jamaica rum, old Cognac, Holland gin. Bottle after bottle soon disappeared, not one of the pirates declining to drink. Very speedily, the party began to grow noisy. My terror on account of Laura was increasing all this while. I trembled lest, hearing this uproar, which she could not understand, and which, therefore, must be more alarming to her, if possible, than if she did: I trembled, I say, lest, under it, her nerves should give way. Almost any other girl would have been in

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hysterics long before, her shrieks ringing through the ship, and all lost. Meantime, the Algerines were getting noisier and noisier, more boisterously tipsy, more like wild beasts than ever.

CHAPTER VI.

There was, as yet, no wind, and the brig lay as if at anchor, rolling gently on the swell. Now and then, she would lurch heavily when some longer undulation than usual struck her; and at such times I could hear the creak of the bulkheads and the rattle of the blocks, as the sails jerked back and forth. On one of these occasions, one of the Turks, who had been taking even more than his share of the spirits, fell over on the floor, and was not able to get up again, to the infinite merriment of his fellows. Even the captain laughed heartily, and he and the renegade touched glasses over it and drank bumpers.

"The good Jamaica," said the renegade, holding out his glass to me to be filled again, and winking, "has been too much for him. And, by Allah, it's the best rum I ever tasted. What we had on board the old Thunderer, when I was a foretopmast man in her, in the Indies, was nothing to this. But then they don't give poor devils, like I was then, their best. It was a dog's life. Hillo! There goes another, by the Lord. Well, they're as happy as they'll ever be again, till they meet their blessed houris in Paradise. Captain, you and I," turning to his commander, and so tipsy that he continued to speak English, though the Turk could not understand a word, "captain, you and I have heads for the whole party, and can lay every mother's-son of them under the table. Let's have another gl-gla-ass on it, my hearty."

The captain, though he could only guess at his subordinate's meaning, jabbered back, laughing and gesticulating, in the highest spirits. The other Turks, even the common sailors, were by this time screaming out at the top of their lungs, what I supposed to be jokes. Evidently they were, one and all, as tipsy as they could be. And now, all at once, in consequence of this, there occurred to me a scheme, which, if I could successfully carry it out, would, I saw, deliver us from our captors.

When the idea first flashed on me, I was passing the companionway. Looking up, I saw the stars swinging backward and forward overhead, as the brig rolled on the swell. The glimpse of the blue heaven and of those bright luminaries gave me such a feeling of peace and safety, in contrast with the noise and peril surrounding me, that the instinct of life rose up, intense and strong, and I said to myself: "Is there no way to escape from this, except by the horrible doom I propose?" Then, as by an inspiration, the plan came to me.

It was this. The stairs that led from the deck down to the cabin were, as on all vessels of the size of the brig, comparatively narrow, allowing but one person to pass at a time. At their top they were closed by narrow folding-doors. Over all was a hood, the roof of which, at least the forward part of it, slid back, so as to allow a person to ascend. This hood, when drawn forward, closed on top of the doors, and could be fastened to them by a catch. When thus shut, egress from the cabin was impossible, until the slide and doors were opened again from without, or broken down by main force from within.

Now, my scheme was to wait till the Turks were all "well drunken," to use the words of Holy Writ, as I saw they were in good way soon to be, a consummation which made me now as eager to supply them with drink as I had been afraid before, and then, on a sudden, to rush up the companionway, shut the doors, fasten the kasp, draw forward the sliding part of the roof, and clasp it also tight. The pirates would then be caught in a trap. After that, I would rush forward, cut the ropes that battened down the hatchway, and release our crew: all which I hoped to be able to effect before the pirates could force their way up the companionway, even if some of them remained sober enough to see their dilemma and attempt to escape. With secret joy, therefore, I saw the first Turk succumb, and others in rapid succession, until half at least were lying senseless on the cabin-floor.

Alas! I had not counted on the hard head of the renegade, or of that of his superior officer; and so long as they remained sober, even in the slightest degree, my plan had no hope of success. There were three or four others almost equally unaffected also. Bottle after bottle disappeared. The captain grew more hilarious, and began to sing, the renegade joining in with a sort of chorus, while the others clapped their hands, and laughed, and shouted: all the while, at intervals, passing the bottle, and calling on me for a fresh one, when it was emptied. At last, one by one, the hardest-headed Turks gave in. First, they chattered in a maudlin way to each other; then they began to nod, and wake up with a start, and nod again; until, finally, each in succession tumbled over, and was placed "hors du combat," as it were.

"Your old Jamaica, boy," said the renegade, when the last had thus sunk to the floor, "is too much for these sons of the Prophet. It is

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lucky that the captain and I are made of stouter stuff, or there wouldn't be left anybody to take care of this jolly prize. By the Lord, I hadn't thought of that before. Perhaps," with a sudden gleam of suspicion coming into his eyes, "that's what you've been after, you young jackanapes. If so, it accounts for the free way in which you've been supplying the grog. By Allah! if I thought it," his face on fire with quick passion, "if I thought it, I'd pistol you this instant. But no: you haven't brains for that; you're as stupid as an owl. Didn't I call you an owl before? There: don't look so frightened. You'll be worth too much in Algiers for me to kill you. And give us some water, to wash these cursed cobwebs from one's head."

For, indeed, I felt my knees trembling under me, and had to catch at the table to keep from falling. Not from the physical terror which he had attributed to me, but because I realized now that my scheme would be impossible. Evidently, at this last moment, the renegade had recognized the folly he had been committing. He did not really suspect anything; but, from a sort of dim instinct, or rather the training of an old sailor, he saw that it would not do for the whole watch, as it were, to get unfit for duty.

I brought the water, for I could do nothing else: but, before taking a draught, the renegade addressed me again.

"Look here, youngster," he said, "the captain and I have been talking of that state-room, where I thought the wine was, and which you seemed so unwilling to open for us. Both of us noticed it at the time, you young villain: you needn't think you can bamboozle two old freebooters, such as we are. We made up our minds, without speaking to each other, that your captain's money, which he must have a lot of, from the sale of his cargo at Smyrna, is kept there. But we said nothing as long as these other fellows were sober. You see, in this business, it's share and share alike, according to rank. But what the devil is the use of sharing, as I tell the captain, if you can keep all for yourself? So he and I—attend, you young scapegrace—are going to have that door opened, and pocket the money there on the sly. The others—curse 'em—need never know of it. They're all dead drunk. Be quick about it, or off your head goes: the captain, already, is drawing his yataghan."

He turned, as he finished, and addressed his superior officer, who, from knowing what was about to be said to me, I suppose, was actually beginning to unsheath his weapon. If I had trembled in my knees before, I now shook all over: shook as if by a palsy: and, for a moment, I could not even articulate. I knew that Laura must have heard every word that the villain had uttered, for the partition was thin, and he spoke quite loud—angrily, indeed, toward the last, when he saw my terror and hesitation. I fancied I could hear, in the momentary silence that followed, her quick breathing, as if of some wild hunted animal at bay.

"Come, be quick about it, and don't stand there shaking, as old Betterton used to do in London, when he saw his father's ghost. Lord, how I liked to see him play Hamlet, when I was a boy like you, and could get a sixpence for the gallery. Out with the key at once. I know you have it in your pocket. Captain, shall we cut him down at once, for his treachery and obstinacy, and kick in the door? By the beard of the Prophet, he deserves it." And then followed a few rapid words in Turkish.

For answer, the captain rose to his feet, glancing at me angrily, and drawing his yataghan. I felt that my last hour had come. Involuntarily I made a step backward. That alone saved my life. For my assailant, rushing on, with what I took for an oath, lost his balance all at once, and tumbled prostrate, his gleaming weapon falling from his nerveless hand. He was not senseless, however, and immediately began to struggle to his feet, mumbling in a half-maudlin way.

"Will you hand out the key?" cried the renegade. "Well, then, your blood be on your own head. I'll leave you to him, while I break in the door."

He turned, as he spoke, laid his hand on the knob, and drew back as if to give a kick, and so dash the fragile panels in.

Life and death, and worse than death for Laura, hung on that moment. Despair gave me the instinct what to do. With a quick dexterous motion of my foot, for I was standing behind the renegade, and he could not see me, I tripped him up, and then dashed for the companionway I heard him fall heavily as I mounted the stairs. But, before he could pick himself up, for even he was now a little unsteady from drink, I had slammed the doors to, fastened them, shut the slide and clasped it, and was running forward to where the axes were ranged around the foremast, to seize one and release the crew.

It was all done in a flash. But, in the very doing, I told myself that success was hardly probable. The two men would certainly be on their feet in a moment, and in very little time would be storming at the fastening of the companionway, which, of course, could not long resist them. Everything depended on the quick-

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ness with which I could cut away the fastening of the hatchway, and the condition in which I should find my shipmates who were imprisoned below. If most of them were sorely wounded, or if Jack, as I feared, was dead, the respite would be only for a few minutes. For what could we do without a leader? Or what, without some few men, at least, who were able to bear weapons and strike for liberty?

I fancied, even as I traversed the deck, that I could hear the loud curses of the renegade, echoed by those of his superior officer. It would not take them long, I knew, even if their stout arms were insufficient, to find some instrument by which they could force their way out. Once, I even thought I heard a step behind me. I glanced hurriedly over my shoulder; there was nothing there as yet; but the sound of blows on the door were plainly to be heard: and this added new swiftness to my steps, and made my heart beat faster than ever.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

THE PEARL RING.

BY KATE AULD.

It came from the gem-paved ocean's depth,
Where long its brilliance lay;
By the diver's bold and daring hand
It was rudely snatched away.
To glow in this setting of glittering gold—
To glow and sparkle alone,
As brightly, as clearly, as purely as when
Beneath the wave it shone.

Do the mermaids mourn their valued gem?
Is its beauty ever missed
By those fairy-nymphs, whose silken cheeks
It has so often kissed?
No more 'twill glitter 'neath the wave,
With its gladdening smile, to be
A joy to the fairy-mermaids there,
Beneath the glassy sea.

Perchance, where first this gem was found,
Lies another, cold and dead:
A treasure where somebody's love is shrined,
Whose soul to heaven is fled:
And his sunny locks of burnished gold
With cold sea-water wet,
But with a smile on his fair young face
All bright and beautiful yet.

Perchance—who knows?—when to mortal view
This glittering pearl was brought,
There arose a hope in a listening heart:
That, in that self-same spot,
Beneath the wave, might, in silence, lie
Another as pure and fair;
And, periling life for wealth, he dived—
He sank—and perished there!

But those limbs will rise at the Judgment-day,
When the sea gives up its dead:
Perhaps there's a coronet waiting there
For that coral-pillowed head.
And those scattered parts will be gathered up,
To form a perfect frame:
God made us in his image here;
There we will be the same.

Bright emblem of a purer world,
Where all is bright and fair,
Ah, thou wilt long forgotten be,
While we're in gladness there!
For e'en a glittering costly gem
No worth whate'er may be;
While a pearl of greater price—my soul—
Lives in eternity!

INVITATION TO PARIS.

BY MINNIE IRVING.

Oh, come with me to Paris:
Leave these severer skies:
There all that's rich and rare is,
And all that's brave and wise.
There, bands are always playing,
The fountains ever spraying,
The people all a-Maying—
'Tis next to Paradise!

It never rains in Paris
As under other skies.
Sometimes the day so fair is,
The sun laughs in surprise,
Till tears come, running over,
Upon the country clover,
Upon the woodland rover—
Oh, it is Paradise!

Then come with me to Paris
Beneath its sunnier skies
You'll soon forget what care is;
And time—so swift it flies.
There, joy is always flowing,
The horns for revel blowing,
And all the world is going—
For it is Paradise!

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AN OLD COSSACK.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

After the train had gone, Mr. Reaves made the agreeable discovery that he had got off at the wrong station. He was at North Harfield, instead of Harfield proper, ten miles distant from his place of destination.

In answer to his inquiries, a supercilious railway official, who looked as if he had never forgiven fate or humanity for not creating him a brigadier-general, admitted that another train was expected; but, as he presently added that it would not be due till midnight, it hardly seemed worth the traveler's while to wait therefor, since the clock had only just struck four.

Being a sensible young man, Reaves wasted no time in objurgating his ill-luck or carelessness: and, as he was anxious to reach his journey's end, he persuaded a livery-stable keeper to hire him a carriage, at an exorbitant price—no extra charge demanded by that personage for his manner of performing the transaction as if he were conferring a great favor.

Reaves had come up from New York to see old Mr. Holman, a client of too much importance for his imperative summons to be neglected. The autocratic gentleman was not content to treat with anybody of less consequence than a member of the firm, and, as Reaves was the junior of that body, the not over-pleasant duty had fallen on him.

He had never met Mr. Holman, and only knew generally that he was a very impossible person to deal with, between temper and poor health. He had a mania for making wills; and at present, besides a desire to frame a fresh testament for the future discomfiture of some long-petted relatives, with whom he had lately quarreled, he was meditating a lawsuit against the widow of a nephew, in regard to a tract of land in their neighborhood.

The drive through the pretty scenery in the vicinity of the Berkshire Hills was very pleasant, though the late September rains had left the roads somewhat dilapidated; and Reaves enjoyed it with the zest of a man who had been condemned, the whole summer, to be shut in by rows of brick and mortar. The coachman was strange to that part of the country, but he said he knew the Holman place, answering questions in monosyllables, and proving altogether such a wonderful specimen of taciturnity, that Reaves had decided he could not be a native of the soil, before a direct question elicited the information.

When they at last reached the summit of a hill where three roads met, he did volunteer a remark: by taking the route to the left, instead of following the turnpike, he said the distance would be shortened by a mile or more.

"And a good thing, too," he added; "for there's a heavy storm coming—I expected it."

He whipped up his horses, and took the side-road, which was in a condition to make the passenger regret the bad one they had just deserted.

For a few moments, Reaves could see the village-steeples in the valley below, against a line of black clouds, across which streaks of lightning were already darting, like weird golden hieroglyphs; then the descent began, and a thick grove of stately trees shut even the sky from sight for a few moments.

The silent man drove rather recklessly on, and at last turned in at the open gates of a fine old place, which Reaves had been watching ever since they emerged from the wood. The house, a great rambling stone building, stood perched on the first incline of a pine-tree covered slope, with a long avenue of sycamores leading up to it, having an immense garden, gorgeous with autumn blossoms, at the left, and a vista of winding lanes and green meadows beyond, looking altogether a spot to have pleased the most fastidious hermit.

The carriage drew up at the veranda-steps, and, as the man received his fare, he said, with decision:

"I'll just have time to get to the village before the rain comes. I'm going to stay all night there."

Off he drove, leaving Mr. Reaves in the piazza, with his valise by his side. After several vigorous pulls at the bell, the door was opened by an elderly servant, whose every feature looked deaf.

"I thought I heard a ring," he observed, meditatively. Mr. Reaves thought the dead out in the graveyard he had passed, a quarter of a mile back, might have heard his last peal, but he refrained from saying so.

"Is Mr. Holman at home?" he asked, and, on receiving an affirmative reply, added: "Will you say that Mr. Reaves has come?"

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"We expected you before—I suppose the train was late," said the man, evidently not having understood, uttering one part of his sentence in a shrill treble and the other in a whisper.

He picked up the valise, and ushered the guest into a great hall, and, when Mr. Reaves again announced his name, said:

"Yes, sir, yes; I'll show you to your room. You'll just have time to get ready for dinner. Library is there at the back, sir, when you come down."

He walked persistently on up the wide staircase, and Mr. Reaves passively followed, making no further attempt to give or receive information. He was shown into a large quaintly-furnished room overlooking the garden. The elderly servant placed the valise on a chair and unstrapped it, disappeared for a moment, then returned with a tall ewer of hot water.

"Yes, sir; yes, indeed, sir," he said, with an air of complacency, as a cuckoo-clock in the corridor struck six, and then disappeared again as noiselessly as a ghost.

While Mr. Reaves was making his toilet, the storm burst with terrific force. There came first a gale of wind, almost like a tornado, then the rain began to fall in torrents, to the roar and glare of incessant thunder and lightning.

When Mr. Reaves descended the stairs, the old man was busy, in the hall, lighting the lamps.

"This way, sir," he said; and, lamp in hand, opened a door, and stood back, as he announced in a loud tone: "Mr. Graves."

Reaves looked down the shadowy room, and found himself in the presence of an elderly lady and a young one. The young lady rose, saying:

"I am very glad to see you, Mr. Graves. How fortunate you were, to escape this dreadful storm."

She advanced to meet him, and Mr. Reaves walked wonderingly toward her, the old servant following in his wake with the lamp, which presently fully illuminated the young lady's face; and the discomfited guest perceived that it was not only an exceedingly pretty one, but expressive of a sudden-growing astonishment she could not conceal.

As she stopped, Reaves stopped; and, grasping the fact that he had been led into some dreadful blunder, said, with as much self-possession as he could manage to summon to his aid:

"I beg a thousand pardons. I fear my driver made some strange mistake, and your servant too. My name is Reaves: I supposed I was in Mr. Warren Holman's house."

"You are in Mrs. Holman's house—mine," the lady rejoined, with a smile which struggled between amusement and a fear of embarrassing the stranger. "Your driver blundered, and my poor old Richards is very, very deaf—"

"Yes, ma'am—directly, ma'am," interrupted Richards; and, having set the lamp down, he hastened away, with the air of a man thoroughly satisfied that he understood the right thing to do, and invariably did it.

"To complicate matters for Richards," the lady continued, "I was expecting a visitor—Mr. Graves. Richards has never seen him, and mistook your name for his."

Here was a nice situation, truly; but it had to be made the best of, and luckily Reaves possessed the tact to meet it gracefully, while he was handsome enough to have rendered almost any blunder excusable in a woman's eyes.

He uttered some brief apology; then the absurdity of the predicament struck him so forcibly, and the hardly-repressed amusement sparkling in the lady's eyes was so contagious, that he burst out laughing, and she frankly followed suit, as did the elderly lady, who had been silently watching them with the air of a person witnessing a little comedy which she enjoyed hugely.

She was the first to speak; and, as soon as she could, she said, in a very brisk staccato voice:

"It's as good as anything in Scribe's plays; I wouldn't have missed it for the world."

"Let me make you acquainted with Mrs. Gorham, Mr. Reaves," said the young lady; "she is as cynical as Rochefoucauld, though not so wicked; she enjoys other people's embarrassing predicaments, but not their misfortunes."

"If you can forgive me, I may certainly congratulate myself; the storm would have overtaken me in ten minutes more," Reaves said, as he bowed to Mrs. Gorham.

"Are you Mr. Holman's lawyer?" that lady asked.

"Yes: he is a client of the firm I am a member of—Gray Brothers," Mr. Reaves answered, by way of offering a sort of introduction.

Mrs. Gorham began to laugh again.

"And Mr. Graves is Mrs. Holman's lawyer," said she.

Reaves and his hostess glanced at each other, and began to laugh anew also: the position was so comical that to feel embarrassment or annoyance seemed idiotic.

At this instant, Richards, composed and dignified, threw open the double doors into the adjoining room, and announced dinner in a tone of as much mystery as if it had been a rite forbidden by common law.

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"Mrs. Gorham and I may be thankful to the blunder also," Mrs. Holman said. "We have been dining tête-à-tête for nearly a week; and the storm wouldn't let you go, Mr. Reaves, however determined you might be."

"I wouldn't let him, if the storm did," said Mrs. Gorham, rising and deliberately leading the way into the dining-room. As they sat down at table, she continued: "Now, tell me: are you Mr. John Reaves's son? He used to be a Judge of the Supreme Court."

"He was my uncle, madam; my father was named Walter—"

"Exactly," she interrupted; "he was secretary of legation at Paris, when he was a young man. I'm glad you are his son, instead of your uncle's; for I was rather in love with your father once, and I detested John, who was in love with me."

With a little old woman like a fairy godmother, whose tongue was as nimble as her eyes were bright, there was no use for the other two to be stately or ceremonious, if they had wished. Before dinner was half over, all three felt well acquainted—found they had dozens of mutual friends, and that the only reason they had never met was owing to the fact that Mrs. Holman had spent her brief married life and subsequent three years of widowhood in Europe, and that her relative and former guardian, Mrs. Gorham, had been with her there.

The storm did not abate till after nine o'clock; and, long before this, the trio had talked on all sorts of subjects, as if they had been friends of long standing. Mention had even been made of the land in dispute between Mrs. Holman and her husband's uncle, though this was confined to Mrs. Gorham, who would talk of whatsoever she pleased, in defiance of law or etiquette. The young widow said never a word, and Reaves of course asked no questions; still, it seemed to him, from the clear-headed old lady's exposition, that Mrs. Holman's right to the farms was indisputable.

When the tempest ceased, and Reaves rose to depart, Mrs. Holman insisted on his letting one of her people drive him over to the manor. A very astonished man was Richards, when he at length arrived at the discovery of his mistake in regard to the identity of the guest; and Mrs. Gorham declared, later, that for several days he went about with the air of a person who had met with great wrongs which he was trying to forgive.

When Reaves reached Mr. Holman's house, the servants informed him that the old gentleman was in bed, having given up his arrival; and, from their looks, the visitor inferred that they thought their master would not be pleased at his coming, after he had ceased to be expected.

He was convinced of the truth of his suspicion when he saw his host, the next morning, after breakfast. He found the old gentleman in his dressing-room, suffering agonies from an attack of gout, his pain aggravated and his temper acerbated by the effort he had made to rise and get into his clothes.

To follow up a very curt greeting, Mr. Holman informed his guest that he liked punctuality, paying slight attention to Reaves's explanations; so, to this remark, the lawyer replied:

"Then we'd better get at your business at once, I think."

He spoke good-naturedly; but it was evident he did not propose to be lectured, and he saw by the old autocrat's face that he was undecided whether to take offense at this unusual disregard of his disapproval, or respect the feeling which prompted it.

They rubbed on tolerably well, though several times Mr. Holman attempted to be domineering or sarcastic, and got worsted; but, even while meeting him with his own weapons, Reaves was quietly arranging some papers within his reach, and doing several little things for his comfort: attentions which only had the effect of irritating the old gentleman, because he knew he did not deserve them.

Business-matters of various kinds had been dispatched, and at last Mr. Holman introduced the subject of his contemplated lawsuit with his nephew's widow. He had unfortunately just been seized by a fiery twinge in his ankle, which led him to preface his communication by more sharp words, which so galled Reaves that, as soon as an opportunity offered, he said bluntly:

"Before you go into the affair further, Mr. Holman, I may as well tell you my opinion. It is, that, if you begin a suit in regard to that land, you will lose your case."

The old gentleman frowned and answered testily:

"If you'll excuse me, sir, I will tell you that such a hasty opinion seems to me very unprofessional. I don't quite see how you can be so positive, since I hadn't finished, and this is the first you've heard of the business."

"I beg your pardon. I have already heard about it," rejoined Reaves. "My driver took me to Mrs. Holman's house by mistake yesterday. The rain detained me, and I dined there. She very politely sent me over here in her carriage."

Mr. Holman glared at him, with lightning in his eyes, for a moment, then he thundered out:

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"Upon my word! You—my lawyer—go to drive with my opponent, and discuss my plans with her!"

"Permit me to set you right," returned Reaves, with elaborate courtesy. "Mrs. Holman did not speak of you or the land, nor did I. What was said, I heard from her relative, Mrs. Gorham—"

"Who is an old fool!" broke in Mr. Holman.

"She hid the fact very successfully last evening," said Reaves, icily: "she was bright, witty, and, better still—well-bred."

"Perhaps you mean to tell me I am not, sir—perhaps you mean to insult me in my own house?" shouted old Holman. "Do you think a lawyer has a right to ally himself with his client's enemies? Is that your idea of your duty? What did John Gray mean by not coming himself, as I wrote him to? Where's a pen? I'll telegraph him—I'll see if—"

He was interrupted by such violent cramps in his stomach, that he could neither see nor say anything further. Reaves rang the bell in haste; but unfortunately Mr. Holman had sent his own man out, and, though the housekeeper knew the remedies to be employed, like the other servants, she was so mortally afraid of the old Tartar, that she was of very little use.

The result was, that, after getting the sufferer into bed, Reaves had to work over him for an hour, giving medicines and applying hot poultices, as if he had been a professional nurse, instead of a lawyer.

The physician had been absent from home, and, by the time he and the valet reached the house, Reaves's treatment had checked the attack, though the old gentleman was too weak, after the terrible pain, to do anything but sleep during the rest of the day.

Reaves, of course, would not leave without seeing him, so he waited till morning; then, learning that Mr. Holman was better, he sent in a civil note, announcing his departure and asking if he could be the bearer of any message to Mr. John Gray.

The valet came back with a verbal request that he would go to Mr. Holman's room. When he entered it, Reaves found the old gentleman a very miserable object indeed, swathed in bandages, and absolutely looking quite subdued.

"I say, young fellow," was his greeting, "don't go away! I—hang it all—I'll beg your pardon, if you say so. Why, you're the first person that's thwarted me in twenty years. I like you!"

So Reaves stayed; but, even the next day, Mr. Holman was not able to attend to any business, and, by the following afternoon, the pair were on such friendly terms that Reaves yielded to his urgent request to stop and make a visit, a relaxation he could indulge in, since, when he left town, he had intended to take a fortnight's holiday.

Mr. Holman was confined to his room for several days, and Reaves spent the time with him, except when he went out to ride or walk. He called at Mrs. Holman's, of course, in recognition of her courtesy; but she had been summoned to New York on business, and would not return till toward the end of the week. However, he saw Mrs. Gorham, found her as bright and amusingly cynical as ever, and, the next morning, received a note from her, begging him to take pity on her solitude, and come again before the day was over.

Then, twice, when he was out walking, she overtook him, and insisted on his driving with her, and they felt like old friends. She told him frankly how badly the young widow had been treated by Mr. Holman and all the family, because the favorite nephew, Tom, had elected to marry her, instead of a squint-eyed heiress, whom his uncle had chosen. Tom possessed a high spirit and a fortune, so he took his own way, and would not be angry with his uncle, though the old gentleman never forgave him, and refused to see his young wife.

Mention of these meetings with Mrs. Gorham naturally came out, in the course of Reaves's conversation with his host, who only smiled quizzically, and let the matter drop. In the meantime, he put all the papers bearing on the contemplated suit into Reaves's hands, asking him to examine them at his leisure, because, for the present, the physician forbade his patient occupying himself with business of any sort.

"He says I'm to divert my mind," said the old gentleman, with a bitter smile. "He forgets that business has been my play, as well as work. I can't quite take to second childhood yet, and amuse myself with comic pictures or a top."

Reaves used to read aloud to him the newspapers, at first; but, one day, when the old gentleman woke from a doze, he saw his guest laughing over a novel, and asked to hear a chapter. The book chanced to be "Dombey and Son," and he listened to it from beginning to end, evidently a little ashamed, at first, of his own interest, but thoroughly enjoying the irresistible pathos and humor, and perhaps silently gathering a few wholesome warnings as to the retribution which unrestrained arrogance and selfishness must inevitably bring on, for their possessor, in some form.

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Even after Mr. Holman was able to be about again, most of Reaves's time was at his own disposal, as the old gentleman could attend very little to business, and he was so much accustomed to solitude, that, though most friendly and hospitable in his insistence that his visitor should not leave him, he generally spent the greater part of the morning by himself, just from habit.

The days passed rapidly to Reaves, who enjoyed the quiet; and, as he had a genuine love for nature, found an unfailing pleasure in wandering about among the picturesque hills. Early in the ensuing week, when out riding, he encountered Mrs. Holman, also on horseback, and, of course, asked permission to join her.

"I am glad to hear that Mr. Holman is better," she said, as they rode on. "It is very nice for him to have a visitor—he so seldom does. I often pity him, shut up alone in that great house."

The words were kindly spoken, but she made no other mention of him, though Mrs. Gorham was less reticent when Reaves called on the ladies, the next day.

"So you really succeed in getting on in Castle Dangerous?" she said, abruptly. "You are more wonderful than any of the old story-book heroes. They never went beyond killing dragons—you have tamed one."

Mrs. Holman gave her a reproachful glance, whereat the wicked old lady only laughed, submitting to a change in the conversation with a very good grace.

After this, not a day passed without Reaves seeing the charming young widow, and each meeting deepened the impression she had produced on him at their first interview. Indeed, though he would have scouted the possibility of a man's being in love with a woman whom he had known less than a fortnight, he was forced to admit that his interest in her, and the persistency with which his mind dwelt on every word, look, or action, was something new in his experience, in a past that had been too thoroughly occupied for intimate relations with any of her sex to have much place.

Everything he could arrange, in regard to Mr. Holman's affairs, was completed, with the exception of the documents that concerned the meditated lawsuit. The old gentleman had not asked Reaves what opinion he had arrived at, or even alluded to the matter. He was much better—able to drive out or walk about the grounds daily; and the young lawyer began, with regret, to remember that it was time his holiday should come to an end.

"I shall be sorry to lose your company," his host said, when Reaves mentioned, one morning, the necessity which was forcing itself on his mind. "I don't miss people often, but I shall miss you." He spoke as gruffly as if saying something he was ashamed of; still, he looked gratified when Reaves answered:

"And, I assure you, I am very sorry to go. I have enjoyed my stay hugely, and I owe you many thanks for my pleasant and unexpected holiday."

"No, you don't; and I won't have 'em," said the old gentleman.

"Very well," rejoined Reaves; "thanks are too precious to be wasted, so I'll not offer them again."

The beetle-browed cynic joined in his laughter, and said:

"You're a terribly cantankerous chap. I suppose that's one reason I like you. I dare say you're not worth it, but I do."

"Liking a person is chiefly valuable for the good it does oneself," Reaves replied; "so my worthiness doesn't so much matter."

"Come, that's a new doctrine. It sounds very fine, but I doubt if there's a great deal in it."

"I am sure there is," said Reaves. "Whatever makes us think of others, and consider others, does us good."

He wisely changed the subject, and they began to discuss some political question, the old gentleman showing himself unusually gentle, though, now and then, Reaves caught the sharp eyes fixed scrutinizingly on him, as if the odd theory had not been forgotten, and he wondered if the dogmatical cynic were making some personal application thereof.

Mr. Holman still kept up the habit of riding, when his health permitted; and, the next day, he pronounced himself well enough to go out on horseback with his guest; and, of course, no one ventured to gainsay his decision, even when he insisted on trying a horse he had lately purchased.

They rode for several miles, and came back by a road which led into the turnpike, very near the entrance to Mrs. Holman's place.

A wagon loaded with straw was passing, as the old gentleman reached the highway. His horse took fright, reared and plunged like a mad creature, and, before Reaves, who was some distance behind, could reach the spot, Mr. Holman was flung from the saddle, and fell heavily on the ground.

When Reaves dismounted and stooped over him, he lay insensible; at the same moment, Mrs. Holman and Mrs. Gorham, who were just returning from a walk, hurried up and joined him.

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Reaves lifted the passive head, and Mrs. Holman held strong smelling-salts to his nostrils, but they could not restore animation.

"He must be carried into my house," Mrs. Holman said.

"Well—he'll never forgive that," Mrs. Gorham exclaimed; and, though very sympathetic and helpful, she looked as if this new idea rather amused her. "I'll go and call the servants."

"It is the only thing to do," Mrs. Holman said, looking at Reaves.

"Of course," he answered, promptly; "if you don't mind being left, I'd better go, I think."

"Just see the housekeeper—Richards is so deaf. They can carry him best on a stout counterpane," Mrs. Holman said.

Off Reaves dashed: thinking, as he ran, what a sensible woman she was, to retain her presence of mind, wondering over the odd chance which was to make Mr. Holman a guest within those walls, and, in spite of his alarm, like Mrs. Gorham, a little amused to fancy the old gentleman's sensations when he should find out where he was.

During Reaves's absence, Mrs. Holman sat on the ground, and held her enemy's head in her lap, while Mrs. Gorham applied the salts. Presently Mr. Holman opened his eyes, and stared into the pale face bending over him; his lips moved, but uttered no sound; then his lids slowly closed once more.

"He has fainted again," Mrs. Gorham said.

"No," her friend replied; "he has sunk into a stupor. He must have struck his head in falling, and caused concussion of the brain. I have twice seen such an accident."

He was carried into the house, and put in bed; and, when the doctor arrived, his verdict confirmed Mrs. Holman's opinion. It was impossible, at present, to decide on the extent of the injury. The stupor might last anywhere from six hours to thirtysix, according to the gravity of the hurt.

Mrs. Holman thoughtfully proposed that the patient's own man should be sent for. Seeing a familiar face, when he roused up, would help to quiet him.

"And this room is furnished very like his," Reaves said, glancing about the handsome old-fashioned apartment; "with Conyers by him, he may not notice for some time that he is in strange quarters."

"The shock might act as a restorative," Mrs. Gorham could not resist saying; and, though Reaves tried to look decorously grave, because Mrs. Holman did, they both ended by laughing, at which the old lady said, triumphantly: "You see, you're neither of you so grand and virtuous as you thought! He'll come through it all right. Dr. Simmons says he's made of lignum-vitæ; but it's material a good deal harder than that, I'm sure."

It was about midnight, some ten hours after his accident, when Mr. Holman recovered consciousness. He appeared rational enough, recognized the doctor and Conyers, and, as Reaves stepped forward, scolded him for being up. He asked no questions, and lay quiet, while a bad cut on his right arm was dressed again, took the medicines offered, without a murmur, and altogether behaved so well that the doctor declared it a bad sign, and announced his intention of remaining for the rest of the night.

He was very tired, after a day's hard work, and Reaves persuaded him to go to bed, promising that he should be called at the first show of change in his patient's condition.

Toward daylight, he had to be summoned, and for more than fortyeight hours the old gentleman's state gave cause for alarm, as he varied between partial delirium and a tendency to stupor, which was even worse.

Mrs. Holman showed herself most kind and efficient, and the doctor won Mr. Reaves's heart by his admiration of her talents and goodness; but, when he repeated the praise to Mrs. Gorham, she only said dryly:

"Marian would do the same for a sick tramp. I don't suppose she is silly enough to think 'heaping coals of fire' on that venerable party's head, when he's unconscious, will do any good. He'd not feel a bucket heaped full, even when he is in his senses."

The afternoon of that day, Mrs. Holman came into the room to bring some fresh bandages, and Reaves detained her by getting into a low-toned conversation, which lengthened itself more than either was aware. The doctor had looked in shortly before, and pronounced, with a good deal of dissatisfaction, that there was no likelihood of the sick man's rousing before night, so no fear of disturbing him interrupted their talk.

For the first time, the pair began to speak of the lawsuit which the old gentleman had threatened, and Reaves said frankly:

"He gave me all the papers to examine. I have done so, very carefully. I shall tell him that we cannot undertake the case, if he decide to go on—your claim is clear."

"I have made up my mind to propose an arrangement by which he can have the land," Mrs. Holman answered. "My husband was always very fond of him. He is old. I've no wish to be a thorn in his side, believe me. Indeed,

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I suppose I might have been a little more yielding from the first; but the whole family had treated me ill, and I'm an obstinate woman when people are unjust. I'm sorry now—I have been, ever since he's lain here on that bed."

Presently she went away, and Reaves returned to the patient's side. Not long after, Mr. Holman opened his eyes, and looked about. He recognized Reaves, and asked for a drink. Then he said: "I had a fall. I remember now."

Reaves quietly explained the accident.

"Yes, I know," he replied. "My memory, for a while, wouldn't help. I could recollect only up to the moment of falling. This is not my room."

"No. We could not carry you to your own house," Reaves said, dreading the question which was sure to follow.

But he asked nothing; he lay still, though he was not asleep, Reaves knew. Perhaps half an hour later, he said:

"Where is she?"

Reaves hesitated, and he continued impatiently:

"I mean Robert's wife. I want to see her. I know where I am. I heard you talking."

Reaves summoned Mrs. Holman, and, when she entered, the old gentleman moved his hand toward her, along the counterpane, saying slowly:

"I expect I was in the wrong. You made my boy happy. I'm obliged to you for all your care of me. Shall we be friends?"

"Gladly," she answered, and, stooping over him, kissed his wrinkled forehead, which he wrinkled more curiously than ever, though he looked pleased, as well as puzzled, demonstrations of tenderness never having been in the old Cossack's line.

"The millenium has begun," was Mrs. Gorham's observation, when the news of the old gentleman's conduct was given to her. "There are no lions in the neighborhood, to come in and lie down; but I dare say, before night, Mr. Roe's mad bull will be gamboling like a lamb on the lawn, and Richards will marry the cook—they've been in a continuous battle for months. I may even begin to wax gentle myself, and take to thinking well of people; but I hope matters won't go quite so far as that."

Reaves was obliged to return to New York, while Mr. Holman was still confined to his bed; for he had been so terribly bruised and shaken that his recovery was very slow. But, indeed, he displayed no anxiety to be removed, and a full month elapsed before he went home. During this time, Mrs. Gorham used to keep Reaves informed of the progress of affairs generally, in bright witty letters which he read with great eagerness and enjoyment, though apt, on a first reading, to skip most of the paragraphs in which Mrs. Holman's name had no place.

When winter came, the two ladies spent a couple of months in town, and Reaves saw them daily; the old Cossack himself, contrary to his habit, was down for awhile, stopping at the same hotel as his niece, whom he treated as affectionately as it was in his nature to treat anybody.

During the spring, he invented some business which forced Reaves to stop a week at his house, and extorted a promise from him that he would spend his summer vacation there. When the time arrived, Reaves attempted to make excuses to avoid going; but the exacting gentleman would not accept them, so the young man had to keep his word, though he went somewhat reluctantly, and in a very low morbid state of mind.

He had, a good while since, discovered that he was fathoms deep in love with the charming widow, and certain of her connections with whom he had become acquainted had discovered the fact also; and, being always suspicious of any man who might stand a chance of persuading the young lady to change her name, they artfully contrived to rouse in his mind the idea that the fair relict was adamantine in her conviction that any and all suitors were after her money.

The difference in their worldly positions had already sorely troubled Reaves, and the added idea that she could suppose him a fortune-hunter so rankled in his soul that he had behaved very oddly when they met in the spring; and she, of course, completely ignorant of the reasons for his conduct, was somewhat hurt and indignant at what looked like mere caprice and fickleness.

So a certain estrangement had grown up between them, which the summer holiday only deepened; and Reaves found ample cause for misery, as the neighborhood was quite gay that season, and Mrs. Holman surrounded by a knot of admirers, among whom ranked a dashing military man, considered by most beholders as likely to carry off the prize.

Old Holman fretted and fumed at Reaves, without openly approaching the subject; but, one day, his patience would bear no more, for he had got a little frightened about the handsome colonel himself, and he said bluntly:

"I want to tell you something, young gentleman: you have been a fool—that's what you've been."

"I'm going away—I was just meaning to tell you so," rejoined Reaves, irrelevantly and wretchedly. "I find I must start for town this evening."

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"Very well—sorry to lose you; but, if you must go, you must," growled the Cossack. "You don't ask what you've been a fool about—very wise of you, too. Before you go, you can stop in and congratulate Mrs. Holman. Hark! there's her voice in the hall now."

He went out to meet her, and soon contrived an errand which enabled him to leave the pair alone, hoping that the stab he had given Reaves might goad the young man on to speeches which would effect an understanding between the two, whom he had set his crabbed old soul on bringing together.

Reaves and the widow made themselves politely disagreeable to each other, for a few moments; then he observed, rather abruptly:

"I was going to call on you, this morning, to say good-bye."

"Ah, you are leaving?" she asked, with civil indifference.

"Yes, this evening," he replied, trying his best to match her tone and manner. "I must go back to my drudgery, and leave you lucky idle people to enjoy the sunshine. By the way, speaking of sunshine reminds me: I hear that an extra share has descended on you. I believe I have to congratulate you. I do so most heartily."

Then he stopped, hearing a gasp in his voice which maddened him; and she rejoined, in surprised interrogation:

"Congratulate me?"

"Yes; I hope you will be very happy," he said, with a sickly smile, which only rendered his pallor and agitation more apparent.

"Thanks; I shall be reasonably so, I trust," she answered, haughtily, too much occupied in hiding her own feelings to notice his appearance; "but I am not aware of any special matter on which I deserve your congratulation."

"I beg your pardon. I did not understand that it was a secret," cried he, in a pitiable confusion between anger and suffering. "Pray excuse my rudeness; it was not meant for such, believe me. It was only stupidity—I've blundered, as usual. Forgive me."

He looked so unutterably miserable that she was softened at once, and said with a smile:

"I may, if you will tell me what you meant. I really cannot imagine why you should congratulate me."

He lost his head completely then, and, before he knew it, had blurted out:

"Why, aren't you engaged to Colonel Seymour?"

She blushed scarlet, making a movement as if to go away; but old Mr. Holman stalked into the room, just in time to catch Reaves's awkward question.

"You told me so," the young man exclaimed, turning quite furiously on his host, who looked a fine image of unconcern.

"Uncle!" cried Mrs. Holman, in distress and wrathful wonder. "You couldn't have said that. You know I am not."

"Very well, then, Gerald Reaves: now you know she is not," said the Cossack, coolly, "so be man enough to tell her you are in love with her yourself and have been acting like a dunce on account of some impossible scruples or other that you've somehow got into your ridiculous head."

He fired the long sentence forth without a comma, and away he went again, leaving them both so confused that for a few seconds neither could speak. However, Reaves found voice at length, and the mysteries were all satisfactorily cleared up before Mr. Holman reappeared.

"I remembered something," said he, shaking his stick at Reaves, after one quick glance at the two faces had convinced him that everything was right at last. "Marian, that fellow told a falsehood. I only said he was to congratulate you. He jumped at all the rest of his rigmarole."

"It is I who must be congratulated," Reaves cried, nearly wringing the old hypocrite's hand off.

And then Mrs. Gorham came in, having called for Marian, according to promise: and she was as delighted as the Cossack himself, when she heard the news.

It is pleasant to think of four people being genuinely happy, so we will leave them there together.

SOMEBODY ABSENT.

BY J. B. COWDIN.

Who is absent? I can tell
By the eyes of Annabel,
  Turning from her tedious book,
  Listless with a far-off look,
While her thoughts and fancies rove
To her distant sighed-for love.

Annabel, fair Annabel,
Listen to the news I tell!
  Somebody—don't crimson so!—
  Is much nearer than you know.
Somebody comes fast, my dear.
Hark! his step, his voice. He's here!

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"THE TROUBLE AT LAWDER'S."

BY A. M. EWELL.

THERE was trouble at Richfields plantation. Indeed, when was there not trouble at Richfields, of all sorts but poverty? For some ugly traits of character, growing like fungi to the Lawder family-tree and transplanted with it from worn-out English ground, seemed only to be fattened and nourished by the rich new soil of Maryland. Dark hints of crime, attempted or committed, lingered like a bad odor through all the family traditions. Tales of the Indian chief, who, coming as a friend, had been treacherously murdered under the rooftree in Colonial times: of a negro slave, killed by a blow from the master's whip-handle: of a gambling-debt, which, ruthlessly exacted from the wife and children of a luckless neighbor, had added many acres to the already immense plantation—all these stories, and many others almost as bad, were kept alive by the black people, who delighted to tell them to each other and to the Lawder children.

Mr. Thomas Lawder, with whom our story has to do, was a miser—his avarice of that far-sighted kind which passes at first view for generosity. "Mars'r allus keeps us up ter de wu'kin'-p'int—strong an' fat. We's plenty eatin's, plenty clo'es, an', fo' Gawd, we pays de price," old black Uncle Samson was wont to remark, with a laugh of untold cynicism. And it was true: everything at Richfields was kept in paying order. The house was handsomely appointed and comfortable—after a certain material fashion—the ladies of the family richly dressed, the slaves well housed and fed, the horses for work and pleasure excellently kept, and they all paid the price. The master was himself the only starved-looking creature at Richfields: a small, delicately-made, keen-faced man was Mr. Lawder, with bright eyes whose cruelty of expression flashed out like a sharpened knife at any time that his will was crossed: and, for several months before the time of which I write, his will had been constantly crossed by another as hard and strong.

It was one warm sunshiny morning in October, 1807, that the Lawders were all gathered in the breakfast-room at Richfields. The windows looked southward over a large well-kept garden, beyond which lay, at a dead-level, fertile corn-fields where the cutting-process was almost done, and a wide stretch of tobacco-ground with great drying-houses scattered here and there. Within the room, all was suggestive of wealth and comfort: rich furniture, well-trained servants, and gleaming silver on a table most bountifully spread. But the stalled ox at "Lawder's" was too bitterly sauced with hatred, to be pleasant eating; and, this morning, there were no happy faces gathered around the table. Mrs. Lawder at the head—a pretty, frail, cowed-looking woman, prematurely old—poured out the coffee with trembling hands, making more than one mistake as she did it. She loved her son, and, with incredible tenacity of affection, loved her husband too—no wonder that her nerves were shaken by the present state of things. And Mistress Patsy Lawder! It is not possible to compress her charms into a few short sentences. Some people had declared that volumes might be written thereupon, without exhausting the subject; but then they were in love. She was a tall comely creature, whose shape could not even be spoiled by a gown made in the then prevailing fashion, with waistband passing across her bosom and just under her armpits; her neck was well set on splendid shoulders; she had hazel eyes, and bright brown hair dressed in loops and curls on the top of her head. She had also a frank lively manner, stigmatized by her lady-friends as "bold"—being, in fact, charmingly audacious in her happy moods: though she could be grave, too, and think to some purpose, as her straight brows and well-defined jaws might indicate. This morning, she was quiet enough, poor girl—pale and downcast, with not a word to say.

Just opposite to her, sat Mr. Charles Lawder, her first-cousin—being her father's nephew—one who had lived at Richfields all his life, and worn, with better grace than a less sweet-tempered person may have done, the chain of Mr. Thomas Lawder's bounty. His fair-tinted, handsome, though rather feminine, face and soft-blue eyes, meeting his Cousin Patsy's dark ones with a frequent and unmistakable glance, were in marked contrast to Ben Lawder, who sat beside him. That young gentleman, the son and heir, was big, strong, and lusty, with features pleasant—except his eyes, which were too much like his father's. Usually frank and roughly jovial in manner, he wore, this morning, a stolid sullen

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look, returning thus Mr. Thomas Lawder's glance, which showed, just now, its cruelest expression. Again and again, during the past few years, had Mr. Lawder been called upon to pay his son's recklessly-contracted debts, and a fresh discovery concerning that young spendthrift's extravagance had been made the day before: being the fact that certain tradesfolk in the city of Annapolis, twenty miles away, could wait no longer for their money; that there was also a bill run up, by too generous "treating," at Mason's tavern, in that same place; and, besides, a "debt of honor" to be paid. Mr. Thomas Lawder, though fond of his son Ben, in his way, was also fond of his money; and, in this instance, the strain on heart and purse was a little too much. His silent rage had perhaps never been so darkly impressive before, though he only said quietly that he would go to Annapolis this very day, and settle the business.

"Must I go with you to-day, sir?" asked Ben, breaking silence at last, when that most cheerless breakfast was nearly done.

"No, sir—no. Not you," was the contemptuous yet bitter reply. "I want to get at the truth to-day, and I've a notion that will be sooner done without your lying by-play and turning things wrong-side-out."

"Very well. Truth is a fine thing. I won't spoil your pursuit of it," said Ben, curtly.

"And I give you fair warning, sir—and all at this table bear witness—" here Mr. Lawder pushed his chair back and stood up straight, speaking in his quietest, most vindictive, rasping tone, "I give you fair warning, that this is the last money you will ever get from me. My money, my estate, is my own, to do with as I please: and I please to leave it to no reckless fool." His words were full of hard and steady purpose, and they had their due effect. Mrs. Lawder burst out crying, and said:

"Oh, my dear Thomas: surely, you don't mean that?"

The blood rushed to Patsy's face, the tears to her eyes. Ben looked less sulky and more resentful; and Charles Lawder, who, besides being fond of Ben, had a nervous horror of "scenes," turned red and white, writhed in his seat, and bit his lip till the blood came.

"That's all I've got to say, sir. You know, when I mean a thing, I mean it," added Mr. Lawder, and walked out of the room—out of the house, soon after—and, mounting his horse, rode off to Annapolis.

It was a bad beginning for the day, which dragged on wretchedly enough for those he left at home. Mrs. Lawder went to her room, with tears and a headache for company; Ben took himself off, with his gun and dogs, on a ramble; while Patsy and her Cousin Charles were left to consult over this, as they did about every event their days brought forth. It had never needed any formal declaration between these two, their habitual confidence and sympathy having run, lifelong, in one channel. Patsy had many lovers, and honestly enjoyed their admiration: maybe she was a little coquettish; but Cousin Charles had no fear, and felt no jealousy, knowing her too well. Mr. Lawder would have thought his nephew a poor match indeed for Patsy: and Charles, aware of this, had been lately somewhat fretful against his uncle's strong will and his own weak one, that kept him where and what he was. But he had never spoken to Patsy of marriage; such a possibility was yet very hazy in his own mind. He did not know that it existed at all in hers; they were happy as they were—or, at least, as happy as Mr. Thomas Lawder's temper would permit any of his household to be. On that morning, Patsy's tears gave occasion for some harmless caressing. He wiped them away with one hand, while the other—small, soft, and womanish—clasped her waist, as he coaxed her back to smiles in those sweet gentle tones of his. She was then inclined to think that "papa" could not—did not, must not—mean what he had said. But Charles, in spite of his desire to agree with her always, could not deny the opposite conviction.

The day passed slowly by, and twilight came without bringing, as was expected, the master. Ben came home to his supper, looking sullen and hard; Mrs. Lawder kept her room; the servants, well knowing that something was wrong, whispered in corners, and solemnly enjoyed this storm-preceding quiet, after the manner of their race and kind. They all went to bed a little later than common, that night, and still the master had not come.

"I feel like something would happen—or had happened. I wish he would come back," said Patsy, just before the good-night, going anxiously to a window.

"Maybe he'll stay all night at Mason's. Don't worry," said Charles, to comfort her; while Ben, who was staring moodily at the fire, spoke not a word. And, still silent and gazing, she left him.

Patsy was unusually wakeful, that night; eleven, twelve, sounded from the big hall-clock, and still she could not sleep. The night was starlit and warm as summer, stirred now and then by faint breezes. Her windows—on a side of the house away from the garden—were open,

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admitting the outside noises; and there seemed, to Patsy, to be a great many. The dogs barked a good deal, and one of them howled—most dismal of all sounds. Once she thought she heard the trampling of a horse's feet; but this died away, amid a fresh outbreak from the dogs. Then, later on, she fancied an outcry, as of someone in fear or pain: whereat, springing from bed, she went to the window and listened; but there seemed nothing to hear but the rustle of dry fallen leaves. To her nervous fancy, there was something ominous and sinister in the very beauty and warmth of this unseasonable night. A good sharp honest frost, or a dashing autumnal rain, would have been more natural and better suited to her mood. She looked out into the soft-gray starlit haze, with a strange foreboding of evil; then, going back to bed, fell presently into fitful sleep.

She woke later than her custom, to find the sun well up—shining like a red ball, in the hazy gray-blue sky. "Oh, I hate this weather," she sighed, over her toilet. "The season and the times seem all turned wrong-side-out." Going down into the breakfast-room, she found her Cousin Charles hovering over the fire that, for form's sake, had been kindled in the fireplace. He shivered when she entered, and, raising his face, shocked her with its haggard, worn appearance. He was pale, with a strange, set, painful look about the mouth and brow, and there were dark circles around the eyes, that met Patsy's with an expression she had never seen therein before. It was like the backward reflection of some recent horror or suffering, and a "cold obstruction" that was not apathy, but resistance to her gaze. She noticed, but could then define, the change, as if some invisible door had been shut between them; and, in after-days, her consciousness brought it forth with added meaning.

"What is the matter?" was her greeting.

"The matter with me? Nothing—nothing. A little headache—that's all."

"I don't wonder," she said, "nursing the fire, this morning. I'm sick with heat."

"Sick with heat?" Another shiver. "I am chilled, through and through."

She looked at him—earnestly, keenly.

"Charley, what is the matter? Didn't you sleep, last night?"

"Yes, yes. How you plague me!" he said, more impatiently than he had ever spoken to her before.

She went to the window and looked out, to start back with an exclamation:

"What—what are they doing? Ploughing in the garden! Who ordered such a thing?"

The garden was laid off in smooth grass walks and trim squares; such a thing as a plough had never been in it before; but now a plough, drawn by two horses and guided by Uncle Samson, was at work—cutting right across one of the walks, mangling the flower-bed that edged a square, and spoiling the whole orderly arrangement.

"Oh, it's too bad! too bad!" cried Patsy, stamping her foot. "Who has had this done?"

"The ploughing? Oh, that's all right. The weather is fine for that sort of work—the soil needed a thorough turning-up," said her cousin, starting eagerly.

"Why, Charley, it has that every spring. This was never done before—it spoils the labor and growth of years. Did papa order it done?"

"The sod can be laid again, those bunches of pinks re-set," murmured he, ignoring her question.

"Did pa say it must be done?"

"Yes, yes. Why do you make a fuss? Women know nothing of what the soil needs. You make my head worse, with your fault-finding."

Patsy looked at him, astonished; his tone was new to her.

"Upon my word, sir! Who is fault-finding with you, sir? If he said it was to be, why should you be blamed?"

"Yes, yes, dear child. I know you didn't mean it. I am half crazy with this ache. Forgive me."

"Oh, poor dear, let me stroke away the pain," she said. No danger of the offer being refused, though the pain seemed past the exorcism of her white fingers.

For awhile there was quiet, while she stroked his forehead, he sitting with closed eyes; but, presently, she flitted to the window again, and, standing there, had a new idea.

"Charley, I tell you what I'll do: I'll have that tangle of raspberry-bushes there, in that corner, dug up and planted in a row along the edge of the ploughed ground. This is the very time for such transplanting. I'll do it—that I will."

"No, you will not—you must not. Don't think of such a thing," said her cousin, lifting his head with uncalled-for energy and a wild gleam in his eyes.

"Why not?" she asked, with a pout and frown. "Why not, if I choose, and it's for nobody's hurting? Even papa wouldn't cross me in such a little fancy. Am I such a child, that I can't have my own way in setting out a bush? I will do it, this very day—there!"

"Patsy, my own sweet girl, don't do this—

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don't meddle with those bushes—for my sake. 'Tis a fancy of mine—only a fancy. I know it seems a little thing—ridiculous; but, for my sake, let them alone."

He laid his hand on her arm with an earnest appeal—rather ludicrous, under the circumstances.

"But why shouldn't I have my fancy, too? You are so queer, this morning—I can't make you out."

She turned crimson and burst into tears, just as the door opened to admit her brother.

Ben looked dull and sullen, his eyes slightly bloodshot.

"What's all this? What are you crying for, Patsy?" he asked. Whereat Patsy told her cause of anger, with some petulant sobs.

"No, I won't have the bushes moved or the garden meddled with," said Ben, roughly, as if in a mood to contradict, adding a muttered oath: "Let 'em alone, and don't be such a silly child."

"You are not master here, sir, nor likely to be," was her retort.

"Oh, well, wait till the real master comes home, and settle it then."

Patsy was lost in amaze; that her careless brother and most tractable cousin should join to oppose her in such a small matter was past comprehension.

"I'm sure I wish that he would come," she sighed, presently. "It is high time."

"Perhaps he has found more congenial society than that of the thieves and swindlers here," said Ben, with a laugh, whereat Charles Lawder shuddered and looked down.

But the master came not, that morning, nor any morning afterward; and, by the next day, a black shadow of mystery had settled over Richfields plantation. Ben rode to Annapolis and came back with the news that his father had started home the evening before, at sundown, and had been met on his way thither by several people. As we know, he had not reached it, nor could anyone find out by any means what had become of him. Mr. Thomas Lawder had as entirely disappeared as if the earth had opened and swallowed him. Mrs. Lawder, half distracted, urged on the search, Ben and Charley Lawder spent days and weeks in pursuing it, the neighbors gave their help amid great excitement and many dark surmises, all to no success. The evening after the disappearance, his riding-horse was found—with the saddle on and part of the broken bridle hanging from his neck—cropping grass on a waste bit of common, two miles from Richfields. There was no sign of hard riding or fright about the horse, no blood-stains on the saddle; but the rider was gone—clean gone. There were no proofs of a murder having been committed; no dead body could be found, though every wood and thicket between Richfields was searched, every stream dragged. Mr. Lawder could have had no motive for suicide, and was certainly not the man to run away or go in hiding; but the fact that he was gone—dead, to all intents and purposes—remained. A kinder man would have been more regretted; as it was, his wife did her full share of grieving; but others, even his children, had few tears to shed, though the dreadful mystery had its full effect upon them.

Ben gradually stepped into the place of master, which right was given him in the only will his father had left. In this will, made two years before, the great landed estate was left to Ben: there was a small sum of money for Charles, a handsome support for Mrs. Lawder and Patsy, and so, according to this will, matters were settled at Richfields plantation. Ben was a more comfortable head of the house, a kinder master than his father; but the days were dark and heavy for them all. Mrs. Lawder was crushed and sad; Ben's old rough good-nature was turned to moodiness, and he spent more time than ever before in lonesome rambles with his dogs; even Patsy's high spirits had failed; and, as for Charles, who still made his home with them, it was indeed a change that had come over him.

His old light-hearted gayety was gone; and a lethargic dullness, broken by nervous fits, seemed to possess him. His nights would seem spent in pacing to and fro, his days were fitful and wretched, and, as nights and days passed by, it was no wonder that he grew sallow and emaciated. "My dear boy, you don't eat enough to live. What has come over you?" was his aunt's constant remark, ignored with dull indifference. His sensitive nature soon found out that people noticed his state of mind and body, that his appearance before outsiders or away from home was followed by suspicious looks, whispers, cold avoidance on the part of some, and this knowledge was not likely to better his disease, whatever that was. The Lawders had been too prominent in the well-acquainted country neighborhood, to evade notice now. They were discussed accordingly. Indeed, the mystery concerning Mr. Thomas Lawder furnished a never-ending source of talk, and—without any disrespect to human nature be it said—of course, enjoyment too. "Who was guilty in the matter?" was the great question, and slowly but surely the answer asserted itself: "Charles Lawder."

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As to the proofs, they began with the curious change in him, dating from that time, and were considered strong by some whose power of "putting two and two together" was undeniable. It was urged that his father had been a very bad man; that the Lawder blood was bad blood, and had more than once broken out into crime; then everybody knew that old Lawder had tyrannized over Charles, and that there was no love lost between them.

True, Charles had not inherited much by his uncle's supposed death; but he had always been devoted to Ben; and Ben, good generous fellow, would share the last dollar with him. Then, last but not least, Charles had always had a hankering after his Cousin Patsy, and it was very well known that her father would never allow that match. In spite of these apparent motives for guilt, this easy tracing of cause and effect, there were some who urged that Charles, whatever his inherited "badness," had always been gentle, sweet-tempered, kind as a woman to all weak lowly creatures, forgiving, and weak of will. But this short-sighted reasoning was put down; Charles's guilt was established in society, and himself shunned as if he had the plague. The more imaginative busied themselves with where and how the midnight-assault had taken place; where and how the body was concealed. Long after the Lawders had given up the search for it, some of their neighbors continued to seek—meeting, perhaps, a sharper disappointment. There was one other source of presumptive evidence much dwelt upon: Ben Lawder was said to suspect his cousin; he certainly avoided him, and their former confidence seemed broken up. For what other reason could it be?

And Patsy—who loved Charles Lawder, and knew him better than anyone else in the world—what of her? Strive as she might against it, the breath of outside suspicion, which she was quick to detect, stirred an answering fear in her own breast. She tried to forget, but could not, how her cousin had been, that fatal morning. Was it remorse for a dark and fearful deed that had looked from his white face then, that was eating his life out now? Could it be possible that, to prevent Ben's disinheritance, and to clear a path for his own love toward herself, he had—Thought always broke off in a shudder before the question was formulated; but it would come back to haunt her. The discussion about the raspberry-bushes, the ploughing done in the garden, that morning, were also darkly suggestive. Did that tangled thicket, in the far corner of the wall, conceal any dreadful thing? What bloody traces of crime had the ploughshare hidden? She could not bear to set foot in the garden; but it took on—especially that far neglected corner—a fearful fascination for her eyes and thoughts. Her old habitual love for Charley was not weakened by this fear, this almost certainty, that would not let her go: it was only changed and deepened by a passionate pity. She would have gone to prison or to the gallows with him; would have walked round the world on sharp stones, barefoot, defying all mankind, for his sake.

Patsy's love for her father was a mixture of pride and duty, and had little to do with her heart—not wonderful, considering what manner of man he was; but now she was honestly shocked at the turn her own feelings had taken. The murdered man was her father—most people would have said, not a bad father, too; and even the idea that Charles was his murderer—or, at least, guiltily concerned in his death—even this could not arouse one spark of the natural loathing toward her cousin: on the contrary, he was dearer to her, in his remorse, his isolation, his misery, than ever before. Reason stigmatized her as unnatural, as being herself criminal—indeed, beyond the pale of humanity—and flaunted the naked facts before her mind; but her heart cried out on the other side, and would not be silenced. But the conflict wore out her youthful heart and strength; as months went on, she paled and faded, her eyes grew haggard, her rosy cheeks sunken and dim. She was much alone with Charles; but there was silence between them, like an invisible wall. They had been used to sit hand-in-hand, with pleasant familiarity; but there was nothing of that now: she sat by the couch whereon he lay more constantly every day, sunk in miserable silence—her lips dumb, her head bent over her work.

One day, she thought that he fancied some shrinking in her manner: for, with an earnest look, he said suddenly:

"Patsy, do you trust me?" She faltered a moment, and he added: "I mean, do you trust me in what concerns yourself?"

"Yes," she answered, steadily.

"Do you love me, Patsy?"

"'Thou knowest that I love thee,'" she said, with high-strung solemnity of mood, that brought the quotation naturally to her lips.

He still looked doubtful, and said:

"Give me your hand." She did so, with a grave unshrinking gesture, and he held it, clasped it tentatively, as if waiting for a sign, as if feeling the pulse of her moral attitude toward himself. There was no quiver of the palm, no

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faintest repulsive gesture of the tender steadfast fingers; he pressed it to his lips and to his heart with a sob, and gave it up as one might a last hope of salvation. "Dear child—dear heart! God bless you, my own! Something stands between us; I can't tell what now. I think I'm dying by inches. Maybe, at the last, I can ease my heart of it all." Perhaps he was hoping that she would draw him out to tell it now, and the momentous question was actually on her lips, she feeling that any confession, even the worst, would be better than this; but her heart sickened, and the words died away unspoken.

So month after month went by, until the coming of October, a year after the disappearance of Mr. Thomas Lawder. The very anniversary of that day, when he rode away for the last time, came around—warm, bright, and summer-like—bringing with it the vivid remembrance always deepened by such exact repetition of minor circumstances; and, that pleasant afternoon, a crowd of unusual visitors came to Richfields. Mrs. Lawder was, as usual, shut up in her room; and Ben, Charles, and Patsy were, for a wonder, all three together in the sitting-room, when a servant ushered them in—old Doctor Baywood, Mr. Strong, the gentle little white-haired minister of the parish, several other gentlemen who were among their nearest and oldest neighbors, and a strange man whom nobody introduced. The solemnity of all their faces may have been laughable, under some circumstances; but, in this instance, it only brought strange foreboding to hearts already sick and fearful. Charles roused himself to sit up wearily on the sofa, where he had been lying all day. Patsy shrank back into a corner behind him, dreading she knew not what. Ben welcomed them rather coldly, and they all took seats bolt-upright, with the air of men who had a hard duty to perform.

Doctor Baywood and the minister looked at each other; they all looked at each other uneasily; and at last the good old doctor, who had known the young Lawders all their lives, cleared his throat, and, with great effort, began.

"Charles Lawder," he said, "maybe your conscience tells you what business it is that brings us here to-day."

Charley's sickly face turned a shade paler; but he lifted his head up with more dignity than perhaps he had ever shown before.

"My conscience has nothing to say about it, sir. Perhaps you will enlighten it."

"Charles Lawder," went on the old man, more sternly, "this time a year ago, your uncle disappeared from our midst, in the night-time, with no evidence of circumstance to show the right or the wrong of that matter. But there is another kind of evidence, sir; and by that you have been judged. Miserable boy, what has been eating your heart out? What has brought you to what you are now? Your guilt has told on itself; and, besides, all know how your uncle's taking-off advantaged you. 'Murder will out' is the old saying; such black doings call for punishment from all law-abiding citizens. Charles Lawder, in presence of all here assembled, I charge you with the murder of your uncle—Thomas Lawder."

Dead silence followed the last words, and all eyes were fixed on Charles Lawder. The bright-red spot that had burned on his cheek when the old gentleman began had changed to a deadly paleness; but his hand did not tremble, as he laid it on a table near-by, and, turning half-around, looked at his Cousin Ben. The glance was solemn, piercing, almost stern, and it directed all eyes to Ben's face, which had grown very pale, but showed no other sign of fear or agitation.

He returned the other's gaze, for a moment; then, as if drawn by resistless influence, rose and came forward in their midst, looking round upon them all—hard, resolute, defiant.

"Well, if it's come to this," he said, in a hoarse but steady voice, "if you meddling fools come here and force a double murder on me, I'll make a clean breast of it. I killed my father."

He paused, breathing heavily; Charles hid his face with a groan, Patsy gave a faint choked cry; but the others were dumb with horror and surprise. He went on hurriedly, as if eager to tell all:

"We had parted on bad terms, that morning when he left. I was restless, that night, and couldn't sleep, and was walking about out-of-doors, late, when he came. He left his horse at the stable, and came up to the house through the garden. I met him there. We had some hard words, and he threatened to cut me off without a cent. He meant it, too." He paused, moistened his lips, drew a long breath, and went on again: "There's a devil in me, when I'm roused—you all know I came honestly by it. I struck him, and we fought. He got me down, and I stabbed him with my pocket-knife. Wait—listen! Let's have it all out. I hid the body: buried it in a gully washed out between the garden-wall and a thicket of bushes down there. Charles helped me about that. He came and caught me at it. Nobody could have been worse cut up than he was about it, but he wasn't going to help put a rope around my neck. He

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stood by me, and it's gone hard with him, as you can see. I never thought of it's being laid on his shoulders. We turned the horse, saddled and bridled, loose in the public road. That's all. I'm ready and glad to give myself up."

A half-hour later, he had said good-bye to his horror-stricken, weeping, half-crazed mother, and started for the county jail, escorted by the strange man, who happened to be a sheriff, and some of his old neighbors. Not till the close of that distressing long-remembered day did Patsy have a chance to speak with her cousin. Then, still wretched, wan, and broken, but with some faint sign of relief in his eyes, he came to her and asked: "Patsy, one thing I must know. Did you believe I did it?" She leaned against the wall, sick with the revulsion, the dreadful certainty, that the day had brought, and answered: "Yes."

"And if it had been true, Patsy?"

"God help me," she said, "I'll say the truth. It may have been the ruin of my soul, but I'd have loved you still."

Ben Lawder escaped from prison before his trial came off, and, fourteen years afterward, news of his death in the far West came back to his old neighborhood. His crime formed a hideous climax to all the Lawder wickedness, and people consoled themselves for the mistake about Charles by the fact that it proved, no less than Charles's guilt would have done, the inherent badness of the Lawder blood: a theory freshly aired when, two years later, Patsy married her cousin. They lived at Richfields—old Mrs. Lawder, Patsy, and Charles; for, though the place held fearful memories, their happiest ones hovered about it, too. Charles Lawder never recovered from the ravages of that terrible secret, but was always nervous, sickly, and oppressed by melancholy fits. His dependence on Patsy brought out the strong, noble, protective traits of her character. They were true as steel to each other, and, as years went on, the dark shadow of crime that had spread over their lives was pierced by soft gleams of happiness and peace.

TWO LOVES.

BY GERTIE V. MACK.

Darling, my brushes are washed and dried,
  Picture and palette are put away;
Come sit on the ottoman—here, at my side—
  And sing, in the light of the dying day.

Here, in this picture-world of Rome,
  With your tender eyes for my guiding-star,
How seldom I think of my early home,
  Across the ocean so wild and far.

Oh, the old, hard, passionate life over there!
  It is gone; but some of its dreams come true.
And could any existence be more fair
  Than this I am leading, with art and you?

Why, she is silent—she's fast asleep.
  What a picture she makes, in that stately chair,
With its cushions of crimson velvet deep,
  And its antique carving, quaint and rare!

Her head, with its classic Grecian grace,
  And its wavy tresses, black as night,
Is so statuesque; and the beautiful face
  Looks strangely pale, in the waning light.

How still on her cheek the lashes lie!
  The soft red mouth so pensive seems,
And her bosom heaves with a struggling sigh,
  As if she were dreaming troubled dreams.

That sleeping form and the silence profound
  Make me feel of her very presence bereft,
And memories old come clustering round,
  To fill up the dreary void she has left.

Again and again, a face recurs,
  Full of a witching diablerie—
A bright false face, less fair than hers,
  But, in spite of myself, still dear to me.

By this later love, and this life of peace,
  I dreamed I was lifted above and apart
From the fickle girl, whose coquettish caprice
  Won, and then trampled upon, my heart.

But, somehow, dreaming the old life o'er,
  From our quarrel back to the stolen kiss,
My treacherous pulses leap once more
  With a thrill of the lost delirious bliss.

I hate and scorn her, in my mind,
  For her cold caprice and deceitful art;
But, in spite of this and myself, I find
  I love her, I love her, in my heart!

Just the beauty of flesh and blood—no more;
  Strange, it can bind with such lasting ties
A man whose hopes and efforts soar
  Above her worldly sympathies!

Had I won her, what would have been my lot?
  Narrow, and filled with domestic strife:
My best hopes blighted and half forgot,
  Save for broken dreams of a higher life.

But this wronged and innocent sleeper seems,
  Woman and wife although she be,
Like a guardian-angel, known in dreams—
  Or like my better self—to me.

Ah, she stirs! What, awake at last?
  I have been so sad and lonely here;
Your place was usurped by a ghost of the past,
  That wrung my heart with memories drear.

What was it? Nay, you shall never know,
  My white-winged dove of peace; indeed,
It seems like a sin to talk of woe,
  Such a charmèd halcyon life we lead.

Sit as you are, in that crimson chair,
  Bathed in the dying light of day,
And looking so picturesque and fair,
  And sing till you charm such thoughts away.

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THE MILLIONAIRE'S DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1885, by Miss Ann Stephens, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

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CHAPTER XXVIII.

DOROTHEA arranged the soft fuzz of hair over her forehead with provoking composure. She had been so long threatened with disinheritance that her mother's harangue made no impression on her.

"Oh, mamma, do stop talking about that loaf of bread, that is to be always under your arm, just to spite me, or people will think we have kept a corner-bakery; and that is worse than oil, which you will not permit me to mention, now that we have got rich with it."

The girl had become so accustomed to waging open war with her mother, that she hardly recognized her own rudeness in this reply. She had intended to mention the visit that Dayton had proposed for his friend; but left the room, provoked by this worn-out threat and muttering to herself:

"Why should I trouble myself to talk with her about it? One is always right in taking care of a sick man. Anyway, I am going. Rue will be company enough, and a thousand times pleasanter. The way she bears down upon poor Rue is dreadful. Every day she threatens to send her home to her mother—who is miserable enough without her, I dare say. Sometimes I wish she could send us all back into the old home and the old life."

With her mind full of these thoughts, the girl put on her most becoming outdoor-costume, took time to set the bonnet daintily on her head before the glass, and went in search of Rue, who was generally to be found in her own room—cutting, changing, and sewing on some garment which Mrs. Brooks considered insufficiently ornamented by her dressmaker.

Dorothea had made many efforts to change all this; but any attempt of the kind was met with prompt opposition, and was sure to end in a contest like that which had just transpired between the mother and child, while it resulted in no good to Rue herself.

Rue was sewing lace on the sleeves of a crimson silk dress which Mrs. Brooks had resolved to wear that afternoon, when Dorothea came into her room, seized the voluminous garment with playful violence, and, flinging it on a chair, bade Rue to hurry up and get on her things, for Mr. Dayton had a friend who was ill and wanted help which they were bound to give.

Rue started to her feet with a faint sob of delight, and, waiting to ask no questions, hurried on her simple walking-dress. Dayton was waiting for them downstairs, and, supposing they came by the arrangement of Mrs. Brooks, went with them at once on his errand of mercy.

The walk was a pleasant one, the day bright and exhilarating. Dayton remarked that Rue's cheek was pale, and that she had lost much of the quiet repose that had seemed so beautiful to him in the country. He noticed, also, that she spoke breathlessly, like one taken by surprise, and his heart yearned with pity for her loneliness, which was apparent even in company.

But the bright sun, the gay groups of people through which they passed, soon brought color into that fair young face. Dorothea talked rapidly and at random; for, with all her courage, the girl was a little nervous about her sudden escapade, and began to ask herself what her father might think of it, and if she had acted quite fairly by Dayton.

"Tell me," Rue said, addressing Dorothea with something like her former companionship: "who is this poor old man we are going to visit? I only know that Mr. Dayton is interested in him, and thinks we can be useful."

Dorothea laughed lightly.

"Mr. Dayton can tell you more about him than I know; but you are all wrong as to his being poor or old. Mr. Hurst is in no state of destitution, nor so very ill that we may not cheer him up a little without being first-rate nurses. Pray tell Rue what he is, Mr. Dayton, for I hardly know."

"He is a man not far from my own age, was my classmate at college, and has been my fast friend ever since. He is not strong, and those who love him as I do have reason to fear that his health will break down completely, if he remain in his present despondent mood. Men

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do exist, Miss Hilton, who cannot prevent an over-sensitive mind preying on the body, and he has all the keen sensibility of great genius."

"Great genius?" repeated Rue, kindling into surprise. "You mean—"

"That Owen Hurst is a poet, in the best sense of the word; not a mere maker of verse, but a man of deep and original thought—a good man, who can imagine wrong in his art, but never practice it in his life. This is the person we are going to see."

"A man of genius, and a poet."

Rue repeated these words to herself more than once: a thrill of strange delight followed them.

At last, they reached one of those small wooden cottages that deform so many watering-places with their cramped accommodations. A few garden-flowers and some stinted shrubbery embellished the front yard. Rue scarcely noticed the room they entered, so sombre was the light that stole through its closed blinds. She only saw the figure of a young man: tall, slender, and wavering a little when he stood up to receive them, as if the effort to arise had overtaxed his strength.

"Sit down, Hurst, sit down," said Dayton, laying his hand gently on the sick man's shoulder. "My young friends do not expect to be entertained as guests. They know how ill you have been, and only wish to bring a little brightness from the outside world in here."

Hurst had no strength to reply, but settled back on the sofa from which he had risen, with a sigh of relief.

"That is right, old fellow," said Dayton, arranging the cushions so that he might rest upon them while seeming to sit up. "The young ladies will find seats, while I let in a breath of fresh air."

"Is it close? Ah, yes; I did not think of opening the blinds. It is very kind in you. How cool and sweet the air is!"

The voice in which these few grateful words were uttered made Rue hold her breath.

Dorothea moved toward the sofa, and seated herself near it.

"Yes," she said, with cheery frankness, "we have only come out of the crowd to bring a little news of it to you."

A small table stood near the head of the sofa, on which some books were lying; and a page of manuscript, much broken up in the lines, was half concealed under them. Dayton took it up, read a few words, and shook his head.

"At your old work, eh? Well, well, I suppose you cannot help it; but I would much rather find you reading a novel."

Hurst smiled, and then Rue saw that his face was strangely beautiful: not from regularity of features or rich coloring, but as a diamond is made resplendent by the light shining through it.

He addressed Dorothea rather than Dayton, who had unconsciously broken in upon what she was saying.

"I have not interested myself much in the world outside me, and I am not strong enough to read much at a time; but Dayton will not permit me to feel the loss."

"I promised that one of the young ladies should take my place," said Dayton, busying himself with the books on the table, "for we must not indulge in long conversations. Which of you shall it be?"

Dorothea blushed, and shook her head. Rue was frightened, and was about to excuse herself; but Hurst turned his eyes upon her with a look of appeal, and she reached out her hand for the book, though it trembled like a leaf when she began to read.

Either by accident, or a wish to arouse Hurst from the despondency into which he had fallen, Dayton had selected a volume of the young man's own poems, that had been published anonymously and were just then a subject of much comment in the literary world.

The book was entirely new, both to Dorothea and Rue, or the girl would never have found courage to read it at all, with those dark eyes fixed upon her—timidly, as if he too shared in the agitation that for a few seconds kept her silent.

When she began to read, he recognized the poem as his own, and a vivid blush broke over his pale face. He started up.

"Not that, not that," he exclaimed: "it is the wrong book."

"But the beginning is so beautiful: let me go on a little while, at any rate," pleaded the girl, breaking through all her timidity. "Surely, anyone must desire to hear this twice. Indeed, poetry is not worth much which will not bear reading again and again."

Hurst sank back upon the sofa, greatly disturbed by a fear that he had betrayed himself, but listening with the inexpressible delight of a person who hears the music of a sweet and well-trained voice given to his own ideas.

In a few minutes, all the excitement that had fettered Rue's faculties at first died out, and her voice filled the little room naturally as the soft summer air that swept in through the blinds. She read on and on, passing from one poem to another, only now and then pausing to draw a delighted breath when some new idea awoke

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the response of her heart; and, as she read, Hurst, half reclining on the sofa, gazed upon her, his eyes now clouded with sadness, now shining like stars, and again dreamy, as if the sweet modulations of that voice were luring him to sleep.

At length, Dorothea grew restless. She liked poetry, but with her it was an amusement, and, if continued too long, lost its zest.

Rue recognized the gesture, and closed her book. "Forgive me; I scarcely know when to stop," she said. "Have I tired you very much?"

The girl addressed this question to Hurst.

"Tired me? Oh, you will never know what pleasure all this has given me."

Dayton leaned over him and whispered: "You see, there is yet something in the world worth living for."

Hurst lifted his eyes, supernaturally large from illness, to the face of his friend, whose heart beat lighter from what he read there.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Mr. Chapperton usually had some compliment to offer or intelligence to communicate to Mrs. Norris, whenever she made her appearance among the habitués of the hotel. On one particular morning, directly after the rather independent step Dorothea and Rue had taken in visiting the lodging of Owen Hurst, he was talking with her in a low voice, but very earnestly.

"These young ladies are so lately from the backwoods that any indiscretion might be excused; but Miss Brooks is so beautiful, and in every way all that we can desire, that she is sure to be made an object of scandal, if the least cause can be found; and Vose is just now especially on the alert. She feels her own popularity waning, and knows that this young person has won the favor you once bestowed on her. For the world, I would not let her have the advantage over us that a crafty manipulation of this story might give."

Mrs. Norris listened intently, and her face clouded over, though she said rather haughtily:

"I do not think Mrs. Vose will venture to assail anyone whom I may choose to countenance. By this time, she must have discovered how futile that is. But you are right. This Brooks girl must not be permitted to injure herself by imprudence of this kind. Who was it, you say, that led her into the affair?"

"Young Dayton. He is a friend of Mrs. Boardman, I believe, and is a presentable young fellow, in a general way—educated, clever, and all that; but only a sort of agent in the company from which Mrs. Brooks draws her wealth. Not exactly the person our belle of the next season should be intimate with, at this crisis."

"But you do not mean to say that she went with this young man alone?" questioned Mrs. Norris, sharply.

"No. That slender girl, with the sweet Madonna face Mrs. Boardman admires so much, was with her; but she is only a companion—maid, or something of that kind—and that amounts to nothing."

"Of course, that girl must be sent back to the country."

Mrs. Norris spoke as if she held full authority in the Brooks family, and could dismiss any member from it by a simple expression of her own will.

Mrs. Boardman, who had seemed to be reading all the time, looked up, but turned back to her book without speaking; her sweet old face was flushed a little, however.

Mrs. Norris was greatly displeased with the news Chapperton had brought her. She was an exceedingly liberal woman, where religious belief and morals were concerned; but, on all points of social etiquette, severely critical, and occasionally unpleasantly dogmatic.

That Mrs. Vose, just at this time, should have a chance to magnify into scandal Dorothea's rash visit to the room of a stranger roused her to anger against her new protégée. While this feeling was at its height, Mrs. Brooks happened to come into the parlor, which Chapperton had just left.

"This is a pretty story that is going the rounds about your daughter," said the irate lady, as Mrs. Brooks seated herself.

"About my daughter?"

Mrs. Brooks, as the reader understands, was not a woman of divine temperament, and both the haughty air and unceremonious assault of her new friend aroused her into antagonism in an instant.

"My daughter?" she repeated. "Who has dared to say anything against her?"

"Oh, people do not say things here, in good society; they only hint and whisper," replied Mrs. Norris. "You can always meet a whirlwind—there is some dignity in that; but you never know where to search for the quiet wind that creeps through cracks and into crevices. To persons brought up in the country, an escapade like that of your daughter and her maid seems nothing; but it may occasion a world of mischief here."

Mrs. Brooks was crimson—face, hands, and neck; she stood no longer in awe of Mrs. Norris or any other woman, for her old dominant spirit

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was aroused, and that always swept everything before it.

"Brought up in the country? Whispers against my Dorothea—my Dora, I mean? Who dares to taunt me with being brought up in the country, or my daughter with anything?"

"Calm yourself, my dear madam, and cool your face a little," said Mrs. Norris, reaching out her fan. "People are looking this way, and will be apt to think us quarreling, which would be worse than all the rest. If you can manage to look a little indifferent, I will tell you what our friend Chapperton has been saying to me. I must confess, it has put me out of sorts."

Here Mrs. Norris leaned forward, and, with an appearance of great cordiality, enlightened Mrs. Brooks regarding Dorothea's visit to Owen Hurst's lodging.

But, instead of appeasing Mrs. Brooks's resentment, this effort at conciliation only served to direct it into a still more dangerous channel. Rue Hilton was the companion who was supposed to have led Dorothea astray, and upon that gentle girl Mrs. Brooks turned her wrath with hateful alacrity, now that she had found reasonable cause for the smoldering dislike that always rankled in her bosom against her daughter's friend.

Flushed and still excited, but with something like a glare of triumph in her eyes, the woman forgot the assumption of Mrs. Norris that seemed unbearable for a time, and went away in search of a new object on which her wounded pride might avenge itself more safely and with deeper satisfaction. Never had the mistress of Hollow Swamp farm appeared more like her old self than she did while threading the crowd, on her way to the apartment where Dorothea was reading, upon the sofa, while Rue was hard at work on the crimson dress which she had left but partly trimmed, and for that had been severely reprimanded in the morning.

When Mrs. Brooks entered the room, Rue dropped both hands, which held the silk, into her lap, and looked on the stormy face turned threateningly upon her.

"You can put that dress aside. There is no need of pottering over it another half-century, and spoiling it at last. You will have plenty to do, in the time you have, to pack up for a journey home."

Rue dropped her work entirely, and for one instant clasped her hands with delight. Then came a sense of the rude harshness in which the words of deliverance had been addressed to her, and the color died out from her face.

"I—I do not understand," she faltered.

Dorothea sprang from the sofa, and flung down her book.

"What is this? What were you saying, mother? Rue going home? Who on earth ever thought of such a thing?"

"I have thought of it, and decided on it. That is sufficient. She will never again have power to bring disgrace on me or mine."

"Disgrace?" faltered Rue, starting to her feet and turning still more pallid about the mouth.

"Disgrace?" exclaimed Dorothea, vehemently. "Oh, mother, how can you?"

"How could I ever consent to bring her here, when I might have known that her influence would sooner or later lead you into disgracing yourself?"

"Mother!"

"Yes, disgrace," repeated the irate woman. "What else can your conduct yesterday be construed into? Young men are not visited in their chambers by girls of your age, or any condition, without scandal, and that Rue Hilton has brought on us all."

"What—I? I?"

Rue could not utter another syllable—something seemed choking her; but Dorothea flushed crimson to the temples, and her beautiful eyes took fire.

"Ah, now I understand. As usual, you are blaming her for my own fault. It was I who took Rue from her dreary work here, and made her go with me to see that sick young man. She knew nothing of where she was going, and, this very minute, thinks that you knew all about our going. Look at the dismay on her face now, when she begins to understand the trouble I have led her into. It is pitiful—it is cruel. I would rather, a thousand times, bear all the reproach you can heap upon me, though it was partly your own fault, for I meant to tell you of the sick young gentleman; but you were angry about something, and drove it all out of my head. You are wrong in thinking we went alone: Mr. Dayton was with us."

"Mr. Dayton? Worse and worse. I suppose he and your angelic friend had an understanding?" sneered Mrs. Brooks, feeling herself discomfited, but still resolved to persist in her original idea regarding Rue.

"Mr. Dayton does not know that I did not ask your consent to visit his friend. I promised to do so, but did not care enough about it. We never thought it wrong to visit any sick person, at Hollow Swamp. That was always expected. Mr. Dayton thought that you might go yourself, I suppose; for he asked why you did not come. I remember now. Anyway, he was with us."

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Dorothea made all this explanation with vehement warmth, while Rue stood dismayed and trembling with the shock of a false accusation so coarsely pronounced.

"I am ready to go: I wish to go," she said, at last, dropping into the chair from which she had risen, and covering her face with both hands in a vain attempt to check the tears that came to her eyes. "I did not think to return home in this way. Oh, my poor mother! it will break her heart."

"No! no!" exclaimed Dorothea, throwing her arms around the poor girl, and kissing the hands that covered her face. "Mother is not cruel enough for that. I will never permit my disobedience to fall on you—never, never. Oh, mamma—dear mamma—just tell her not to think of it again. Tell her that you are convinced that I was in fault, and no one else. I shall be so grateful, if you will. Indeed, indeed, my heart will break, if she be made to suffer."

Here Dorothea turned to her mother imploringly, and held out her arms. Mrs. Brooks evaded them, and pushed the girl away.

"I am not to be persuaded out of my own senses," she said; and, turning haughtily to leave the room, she stood face to face with her husband.

Dorothea saw him, sprang forward, and threw her arms around his neck.

"Oh, papa, you have just come in time: for I know you will forgive me and help me. Nobody but you can make mother believe that she is wrong. Rue is not to blame. I am awful; but she is innocent. You will not let her be sent away—promise me, promise me."

Brooks, who had just returned to Saratoga, after an absence of many days, received this passionate address with astonishment. Never since she was a little child had Dorothea flung her arms around his neck with such abandon of affection. Never had his heart risen with such tender warmth to meet hers. He took her face between his hands and kissed her on the forehead.

"My child—my own dear child," he said, "I do not understand. This cannot all come of your gladness to see me. I only wish it may be so. You are troubled. What has happened?"

Before anyone else could speak, Dorothea told her story, taking all the blame on herself, and even excusing her mother: who stood by, hard and cold, watching this new outburst of sympathy between her husband and daughter with cold displeasure. In all his life, Brooks had never met her so lovingly.

"It is not strange that your mother should be a little angry," he said; "but there is nothing in all this that she cannot forgive. As for Rue, I do not see that she has done anything to be censured for, or that should make her cry so bitterly."

"Oh, of course not," muttered Mrs. Brooks, under her breath; "she is always right."

Brooks turned his face upon her, with an expression of entreaty in it that she had never seen there before.

"You will not be hard upon the girls," he said. "They always had so much liberty, in the old home, that we ought not to demand perfect circumspection all at once. Besides, Dayton was with them: and I have the greatest confidence in him. Let the thing pass, Maria, and they will be more careful hereafter."

"Yes, after we have been the scandal of all Saratoga. Dayton is a capital agent—and I have never protested against his having a liberal interest in the company; but that does not make him the social guardian of my daughter, or make the girl who sits whimpering there a fit person to be her friend."

A faint smile stole over Brooks's face. These airs of pretension in his wife, so easily assumed in her new condition, would have been amusing but for the interest he felt in their object. As it was, he said quite seriously:

"Mr. Dayton is my friend; and, in my family, I wish him always to be received with consideration."

Mrs. Brooks opened her dark eyes widely. Never had she heard even an implied opinion of hers questioned so decidedly before.

"Still," she said, erecting her figure to its utmost height, "in these rooms, as well as in my own house, guests will be received as I may decide. I have told this young lady to prepare for her return home, and my daughter will soon be made to understand that young Dayton must look elsewhere for an object to his ambition."

Rue Hilton uncovered her face, and looked up. Something in those large pleading eyes seemed to smite the man with a sudden impulse of tenderness. He drew nearer to her, and, when she said: "Only ask her not to send me away in disgrace: it would kill my mother," he stooped down and touched her forehead with his lips—tenderly, reverently, as devotees kiss the Holy Bible. He was not aware of this: would not have believed it, a moment after, had any person told him what he had done; but Rue felt that scarcely-perceptible touch of his lips thrill through her, and a gleam of hope brightened her features.

The wife glanced from the face of the girl to that of her husband. Then the glitter of steel

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came into her eyes, her lips closed sharply, and the angry color in her cheeks kindled into flame.

"Have no fear; she shall return to her mother, but in all honor, and reverenced as one so gifted and so kind deserves. No shadow of censure shall touch her," said Brooks, addressing his wife, without seeming to observe the sudden passion that a sharp pang of jealousy had intensified into rage. "As for Dayton, I cannot honorably permit his name to be so rudely mentioned in my family; for, to us, he has been a firm and valuable friend. There is nothing in this young man that does not honor the trust we have given him. My daughter can have no safer companionship, among the men who surround her. He has always had my approbation."

"Your approbation?" exclaimed Mrs. Brooks, who lost all command of herself, while Dorothea drew close to her father with a beautiful glow of thankfulness in her face, though she did not speak. "Your approbation? How long is it, can you remember, since I have thought that important, regarding my daughter?"

"In the other life, it did not seem important that I should interfere; and, for many reasons, it seemed to me that the child should be left entirely under your control. Fortune, either for good or evil, has thrown her into a broader and more dangerous world, where a father's care can no longer be withheld or given to another with safety. The welfare of my child and the honor of my family are involved here."

"The honor of your family, indeed! I wonder what that amounts to?" broke from the woman's lips with a force that drove the blood from her husband's face; for the taunt it held struck him like a blow, and, during an instant, there was dead silence in the room.

Before Brooks could answer—if, indeed, he would have spoken at all—there was a light knock at the door; and Mrs. Boardman, who was now so intimate with the family that she came without announcement, supposing her knock responded to, turned the latch and entered, smiling and full of cheerful animation.

"I came to borrow the young ladies for an hour or two," she said, without observing the strange excitement that had been so suddenly quelled in the group she had glided into. "There is a bit of gossip going on downstairs, that I mean to hush in my own way before it grows into scandal."

Mrs. Brooks gave a confused reply to this request, without really understanding the meaning of it; for the assertion of authority in her husband, after so many years of acquiescence, and the new emotion of jealousy, so occupied all her faculties that she was unconscious of the consent she was giving to a project that would probably have met with opposition, had she understood its import. As it was, Mrs. Boardman hurried the young ladies away, chatting pleasantly all the time, and thanking Mrs. Brooks over and over again for trusting them to her discretion so graciously.

CHAPTER XXX.

In the principal parlor, through which half the inmates of the hotel were passing, Mrs. Humphrey Vose was holding her impromptu morning levee. Something particularly interesting was under discussion, in which that lady joined with more than her usual languid indifference.

"Oh," she was saying, "you should not judge of these people as if they were to the manner born. For my part, it is a subject of wonder that they should have learned even the commonest social laws so easily. That absurdly pretentious woman could never have become even presentable, but for her really well-bred husband. As for the girls, how should they be expected to understand the proprieties of a life so new to them? That one with the poetical face, which some of our gentlemen rave over, is really only a paid companion; and the oil-heiress, with all her wild-rose beauty—I have said, from the first, that she is beautiful—has no pretense to good form or—"

Here Mrs. Vose changed her subject, with a quick breath; and, casting a glance around her courtiers, went on without a break in her voice:

"As I was about to propose, we must get up a garden-party—a concert, or something of the kind—or our best people will be spreading into the Adirondacks, to Niagara, or among the Thousand Islands. Ah, Mrs. Boardman: going out so early? Miss Brooks, too, with her bonnet on, so soon after breakfast. I do not wonder: the day is delightful."

Mrs. Boardman lingered a few moments, in acknowledgment of this cordial address.

"Oh, yes," she said: "we are engaged for a long walk, to repeat a most interesting visit we paid yesterday—to a friend of mine, who is lying ill at one of the cottages: young Mr. Hurst. Now I think of it, there was a time when you and he were almost inseparable. Of course, you have seen him: though I do not think he mentioned it, yesterday. Ah, here comes Dayton. We must not keep him waiting, or I shall be in deeper disgrace than yesterday. Good-morning, Mrs. Vose. Shall I tell your poet that he may expect a visit from you?"

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"It is so long since I have had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Hurst, that he will hardly expect that," answered Mrs. Vose. "I remember him as a very interesting young person—so gifted and original; but the world is full of genius now, and new authors are constantly crossing one's path. Of course, I regret that anyone so gifted should be ill. Tell him so, please."

Mrs. Boardman had accomplished her object. She understood, as well as if she had listened to every word, that Mrs. Vose, in her usual soft and sugared voice, was distilling the poison for a future scandal among her votaries, and that her own adroit action, with its implied falsehood, had been sufficient to baffle the first subtle attempt.

"I came to the rescue just in time," she said, with a meaning smile, as Dayton met them. "The girls are innocent of my little ruse—let them remain so. It is not often that I indulge in a white lie. Do not make me blush for this one."

Dayton laughed.

"I will not even ask you what it is," he said. "That it has had its effect, I am certain: for I saw Chapperton softly rubbing his plump white hands, with great glee, as you passed from the room."

Mrs. Boardman laughed lightly.

"Mrs. Brooks will be informed of all the particulars before our return," she said; "for never had star a more faithful satellite than Chapperton has become to our millionaire. In fact, I think he is the only habitué of the place who has any real influence with her. What a strange contrast there is between her and the man whose name she bears. After all, I think the girl is more like her father, or will be; but, if I mistake not, the mother will shape her destiny. There is a strong will under all her airs: a woman is not always weak because she is supremely vain."

Mrs. Boardman was thinking of Brooks and his wife, as she had left them some minutes before, when a contrast between the two had been rather unpleasantly forced upon her, the causes of which she would have understood better had she staid to witness the scene that was passing there at the moment her careless observation was made.

The husband and the wife stood in the middle of the room, face to face, as she had left them; both were pale, and one had the cold subtle venom of a serpent in her eyes. For the first time in her life, the man she had married stood, in all the strength of his nature, opposed to her. She had never submitted to contradiction from any human being; father, husband, child—all—had been to her as subjects to a queen, even when she was nothing more than mistress of the Hollow Swamp farm. Was she to yield to enforced advice, or check her own imperious will, now that she was mistress of millions and free to bestow them where she pleased? Had this man, once her father's workhand, dared to question the right she held over her own daughter?

The woman, still writhing under a sense of opposition, was ready to contest for her authority to the bitter end, without much regard for the method she might use or the words in which she framed her supreme assumption of rights in her household.

Brooks was still pale from the effect of her taunts on his origin; but the expression of his face was one of calm resolution, not the less determined because of the insult he had received. He did not wait for the tempest still seething in her bosom to break forth again, but addressed her in a firm steady voice, that enforced attention.

"I had already resolved to speak seriously with you on this subject," he said. "Sit down, that we may converse dispassionately; for the welfare of more than one person dear to me is concerned. By receiving Rue Hilton into our house as the free and equal companion of our daughter, we have given her a claim on us that cannot be justly evaded. To her mother, Dorothea is indebted for all that is valuable in her education, and for many fine qualities that promise to make her a girl that we may well be proud of. This is an obligation that you must feel deeply, and desire to return to her child. Now that you have the power to bestow a thousand benefits on her, I am sure a single fault or folly will not be an excuse for withholding them."

The man spoke gravely, kindly, but with a degree of firmness that gave a momentary check to the woman's anger.

"You plead earnestly for this girl, and for her mother as well: I did not know that you were better acquainted with the schoolmistress than with the rest of our neighbors; for I must say that, after you became my husband, no proof of your previous condition was ever given by a taste for low society."

A faint smile crossed the man's face; but he restrained himself, and made no answer to the taunt she seemed resolved to prolong into absolute insult.

"You are right," he said: "I have never spoken to this lady in my life; but she can hardly be deemed a stranger, after all that she has done for our child, and the generous confidence with which she has entrusted us with her daughter, the only human being she has to brighten a most solitary existence."

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"I will take care that she be no longer made solitary by the absence of this wonderful daughter of hers," said Mrs. Brooks, closing her lips as if they had been steel.

"You still persist in this?"

Brooks was very pale, and there came into his eyes a look of resolve relentless as her own.

"Did you ever know me change, when I had once made up my mind, Mr. Brooks?"

"Then it must be arranged in some other way than you have proposed. No shadow of injustice shall fall on an innocent girl we are in honor bound to protect."

"Must be, Mr. Brooks? But, supposing I object to any project but my own?"

"Still, something must be accomplished, for your own sake—and the comfort of your good father," was the calm reply. "That old brown house is no longer a proper residence for him, or for the woman who has given him the care of a daughter since what may have been our evil fortune has separated him from his only child."

"It was the home he wanted to live in. I told him to make any repairs he liked, and take anything he had a fondness for, out of the big house, before all the old trash was sold. Mrs. Hilton had the same permission, and I have no doubt she feathered her nest in the brown house bountifully—such people always do: give them an inch, and they are sure to take an ell. As for my father, he will make himself comfortable and happy anywhere, so long as he knows that I and Dorothea are enjoying ourselves. A letter every month or two, telling him of the way we are sweeping things before us, is enough to satisfy him."

"Have you never thought how lonely and aimless the life of that old man must be, with all he loved gone into the great world that is strange almost as eternity to him—his old home swept away, and his only shelter the ruined house in which he was born? Think of him, alone amid the wreck and devastation of all that he has owned, and with only one person, solitary and bereaved of an only child like himself, to care for him."

"I fancy that I am quite as likely to understand what is good for my own father as his son-in-law: whose right of interference, when the old man is satisfied, I beg leave to dispute. My father's own handwriting is better authority regarding his condition than you can be. His very last letter says: 'Have no trouble about me, my dear daughter; while you and Dorothea are enjoying yourselves, I am sure to be happy—and proud, too, that you are so much thought-of by the great people.'"

Mrs. Brooks took a crumpled paper from her pocket, read these lines with triumphant emphasis, and thrust it back into the folds of her dress.

Brooks only said:

"Ah, he would be sure to write this. When did the good old man complain about anything?"

"What has he got to complain of? He was always hankering to go back to the old brown house; and, now that he is there, settles down contented as a lamb. Of course, he is likely to miss me: for it isn't often that a man has a daughter ready to do everything for him, as I have been."

Brooks turned away. He knew that any opinion he might give would have little weight with a woman who could so blindly reconcile herself to the lonely condition in which that old man had been left.

"Besides," she said, "he will have company enough when Rue gets back to the valley."

"Rue Hilton must remain here in all honor, as a member of my family, until we can arrange a more suitable residence for her. That I must insist upon."

Mrs. Brooks was livid with anger, and stood an entire minute, after her husband had left her, dumb with astonishment. When she did speak, it was to the newly-born suspicion in her own mind.

"He always did think about as much of that miserable girl as if she were his own daughter; and, now that she has grown so handsome, so refined, and all that sort of nonsense that Mrs. Boardman raves about, what if—"

Here the woman broke off her evil train of thought, and, stamping her foot on the carpet, added:

"But the mother—so ladylike, as people say, so handsome too, for she must have been that in her younger days: she too must be lifted a peg higher, now that I have plenty of money! As if I must throw it away in handfuls on such people! He is so anxious about my father, all at once—ah, indeed!

CHAPTER XXXI

Brooks had been in the Hollow Swamp valley, during the two weeks in which he had been absent from Saratoga; for, as he had frequently left the old home to visit the great world, he now returned to it, from that world, deeply immersed in the business-affairs of the oil-company, of which he had been made a director.

The place was so changed, after his prolonged absence, that he found it difficult to recognize even Laurel Crossing as the quiet dreamy village which had seemed monotonous as a twice-told story to him, when his residence was near it.

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The streets, so quiet then that the blacksmith's hammer could be heard all over the village, were now full of bustle and activity. Teams were coming and going, all the day long, between the oil-wells up the valley and the nearest depot. New houses were springing up on streets that had been only footpaths before. Burnside's little blacksmith-shop had expanded almost into a foundry, and a whole chime of hammers was ringing there, from morning till night: for the hardy mechanic had invested all his savings in the new company, and its profits had been so enormous that he began to think of putting his leather apron aside, as unbecoming the dignity of a capitalist; but habit and the love of work had become second-nature to him, and were too strong for this novel ambition. He could always be found, hard at work as ever, at the original forge, and the first person that Brooks recognized at the crossing was Burnside, waving a hand to him through the broad shop-window.

The red tavern, which had maintained its position by stray wayfarers and summer-boarders, was now thronged with inmates, and the whole village was tumultuous with business.

Brooks found the valley more completely changed than the village: everything that had been picturesque and beautiful in the lowland or hilltop had been torn up or trampled down, till the bottomland once so verdant and dense in its wild growth was now broken up into drains, dykes, and hillocks, spiked with well-shafts. The cranberry-marsh, in the centre of the swamp, was trodden down and dried up, till scarcely a vestige of its red fruit or delicate vines remained. The wild growth was all cut away; and if, here and there, a swamp-cabbage spread its broad leaves above ground, it was broken and half trodden under foot.

Brooks had entered the valley on the side opposite to the road that led by the brown house and up to his old home, and had taken a survey of the upper end without much regret for the changes he found there. The great farm-house that had once been his home had so few tender associations for him, that the swarm of workmen which thronged it like a tenement-building gave him no deeper feeling than distaste; but the apple-orchard, that had been so beautiful—torn, ragged, and partly uprooted, from mere carelessness or the love of havoc—had been stripped of its green fruit already, and no attempt at cultivation had been made, that year, even in the fine old garden, with its fences half torn away for firewood; and only a rank hollyhock-stalk here and there, and a patch of the tansy-bed in one corner, gave a sign of the luxuriant growth of vegetables and flowers that old Mr. Burritt had cultivated with so much pride.

Brooks had promised Dorothea to go inside of the house, and tell her of its condition. He entered it from the garden, with some reluctance. The old furniture left there was defaced and broken; the parlor turned into a storeroom, and a receptacle for unused tools. A sack of potatoes lay on the grand piano, with the mouth open, that its contents might be obtained easily by the gaunt Irish housekeeper who presided there. The piano was open, and the keys covered with dust, and some of them broken; for the old woman said there was no end of sweet noise inside the thing, but the workmen had to bang hard to get the whole of it out, though sometimes two or three of them were at it at a time. Brooks thought of his daughter's pride in the sense of possession, when this fine instrument was given to her, and wondered if she would ever be so proud and happy again. He went away, chilled by all that he had seen.

As he passed down the hill, and came in sight of the old brown house, the noisy desolation that had been produced, in order that his family might take the rank of millionaires, struck him. All the rich damp herbage that had crept up to the road, in front of the house, had been cut away. The wild grapevines, alder-bushes, and young larches had disappeared, and the broken swamp-land lay bare in heaps of black mud, and shallow pools seething and baking in the sun.

The old homestead was but little changed. A profusion of morning-glory vines covered the porch, and the garden behind it was thrifty with green vegetables, and its rude paling well concealed with currant-bushes. The pasture beyond was unbroken by the sinking of shafts, and even the clumps of sweet fern and whortleberry-bushes looked luxuriant compared to the bleak prospect around.

This change depressed Brooks, all the more when he saw a man standing at the gate in front of the old house, with his arms folded dejectedly on the top bar, looking drearily out on the landscape. He knew that this man was his father-in-law: though he, too, was much changed, like the prospect he gazed upon. Even from the distance, he could see that the old man's hair was turning entirely white, and that his erect form was bowing heavily at the shoulders.

The sound of noisy labor, all up the valley, made the tread of a single horse of no moment, and Brooks was close by the gate, before the old man recognized him. Then he started upright, as if someone had suddenly lifted a burden from his shoulders.

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"It seems as if you had come alone again. But, of course, you didn't do that?" said the old man, casting a long yearning look at the kindly face bent down upon his own, as if his heart ached for a contradiction.

"Quite alone, I am sorry to say; but not the less glad to see you."

"And they? Of course, I had no right to expect them; but the idea that they might be about somewhere is enough to upset one a trifle. You see, an old man has so little to think about, when he has nothing to do, that unreasonable wishes will creep in."

The old man's voice was tremulous, and so were the hands with which he grasped that of his son-in-law, who saw the blank feeling of disappointment that had fallen upon him, with absolute pain.

"But—but they are well, both of them—all of them—well and happy? It was selfish in me, not to think of Rue: her mother would never have forgotten my girl, in love of her own. Tell me about her, as well as Marier and Dorothea."

"They are all well, and would be glad to see you; but, somehow—"

"Yes, yes, I understand. How can they come here, when the place is so changed? It is unkind in me to think of it. It would just break their hearts, to see the old home up there crowded with mining-hands, that are no more to be compared to the young farmers that used to work for us than cattle would be. Marier wouldn't believe that she had ever lived there. It is mean in me, wanting them to come back, morning and night, as I do, if it is only for a day; but we have fixed up the old house here till they might put up with it just for a day or two: for we brought some of the things that Marier thought the most of, and put them into the room she was born in—there, just over the morning-glory porch—and have set out lots of flower-roots from the big garden: so she and the girls wouldn't have found it so terribly dismal here. It was unreasonable in us to think of it; but we did, especially after Dorothea and Rue wrote how anxious they were to come."

Brooks was deeply touched. He felt all the cruelty of this old man's disappointment, and would gladly have lessened it with some promise or message of a reunion with the daughter, who seemed to regard all her duty toward the old man accomplished when his desire to take refuge in the house of his father had been granted. She spoke of him sometimes, and had, once or twice, written to him letters that were, that moment, treasured in the inner vest-pocket nearest his heart.

Brooks dismounted from his horse and followed the old man into the porch, where Mrs. Hilton met him.

It was growing dark now, dew was falling, and the morning-glories that had been asleep all day were unfolding their purple cups, one by one, and filling the porch with shadows.

Brooks had never been so near to Mrs. Hilton before, or conversed with her at all. In the dim light, he could see her features indistinctly; but the gleam of her white hair seemed to give them an expression of age that did not belong to the voice—which was sweet, clear, and so harmoniously modulated that he felt its charm as we enjoy pleasant dreams.

He listened, with kindly interest, to the hurried inquiries she made about her child, and related all that could be pleasant for a mother to hear about the life she was leading in the great world of which the schoolteacher knew so little; but, all the time, there was a misgiving in his heart that the spirit of truth was not in his words: for he felt that Rue was not the happy creature he was describing, more in pity for the mother's anxiety than from any design to mislead her. He felt it hard that this lonely mother should have given up her one daughter to amuse or in any way add to the requirements of a pampered wife and daughter, who had no idea of the sacrifice that had been made in their behalf. More cruel still, it appeared to him, that old Mr. Burritt had been left in that dreary solitude.

These feelings grew powerful, as the generous Englishman sat there, under the porch, conversing with these two uncomplaining social martyrs, and Brooks began to look upon his own inert action in the matter as unworthy of a strong just man, who had yielded these two helpless persons entirely up to the control of a woman who could deal with them as his wife had done. The man gave himself up so completely to a reverie of self-judgment, that he lost the thread of conversation, and answered question after question at random; for he was forming a resolution in his mind more worthy of his character than anything he had yet put in force during his fettered married life. When he came to himself, Mr. Burritt was speaking:

"Of course, the girls are happier together—and better off, too—than they could be here, where things are so changed and broken up. But, here, the old house has been kept to itself, and we thought that maybe Marier might want to bring them, once in a while, just to see how we get along; but I suppose it ain't of any use thinking of that now."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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"CROSSING THE BRIDGE."

BY HELEN J. THORNTON.

"I'M afraid cook will leave us," said Mrs. Morton, as she poured out the coffee, at breakfast, for her husband. "She was dreadfully put out, this morning, and I'm sure I don't know for what."

She heaved a woe-begone sigh, as she spoke, while her face wore an even more woe-begone expression.

"Dear me," replied her husband, indifferently, for he was used to his wife's doleful ways, "I hope it's not so bad as that. Why should cook go?"

"Gracious knows," answered the wife, with another sigh: "pure contrariness, I suppose. But you don't seem to think she's in earnest, or else you don't sympathize with me, dear."

"I do sympathize with you, Mary; but cook hasn't gone yet, and probably won't go. All cooks, they say, have dreadful tempers, and are constantly in the sulks. I don't believe yours meant anything, this morning, by her surliness."

"I don't know, I'm sure. But she keeps me in a fidget, all the time. What shall I do, if she leave me? Help is so scarce."

"Wait, my dear, till she does leave," he said, as he rose from the table: "it will be time enough then to worry. 'Don't cross the bridge till you come to it,' as the old proverb says. Half the troubles of life are imaginary ones. We fret ourselves about evils that never come. I'm afraid if I took life, as a business-man, as hard as you do as a housekeeper, I should kill myself with heart-disease or apoplexy before many years." With that, he kissed his wife and left the house for his office.

Cook did not go. She knew when she had a good place. But she knew, also, that the threat of going gave her a certain power over her mistress, and cook enjoyed the power. It was a real gratification to her, as she slammed her pots and kettles about, to see that these pretended ebullitions of temper kept Mrs. Morton in constant terror.

But, less than a week after this breakfast-table conversation, Mrs. Morton began, in an even more woe-begone strain:

"I wish, dear, you would stop at the doctor's, as you go down-town. I am sure Johnnie is getting the diphtheria."

Their eldest child—a boy of five—had complained, in the night, of a sore-throat. Now, the newspapers, just then, having nothing else to write about, were full of accounts of the spread of diphtheria, and the mother jumped at once to the conclusion that Johnnie was going to have that dangerous disease.

"I will send the doctor, of course," said her husband; "especially if it will calm your fears. But Johnnie is no more getting diphtheria than I am. I looked at his throat just before I came down. The tonsils are swollen a little; but that is all. It is quite an ordinary sore-throat; and, if he keeps in the house for a day or two, he will be as well as ever. The little rascal, I found out by cross-examining him, had been playing in the snow, and got his feet thoroughly wet."

Johnnie's diphtheria, as the husband foretold, proved to be no diphtheria, and, the very next day, the little fellow was able to go to school. But, before a fortnight had passed, the mother wanted the doctor again.

"I'm sure Johnnie's going to have cholera," she said. "I never saw a child have such violent nausea as he had, last night."

"It was the best thing that could happen to him," was the cool reply.

"Oh, John, how cruel! You saw, yourself, how the dear child suffered. If that horrible nausea and retching should come on again, it will kill the dear boy."

"My love, I'll bet anything that, when the doctor comes, he'll say just what I say. Johnnie was at his grandma's, yesterday, for dinner; and I know what that means: my dear old mother lets him eat just what he pleases. Don't worry about Johnnie: he'll pull through all right. It will be a lesson to him, too, and may teach the little chap not to eat so greedily. By and bye, he may have a really serious illness—all children have—measles or scarlet-fever: and then it will be time enough to worry. As I often tell you: 'Don't cross the bridge till you come to it.' But now I must go. Kiss me, dear, and cheer up."

As Mr. Morton was going home, that afternoon, he met the doctor, and beckoned to that functionary to stop. "I wanted to know," he said, "doctor, how did you find Johnnie?"

The doctor burst out laughing.

"Oh, I found Johnnie hearty enough," he

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answered; "it was Mrs. Morton that really needed me. Her nerves were all in a flutter, so that I had to administer a quiet sedative. As for Johnnie, the mite of a rogue, he admitted having eaten too much, when I charged him with it. 'How much too much?' I asked. 'Well, we had turkey, doctor,' he answered, 'and I had three helps of the meat, besides two of the skin.' No wonder the youngster had trouble." And the doctor burst into another hearty laugh, in which his auditor also joined.

But Mr. Morton was too wise to laugh, when he got home, and heard the same story from his wife, told with a little confusion on her part. All he did was to remark, gravely: "I am glad that your fright had no more foundation."

There came a time, when Mr. Morton's philosophy stood him in good stead; for a rival in business set up next door to him, and began to undersell him, in every possible way. For a while, the new firm of Sewell & Co. had quite a rush of business. It was not a fair competition, however: Mr. Sewell had no sense of right or wrong: he sold at low prices, indeed, but the goods were poor. "People are all fools," he said, "and, even if they are taken in, one year, they'll come back again, the next, thinking they'll be sharper, next time." When Mrs. Morton heard of this, she fairly wrung her hands. "That man will ruin you, my dear," she whimpered. But her husband was not so easily frightened.

"I have found out, my love," he said, "that the old adage tells the truth, when it says that 'honesty is the best policy'; in the long run, it always is; so I shall follow my old plan, giving a good article, and asking a fair price. If I lose customers for awhile, they'll return to me in the end; for they'll find out they're cheated next door, while I can be depended on. At any rate, I am not going to worry before it is necessary. It will be time enough to think of what to do, in the event of ruin, when the ruin is at our doors. 'Don't cross the bridge till you come to it.' In this case, I don't believe I shall have to cross the bridge, at all."

His prognostications proved correct. Mr. Sewell had tried, at first, as we have said, to get Mr. Morton's customers away, by selling poor goods. But, when he found this began to injure him, he sold really excellent articles below cost, hoping, in this way, to build up a trade, and ruin his neighbors. "After that, you know," he said to his head-clerk, chuckling, "I shall have the field to myself." But, before he could ruin Mr. Morton, his own credit gave out; and the end was, that he made a disgraceful failure.

"Well, my dear," said Mr. Morton to his wife, one day, on coming home to dinner, "the game is up for Mr. Sewell: the sheriff shut up his store, this morning: hereafter, I shall only have fair and honest competition; and that I rather welcome, for it stimulates business. So, you see, your fears were groundless."

But even this lesson has not cured Mrs. Morton. Perhaps, if her husband had ever told her how much her ill-omened prophecies, during his trouble, depressed him, and how much even a little encouragement would have helped to keep up his spirits, she might have acted differently. Yet we doubt it. To go about, forecasting evil, had become a second nature to her. She could not bring herself to see the brighter side of things, but only the gloomy side: to use a fashionable expression of the day, she was a born "pessimist." The doctor, perhaps, would have said she was "dyspeptic." It was, and is, a heavy load for Mr. Morton to carry. Instead of finding a helpmate to cheer him, when he comes home, tired and worn out, he is met with querulous complaints and depressing predictions.

How much better it would be, if his wife would try to imitate his philosophy, and would realize that we make half the troubles of life by anticipating them. Too many of us—and not merely Mrs. Morton—are forever "CROSSING THE BRIDGE."

THOUGH LOVE COME WITH TRAILING WINGS.

BY BENNETT BELLMAN.

THOUGH love come with trailing wings,
Come with face divine,
Bringing nectar from the springs,
Making mad, like wine:

Till the blazing skies, abloom,
Make the earth seem sweet:
Springtime-sunshine scattering gloom
'Neath its flying feet,

Love can never long delay,
But still onward flies.
As to one, doth dawn the day,
While another dies.

Thus, to each of us that live,
Living, love to greet,
We must take what love will give—
Bitter wine—and sweet.

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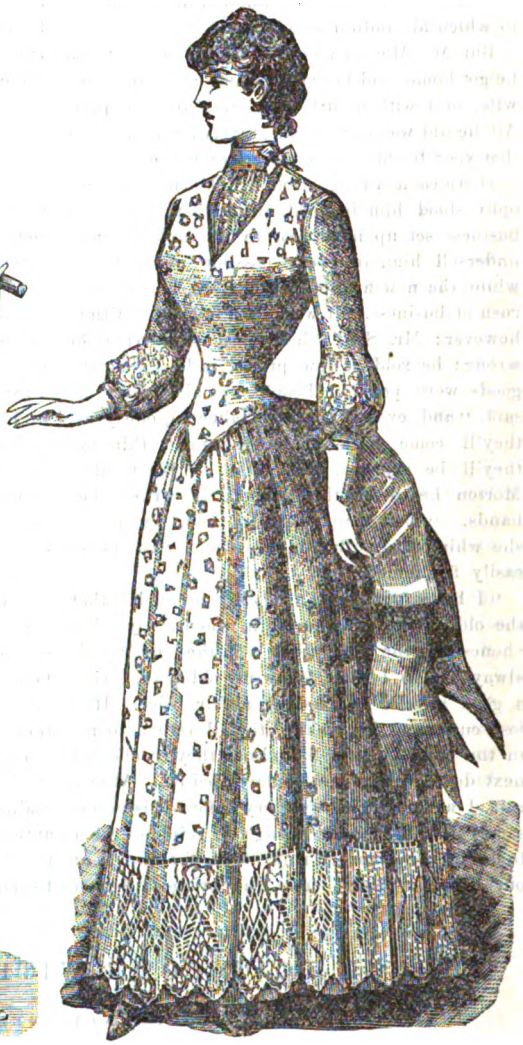
EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1—Is a new design for a summer-costume, called "The Hubler." It is made of Louise-blue veloutine and printed muslin. The under-skirt is of silk to match, and is bordered with a narrow flounce of box-plaits, with knife-plaits between each box-plait. The front and sides are in horizontal plaits of the plain material,

No. 1.



No 2.

extending the entire length of the skirt. The back-drapery is of the printed muslin, and is arranged in double box-plaits, which fall straight, from the waist down, over the full tournure. The bodice is of the printed muslin. Down the centre of the back is a plaiting of the plain material, which is confined at the waist-line. The edge of the basque is trimmed with cream-white lace. High standing collar, and cont-sleeves edged with lace. This model will serve

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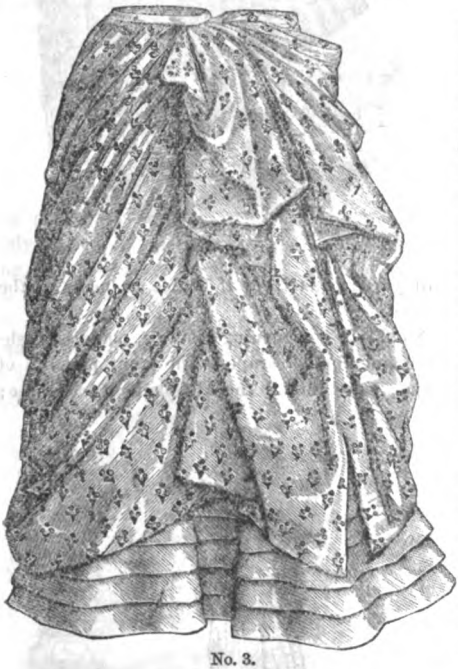
equally well for sateen, plain and figured, China silks—in fact, any light material combining plain and figured design. Five to six yards of figured, and five yards of plain, material will be required. Three to four yards of lace.

No. 2—Is for an afternoon or evening costume. The material may be of figured muslin, étamine, or foulard silk. The simple straight round skirt has for its only trimming a nine-inch flounce of guipure embroidery or lace, put on without any fullness. This skirt is around the edge of the bodice. The bodice is pointed, back and front. The back is laced, the front cut in a long V to the bust, and filled in with a full vest of the lace or embroidery. Sleeves tight to the elbow, edged



No. 3.

with a full fall of the lace or embroidery, which is again fulled into a narrow band of velvet ribbon, terminating in a tiny bow on the inside of the sleeve. High velvet collar to match, finished with a bow of the velvet ribbon, like sleeves. A wide sash of velvet ornaments the back. Gros-grain or watered ribbon may be substituted for the velvet. This model will be very effective for the figured woolen piece-lace, with flouncing to match, made up over a silk skirt, either to match or of a contrasting color. We have seen a very handsome toilette, of brown woolen lace, made up in this style over a red surah underskirt. Black over cardinal, pink, or light-blue also looks well. Of course, the sash and ribbons must match the underskirt. This full plain skirt must be from three and a half to four yards in width, to give fullness enough to make it fall in large kilts, as seen in the illustration. The

No. 4.

quantity of material will have to be decided by the height of the person. Six yards of lace or flouncing will edge the skirt and trim the bodice.

No. 3—Is a new design for underskirt and overdrapery. The under-foundation is bordered by six folds cut on the bias, put on to overlap

No. 5.

each other, and made of plain material, either of silk or woolen. The overdrapery is of figured goods to match. The front is long, full, and drawn up at the sides with plaits. The back

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also very full, and much puffed over the tournure. A bodice of plain material is worn with this. Plain velvet bodices are very much worn with figured skirts.

No. 4.—The skirt of this costume is made of striped bouclé, which is a rough-striped goods; one stripe with long loops of the wool, the other smooth; comes in all colors, double fold. In this model, the skirt is made up crosswise, causing the stripes to run around, instead of lengthwise, as usual. The width of the goods is enough, generally, for the length of the skirt, unless for a very tall woman. This underskirt is kilted in

No. 6.

very wide plaits. The front apron is long and pointed, plaited up high on the left side. The back-drapery, which is of plain goods to match, is full and draped, as seen in the illustration. One width of the material is sufficient. One and three-quarter yards in length are generally used for this kind of drapery. The bodice is pointed in front, short on the sides, with a tiny postilion at the back. The bouclé stripes ornament the bodice; or the bodice may be entirely made of the striped material, using the plain for sleeves and vest. Cuffs and collar of the striped. Five yards of plain, and seven and a

No. 7.

half yards of striped, if bodice be made of the striped.

No. 5—Is a mourning-costume, made of cashmere and English crape. The front panel is of crape; sides and all the kilt-plaits of cashmere;

No. 8.

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the inner panels of crape. The bodice is trimmed, back and front, in long bretelles, with crape, forming two long loops for the postilion-back. The bodice is pointed in front. Tight coat-sleeves to the elbow. This, however, is simply optional. Cuffs and high standing collar of crape. Six yards of English crape. Ten to twelve yards of cashmere or Henrietta-cloth.

No. 6.—Costume of beige delaine, printed with ragged-robbins in blue, for a girl of six years. The skirt is scalloped on the edge, under which a knife-plaited ruffle shows. There is a full blouse under the jacket. The jacket opens in front—is a cut-away. Coat-back; wide turnover collar, tied with a velvet ribbon. Full sleeves; velvet cuffs.

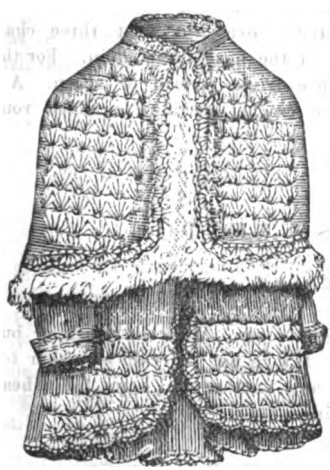
No. 7.—For a boy of four years, we have a wash-dress of figured gingham. The elongated waist is gathered, back and front, into a narrow round yoke, then into the waistband. The short skirt is box-plaited. A belt of the material buttons at the side. Sleeves a little full at the top and wrists. For a boy, made of checked linen glass toweling, this model will be very good; only plait the waist into the yoke, instead of gathering it.

No. 8.—This little wash-dress is not only the most useful, but one of the most becoming a child can wear. It is made in the best quality plain and checked zephyr-cloth, and is consequently fast in color, and will bear to be laundried as often as needed. The skirt has an inch and a half wide hem, with three tucks the same width above the hem. A full waist, gathered into the neck and waistband. A wide sash of the material is hemmed all round, and ties at the back in a large bow.

CHILD'S PELISSE IN CROCHET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

The pelisse is worked in point-neige, which is slightly varied in one part of the stitch, thus giving a more open appearance than usual. Work the pelisse with Saxony wool and a hook, No. 6. This will form a size for a child of about one and a half to two years of age. We give the



pattern now, so that our subscribers may have time to work it before winter.

Commence with the skirt only, which is open in front, and make a chain of seventytwo stitches. First row: take up on the needle the four first of the chain, the wool on the needle, and draw it through the five loops, the wool on the needle, and work three chain. * Take up the second of these chain, draw the wool through it, the third chain in the same way, and then the two next on the foundation-chain—these two are close to the last five worked off together—the wool on the needle, and draw the loop through the five stitches; then three chain again, repeat from * to the end of the chain, when you should have thirtyfive little groups of five stitches; cut off your wool, join it for the second row on the third chain of the last row. Make four chain, take up three of these chain, keep them on the hook, then take up the stitch forming the point of the first set of five stitches in the last row. Draw the wool through the five loops, and make three chain as before. Take up the two little stitches, successively forming the top of the next little point underneath, draw the wool through the five loops, and finish as before with three chain. Work the whole row in this manner. Third row: like the second. At the end of the row, make six chain, and cut the wool off. You now work the rest of the crochet for the skirt on the last row, at the end of which work three more points on the six chain. Work a length of fortyeight inches on this last row; then three rows, omitting the last three points, which will make both sides of the skirt match. The straight edge is put into a small band for the waist. Find the centre of the work, and make there a deep box-plait on each side the centre-mark, of two and a half inches in width; then plait up the remainder until it measures twentyfour inches. Work a row of double

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crochet at the top of these plaits, taking care not to draw the stitches too tightly. Second row: commence at the right-hand side, and work in the same pattern as the skirt a depth of five inches. This brings you to the armhole-line; we now divide for the back and two fronts. Measure five and a half inches for the first front, five and a half for the left front piece; leave two and a half for the armhole on each side, and the remaining eight inches for the back. Work seven rows on the back only, and leave it.

The First or Right Front.—Work four rows. At the end of the fourth row, make two chain. Fifth row: like the fourth, and one extra pattern on the two chain. Sixth and seventh rows: like the fifth. Eighth row: commence on the fourth little point, and work an extra point at the end. Ninth row: commence on the second point of last row, and make an extra one at the end. Then leave this front, and work the left front in the same manner, of course making the increasing in the commencement of the row.

The Shoulders.—Commence on the second point of the right front, work to the end of the shoulder, then over the back, and to the last point but one on the left shoulder. Mark the shoulders, and work five more rows, decreasing one point each shoulder. To do this, take up the first point of back on the needle, then the second point, and work as a stitch, also decrease a point in commencing and ending; then fasten off.

The Sleeves, Right.—Work ten points at the top of the armhole; cut off the wool, commencing the point before the last little row, and work the ten points and one extra before and after it; then make eight chain. Make a chain of fourteen stitches; on this, work five points, then work the twelve points of last row; make four points on the eight chain, work twelve rows, then decrease a point at each end, and work four more rows; or until the sleeve is nine inches in length from the top. Work in the ends with a needle, and sew up the sides.

The Cape.—Work a row of double crochet on the top of the neck, one double on the two stitches of the point, one chain, a row of double crochet on this; fasten off. Reverse your work—that is, hold the wrong side next you—and commence on the left side of the pelisse; work a row of points on the first row of double crochet, commencing above the fourth point. In the next five rows, make one extra point or increase on each shoulder, and in the centre of the back. Increase in these places every row for seven rows; then three rows, no increasing; again a row of increasing. These must, of course, be made to match the shape of cape you work up to; after that, work without any increasing until you have a depth of twentysix rows.

The Border.—This border is worked round the two fronts of the cape and the cape itself, round the sides and lowest edge of the skirt, round the sleeves, and, when the front is finished, round the neck. Take a rug-needle, and work in all the ends left at the end of each row. Upon this, work a row of one double, three chain; miss two stitches, one double in the next. Second row: seven triple over the first three chain, one double in the next three chain. For the neck, work five triple instead of seven. A fringe, made of crochet netting, is added round the cape.

PATTERN IN CROSS-STITCH.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give a design for a border in cross-stitch, which is to be worked with red and blue French working-cotton. It is much used, just now, for ornamenting the ends of towels, or for the ends of a sideboard-cover. Work on crash or butcher's-linen. Fringe out the ends of either towels or cover, and knot several rows for a heading to the fringe.

COLORED PATTERN: END OF TABLE-CLOTH.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give a design, printed in color, for the end of a small table-cloth, etc. This design is from the Kensington Art-Museum, London. It is to be worked with gold or orange colored filoselle, in Kensington or satin stitch.

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THE COQUETTE CAPE, WITH SUPPLEMENT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, here, a pattern for a new, pretty, and fashionable shoulder-cape; and, folded in with the number, we give a Supplement, with full-size diagrams, from which to cut it out. It consists, as will be seen, of four pieces, viz:

1. Half of Front.
2. Half of Back.
3. Shoulder and Side-Piece Combined.
4. Collar.

The letters and notches show how the pieces are joined. One notch on the shoulder-seam shows where it is joined to a similar cut on the back shoulder-seam. Two notches on the front indicate where it is joined by two other notches to the rounded shoulder-piece, and three notches in the back and this same shoulder-piece show how the back is joined. The notch at top of shoulder-piece must be placed at the shoulder-seam when back and front pieces are joined.

This pretty little wrap may be made up in any material: jetted lace or grenadine, velvet-striped grenadine, etc., edged with jet bead-trimming It should be lined with thin silk.

We give, also, on the Supplement, three patterns in embroidery, etc., one a pillow-sham, to match the one in the July number.

DESIGNS ON THE SUPPLEMENT.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We give, on the Supplement that is folded in with this number, three very pretty designs:

1.—Pillow-Sham. This is the second of a pair, the first of which was given in the July number: that being "Good-Night," and this being "Good-Morning." It is to be worked in the same way as that.

2.—End of Towel, Sideboard-Cover, Etc. This is something quite original in its treatment, and is to be worked in outline-stitch. It is especially suitable, from its design, for a side-board-cover.

3.—Band in Embroidery.

EMBROIDERED BAND.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give a design for an embroidered band, which can be used for ever so many purposes. The design may be carried out either in crewel, filoselle, arrasene, or French working-cotton. The foundation may be oatmeal-cloth, satin, flannel, crash, or butcher's-linen. It would answer for a bell-pull, or a child's dress, or a table-cover, etc., etc.

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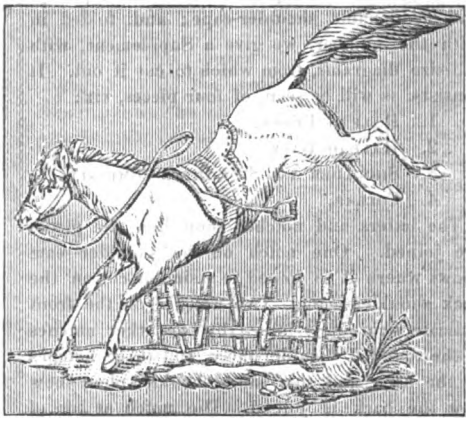
EMBROIDERED BIRD AND HORSE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

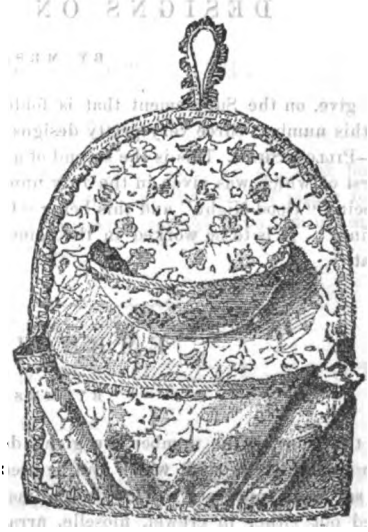


These two designs are intended for ornamenting the top of a box blotting-pad, memorandum-book, etc. They may be worked either on kid or satin, in filoselle.

WALL-POCKET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

This useful receptacle, to be placed in a bedroom, is first cut out in pasteboard, and then covered in Louis XVI brocade over a wadded lining. A pretty cretonne may be used instead of the brocaded silk. There are two pockets, lined, the lower one being arranged in a fluted plait at each end. The pockets are trimmed with narrow fringe to match the material, also the edge of the whole pocket. A bit of the fringe forms the loop at the top. Narrow ribbons, with bow-and-ends, may be added at pleasure



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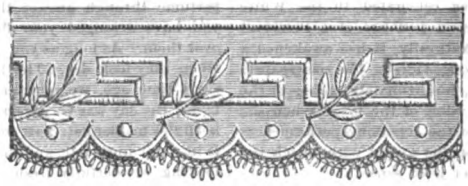
EMBROIDERED TRIMMING.

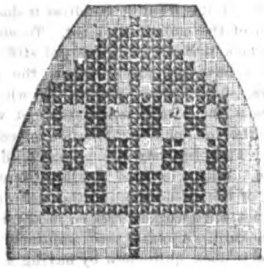
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

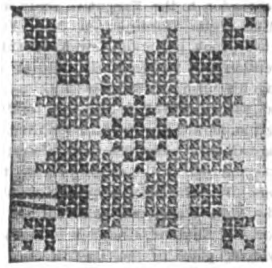


In the front of the number, we give a design for an embroidered trimming; and we add here another, perhaps even prettier. These borders may be worked either in white or colored French cotton, or in silk for flannel. For babies' petticoats, or for children's dresses, they will be very nice: suitable for either, in fact. The festooned edge of the one we give here is finished with an added picot braid, which is sewed on. Both designs are quite new.

DESIGNS IN CROSS-STITCH

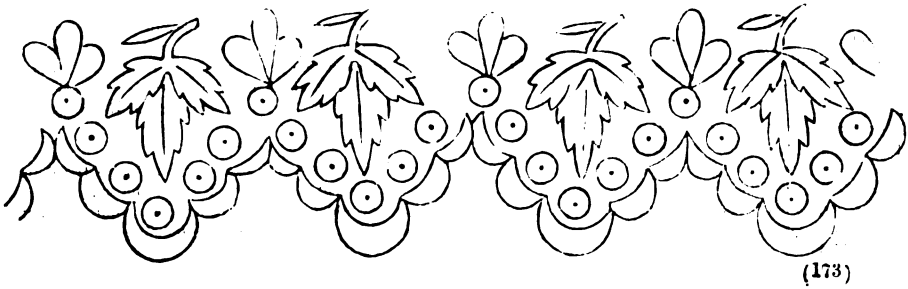
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.





We give two new designs in cross-stitch for ornamenting the ends of a towel, stand-cover, etc. Continued, or together, alternated, a nice border can be made. Work in red and blue French working-cotton, on crash or butcher's-linen

DESIGN IN EMBROIDERY.



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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

THE MARRIAGE OF PRESIDENT CLEVELAND was the first wedding of a President ever celebrated in the White House. It was only the second instance of a President marrying while in office. Naturally, it has awakened a great deal of curiosity, among ladies. The newspapers have been full of it: often, unfortunately, going to the verge of good taste. The decision of the bride, when she arrived from Europe, to have the ceremony performed as soon as possible, so as to stop the gossip with which the journals were full, showed her good sense.

The first wedding at the White House was in 1811, during Madison's first term, when Miss Todd, a niece of Mrs Madison, was married to a Congressman from Virginia, Hon. John J. Jackson. Some nine years later, during Monroe's first administration, his daughter Martha was married at the White House, to Mr. Gouverneur, of New York. A son of John Quincy Adams, in 1826, while the latter was President, was married there also, the bride being his cousin, Miss Johnson. A niece of General Jackson, during the latter's occupancy of the White House, was married there, to Mr. Polk, of Tennessee; and so was the daughter of Major Lewis, an old friend of the President, the bridegroom being M. Paqueot, afterward French minister to this country.

President Tyler was the first President to be married during his term of office. His first wife died in 1842, not long after his accession to the Executive chair, and in 1844 he married Miss Julia Gardiner, of New York. The marriage, however, took place in New York City, though a wedding-reception was subsequently held at the White House. During his term, in 1842, his daughter Elizabeth was married at the Presidential mansion, to Mr. William Waller, of Virginia, hers being the fifth wedding celebrated there. During General Grant's administration, Miss Emily Platt was married at the White House, to General Russell Hastings. But the most imposing wedding of all was that of Miss Nellie Grant, who was married in 1874, to Algernon Sartoris, of England, a nephew of Fanny Kemble. The ceremony took place in the East Room, and about two hundred guests were present, comprising the Diplomatic Corps, the higher officials of the Government, of the army, and of the navy, and a few personal friends. The wedding was the most brilliant ever known in Washington, up to that time.

"CANNOT RECOMMEND IT TOO HIGHLY."—The Two Rivers (Wis.) Chronicle says: "Peterson's Magazine opens with a very beautiful steel-engraving; but contains, in addition, a mammoth colored fashion-plate and some fifty other illustrations. The stories are remarkably good, even for 'Peterson.' *We cannot recommend this magazine too highly.* It seems to us to fulfil all the requirements of a lady's-book, and at a price that places it within the reach of everyone. It is, by all odds, *the cheapest and best.*" And this, to judge from our exchanges, is the universal opinion.

BACK NUMBERS CAN ALWAYS BE HAD by writing to us, and enclosing eighteen cents for each number. Sometimes, news-agents say a number is out of print, simply because they do not want to take the trouble of ordering one or two numbers. In such cases, write to us. We can *always* supply back numbers.

TO KEEP CUT FERNS AND FLOWERS FRESH.—Procure a spray-producer; such as are frequently used for blowing perfume through answer the purpose very well. When you have arranged your flowers, blow a water-spray all over them. As long as you keep them, repeat this process when they look dry. The finer the spray, the better. A short time ago, we were arranging flowers for a dinner-table; the day was very warm, and we were very anxious to keep the maidenhair-fern fresh. For one plateau, we kept it in water until late, and then stuck it in with the flowers, looking wonderfully fresh; in the other plateau, we put the fern as we arranged the flowers, and then blew a very fine spray all over it. At the end of the evening, the maidenhair that had not had the spray was quite faded, while that which had had it was almost as fresh as when we put it in. We believe the reason is that the water, when put on the leaves as spray, has so much air with it that it does not run off and leave the leaves dry, as it does when one dips them in water. If flowers are faded from being packed, particularly roses, a little ammonia or a few drops of sal-volatile, put into the water in which the stalks are, will considerably help to revive them.

BLACK AND WHITE SILK BRUSSELS NET can be embroidered to make a beautiful addition to a dress. If you have a half-worn satin or silk, you can convert it by this means into a charming evening-costume, quite suitable for a small dance. If the front of the dress is shabby, replace it by a tablier of the embroidered net. To embroider the net properly, tack it lightly to a sheet of stiff white paper on which you have previously drawn the pattern you desire. Stars, small leaves, flowers, or wheat-ears are effective. Darn the pattern on to the net with colored floselle, in either one or a combination of colors, according to fancy. Flounces may also be scalloped and lightly darned round. With a dress of this kind, bows of narrow picot ribbon, of the shades used in the embroidery, can be worn. The net, once worked, can be used for a variety of purposes afterward. A black satin sunshade of last year may be made to look quite new by having a piece of net worked in this manner, drawn full round the ferule-end, and finished off round the edge with lace, with the lace caught in a festoon over each rib with a bow.

THAT GIRLS DO NOT EXERCISE ENOUGH, or get sufficient fresh air, was the text of a recent address by Dr. Hodges, of Boston. He said: "The bodies and brains of young women, even in the wealthiest and most luxurious circles of society, constantly reveal their imperfect nutrition. Refined emaciation, fair anæmic complexions, eyes made brilliant by dilated pupils, decorous concealment of undeveloped busts, and slender arms, excitable and restless temperaments—wanting sometimes in self-control, but oftener sobered by over-conscientiousness—are the retributive symptoms which betray a lack of food, sleep, fresh air, and repose." He thinks girls, in cities, live too exciting a life, and says the healthiest come from the quiet rural towns.

"IT IS INDISPENSABLE."—A lady, sending us two dollars, says: "I thought I could do without the magazine, this year, or I would have subscribed earlier; but I find that I can do without something else better: it is indispensable."

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It Is Never Too Late To Get Up Clubs for this magazine, or to subscribe for a single copy. Now is a good time to subscribe, especially for those who do not wish back numbers, as a new volume began with the last number. But back numbers can always be had, when persons prefer to begin with January. No magazine offers such fine premiums, or such low terms, to clubs. For example:

Three copies for $4.50, with the large engraving, "Angel of Paradise," or "Forget-Me-Not" Album, for premium.

Four copies for $6.50, with an extra copy of the magazine for one year for premium.

Five copies for $8.00, with both an extra copy of the magazine for one year for premium, and either "The Angel of Paradise" or "Forget-Me-Not" in addition.

But see the Prospectus on the second page of cover. *Specimens sent gratis*, if written for in good faith, by those wishing to subscribe or get up clubs.

Now is the time. Show this to your friends, and induce them to subscribe.

Our July Number was received, everywhere, with praise. "It is brimful of beautiful things," says one cotemporary. Another, the Raleigh (N. C.) Spirit of Age, says: "The first embellishment, 'The Rival Belles,' representing three lovely women, is a steel-engraving in the highest style of art, and alone worth the price of the number. The high character of 'Peterson' for giving the best original stories is more than maintained in this issue. An unusually powerful novelet, 'The Corsair's Captives,' will make everyone impatient for the next chapters. Mrs. Lucy H. Hooper has a weird story, Frank Lee Benedict a charming tale. 'A Story of Two Kisses' is even better than its title foreshadows. Mrs. Stephens's 'Millionaire's Daughter' increases in interest and force. Every lady ought to take 'Peterson.' It is perfect, as a lady's-book."

The Proper Way to Iron Velvet is to stand the iron on the flat end, and draw the velvet backward and forward across it. Should it be much creased, it will be better to first damp it slightly on the wrong side with a cloth dipped in water. Should one wish to clean or renew black lace, dip it in cold strong green tea, in which a lump of sugar has been dissolved. A weak solution of ammonia will do equally well. The lace should then be ironed between two sheets of white paper.

Yellow is the Fashionable Color, in Paris, this summer. Lace parasols are made over yellow silk, and yellow flowers are quite the rage. The effectiveness of yellow, especially when worn with black, has never been sufficiently recognized. We are glad to see good taste triumphing at last.

We Will Send a Free Copy of the magazine, for one year, to anyone getting up a club of two at $2.00 each ($4.00 in all), or a club of three at $1.75 each ($5.25 in all). These two clubs are in addition to those advertised in the Prospectus.

Cultivate The Mind And Heart, if you would be really charming. A bright complexion, even, will not last forever. Choose things that endure.

Another Tasteful Colored Pattern in this number It is one of the latest of the Kensington Art-School designs.

A New Book, a bright magazine, flowers on the centre-table: these are the things that indicate a refined home.

Never Put Off Till To-Morrow what can be done to-day. Time, once lost, is never recovered.

Additions May Be Made To a Club at the price paid by the rest of the club; and, when enough additional names have been sent, the sender will be entitled to another premium or premiums. The additions may be made at any time, all through the year.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

Marion's Faith. A Sequel to "The Colonel's Daughter." By Captain Charles King, U. S. A. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.*—We were one of the first to call attention to the spirit and force of "The Colonel's Daughter," one of the very best stories of military life, if not actually the best, ever written in America. We now have its sequel before us, and find it even superior to its predecessor. Sir Walter Scott once said that "the purpose of a story was to tell a story," a truism, one would think; and yet, how few such stories are written now. "Marion's Faith," however, is an exception. It does not weary the reader out with nonsensical analysis of character, but goes straight to the point, like a rider to hounds—or, to use a military simile, which would be more in keeping, like a cavalry-charge. The reader's attention is fixed, from the very first chapter; and the interest is kept up without cessation to the last.

Dosia. By Henry Greville. Translated by Mary Neal Sherwood. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.*—This is a new edition of one of the best stories of Russian life ever written. It was considered so meritorious, by the French Academy, that they crowned it as the prize novel of the year. The translation is by a daughter of the late John Neal, of Portland, Maine, and is excellent: indeed, it could not be otherwise, in the hands of so accomplished a lady. The author lived a long while in Russia, so that her descriptions may be relied on as accurate. As for the story, considered merely as a story, it is charming: crisp, fresh, and pure: the style graceful: the incidents full of interest. The book is published in handsome style, and is just the one for summer reading.

Daisies of Verse. By Mrs. S. L. Oberholtzer. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.*—A volume of verses by one of our contributors, also known as the authoress of "Violet Lee," "Hope's Heart Bells," etc., etc. Among so many clever poems, it is difficult to select the best; but we may instance "The Rose of Thirteen," "Rosalie," "A Laborer's Reply," and "The Flower of Kindness," as particularly good. Several of the poems—"Memoriams"—are very noble; and the "Hymns" are full of religious fervor as well as imagination. The volume closes with several charming little poems for "Children."

A Handbook of English History. By F. H. Underwood, A.M. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.*—A capital work of its kind. It is based on the lectures of that able writer, the late well-known Mr. J. Guest, and brings English history down from the days of the Britons to A. D. 1800. There is also a supplementary chapter on the literature of England in this nineteenth century.

Handsome Miss Lyle. By Lady Gladys Hamilton. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.*—We have here the fifth volume of the popular "Twenty-five-Cent Series," issued by this enterprising firm; a most charming love-story, the scene of which is laid in England, in the upper circles of society. The book is one of the brightest out.

Household-Remedies. By Felix L. Oswald, M.D. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. New York: Fowler & Wells Company.*—Among the special ailments referred to, in this valuable work, are consumption, asthma, dyspepsia, and nervous maladies. We can cordially commend it.

Foreordained. A Story of Heredity. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. New York: Fowler & Wells Company.*—A little treatise on a subject just now attracting much attention: well written, and full of matter for thought.

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OUR ARM-CHAIR.

IT IS NOT TOO LATE to subscribe for "Peterson," for 1886. Back numbers can be furnished from January, if desired, or you may begin with July, or, in fact, with any other number. The newspapers universally pronounce "Peterson" the *best and cheapest* of the lady's-books; and they ought to know, as they see all. Says the Tionesta (Pa.) Republican: "It fully sustains, in its last number, its world-wide reputation for superiority over all other lady's-books. Every lady should be a subscriber." Says the Clinton (Wis.) Herald: "It is authority on all subjects pertaining to fashion, and should be in every family." "A model of beauty," says the LeRoysville (Pa.) Advertiser, "and chuck-full of entertaining reading-matter." The Exeter (N. H.) Protest says: "As usual, first-class: the first plate is immense: and the Supplement has some of the loveliest patterns we have ever seen." The Blanco (Texas) News says: "The serial 'Mountain Blue' is a splendid story." The Warren (Pa.) Mail says: "The last number is unusually brilliant, even for this popular monthly; the original tales, illustrated articles, etc., more than sustain its high character." The Mulberry City (Ark.) Times says: "If you want something in the magazine-line superlatively and supremely fine, 'Peterson' fills every requirement and anticipation." Finally, the Lancaster (Ohio) Gazette says: "The most attractive lady's-book published in this country." We could quote many such notices if we had room. Show these to your friends, and get them to subscribe.

AN IMPORTANT ACHIEVEMENT.—For some time past, the question of purity in baking-powders has formed quite a feature of newspaper-discussions, and eminent doctors of philosophy have given opinions as to the ingredients which compose many of the articles sold under that name. The investigations have narrowed down to the limit which awards the Royal Baking-Powder the palm of purity, and several of the most distinguished scientists have testified to their conviction that no extraneous or deleterious matter enters into its composition. The Royal Baking-Powder Company have achieved a world-wide reputation for the success which has marked their preparation of cream-tartar for baking-purposes. It is indisputably shown that they have eliminated all elements of tartrate of lime, alum, or other impurities, and present to the public a healthful and chemically pure article. Such widely-known chemists as Henry Morton, E. G. Love, H. A. Mott, Wm. McMurtrie, and others have verified its superiority over other manufactures, and testified, through practical experience, to its excellence. It is well for families to observe the fact that it costs more to manufacture the Royal Baking-Powder than any other, but it is, as shown by chemical analysis, the only "absolutely pure" baking-powder made.

"UNUSUALLY BRILLIANT NUMBER."—The Spirit of Kansas (Topeka, Kan.) says: "'Peterson's Magazine' for June is an unusually brilliant number, even for that popular monthly. It opens with a most beautiful steel-engraving, has a superb double-size colored fashion-plate; another engraving, and a most exquisite colored pattern. The original tales, illustrated articles, etc., more than sustain the high character of this lady's-book. Two stories alone are worth the price of the number: one by A. Bowman, and the other by Frank Lee Benedict. Now is a good time to subscribe, beginning with the July number, when a new volume commences."

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.

PRESERVES, ETC.

Peach Chips.—Slice the peaches thin, having first pared them; hard peaches are the best for this purpose. To one pound of fruit, put a half-pound of sugar; strew the sugar over the fruit for three hours; then put it on to boil; when the chips are clear and tender, take them out, put them on dishes, and dry them in the sun. Boil the syrup until quite thick. As the chips harden, dip them in the syrup, and put them again in the sun. When they have dried enough, roll them in sugar, and pack them in sugar in stone jars. Chips are very nice, made of pure honey instead of sugar.

Marmalade.—Take a dozen oranges, two lemons, and cut them in thin slices, removing nothing but the pips. Weigh the fruit; to each pound, add a pint of water. Let this stand twentyfour hours. If much syrup is liked, a little more than a pint of water can be added. Boil the fruit and water gently till the rind is tender. Let it stand again twentyfour hours. Third day, weigh the water and fruit together, and to each pound add one pound of loaf-sugar. Boil together in a preserving-pan for twenty minutes or half an hour. If it boil too long, the rind becomes hard.

Stewed Pears.—Put the pears into a stewpan of cold water; let them simmer till tender; then peel and core them. Place the pears over the fire again, with some shreds of lemon-peel, cut very thin in strips, and with as much cochineal and water as will color them. Then add the weight of the fruit in sugar, and, when cooked quite tender, add the juice of a lemon to every pound of fruit, to clear it.

Grapes Compote.—Boil a quarter-pound of sugar with half a glass of water till it is reduced to a strong syrup; skim, and then put into it one pound of grapes—picked from the stalks, and the seeds taken out; give them a boil two or three times, and then place them in a dessert-dish; if there be any scum upon them, carefully wipe it off with white paper.

Fox-Grapes for Tarts.—Seed the grapes carefully. To a pound of fruit, put a pound of sugar. Make a syrup of the sugar, put in the fruit, and boil it well, but not enough to turn it red.

SUMMER DRINKS.

Mulberry Syrup.—To two pounds of mulberries, hardly ripe, add two pounds of powdered sugar. Put the fruit and sugar in a preserving-pan on a moderate fire, but do not touch with a spoon, or the syrup will be thick. The heat will soon dissolve the fruit of itself, and leave the liquor clear. When thoroughly melted, boil up several times, then let it run gently through a hair sieve, very clean; all the refuse of the fruit will thus remain in the sieve. The syrup should not require any clearing, if clean utensils be used, and the boiling-up be of sufficient duration.

Mint Cordial.—Pick the leaves from the young tender sprigs of mint, and put them into brandy or spirits from four to eight hours. Then strain the liquor from the mint, being careful not to bruise the leaves. If not strong enough of mint, repeat next day with fresh mint. The syrup then to be added, to the taste. If the brandy be allowed to remain too long on the mint, it will be bitter. Make the syrup by boiling sugar and water, throwing in the white of egg, and removing the scum as it rises.

Cassis.—Take one pound of ripe black currants, pick them from their stalks, bruise them, and put them into a jar with two quarts of unsweetened gin, a handful of raspberries, a few cloves, and a small piece of cinnamon. Cork up the jar closely. At the end of three weeks, squeeze the contents through a cloth, and add to them lump-sugar to taste—about half a pound. In a day or two, filter through paper, and bottle.

Currant Wine.—Mix together equal proportions of freshly-gathered cherries and currants. Mash thoroughly, and put through a fine sieve. To every gallon of liquid, put three pounds of best brown sugar. Fill a cask two-thirds full, bung it tightly, and clay it over. The whole

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process to be got through with as quickly as possible. To be kept in a cool place, and drawn off in December.

Blackberry Cordial.—Squeeze the blackberries, and, to each gallon of juice, put one gallon of water and three pounds of brown sugar. Put this into a demijohn, not filling it quite full, but leaving room for fermentation. Leave the cork out for twentyfour hours; then seal tightly, and let it remain for use.

Peach Cordial.—Blanch as many kernels of peach-stones as you may require, and put them in the best white whiskey. Let them stand six weeks. Then add one pound of sugar to a pint of the liquor. Make a rich syrup of the sugar, and clarify it as in mint cordial.

Cream-Tartar Whey.—Set a quart of milk on the fire, and, when it begins to boil, put in a tablespoonful of cream-tartar; take it off, and let it stand till the curd settles to the bottom. Pour off the whey carefully, sweeten and flavor, and drink milk-warm.

Ginger Beer.—Two and a half pounds of loaf-sugar, one and a half ounces of bruised ginger, one ounce of cream-tartar, the rind and juice of two lemons, three gallons of boiling water, two large tablespoonfuls of thick and fresh brewer's-yeast.

Lemon Syrup.—Pour six quarts of boiling water on five pounds of loaf-sugar, one and a half ounces of tartaric acid, and half an ounce of whole ginger slightly bruised. Let it stand till cold, then add two ounces of essence of lemon; strain and bottle.

Barley Water.—Wash two ounces of barley, and boil it in two quarts of water till it looks white and the barley grows soft; then strain the water, and flavor with lemon, currant, or any juice that is preferred.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Effect of Condiments with Food.—A French physician, Dr. Husson, who has been making experiments on this important subject, has found that, in cooking meat, only an ounce of salt should be used with from six to twelve pounds of meat. If more be employed, it will do one of two things—it will modify the structure of a portion of the muscular fibre, so as to render it more resistant to the action of the gastric juice, or it will itself check and retard the peptic fermentation, the very groundwork of digestion. It follows that salted and smoked meats are more indigestible than fresh. Vinegar, it appears, may be used with good effect, provided it be not in a quantity to irritate the stomach, and is a pure dilution of acetic acid, freed from sulphuric or hydrochloric acid, the latter of which, though an active principle of the gastric juice, must not be in excess in the stomach, or it will retard digestion. The hungry man will, therefore, be careful how he uses salt and vinegar.

Raw-Beef Tea.—This is given in cases of typhoid. Take one ounce of lean beef, from the shin or rump, and separate it from all fat. Mince it up on the board first, and then put it into a cup with a tablespoonful of fresh cold water; let it stand for a quarter of an hour, and then strain it off for use. Give a teaspoonful at a time.

OUR ARM-CHAIR.

"EVERY NUMBER IS A SAMPLE-COPY."—The Wilmington (Ill.) Advocate speaks of "Peterson's Magazine" as follows: "To ladies who desire a first-class monthly periodical, we take pleasure in heartily recommending the above-named. It is always welcome as a pure and attractive magazine—elevated in tone, and entertaining as well as instructive. Its steel-engravings alone are worth the price of it, while its continued and short stories and poems are uniformly meritorious. Every number is a sample-copy, creating a desire for the next month's issue. In the matter of the fashions, it is always abreast of the season, and its great success and healthy circulation attest the fact that it is highly appreciated by the intelligent women of our country."

THE THEATRICAL PROGRAMME says: "Edenia, having become the favorite perfume of the beau-monde, has now found its way into the theatrical world, and such celebrated actresses as Miss Mary Anderson, Miss Ellen Terry, and Madame Sarah Bernhardt are loud in singing its praises. One of the chief advantages of the exquisite scent of Edenia is that its perfume remains the same for days and days, after it has been put on the handkerchief or sachet, and in this respect alone it may be said to eclipse all other preparations for the toilette."

"DOUBLE THE VALUE OF THE INVESTMENT."—The Lexington (Tenn.) Progress says: "Every lady should provide herself with at least one wide-awake reliable household and fashion magazine, and we can think of none more reliable for all purposes than 'Peterson's Magazine.' The July number of this popular periodical is on our table, and we make no hesitancy in saying that any person investing two dollars in a year's subscription will receive, in return, double the value of the investment."

THE HEALTH BRAIDED-WIRE PILLOW, advertised in our advertising-department, is recommended, it will be seen, by Dr. Hayes Agnew—one of the most eminent physicians living—who writes that it possesses, "in a sanitary view, advantages over all others." Other medical men speak in the same way. Even for persons quite well, we should think this pillow a great boon, especially in summer.

THE "OLD RELIABLE."—The Charles City (Iowa) Advocate says: "'Peterson' is the best fashion and story magazine published. It has gained the name of 'old reliable' by its many readers."

MISCELLANEOUS.

TO ARRANGE PHOTOGRAPHS.—A novel way of displaying a few photographs is to cover a paper Japanese hand-screen with plush or satin and lace in two divisions, in a slanting direction. The half of the screen, covered with fluted lace, forms a sort of case, into which the photograph is slipped, with a second one, and sometimes a third, behind it, resting on a background of satin or plush. If lace be not used, then the piece into which the photograph-corner is slipped is of plain plush or satin, ornamented with a painted flower. These look well on mantel-shelves, and sell excellently at bazaars. They are not covered on the reverse side, but have a good-sized bow on the handle; a ruche generally edges the whole. If we have not clearly explained ourselves, let someone take a Japanese fan and arrange two pieces of some material in a slanting position across it, and slip a cabinet-photograph in, and we are sure they will see at once for themselves. These screens are also painted in oils, first with a shaded background, then with a few flowers, and lastly, varnished and decorated with a bow. The back is left to show what the original screen was, but both sides are varnished, as it strengthens the paper and renders it much less liable to tear.

PRETTY FICHUS AND COLLARETTES can be manufactured at home at very little expense. Take a small plain or fancy silk handkerchief; cut off a straight strip, for the collar; and, with it, cover a neckband of cardboard or buckram. The other piece may be plaited in a fan-shape and ironed, and afterward fastened on to the neckband with a small fancy bow. The addition of a few beads round the edge of the collar is a great improvement. We have also seen a pretty little collar for the neck, composed of a straight band of narrow moiré picot ribbon, edged with a little

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plaiting of the same, to stand up round the throat, being fastened by a small bow. These little items are often expensive to buy, but, when made at home, cost only a few cents, and add greatly to the ensemble of a toilette. A simple and effective fichu may be made with a straight band for the neck, of coffee or cream lace, lined with velvet ribbon. Taste and complexion must settle the color. Then cut a three-cornered piece of muslin, and cover it with a jabot of lace, the point of which is to be attached to the neckband. A bow or fancy clasp completes the fichu.

NEVER SPEAK WHEN YOU ARE IRRITATED OR ANGRY, but take time to think; "count twenty," as someone has said.

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

☞ Everything relating to this department should be addressed "Puzzle Editor," PETERSON'S MAGAZINE, P.-O. Box 328, Marblehead, Mass.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN JULY NUMBER.

No. 282.

Music.

No. 283.

R O R A L
S O L A R
C U R E D
M E L O N
S Y N O D

No. 284.

W HEA T
H OM E
I TALIA N
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I NVERNES S
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GARDENING FOR AMATEURS.

AUGUST.

In this month, there is little work in the flower-garden, except pruning, taking cuttings, weeding beds and lawns, and watering, if the weather be dry. Gather in flower-seeds.

Sow auricula and polyanthus seeds on a warm dry day.

Carnations, layered, remove to some place where they may remain till October, to gain strength.

All bulbs that have done flowering to be removed, if a change of situation be needed.

Clip holly, yew, and privet hedges.

White Roman hyacinths to be put into pots, and plunge the pots in coal-ashes; then remove into a greenhouse in September.

Cyclamens to be started sometime in this month, in a soil of well-rotted manure, sand, and leaf-mold. Use pots three times the size of the tuber, which raise slightly above the earth in which it is planted. Perfect drainage is important. Water slightly at first, then put the pots in a cold frame, and, after a week, increase the watering.

Hollyhocks, if the plants are strong, should be put in their stationary places in the middle of August.

Chrysanthemum-roots to be planted now.

Pansy and viola cuttings, of the sidegrowth, to be put in. They strike readily, if supplied with water.

Cuttings of pelargoniums and geraniums to be inserted in small pots filled with light sandy soil, and place them in cold frames.

Gather all flower-seeds as soon as ripe, dry them, and either sow them at once, or keep them till March.

Parsley does not rank with flowers, but often is more useful. Many persons say they cannot get it to grow. Sow curled-parsley seed early in August; it then comes into use in May. Late-sown parsley will stand two winters without running to seed. It should have a deep rich soil, be well stirred and well manured, and be transplanted in February.

Cactus-plants, after flowering, should be, if needful, repotted, and always watered with warm water. From October to April, they will need very little water. Boiling water will do them good, rather than harm.

Cuttings of carnations to be planted and covered with hand-lights, which need no removal for ventilation. Cuttings from plants that have never flowered do best. The clove-carnation is one of the best.

Plant root offsets or cuttings from the flower-stalks—double rockets and double wall-flowers by slips of the small top-shoots, double sweet-william, and all carnations by pipings.

Though, strictly speaking, every description of flower prefers its own peculiar soil, yet almost all flowers like a light soil. A portion of sand should be mixed with any that is heavy. A small mixture of salt in the ground has been found especially favorable for carnations, when not too much salt is used. Carnations like warmth, and pinks grow vigorously under slight shade.

Among the hardy biennials—which means that these are plants raised from seed the first year, and flower the second: if they continue another year, they are languid and weakly—are Canterbury bells, carnations in all the varieties, French honeysuckle, hollyhocks, lunaria or honesty, tree-mallow, rocket of all colors, scabious, stocks—as the Brompton and other varieties—sweet-william, wall-flowers, etc., etc.

For soil, a compost-heap should be made in some out-of-the-way corner, and, upon it, all house-slop, brine after salting meat, and cabbage-water should be thrown. With regard to salt, it is customary, with importers of exotic plants, to dip cuttings in salt-and-water, to prevent their perishing in the transit. Also, it is said that salt water is very efficacious for cuttings, if they are placed in it a few days previous to planting.

To have plants flower early in the spring, the seed should be scattered over the borders in August and September; then they bloom when the spring-sown seeds are only just sprouting into leaf.

Mignonette should be sown late in August or middle of September for early flowering; the plants are always more fragrant and healthy when the seed is sown in August or September.

FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.

FIG. 1.—WALKING OR HOUSE DRESS, OF ÉCRU CANVAS, figured with a crossbar in wool. The underskirt is of claret-colored silk; made plain, with a narrow plaited ruffle on the edge. The overdress is plaited to the waist, opens on left side, and is draped at the back. The bodice is laid in a couple of shallow plaits on the shoulders, and opens over a claret-colored silk vest, with a high collar. Waistband, sash-ends, and cuffs of claret-colored silk. Hat of claret-colored straw, trimmed with silk of the same color.

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FIG. II.—VISITING-DRESS, OF VIOLET-COLORED GRENADINE, worn over violet-colored silk. The skirt is made quite plain, with no fullness in front, and falling in waterfall-plaits at the back. The close-fitting jacket opens in front over a plaited vest of violet-colored surah, and has revers fastened down with buttons. Straw hat, trimmed with pompons.

FIG. III.—GARDEN-PARTY DRESS, OF ÉCRU FOULARD, figured with red roses. The underskirt is of plain foulard, with two rows of écru-colored lace around the bottom. The figured foulard is looped over this. The bodice is trimmed with jabots of écru lace, which fall below the point of the waist, in front; and it, as well as the sleeves, is finished with green ribbon. Hat of écru Spanish lace, trimmed with a large bunch of plums.

FIG. IV.—TRAVELING-DRESS, OF PLAID SUMMER CAMEL'S-HAIR. The bottom of the skirt, and up the right side, trimmed with three rows of claret-colored velvet. The tunic is short in front, much wrinkled, and falls without looping at the back. The jacket-bodice has claret-colored velvet revers and collar, is faced with claret-colored silk, and opens over a pale-yellow piqué vest, beneath which is a piqué shirt-front with standing collar. The vest is sometimes made high to the throat. Straw hat, faced with claret-colored velvet, and trimmed with a gay scarf and a wing.

FIG. V.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF LIGHT-MAUVE NUN'S-VEILING, with a silk petticoat of the same color, striped with violet velvet. This petticoat is made perfectly plain. The veiling overdress falls in a shawl-point, on the left side, in front, in rounded draperies at the back, and shows the striped petticoat in front and on the left side. The overskirt is plaited rather full to the waist, and is looped up underneath, on the left hip. The high bodice is trimmed to correspond with the petticoat.

FIG. VI.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF ÉCRU-SPOTTED MUSLIN, over a petticoat of light chestnut-brown silk. The petticoat is tucked at the bottom, and is edged with a very narrow knife-plaiting. The bottom of the muslin skirt is edged with a trimming to correspond with the muslin. The skirt is laid in plaits around the waist, and these plaits are caught up on the right side. The bodice is slightly full, back and front, and is worn with a waistband of the color of the silk skirt, ornamented with a full rosette. Similar rosettes trim the sleeves and the ruffle collar.

FIG. VII.—HAT, OF COARSE BLACK STRAW, trimmed with wide dark-red satin ribbon.

FIG. VIII.—HAIR-ORNAMENT, composed of loops of light-blue ribbon, with a small bird inserted in the loops. This is intended to be worn on the left side of the head, with the hair dressed high.

FIG. IX.—WALKING-DRESS, OF WHITE SERGE. The skirt is trimmed with many rows of white braid, woven with gold. The braid is put around the skirt to right side, where it extends up under the tunic. The tunic is trimmed with the same kind of braid, is quite full and draped on the left side, and looped on the right side. The bodice, collar, and cuffs are trimmed to correspond with the skirt. White straw hat, trimmed with dull-gold colored ribbon and snowballs.

FIG. X.—HAT, OF YELLOW FANCY STRAW, trimmed with a band and bow of black velvet and yellow feathers.

FIG. XI.—CHEMISETTE, OF INDIA MULL, edged with imitation Mechlin lace, and worn with a black velvet pointed Swiss waistband and black velvet collar.

FIG. XII.—WALKING-DRESS, OF DARK-GREEN CANVAS. The dress opens over a simulated skirt of canvas, striped dark red and green. It falls plain and square in front, and is full, but not looped, at the back. The bodice opens over a vest of the striped canvas, has revers of the plain material, and has dark-green velvet cuffs and collar.

FIG. XIII.—BODICE, OF BLACK SURAH, with sleeves, bodice, trimming, and ruffle at the bottom, of black Spanish lace. On the left side of the bodice are folds of the surah; but lace could be equally well used. This kind of bodice is very useful in wearing with old skirts; or it may be made of dark-red silk, trimmed with black lace; or pale blue, pink, or green surah, trimmed with white Spanish lace.

FIG. XIV.—HAT, OF GOLDEN-BROWN STRAW, faced with a velvet of a slightly darker shade, and trimmed with fancy straw braid and a large bunch of field-flowers.

FIG. XV.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF WHITE MUSLIN, figured with pink rosebuds and forget-me-nots. A knife-plaiting edges the skirt. The muslin is draped on a white foundation, and the drapings are fastened by loops of light-pink and light-blue ribbon. The back is fully draped. The bodice has a full plastron-front.

FIG. XVI.—NEW-STYLE BODICE, suitable for garden-party or house-wear. The dress is of white nun's-veiling, and a panel of rich, rather light blue watered silk. The bodice has a trimming of blue watered ribbon, put on at the shoulders. It crosses in front, where it falls in two ends, confined by a jewel ornament. Hat of white straw, with two stiff feathers and blue watered-silk trimming.

FIG. XVII.—FEATHER FAN, made of two wings of stiff feathers, joined near the handle under a shaded marabout rosette, over which rests a bird against a background of soft feathers.

FIG. XVIII.—BALL-DRESS, OF WHITE LACE OVER WHITE SILK. The bottom of the silk skirt is trimmed with a ruffle of narrow lace. The overdress is short and slightly full, with full short tunic and paniers. Large cluster of roses and lilies-of-the-valley is placed on the left side, just under the panier. Bodice plain and half-high, and trimmed with large imitation pearls. Sash of white moiré, brocaded with pink roses.

GENERAL REMARKS.—For traveling-dress, mohair, étamine, summer camel's-hair, shepherd's-plaid, and lustrous alpaca are all popular. It is no longer considered that any old worn-out gown, any dowdy wrap or bonnet, will do for traveling; but the suit may be plain, but must be well-made and fresh-looking; and it may be as inexpensive as possible. Many persons wear, over the traveling-dress, a long redingote, which is close-fitting at the back, but a little loose in front, and which reaches nearly to the feet. This may be made of alpaca, pongee, or any light material that may be desired, or a thin summer-ulster may be worn.

Mauve, light-violet, moss-green, and butter-color are all fashionable, though white as well as black is equally worn.

Stripes of plain silk, watered silk, open-work, or of cashmere design are all popular; but broken plaids, small plaids, and small Japanese and other eccentric figures are equally so. All depends upon the individual taste, not only in this respect, but in the mode of making dresses, as will be seen by our great variety of fashions.

Kilt-plaitings retain their popularity. These are extremely becoming to all but quite tall persons. We are getting back again to the flat appearance in the front of dresses. The French have rather persistently clung to this fashion; but, in England, the fuller, rounder, and much less becoming front has found favor.

Watered ribbon, jet, lace, rosary-beads, beaded gimp, braid, are all fashionable for dress and mantle trimming; and, for tailor-made suits, rows of machine-stitching are as much worn.

Surplice-bodices are popular for summer-materials.

Large sashes are much worn with evening-dresses. Sometimes they are made of an entire width of tulle, and are tied in two bows and long ends at the back.

House-jackets are useful, made of any white woolen material, trimmed with rows of gold braid, or of black or colored velvet or watered ribbon.

Bonnets and hats continue high, but are much modified by women of good taste. Flowers are much used for them.

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OUR PARIS LETTER.

RUE DES PETITS CHAMPS.

The present fashions are decidedly unfavorable to stout figures, and seem created wholly and solely for ladies of exceptionally slender forms. Dresses are made with skirts and vests in wide-striped material, the stripes running horizontally. The full flat plaits in which overskirts are laid in front in one style of make, and the full draping in which they are drawn at another, are also trying to plump figures. And only a long slender waist can stand the revival of the short-waisted round corsage of the First Empire, with the very wide scarf-ceinture in soft-finished silk or satin, which is now in vogue amongst the ultra-fashionable Parisian ladies. But, in fact, almost any style of cut or of material may now be worn that suits the wearer. There never was seen a greater diversity of form, and color, and stuff, than is prevalent this season. Large spots and small spots, stripes, brocades, plain materials, others with lace stripes interwoven in the fabric, are all fashionable and are combined in an infinite variety of styles. One of the newest materials for walking and dinner dresses, as well as for evening-wear, is black tulle figured with large satin spots in the same color. It is made up over black satin, and is trimmed with fine cut jet and watered ribbon. This last, in fact, is extremely popular, just now, for dress-trimming, in a finger-length width and put on in bows with moderate ends. Bows of narrower ribbon in satin and in faille are also much used for trimming, especially in combination with lace. They are dotted about at the head of a lace flounce, or down the side-seams of a lace overdress, and really make a very pretty finish. Worth has lately introduced a very striking innovation, in the shape of long wide bands of the material of the dress, set on the underskirt, which is covered with lace, and extending from waist to hem. These bands are about an eighth of a yard in width, and vary in number from three to six, according to the style of trimming the back of the skirt. The trains of long-skirted evening-dresses now fall in plain straight folds. The most fashionable material for them, just now, is tulle, which comes in dark rich colors as well as delicate pale ones. The former tints are the newest, the most popular being some very lovely shades of deep purple. Wide bands of watered silk stripe the full plain trains of tulle ball-dresses. Sometimes the front of the dress is made in tulle of the same line of colors, but several shades paler. Embroidery in minute steel spangles is used by Worth with admirable effect on these purple tulle toilettes. On pale-lilac tulle, are placed bouquets of red clover and blue corn-flowers, the same master-hand contriving exquisitely that apparently impossible combination of colors. Worth is also making great use of a new style of foulard, the pattern long grasses in shades of marine-blue on a cream-white ground. This material is made up into short costumes, the flounces and draperies being cut into deep scallops and lined with colored satin, rosettes and bows of satin ribbon adorning the skirt. Gold and silver lace and passementerie are a good deal used for trimming, being even seen occasionally on dresses of transparent colored muslin; but this innovation is hardly in good taste. Very fine gold embroidery is employed on crapes and crepons and delicate tinted faille for dinner-dress and demi-toilette, and even for visiting and reception dresses. Silver embroidery is also very much employed, by Worth, on ball-dresses. Some of the toilettes supplied by him for the trousseau of a recent American bride, married here, were marvels of artistic grace and finish of design in this style of trimming. The court-dress of the Duchess of Braganza, formerly Princess Amelia of Orleans, which was also furnished by Worth, was most beautifully embroidered in fine silver thread and minute silver beads. But these delicate embroideries are as costly as real lace.

In wash-materials, the most fashionable summer toilettes are made in very dark colors. Thus, for the Countess Cairns, two dresses were made, one in dark seal-brown muslin figured with chrysanthemums in cream-white, and trimmed with a dead-gold ribbon, another being in marine-blue percale with lace-muslin stripes, made with a vest on full folds of pale-yellow surah. Worth makes up transparent muslins over taffeta underdresses, in hues either matching the designs on the muslin or in some rich contrasting color. Ribbon sashes have been entirely displaced by the wide scarf-sash in surah or soft-finished silk or satin, laid in full flat folds around the waist.

The favorite flowers, either for trimming evening-dresses or for hats or bonnets, are dandelions with their leaves and graceful plumy seed-vessels. Groups of these are employed with a very artistic effect. Also much used, are clusters of corn-flowers in different shades of blue, red clover, and massed garlands of white daisies. Roses in different colors and in varied shades of the same color are very popular for trimming the rough black straw hats that are the height of elegance for the seaside and the mountains. Coral straws, trimmed with red ribbon or with black ribbon and jet, are also shown for fall-wear. Their vivid red is produced, I am told, by several coats of a varnish obtained by dissolving red sealing-wax in alcohol. This I doubt, as the straw is too soft and pliable to have undergone such a process, and I would be more inclined to attribute the brilliancy of the scarlet to some newly-discovered dye. The fashion of veiling the high crowns of straw hats in folds of tulle or gauze, either plain or dotted with beads, continues very popular.

The latest fantasy for undergarments is to have them in the finest batiste, spotted with minute dots in pink or pale-blue, and trimmed with ribbon to correspond and with Valenciennes lace. For bridal trousseaux, each article is marked in embroidery with a fac-simile of the bride's signature of her Christian name. Parasols and sun-umbrellas for full-dress occasions are shown in cream or écru gauze trimmed with lace, or in full black or white lace net over a lining of colored taffeta. A very pretty novelty in this line is a large parasol in straw network, lined with colored taffeta and trimmed with straw lace. Hoods of the Louis XV style, made with long scarf-ends, in ruffles of cream lace, and lined with rose-colored or cream silk, are fashionable for evening-wear, when going to balls or the opera, and are taking the place of the long-popular lace scarf or mantelet.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—GIRL'S COSTUME, OF VERY DARK RED SURAH. The skirt is put on in large plaits to the long bodice, which has a plastron-front. The waistband is of surah, edged with a cream-colored lace, and another row of the lace forms the collar. Hat of white straw, faced with dark-red velvet, and ornamented with cream-colored feathers and aigrette.

FIG. II.—BOY'S SUIT, OF DARK-BROWN VELVETEEN. The knickerbockers and blouse-jacket are ornamented with oxydized buttons. The wide collar is of écru linen. Sailor-hat, of brown straw.

FIG. III.—GIRL'S COSTUME, OF WHITE SERGE. The skirt is laid in large box-plaits, and is trimmed with a band of dark-blue serge. The long sailor-blouse has revers of the white serge, edged with blue, and the vest and cuffs are of the dark-blue serge. The sleeves are a little full at the wrists. An anchor is embroidered in white on the front of the vest. White sailor-hat, bound and trimmed with blue.

FIG. IV.—GIRL'S HAT, OF COARSE YELLOW STRAW, trimmed with poppy-red ribbon.

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Painted by W. Schutze. Engraved & Printed by Illman Brothers.

"DONT BE BREEDY"

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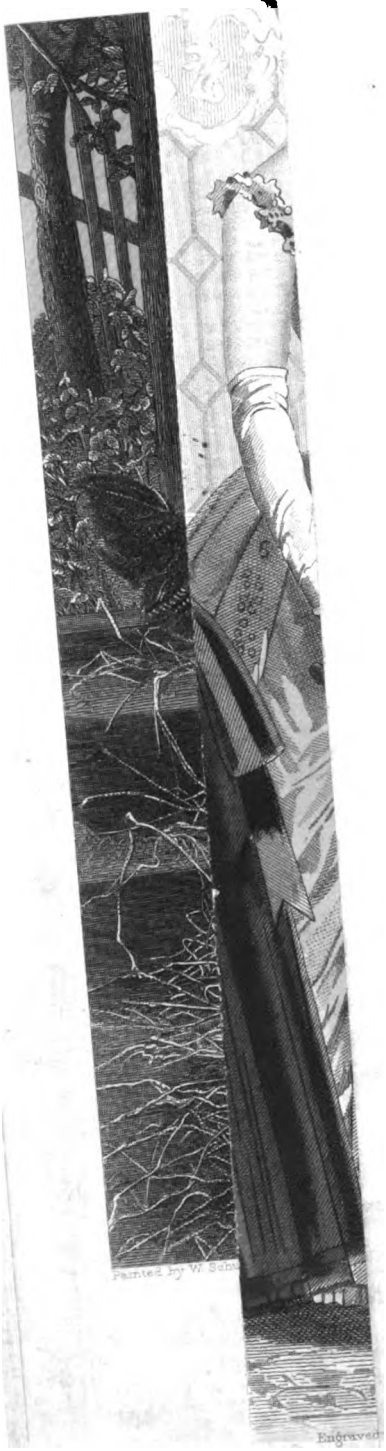

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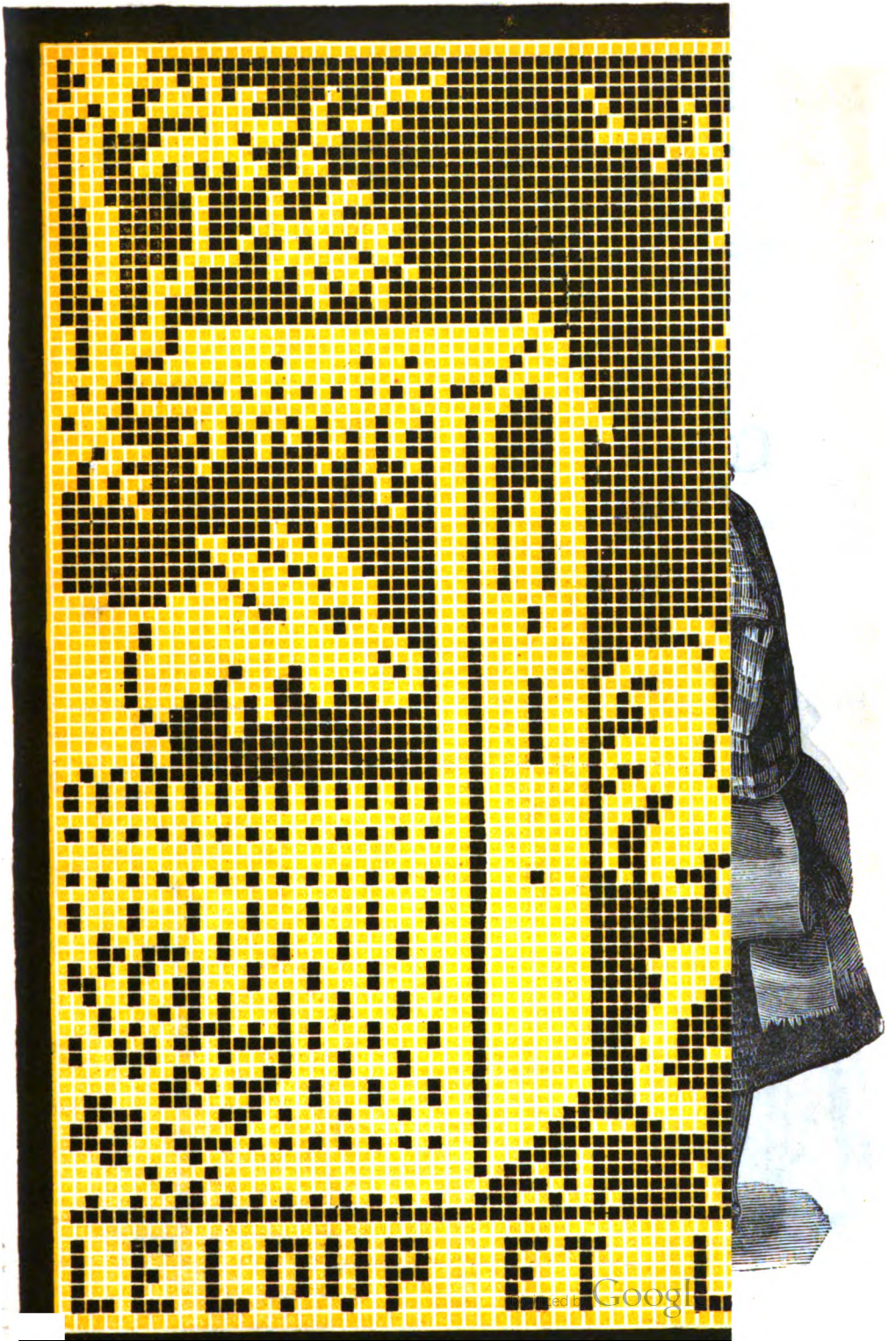

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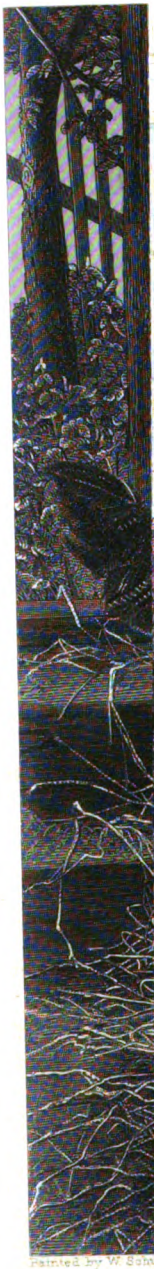

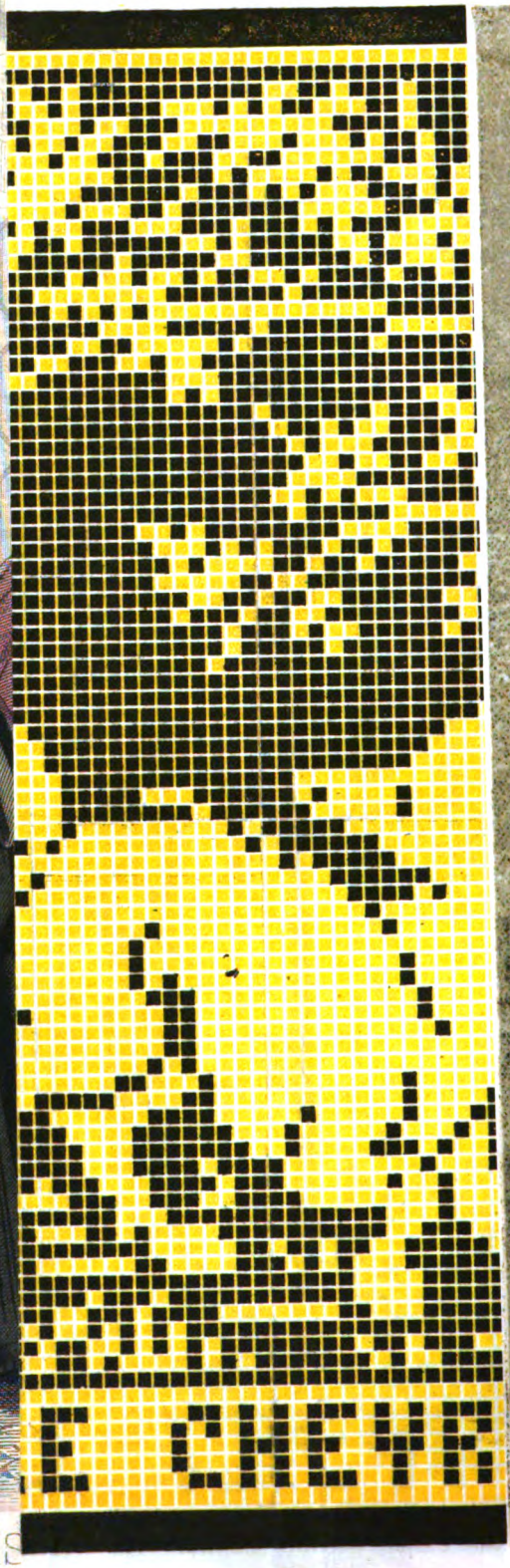

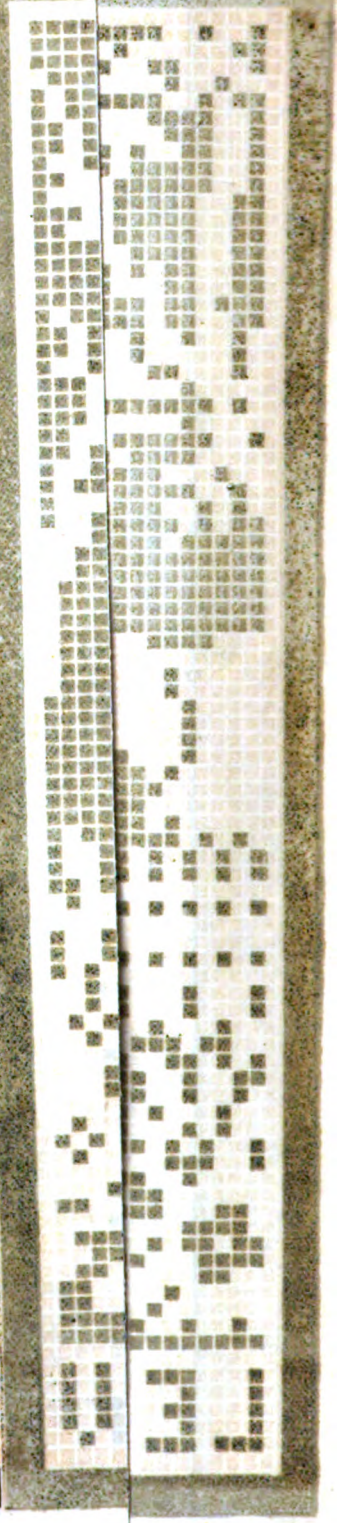

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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER. HAIR-ORNAMENT.

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WALKING-DRESS FOR FALL, BACK AND FRONT.

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WALKING-DRESSES FOR EARLY FALL.

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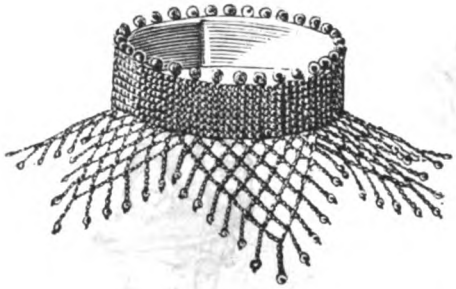

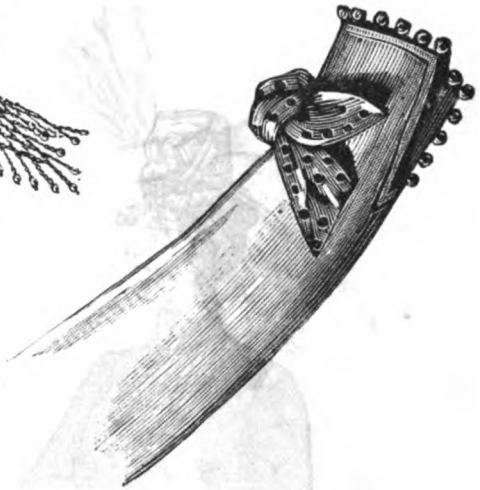

CAPE, BACK AND FRONT. NECKLET. SLEEVE.

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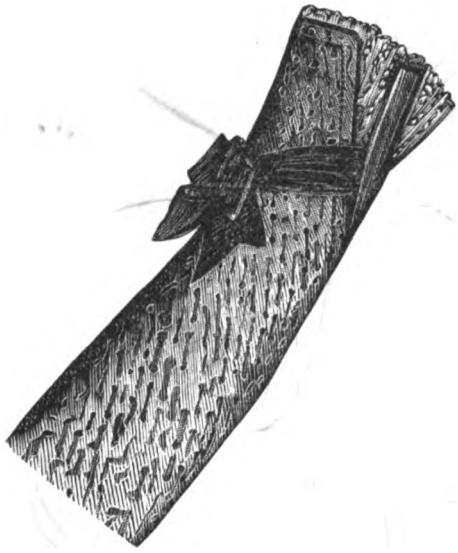

JACKET. DRAPED BODICE. SLEEVE. SWISS WAISTBAND.

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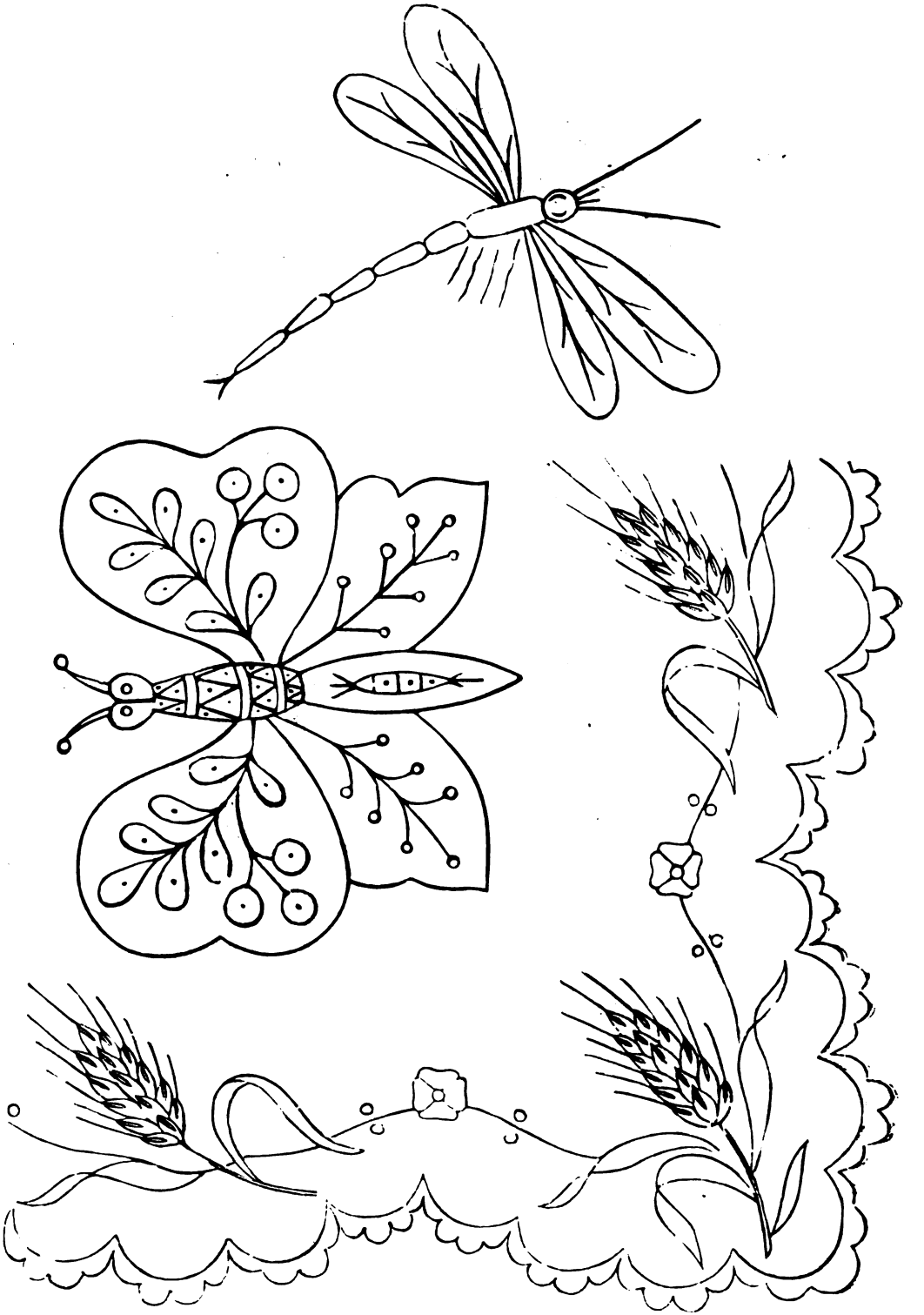

CORNER IN EMBROIDERY. DRAGONFLY AND BUTTERFLY IN OUTLINE-STITCH.

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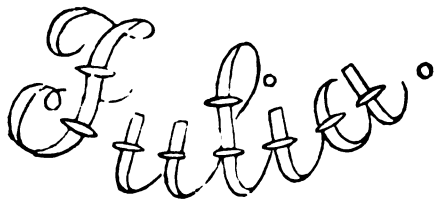

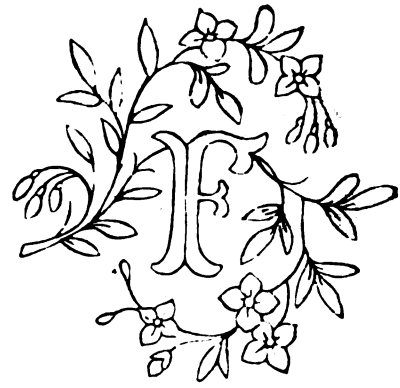

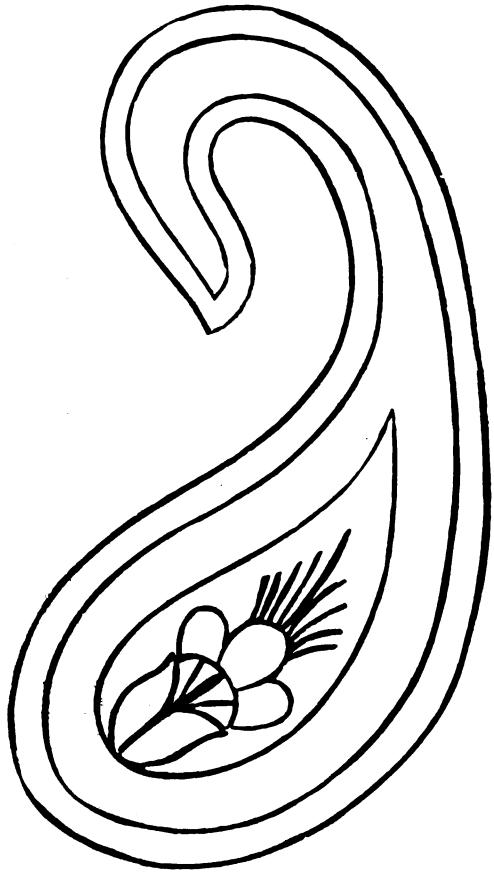

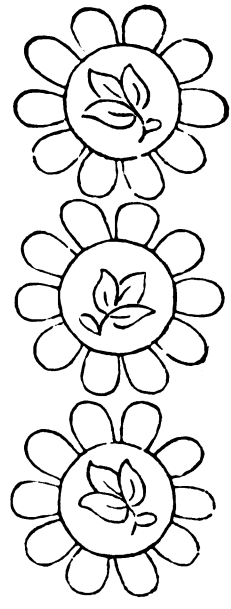

NAME FOR MARKING. INITIAL. PALM IN BRAIDING. INSERTION.

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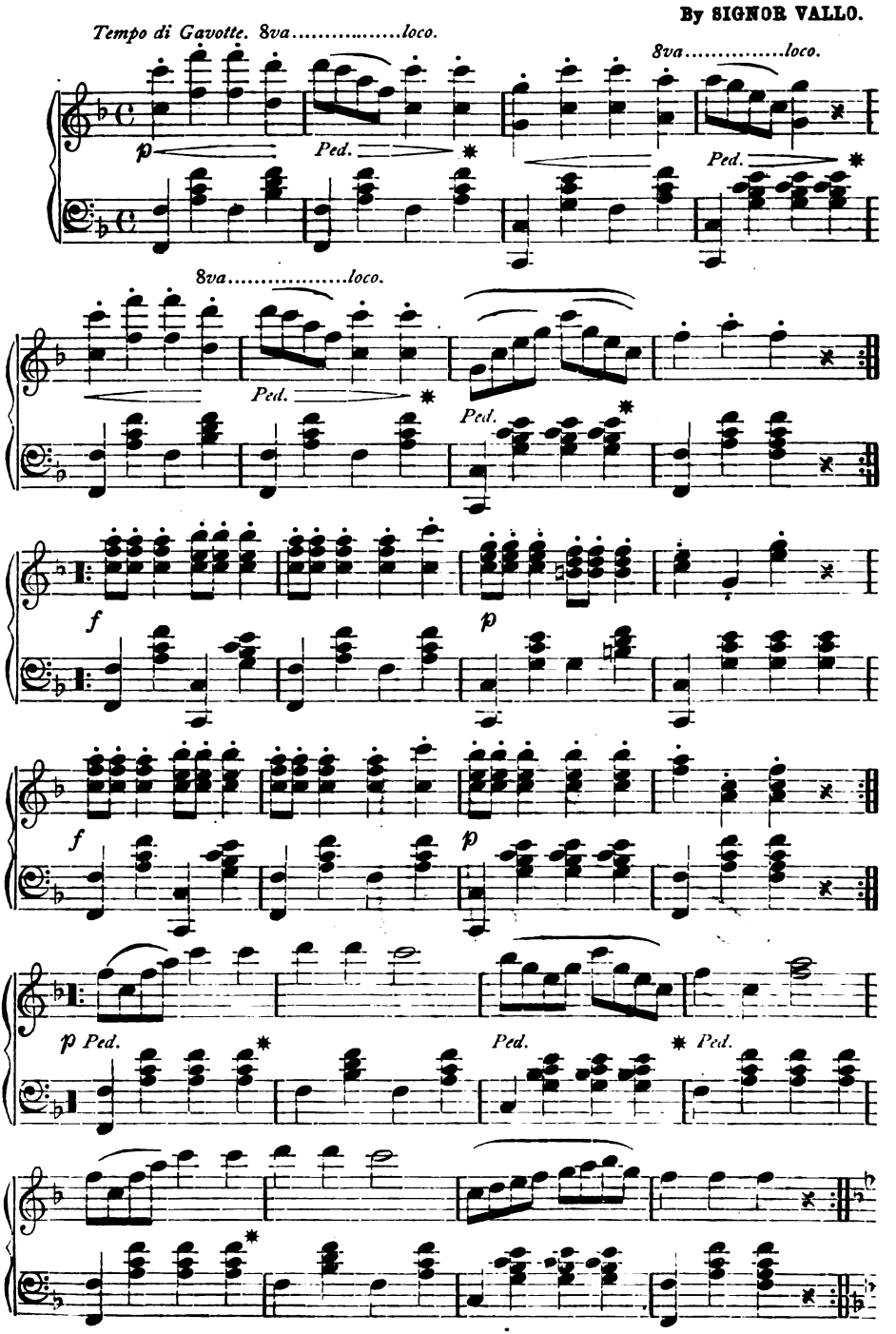
As published by SEP. WINNER & SON, 545 N. Eighth St., Philadelphia.

By SIGNOR VALLO.



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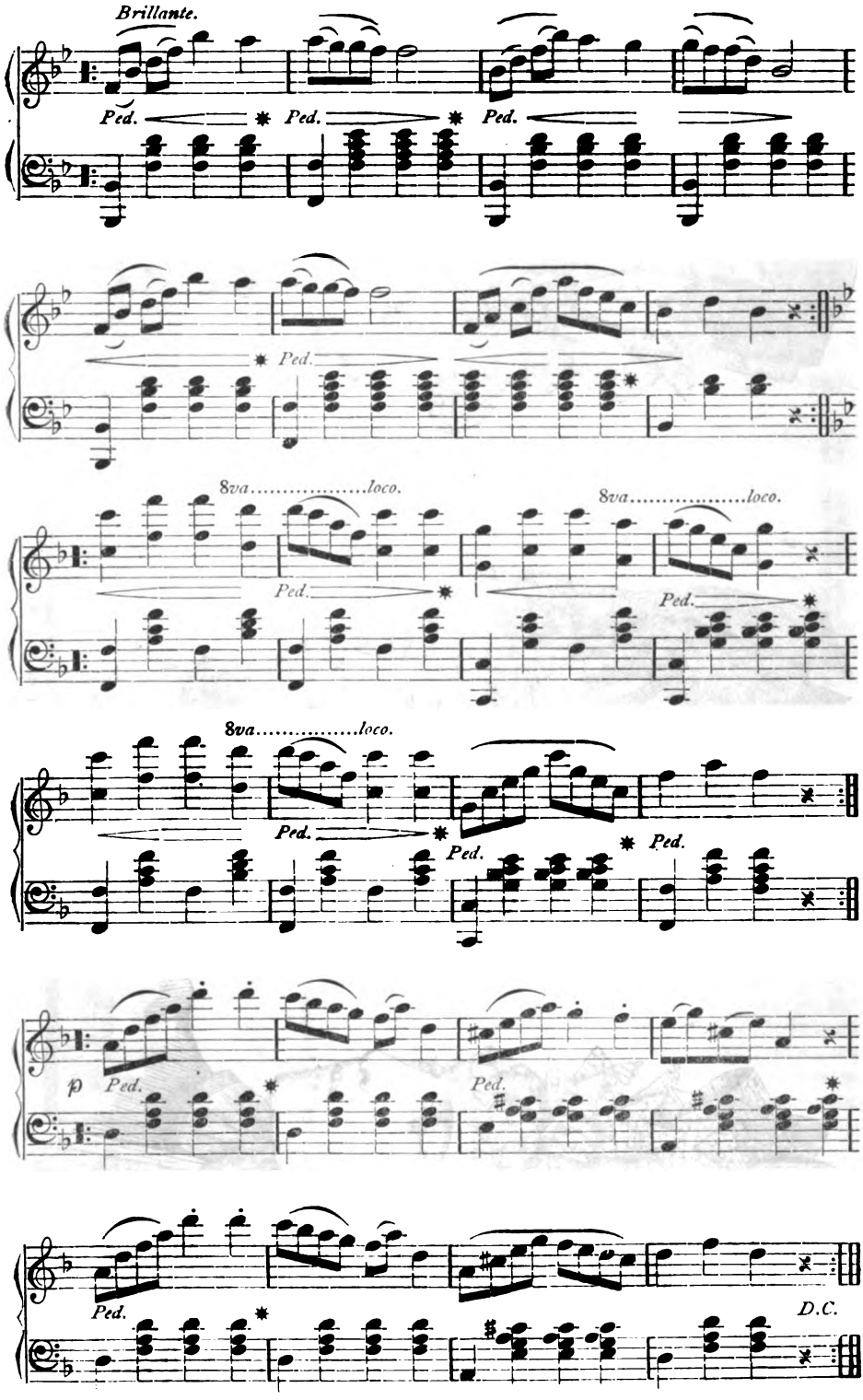

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BONNET AND HATS FOR EARLY FALL.

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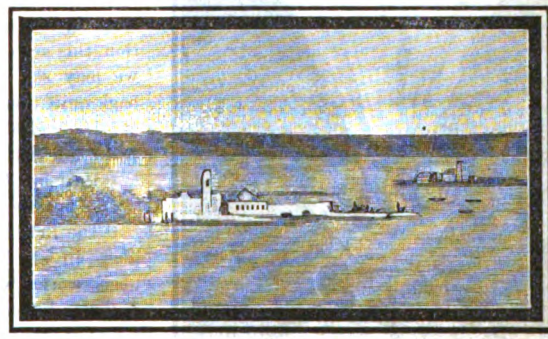
PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XC. PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER, 1886. No. 3.

VENETIAN GLASS AND MURANO.

BY EMILY J. MACKINTOSH.



MURANO, AS SEEN FROM VENICE.

I RECENTLY attended a ladies'-luncheon, where I was attracted by the very beautiful Venetian glass on the table. It was of every color — ruby, emerald, sapphire, topaz, milk-white, tartan. Each shape also was indescribably graceful. Afterward, in the drawing-room, I saw, in a cabinet, several even more exquisite specimens.

"This, I suppose, is old Venetian glass?" I said, to our hostess. "How lovely it is!"

"Yes," said she, "this is old Venetian—very rare, and therefore very highly prized. But, for my part, I think that which was on the table at luncheon, though modern, nearly as good, if not quite."

By this time, several other ladies had come to the cabinet, and were questioning our hostess by their looks. She took up a goblet, and passed it around for examination.

"Cut-glass is very beautiful," she said, "particularly the Russian pattern and some modifications of it I have seen. So is the Clichy glass, made near Paris: especially when engraved artistically. But I prefer, on the whole, the Venetian. Notice that goblet, for instance, with its curious twisted stem. And here is another, with an egg-shaped bowl, and an even more beautiful stem. See, too, this one, representing a sea-shell. The colors and shapes, as you observe, are almost infinite."

"You speak of modern Venetian glass," said one of the ladies. "I thought the making of glass was a lost art, at Venice."

"It had become so, practically," replied our hostess, "till about a generation ago, when the now well-known Signor Salviati, having seen the specimens of old Venetian glass, preserved in the museum at Murano—an island a few miles from Venice, as you all know, where glass had

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been made centuries ago—bethought him to inquire if there might not be some tradition of its mode of manufacture surviving there, and perhaps even some workmen. He soon discovered several artisans who had seen their fathers make these delicate glass fabrics, and who, probably inheriting an aptitude in that direction, finally succeeded in turning out vases and goblets that almost rivaled the original articles. I, myself, have seen such glass made at Murano."

"Oh, tell us all about it," cried the young bride, to whom the lunch had been given, and who was but little more than a child, either in years or in character. "How is it made? What is it made of, and where? You say we all know Murano. But I don't. How do they get such beautiful colors?"

"One question at a time, my dear," replied our hostess, smiling at her young guest's enthusiasm. "First, as to Murano itself: It is an island, lying to the north of Venice, about half-way between the city and the mainland. Through some peculiarity of the atmosphere, it, like all the other islands, seems, when viewed from a distance, not to rest on the water, but to float just above it, in the air. A pall of smoke, from the revived glass-furnaces, hangs over it nearly always, and adds to this dreamlike aspect."

"Oh, how romantic!" cried the young bride. "Was it there that glass was first invented?"

"No, my dear," said our hostess. "The discovery of glass is a problem lost in the twilight of history. One tradition informs us that some Phœnician sailors, having kindled a fire on the sands of the shore, noticed afterward, among the ashes, a substance like rock-crystal; they took the hint, and, in this way, it is said, the manufacture of glass originated. But, as glass beads have been found on mummies in Egypt, presumably much older than the Phœnician tradition, this account may fairly be doubted. I think we may say that the discovery of glass dates back quite three thousand years: for, not to speak of those glass beads found at Memphis, glass vases and bottles have been dug up at Nineveh."

"Dear me, how old glass is!" said the bride.

Our hostess smiled, and resumed:

"The Romans," she said, "were familiar with glass in all its varieties. Pliny tells us that glass-works were in operation, in his time, at Sidon and Alexandria. Little glass bottles, supposed to contain the blood of martyrs, are not infrequent in the Roman catacombs; and they go back, unquestionably, to the second, if not the first, century of our era. The famous Portland vase, now in the British Museum, which, at one time, was believed to be onyx, is now known to be glass. It was discovered in the tomb of the Emperor Alexander Severus, where it was deposited probably, about A. D. 235, as you all know."

"No, I don't know," cried the bride, with a little "moue." "Or, if I ever did know, I have forgotten. I don't go in for the 'ologies.' Pray, never accuse me of such a thing again, or my husband will have a divorce at once: he hates 'blue-stockings,' he says; and, as I am a little dunce, it just suits me."

We all laughed at this sally, and then the gay young speaker, nodding her head approvingly, went on.

"But you haven't told us," she said, "of what glass is made."

"Well, my dear, of various ingredients," replied our hostess, smiling again at her little rattle-brained young guest. "Silica or sand constitutes, generally, two-thirds. I think it is just a little over two-thirds in Venetian glass. By the bye, as you may have noticed, Venetian glass is greener than English flint-glass, or what

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in France is called crystal, like that made at Clichy; and this is because the sand is inferior; you can always tell Venetian glass by its green tinge."

"How funny, that anything so beautiful and transparent," cried the bride, "can be made, as you say, of common sand. How do they manage to do it?"

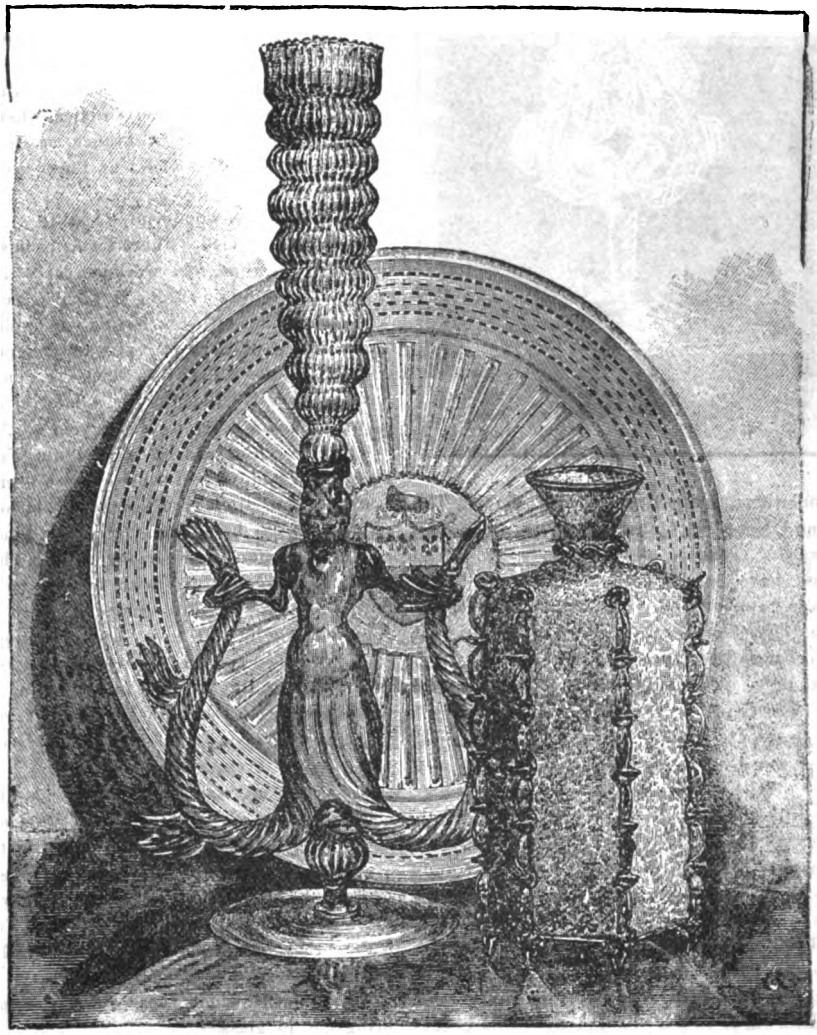
"The ingredients are flung together into a crucible, in a furnace, and subjected there to a white heat, till they melt into a fluid mass. The workman has a long hollow iron tube. One end of this he inserts into the crucible, twisting it around, until sufficient of the molten material for his purpose has adhered to the end. This material comes out in a half-fluid state, well, let us say, like molasses-candy, before it hardens."

"Delicious!" almost shrieked the bride, clapping her hands. "Like molasses-candy! Oh, it gets funnier than ever."

"The workman," continued our hostess, "now blows through the other end of his tube, inflating the mass into a hollow globe, larger or smaller, as he desires. Then, with various little iron tools, he cuts this globe in half, and dexterously fashions the pieces into the shapes he wishes."

She paused a moment, and took up a small egg-shaped goblet.

"The bowl of this goblet, for example," she said, "was blown first, and by itself. I saw a similar one blown at Murano. The artisan deftly cut the partly-fluid globe, at the end of his tube, in half; and then, with a few rapid



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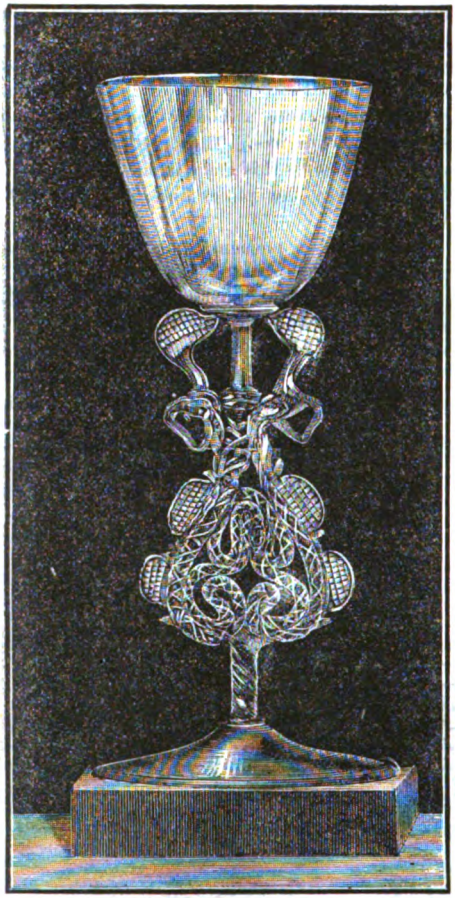

manipulations, reduced it to this shape. The stem and foot were blown separately, and added afterward. That is all there is of it. The articles have to be cooled with great care, however, to prevent their cracking. The colors of the different glasses are given in the original melting, metallic oxides being used: that ruby, for example, comes from gold, which is why the color is so expensive."

"I saw, at table," I remarked, "several glasses that were parti-colored, like Scotch tartan. How is that done?"

"I will show you. Here is one of that kind. It is, as you observe, a checkwork of blue, gold, and green. The workman takes several strands of glass of different colors, that were blown before, and drawn out like wire; these he heats till they become ductile; then plaits them together, as you see: the whole is afterward heated again, till it becomes fused into one; and, afterward, is cooled; and thus this checkwork. The art was practiced in this way by the old Phœnicians, there is reason to believe, and the artisans whom the Crusaders tempted to Venice were the lineal descendants of those workmen."

"These exquisite stems, that represent animals or birds, are made separately, you say?"

"Yes, and it is the taste and skill shown in them which make Venetian glass take such high rank artistically. See this curious tall vase, with the female figure upholding it on her head," and she took out, from the cabinet, the article in question. "The artistic thought that went to the conception of this design, and the technical skill required to produce it rapidly in the quickly-cooling glass, have both to be considered, before we can fully realize what a wonder of artistic invention and dexterous manipulation it is. And the dish behind it," pointing to another specimen in the cabinet, "with the coat-of-arms in the centre, is almost as astonishing in its way. Certainly, nowhere else, neither in Bohemia nor in France, much less in England, have such articles as these ever been approached, artistically."

"It certainly is wonderful," I said.

"Yes," she replied, "there seems to have been something in those old workmen at Murano—there seems to be something in their descendants of to-day: an esthetic feeling, as well as a mechanical skill, born in brain and fingers, and transmitted hereditarily—which is denied to Northern blood. But Italy is a land of artists, as we all know: art is in the very air."

"Some of the shapes of the old Venetian glass," she said, after a pause, "were even more fantastic than those you see here. Fishes, galleys, gondolas, lions, birds of every kind, serpents, and griffins were among them. The mirrors also were adorned with frames, on which flowers, in their natural colors, bloomed out in glass. Many of the vases and drinking-cups were enameled in gold. Cracked glass was imitated, just as the Chinese, in porcelain, imitate cracked china in their crackleware. Variegated glass, copying jasper, chalcedony, lapis-lazuli, and tortoise-shell even, was another feature So was the mosaic-glass, made from glass rods, like the checkwork glass. Another kind was what is called reticulated glass, containing fine threads of glass, generally colored, but sometimes milk-white, imbedded in their substance. I have seen, in Italian palaces, glass chandeliers of Venetian make, that were absolutely wonderful, both mechanically and artistically. There is no end to the fantasies which these old workmen could bring out in glass."

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"I wonder," I said, "that other nations did not also go into glass-making, and not let Venice monopolize it, as she seems to have done, for so many centuries."

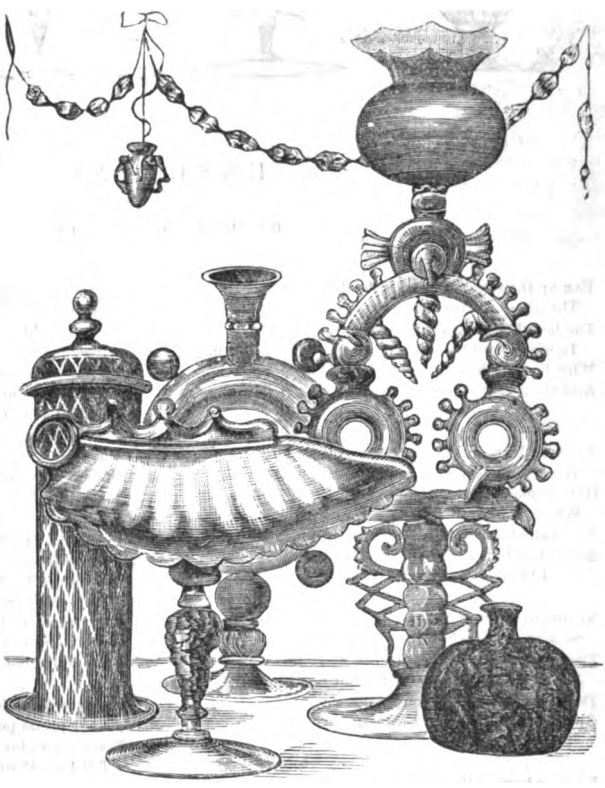
"Other nations did, notably the Germans. The rulers of England, Spain, and Flanders tried to bribe workmen away from Murano. But the Venetian Government not only ordered all these artisans to return, but imprisoned their families until they obeyed. Meantime, the Northern workmen had not the artistic taste, nor even the mechanical skill, of the men of Murano."

"Was much Venetian glass exported, however?"

"Yes, in vast quantities. It first reached England, I believe, about the end of the fourteenth century. Yes, I am sure: for it was in the time of Richard II, who, however feeble as a king, had, as a man, sumptuous and even artistic taste, and was just the one to admire the glass of Venice. Two Venetian galleys, that had run the gauntlet of the Algerine corsairs hovering about the Strait of Gibraltar, arrived in the port of London in his time, and received a permit from him to sell their glass on board their ships, there being no shop belonging to them in the city, where their wares could be displayed. You may imagine the rush of luxurious nobles to buy, and even of wealthy merchants, to say nothing of the many fine pieces doubtless selected for Richard himself. And, from this time on, the importation of Venetian glass must have continued steadily; for, a century later, in the time of Henry VII, there were four hundred vessels of glass, all presumably Venetian, inventoried as belonging to the crown. The taste for Murano glass continued down to the seventeenth century. On all state occasions, in the reigns of Charles I and Charles II, Venetian cups, goblets, and centrepieces are spoken of as figuring at banquets. Finally, however, other countries began to excel in the manufacture of glass. The English especially produced a particularly fine variety, which, from the material of which it was principally composed, was called flint-glass. This, when cut, was, and is, though in a different way, quite a rival of the Venetian. The silica in it is so pure, that, in the best specimens, it approaches rock-crystal in transparency; and, when cut artistically, it has almost the sparkle of a diamond. But," apologetically, looking around on us, "I did not intend to deliver a lecture."

"I gather, from what you tell us, that the manufacture declined at Murano," interposed one of the ladies, "after the English and others began to make good glass?"

"Yes. The English flint-glass took away part of the trade, and the colored Bohemian glass another part, so that the furnaces of Murano were finally blown out, or only kept up in a small way, for making glass beads. This happened about the middle of the last century. An immense business in fabricating glass beads was carried on, however, and is carried on still: whole cargoes were shipped to Liverpool; and thousands of redskins here in America, and dusky girls of the Pacific, and blackamoors far up the Niger, have worn the beads of Murano. At last, Salviati undertook to revive the manufacture of Venetian glass, and with such success that the modern pieces almost, if not quite, rival the



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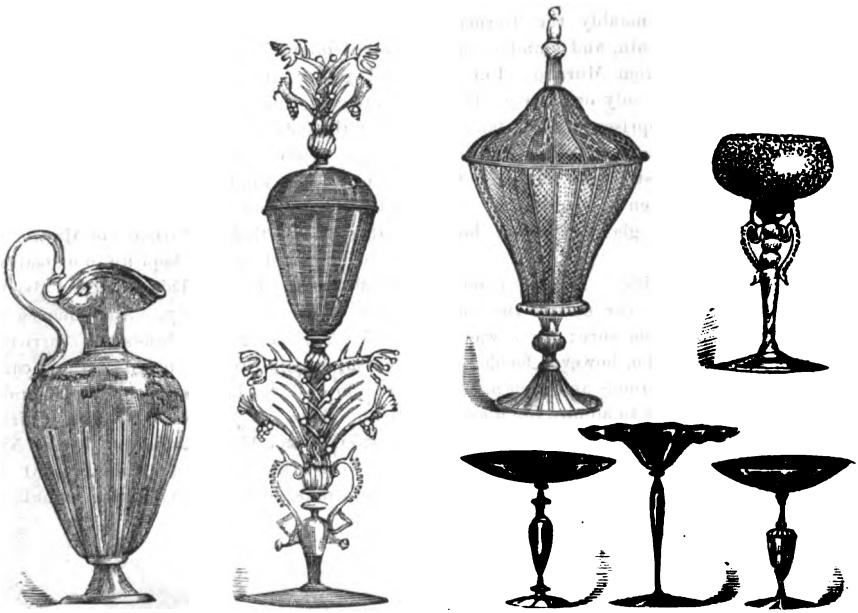
old ones. There is no glassware so artistic as the Venetian."

"For my part," said one of the married ladies, "I shall make my husband take me to Venice, next year, solely that I may see them MAKE GLASS AT MURANO."



ENSHRINED.

BY DAVID MELVILLE.

FAR up the street, I catch a fleeting view,
The silken wafture of my lady's gown,
The haughty step of high-arched dainty feet,
To kiss whose tread the thankful dust lies down.
Why does my heart this quicken'd flutter know,
And all my blood rush hotly in its flow?
She comes—my love!

Too well I know, that blue eye sees not me.
Too oft my very soul has prayed a smile,
Only to madden at that calm repose
Which nought of lowly birth may hope to wile.
Th' exalted atmosphere in which you move
Scorns to admit a thought of humble love.
I blame not you.

No dream is yours, that hungry longing eyes
Scan eagerly each outline of your face;
That your cold loveliness brings dizzy joy
Whene'er you pass me with that regal grace.
That I exist, perhaps you do not know;
Knowing, 'tis sure you care not. Be it so:
I love you still.

I do not hope. How should I, lowly-born?
You scarce would trouble your white hand to wave,
Out of your path, the one who dared, as I,
To look and love, meet but to be your slave.

At first, I struggled wildly 'gainst my fate.
In vain: I could not teach my soul to hate—
I yield submiss.

Yet, I have seen you gracious: seen your lips
Beam welcome on some bowing cavalier.
I could have clutched the flattering throat whose word
So softly smooth and flowing, met your ear!
Forgive me that I speak in bluntest phrase:
Despair can seldom walk in flowery ways,
Oh, noble dame!

I saw you, on one sunny morn in fall,
Down the gay forest's alleys slowly ride.
One lightly held your horse's bridle-rein,
And, easy, graceful, sauntered at your side.
Your friendly glance meant nought, to you who gave,
Scarce more to him—the look I'd died to have,
Fair Madeline!

Oh, queenly maid! Why must, before my gaze,
Your proud pure beauty thus forever fleet,
Branding a glowing image on my heart,
Till I could sigh my life out at your feet,
And be content? And yet, oh! rather far,
Than ne'er to see, to love you as you are,
Endure and live!

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THE CORSAIR'S CAPTIVES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE ISLAND OF DIAMONDS."

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 138.

CHAPTER VII.

I FOUND an axe, fortunately, in the rack, and, with three or four quick blows, cut the fastening of the hatchway. But the hatchway was so heavy, that it resisted all my efforts to move it. I could only lift, slightly, one end of it.

"Help! help!" I cried. "Push it up. Don't lose a minute. It is I—Harry."

Somebody's shoulder was applied to it below, and directly it was tilted up sufficiently for me to look down.

The first face I saw was Jack's. It was disfigured with clotted blood; but no longer looked like death, as when I last saw it: on the contrary, the eyes burned with an eager excitement, that made them seem, in the darkness, like fiery lights. I stooped down and rapidly cut his bonds with a carving-knife, which I had snatched from the table as I passed it, in my flight.

"What is it, Harry?" he cried, crawling out, and then assisting me to push the hatchway entirely aside. "Where, in God's name, are the pirates? And where is Laura?"

"Laura is safe," I answered; "safe, as yet. But quick: not an instant is to be lost. The Turks are all drunk, in the cabin. I have locked them in. But some are still able to keep their feet, and will break out directly. Hark! they're pounding at the door now. Call up the men, and get arms—axes, marlinspikes—anything. A minute is worth an hour. Tumble up! tumble up!" I cried, excitedly, as the men came rushing to the open hatchway.

"You are a brick," said Jack. "Who would ever have thought of such a trick? Hurry up, men—hurry up. Harry has got the Turks in a rat-trap. There's a chance for us again. Catch up whatever weapon you can find, and follow me aft."

The crew came swarming to the open hatchway, and, as each appeared, I cut his bonds. The men were more or less wounded, and some seriously; but the chance of life and liberty seemed to reanimate even the weakest. All this took less time to happen than I have had to take in describing it.

"Aft here—quick!" shouted Jack. "The devils will be loose in a minute. Hark to their blows. Hurry up! hurry up!"

Each man seized what came first to hand in the way of a weapon. Fortunately, several cutlasses had been left on the rack with the two axes, the Algerines being so sure of their prize that they had neglected the obvious precaution of hiding the weapons away. With these, the men armed themselves, each in turn, as fast as his thongs were cut, and rushed aft to assist Jack, who was waiting at the cabin-doorway for the first pirate to emerge.

"Hurry up! hurry up!" he kept calling. "There are more of the fiends sober than Harry thought: or the shock has brought them to their senses. Ha, my good fellow—you'll come through the skylight, will you? Take that, and see."

For, just then, the crash of glass was heard, and the head of a Turk was seen protruding through the skylight, which had been closed ever since the chase began, and which, as a possible mode of egress, I had quite forgotten. One of the Algerines, roused from his stupor by the point of his captain's yataghan—for to wake up the sleepers was the first thought of that officer—had clambered up on the table, broken the glass of the skylight immediately overhead, and was making his way out, when Jack discovered him.

In an instant, Jack was at the side of the skylight; his cutlass flashed in the starlight, and the man fell back into the cabin, with a groan, and a dull thud on the table below.

"Quick, quick, for God's sake!" thundered Jack. "The cabin is alive with the demons; the door is nearly down. More are swarming to the skylight. Help here, or all is lost."

For now another turbaned head was being thrust through the opening; another crash of glass was heard, and another Algerine, on the other side of the skylight, was mounting from the table: there was, indeed, as Jack said, not a moment to be lost.

But, by this time, the mate, who, though sorely wounded in one leg, had been the first to follow Jack, had seized a cutlass, and had limped aft. He was now at the skylight—luckily, on the opposite side to Jack, and where this third pirate was pushing up—and his bright steel, flashing as Jack's had done, went down through turban to skull, the man tumbling backward as Jack's

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first antagonist had tumbled. The second one, on Jack's side, met a similar fate. You see, the corsairs coming up in that way had no chance.

They saw this now; and, instead of attempting to climb out by the skylight, opened fire with their pistols on Jack and the mate. But Jack and the mate, sheltering themselves behind the frame of the skylight, stood protected; and, when one of the pirates, thinking they had retreated, attempted to look out, a cut from Jack's cutlass speedily sent him back.

But now the blows on the door at the companionway were raining quick and fast. All the men had now armed themselves, and come aft, and I had followed them. I could hear the oaths of the renegade, as he hammered and shook at the door, and what I supposed to be the oaths of the captain, as he thumped at the slide; for I recognized both voices. The captain was the first to succeed. With a crash, one of the boards of the slide gave way, and the weapon he had been using—a crowbar he had found somewhere in the cabin—protruded through.

Jack was quick to see this new danger.

"Here, one of you—come here and take my place," he cried. "Sam—yes, you. Keep in cover, but watch for the heads of the scoundrels, and, when one appears, let him have it. It's doing God's work to rid the world of such villains."

Before he had finished speaking, he was at the side of the companionway. Nothing saved the life of the Algerine captain, at that moment, but the fact that he stood behind the renegade, and was lower down on the cabin-steps; and unable, therefore, to crawl up and out of the hole he had made. Had we had firearms, we might have settled the matter soon enough; for our enemies were in plain sight, both through the skylight and this aperture: they could not fly: we might have shot them like chickens in a coop. They were the ones, however, that had pistols, and of these they proceeded to avail themselves. The captain, finding he could not climb up out of the opening he had made—for it was too small, as yet—divined the advantage at once which his belt of firearms gave him, and, almost before Jack could know his purpose, drew and fired: almost—for Jack detected the movement just in time to dodge, though he did not entirely escape—as a bullet went through the fleshy part of his shoulder.

"It is nothing, Harry," he cried, as I ran up to him. "Keep out of the range of their fire. Ha! the door has given way."

For, at that instant, the doors of the companionway, at which the renegade had been thundering, burst apart, one of them even flying off its hinges, and shooting several feet distant before it reached the deck.

Jack was there before it struck, however—grim and savage, waiting for the renegade, whom he divined to be the deadliest of all our foes. And that he was, indeed. For partly the rage of drunkenness, partly the trick I had played—but, most of all, the consciousness that he was now fighting for life—gave to his countenance, as I saw it, there in the starlight, red and inflamed with rage, more the aspect of that of a fiend, lit up by unearthly fire, than that of a human being. He had a pistol in his hand, and he leveled it at once at Jack, who, by this time, was just in front of him. But, before he could pull the trigger, the boatswain—the biggest and brawniest of all our crew, and who had received the slightest wound of any, in the first fight, and who now was standing at the side of the door—struck at him with the axe which had remained in the rack, and which he had caught up. He brought it down with such force on the head of the renegade, as the latter stooped, like a bull, to make his rush out, that I feel faint, to this day, when I recall it. The renegade fell forward on his face, his hands sprawling out before him, and the pistol going off indeed, but ineffectually: for we found the ball the next day, lodged in the bulwark opposite.

The dead body, of course, obstructed the doorway. The captain, endeavoring to follow and support his subordinate's attack, saw it fall, and half stumbled over it before he could recover himself. This settled his fate, in turn. But why dwell on the horrible spectacle? I have described the struggle thus far, and in such detail, only that it might be understood how we, so few in number, and most of us so sorely wounded, were able to hold our own against the overpowering force of the pirates, and eventually turn the tide of battle in our favor. God forbid that I should be fond of dwelling, for themselves, on such things, or even recalling them. If the cabin-stairs had been wider, so that three or four at a time, side by side, could have made a rush at us, we would have had no chance whatever.

The combat was soon over, after this; for the Algerines saw the hopelessness of further resistance, and called for quarter. This was granted to them, on condition that each one, as he appeared at the foot of the cabin-stairs, flung his weapons up to us, and submitted to be bound when he reached the top. This arrangement had to be come to by signs, as none of us understood their language, and none of them now understood

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English. There were fifteen of them all yet alive, after deducting those who had been killed, and two of these were seriously injured by cutlass-strokes, one being Jack's victim, who had attempted to climb out through the skylight.

"You saved my life, Tom," said Jack, as soon as these things were effected, offering his hand to the boatswain, "when that renegade rushed out, and I shall never forget it. But now, Harry," turning to me, "where is Laura?"

I hurried to lead the way to her stateroom, but not before I heard the boatswain say, with a contemptuous thrust of the foot at the renegade's corpse:

"The traitor! I only wish he had had a hundred skulls. And, as for the rest, one must obey orders, I suppose; but, if I had my way, every one of them should walk the plank—the devils!"

CHAPTER VIII.

I THOUGHT it wisest, before I unlocked the stateroom-door, to apprise Laura of what it meant, lest she should be alarmed. I had carried the key, all this time, in my pocket, where it would have remained while a breath was in my body.

"Hist, hist," I said, knocking gently; "it is I—Harry. There is nothing to fear now. I am going to open the door."

"I am here, too, dearest," cried Jack, over my shoulder.

"Oh!" came from inside, by way of answer. That was all. But the glad tone told volumes.

When I opened the door, I saw Laura standing erect, directly in front of me, bracing herself with her hands, on one side, against the partition, and, on the other, against the berth. Her eyes were still wide-extended, as if with horror; she was ghastly pale; she trembled all over. At sight of Jack, she gave a gasp, and would have fallen if he had not caught her in his arms, when she fainted dead-away.

"Oh, how foolish," she cried. "I never did so before." This as soon as she came to. "But I thought you would never come. I have been in an agony for hours. I heard the first fight: the pistols, the clash of cutlasses, the shouts: it woke me up, and I guessed, only too surely, what it meant. My first thought was to rush out. But, when I found the door locked, I sat down to wait, knowing it had been done for a purpose. Yet oh! it seemed ages, ages—"

"There, dear," said Jack, who was sitting on the locker by her, holding her by the waist, "try not to think of it. All is over now, safely—"

"But you are hurt—you are wounded," she interrupted in turn, seeing the clotted blood on his face, and the fresh blood oozing from his shoulder. "You have got your death-wound, and in defending me. Oh, Jack! Jack!"

The infinite love and pathos of this exclamation I shall never forget, nor the look with which it was accompanied. Jack, for answer, drew her to him, and kissed her—actually kissed her—there, before me. I believe he would have done it, all the same, too, even if the whole world had been present.

"Darling," he whispered, "I am not hurt—at least, not seriously. Directly, you shall look at my shoulder, and bind it up, as only a dear little girl like you can, with touch of finger like a feather. But first tell us all about yourself. How did you keep from crying out—from betraying yourself? What pluck you have shown!"

"I can tell it all, as I tend your wound," she replied, and nothing would satisfy her till water and a sponge had been brought, Jack's coat taken off, and she had become convinced, from examination, that his wound on the shoulder was only a flesh one. But she insisted, nevertheless, in sponging away the blood herself, and then in bandaging the hurt, though most girls at her age would have fainted at sight of blood, as indeed I have known strong men to do. Next, she cut away the hair from Jack's scalp, where the wound there was, and bathed it, and tied a wet handkerchief, one of her own, and one of the finest, till Jack said, laughingly, he would take a thousand such hurts, if only he might have such tendance afterward. All this while, while her fingers were busy, her tongue was not less so.

"It seemed ages," she said, resuming where she had left off, "before Harry came to the door. He did not tell me much; but I guessed, from what he said, and from his hurry, pretty much what you tell me had happened. I knew there was nothing to do but to obey him. I was so thankful, when he said you weren't hurt, Jack, that I thought I could bear anything. There was one thing I could do, though: I could pray; and I did; and oh! so fervently—"

"You dear angel!"

"And no one knows what real prayer is," she said, simply, "until one has been in real trouble. I felt better for it; and, do you know, Jack, I had faith, after that, that things would come right."

"You sweet innocent lamb!"

"So I waited, and waited, without a word, without daring to breathe, it seemed to me, all through the horrible time of that eating and

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drinking, though, sometimes, I thought I should have to shriek out, from the mere tension I was in—"

"You brave, brave girl!"

"I could hear, when there was not too much other talking, everything that renegade, as you call him, said to Harry, and especially his words, at the last, when he threatened to break in the door." She suddenly stopped, and hid her face in her hands; and a convulsion of horror, as we both saw, shook her whole frame. But she rallied immediately. "Then I prayed again, and, just at that instant, I heard somebody tumble headlong against the door, and fall to the cabin-floor; and hurrying feet, at the same time, rushing in the direction of the gangway; and next, the crash of the doors closing quick, and the rasp and snap of the slide, as it shut and was fastened. I somehow guessed what had happened: wasn't it almost an inspiration? And, when the hammering began at the gangway, and the pistol-shots followed, and the shouts and cries, then I knew that you were fighting to release us all, and I held on to the sides of my stateroom—for I could not stand—listening and praying, till you came and gave me freedom."

Meantime, under the direction of the mate, the decks were being washed down, and all traces of the fight removed. I had, on my part, been busy in restoring the cabin to order. By the time Laura had finished her story, every evidence of the revel had been removed: the empty bottles thrown overboard, and a fresh cloth laid. "For they will want supper by and bye," I said, glancing at the happy pair, "much as they are absorbed in each other now."

But, before the meal could be served, I heard the ripple of water by the side of the brig, and knew that a breeze had sprung up. Jack heard it also, and rose at once to go on deck.

"The mate," he said, "is to navigate the vessel; but it has been arranged that, in other respects, I am to take the responsibility of the skipper. When we are fairly under sail, dear, I will come back for you. The fresh air will do you good."

A large quantity of fresh air, I thought, seemed to be considered necessary for Laura: for both she, and Jack with her, were on deck for more than an hour, before I could get them to come down to supper, though neither had eaten anything since breakfast: and, after supper, they went on deck again, and, standing near the stern, leaned on the bulwarks, and looked now at the phosphorescent sea below, and now at the scintillating stars above, but more often into each other's eyes. I was too far off to hear what was said, for, boy as I was, I knew they would rather be alone, and therefore took my place at a respectful distance; but, now and then, I stole a glance at them, and I am quite sure Jack was holding one of Laura's hands, under the discreet cover of the shawl, which, as the night-air was slightly chilly, he had persuaded her to throw over her shoulders: perhaps with the ulterior purpose, sly fellow that he was, of making it useful, also, in the way I have described. Ah! I doubt if either, though they married, and "lived happily forever after," ever was quite as happy again as on that night.

For my part, I soon forgot them, absorbed in the beauty of the scene. No one, who has never visited those seas, can know how surpassingly lovely a night on the Mediterranean, if calm, can be. The ocean is of a deep blue-green, a color I have never seen elsewhere; it is exquisite in tone, and shifting in hue continually: often, as on that night, flashing all over with phosphorescent light, especially where the swift hull parted it, on either side, as the gallant brig rushed on. A deep peace fell on me, to which sound and sight alike contributed. The gurgling noise of the water, as it swept past; the hum of the wind overhead, through the rigging; the bellying sound of the canvas, occasionally, as we fell off from the wind, and were then brought up again; and what seemed the swinging of the stars past the mast-heads, though it was the latter that swung, as the brig rolled back and forth: all these contributed to that sense of ineffable calm, which was in part, doubtless, a reaction from the intense anxiety of the preceding hours, but which was as certainly increased by these soothing and quiet surroundings.

We had but one anxiety, then or afterward: which was, lest the Algerine should sight us again, or some other corsair overhaul us. For that purpose, we carried no lights at night, for, as Jack said, there was little danger of a collision, and it was best to give no sign of our presence that we could avoid. All day, also, we kept a man at the mast-head. But, on the second day, our anxiety was allayed by meeting a king's cruiser, which had been dispatched from Gibraltar on hearing that the Algerines were again actively at their old work. It is probable that we owed our final escape to this fact. For it is the custom of these corsairs, when no men-of-war are cruising there, to hang around the Strait of Gibraltar, knowing that all vessels going into the Mediterranean, or passing out, must sooner or later find themselves in the narrow sea there, and be easily detected and overhauled. Strange

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that the Christian powers, even at this day, which is more than fifty years after the events I record, permit these outrages to go on. If I were His Majesty, George the Third or Louis the Sixteenth, it seems to me, I would fit out a great fleet, at whatever cost, and burn all these pirates in their dens.

We made Gibraltar at the close of the third day. Then, at last, we breathed freely. The great mountain, lying there like a lion half asleep, with his head between his paws, was such an emblem of unconquerable strength, and gave one such a feeling of utter security, that I wondered we had ever had any fear at all, and almost began to regard the past as a mere dream of horrors. We passed our prisoners over to the Governor, who exchanged them, afterward, for Christian captives, toiling in the galleys or under the hot sun of Africa: and thus we had the gratification to know that we had redeemed more than a score of fellowbeings from slavery, though alas! at the cost of our good captain's life and that of three other as honest men as ever lived.

After remaining a day at Gibraltar, we set sail for London, being escorted on our way, for the first twentyfour hours, and until well out in the Atlantic, by a king's pinnace, detailed by his excellency especially for that purpose.

CHAPTER IX.

Our destination was London, because we had a cargo of Smyrna rugs and other Oriental carpets, a great many mats of real Mocha coffee, bottles of attar of roses, and other merchandise from the East, for which that great metropolis was the best market. Our arrival there created quite a sensation. The news of our capture and release was detailed at much length by the mate, and confirmed by the sailors, to every person who came on board; for such people love to talk of strange events, and boast even of their small share in them. Jack, indeed, was too modest to speak of what he had done; and I am sure I should never have thought of talking of my share in the transaction. But, when the mate had begun to vapor after his fashion, and the underwriters, in consequence, had asked Jack if the story was true, the whole matter had to come out. It soon spread to the coffee-houses; and, after that, there was no keeping it quiet.

I was first made aware of the sensation we had created, by walking in St. James Park with Laura, and observing that a crowd had collected and appeared to be following us, though for what purpose I could not imagine. So I spoke to the old clerk, the one I had known at my visit some months earlier, the representative of the firm with which my father had dealings, and who was attending Laura and me, as he had formerly accompanied me alone.

"Why, don't you know?" he said, with a little laugh—quite a chuckle, indeed. "It is to see the hero and heroine."

"The hero and heroine?"

I was really stupid enough not to understand.

"Yes, the hero and heroine: the 'corsair's captives,' as the town calls you."

"Oh!" I cried.

"Why, everybody is talking of it. Such presence of mind on your part, such a capital trick played on the pirates, and such pluck on the part of your sister: why, there was never anything like it, the wits are saying, and you ought to have a laurel crown. I shouldn't wonder if they got out a broadsheet about it, or made a play of it, that would run all next winter."

But here Laura twitched me by the arm. The crowd, in truth, had now increased to a mob. Not a rude mob, however, unless pushing on one another to get in front may be called such. It is wonderful how soon these crowds collect, in a great city. Let a house take fire, or a man fall down in a fit, or even a horse get the staggers, and, in less than five minutes, coming from all quarters, from streets, from alleys, from byways of every description, the living tide pours forth, men and women, boys, and even girls, brewers, carters, footmen, here and there a gentleman, tapster-boys with tankards of beer, and slatternly drabs with babies in their arms: talking, gesticulating, asking questions no one answers, proposing remedies no one cares to hear: it is a miracle where they all come from, or how they hear of the accident so soon. Such a mob had now gathered around us. Whispers began to be heard: "Which is she?" "What, that slight lad, not more than fifteen?" And two or three dirty urchins, more curious than the rest, even ran before us, looking back over their shoulders, proud to lead the procession, so to speak.

I turned from the old clerk and looked at Laura. She was blushing hotly. Then she went pale.

"Come away, Harry," she said, "this is dreadful. Can't we get a public hack, or something, and make our escape, quick?"

So I whispered to the old clerk to take charge of Laura, while I ran to the end of the Park, where I was lucky enough to catch a hackney-coach: and that was the last of our promenades in so public a place, for nothing, Laura declared, would induce her to run such an ordeal again.

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It was lucky, perhaps, that Jack was not with us. He had intended to make one of the party, but business had detained him at the last moment, for he was the supercargo, and had to barter with all sorts of people to dispose of our miscellaneous cargo. "I would have liked to thrash some of the impertinent rascals," he said, when he heard of Laura's annoyance. But the old clerk shook his head. "Better as it is," he replied. "You don't know a London mob, sir. It meant no harm, and no harm came of it, as you see. But, if a single blow had been struck, the mob's blood would have got up, and there's no knowing what might have happened." I have often thought of this since—especially when the late riots, under Lord George Gordon, took place. They began, as we know, with almost nothing, but ended with the sack of houses, the loss of many innocent lives of women and children, and the final ordering-out of the king's troops, and their firing on the crowd.

But the attention we excited did not stop here. Going to a coffee-house with Jack, one day, we met there the old gentleman whom I had been introduced to on my former visit to London. He came forward immediately.

"I recognized you at once, my young sir," he said. "But what grand exploits you have been performing since we last met. I little deemed then," with a low bow, "that it was a youthful Achilles, or Hector, or both combined, that I was being made acquainted with. Your friend and compatriot, I suppose—the one who also took such a brave part in the affair?" bowing to Jack, and offering him a pinch of snuff. "Valorous Paladins, both. If the great Dryden were now alive, sir, who, I may humbly say, once honored me with a bow, he would assuredly give us a new piece, written in the true heroic style, which would take the town by storm, and carry your exploit—yes, sir, carry your exploit—down to future ages, as it ought to be, embalmed in immortal verse."

It was with some difficulty that we got rid of the garrulous old gentleman, which we only effected by making an escape into the street. He introduced us to everybody in the coffee-house, and I never had so many compliments before in my life.

"What a pompous old fool," said Jack, when we were fairly free, and walking toward Temple Bar. "But he seemed in earnest, and not making fun of us, which is the strangest thing. For all that, I enjoy him having seen Dryden, and drunk with Addison, as you tell me he did once."

But a greater honor yet awaited me, and one that almost turned my head—at least, for awhile. My adventure with the corsair reached the ears of the court, in due season; His Gracious Majesty himself heard of it; his curiosity was excited; and the result was, that I received a summons to appear before him. High as the honor was, I hesitated; the awful presence of Majesty seemed more than I could bear: to tell the truth, I was a good deal frightened.

"If you were only going with me, Jack," I said, "I would not mind it so much."

"Tut, tut, Harry," replied Jack, "this is nonsense: you, who have faced a score of Turks, to fear a king. Besides, His Majesty's requests are really commands."

"Why, you silly boy," said Laura, who was present also, "you ought to be glad of the honor. I only wish I had the chance: I'd put on my best bravery," with a coquettish glance at Jack, "and see if I couldn't make captive some of the handsome young noblemen in waiting." But, for all her saucy speech, Jack and I knew she meant no such thing.

The audience was not near so trying as I had supposed it would be. In fact, most of my awe of Majesty vanished the moment I set eyes on the king. Instead of a grand imposing personage dressed in royal robes, and possibly with even a crown on his head, such as I had seen in pictures, I beheld only a stuffy fat old gentleman, quite plainly attired, and with his wig absolutely awry, who spoke bad English, and was as red-faced as the veriest toper I had ever seen. He addressed me kindly, however, and patted me on the head, and asked numerous questions. He spoke, after the first, in German, as if English was difficult for him. A gentleman who stood by, and who was very much grander-looking than His Majesty, translated the questions and my answers. There was also a tall, lean, even scraggy, old woman present, who also patted me on the head, and spoke to me in German; but, when I asked Jack if that was the queen, he shrugged his shoulders and said "No," and bade me never speak of her again—at least, before Laura. Of course, I was only the more curious, after this, and soon learned that this was the famous—or, rather, infamous—Duchess of Kendal, of whom the less said the better.

But I am drawing this story out to an unreasonable length. In fact, when an old man gets to narrating his past, he invariably becomes garrulous, reminiscences crowd on him so fast and thick. But I have really reached the end of my tale. I hope I have not exhausted, also, the patience of my children and grandchildren, for whom I am recording these occurrences, at their own request. If others, by any chance, should

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ever see these papers—strangers, I mean—they will, I know, have but little forbearance, and set me down for an intolerable talkative old fool.

Well, we left London in the course of a month, Jack having disposed of the cargo to great advantage. After a favorable voyage, we caught sight of the long, low, sandy shore of Cape Cod, one fine autumn day, just as the sun was setting behind it. The next day, we were at the wharf in Boston. Never was anyone more glad to see the square white tower of Hanover Street church than I was, the day we came up the harbor, or to recognize the dark rising bit of ground which I knew was Copp's Hill, where so many of my ancestors had been buried, and where I hope my bones will also be laid.

Father was at the pier to welcome us, and I heard his cheery voice, and saw his tall fine figure, long before the brig was made fast. The news of what he called my "brave exploit" had already reached him, arriving by a faster ship. The simple words of eulogy, coming as they did from him, were sweeter than even His Majesty's commendations had been. I shall never forget them.

As for my mother, she fell on my neck, and, clasping me to her bosom, burst into tears, calling me by all kinds of endearing names. Laura, too, had her share. First it was one, and then the other: she, and finally we, sobbing and laughing together: she, all the while, repeating that she looked on us as risen from the dead. "For this my son, that was lost, is found again," she said, half hysterically.

That is all. The next spring, Jack and Laura were married, and Jack became my father's partner, giving up the sea altogether. This last, my sister had made a positive condition before she would consent to the union. "I love you dearly, Jack, as you know," she said, "but I am not going to have my heart torn by anxiety, with you at sea." And Jack gave in, though at first with a wry face; for he loved the ocean and the excitement of voyaging, as I have already said. But he loved Laura more.

He knew, too, that, when Laura said a thing, she meant it. Those plucky women, though it is of my sister, among others, that I have to say it, are sometimes obstinate enough. But I suppose they have as much right to have their own way as we men have. Certain it is, they manage to get it as often—yes, oftener—than we do. At least, that is my experience, and I am an old man.

EPILOGUE.

SUCH is the narrative which I undertook to edit. I have altered it in no material sense. Only, occasionally, a more modern word has been substituted where that used originally had become obsolete. Even the original narrator's garrulity has been left unpruned.

Some of my readers may think that a good deal of what was said about London, and the sights there, might have been omitted. They will say this, perhaps, of the gossip of the old fellow in the coffee-house, about Dryden and Addison. It has, as they will critically object, nothing to do with the action of the story.

But, after all, such reminiscences give some idea of the London of a hundred and sixty years ago. In that way, they are interesting, and may even be said to form part of the "*res gestæ*," as we lawyers say. On that account, I leave them untouched. The reader may skip them, if he or she pleases, as well as this epilogue, and the prologue also.

WHAT?

BY JAMES W. PHILLIPS.

Eyes of mine, what are ye doing?
Fondly gazing through the gloom,
Charmed with disappearing waters
On whose treacherous margin bloom
Asphodels of doom.

Scorn, oh, eyes! that fatal mirage
Flowery-fair, that still enchants:
Turn, and look on Eden's blossoms,
Sharon's rose and healing plants,
Good for souls of saints.

Hands of mine, what are ye doing?
Striving still to grasp and hold
Ashen fruits that grow by Lethe,
Ripened by the Stygian mold,
Oh, so dead and old!

Hands, forbear! with strong endeavor,
Reach for fruits that satisfy,
Growing fast by Beulah's river,
For the hands that strive and try,
Oh, so pure and high!

Soul of mine, what art thou doing?
Bent on things that, passing, please—
Barred from dread of future judgment,
Seared, and settled on thy lees
In the midst of seas.

Soul! beware that sleep and slumber!
Ends the ocean, though so vast:
Dream not at the risk of resting
When thy frail ship shall have passed
Into port at last.

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MISS MANNERS'S DISCOVERIES.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

LYLE FORSYTH went up to the family country-seat in the Mohawk Valley, where his father's widow lived, to spend a few weeks, according to his habit every summer.

Lyle was not specially attached to his father's widow, although she and his mother had been near relatives; but he was very fond of his three half-sisters, who varied in age from seven to twelve; and they, in turn, were devoted to the handsome brother, whose visits always brought a certain relaxation into the somewhat over-strict discipline of their young lives.

Lyle was perfectly independent of his stepmother; for, though she had been left her husband's fortune for life, an uncle of Lyle's had made the lad his heir; and Lyle had invested a part of his fortune in an important New York journal. This gave him occupation, and had saved him from the fate of too many other rich young men, who, from want of a profession, become mere hangers-on at clubs. He had written for the paper, and still frequently contributed articles on any subject in which he chanced to be interested. He was now a man of thirty, and yet had never been in love.

He had been detained a couple of days in town, and was so uncertain, almost to the last moment, about the time when he could start, that he had sent his stepmother no warning of his arrival. He smiled to himself, when he reached the entrance to the grounds, to picture the struggle in the lady's mind, between satisfaction at his arrival, and annoyance at his lack of ceremony; for Mrs. Forsyth was the most punctilious of mortals, with a colossal conception of the deference due to her dignity and position.

There was quite a park about the mansion-house, with a broad avenue, that ran between the trees; and, as he sauntered up this avenue, he was espied, near the house, by his trio of small sisters. The three dashed forward with a simultaneous cry of joy, and pounced rapturously upon him, and were lifted and swung about and kissed, each in turn. Then he suddenly remembered that their governess must be somewhere about, and stiff Miss Watchett would be shocked—at all events, offended—if he did not speak to her. He looked around, and saw her coming out of the flower-garden. She had stopped to close the gate behind her, and had her back, in consequence, toward him; but he knew her by the ostrich-feathers in her hat; for, like many maiden ladies of mature years, she was fond of fine dressing, and had an especial weakness for large white ostrich-feathers, fit only for a young girl.

"How do you do, Miss Watchett?" he began, then stopped short, partly because the children set up a shout of laughter, partly because the supposed Miss Watchett turned around and faced him, and—great heavens! instead of the antiquated spinster he had expected, this was a young lady of not more than two and twenty, a very beautiful one, too, who came forward, smiling pleasantly at the children's excitement, and showing not the least embarrassment, carrying a basket of flowers in one hand, while, with the other, she carelessly held a rose to her throat.

"Lyle thought you were Miss Watchett!" shrieked Sybil, and the other two joined in her laughter, crying:

"Oh, Miss Lindsay, isn't it funny? Lyle, can't you see?"

"This is an odd introduction," said Lyle, bowing low. "Miss Lindsay—but, of course, you know who I am, as I now know who you are—may I be permitted to beg pardon for my mistake and my small sisters' bad manners?"

"The mistake is of no consequence," she replied, in a similar tone to his. "I have been in the flower-garden, gathering roses, and came here by a short-cut through the trees. As for the children's manners, I suppose I must be in fault, as I have been over two months with them, as their instructor and companion."

"Two blessed months," cried Dora, the second. "Lyle, she never scolds; and even mamma owns that we behave better, and study better, than we used to."

"How you must have behaved before!" groaned Lyle.

The irrepressible Sybil now broke in. "Oh, brother Lyle," she cried, "what made you think she was Miss Watchett, when she's so handsome, just like that picture of Mrs. Norton, in the library? I told mamma so, the other day; but mamma said I talked too much. I don't think I do. Dora does. She often interrupts me, when I've something interesting to tell, and goes on

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like the magpie in Hans Andersen's story. I wish you wouldn't let her, Lyle: she confuses me—"

"For heaven's sake, poppet, stop and draw breath," cried her brother, while he and Miss Lindsay joined in the laughter of the elder sisters. "You're like a little machine—bound to go till you run down."

"Come, Sybil," said Miss Lindsay, "you bother your brother. Let us go for our walk."

So she dragged the children away, and Lyle went on to the house, where he found his stepmother on the terrace, with several guests—a circumstance for which her last letter had prepared him, though he had not expected to see his particular aversion—Miss Manners—among them, and was by no means pleased to recognize her hawk-eyes and parrot-beak; the irreverent terms are those he mentally applied, on the instant.

Mrs. Forsyth was glad of his arrival; but she hated to be surprised—it was an undignified situation—and she could not resist following up her welcome, as cordial as she could make one, by an implied reproof.

"Well," returned he, laughing, "if my early arrival is inopportune, I'll accept Roy Hosmer's invitation for awhile. He drove me over, and I could hardly get away from him, as it was."

"My dear boy, I only meant that your not sending word had deprived me of a pleasure—that of expecting you."

"Then I'll stay, of course," he replied.

"The children will be wild with delight, Lyle," said his stepmother. "I'm afraid they have gone for a walk."

"I met them in the avenue," Lyle answered. "They are, all three, looking very well; Sybil is quainter than ever."

"Then you saw the new governess?" put in Miss Manners. "Isn't she peculiar-looking? Something quite odd—"

"Well, yes, if that means being very handsome," said Lyle. "I noticed, she certainly was that."

"Oh, I don't think I should say handsome," cried Miss Manners, making the last word so emphatic that it sounded all capitals. "No doubt, interesting. I tell Mrs. Forsyth she looks like a sybil—as if she had a history and a mystery, and all that sort of thing. Didn't you notice it?"

"No. Not possessing much imagination or discernment," said Lyle, "I only noticed that she was handsome and a thorough lady."

Two or three of the visitors joined in his commendation, and Miss Manners curved her parrot-beak still more when Mrs. Forsyth said:

"She is well-educated and intelligent—I think, fitted for her place. My dear Gertrude, please don't suggest such comparisons, so—so unsuited to an instructress of the young: they really would prejudice a stranger against a person in her position. A sybil!"

"You know, Anna, I wouldn't do that for the world," cried Miss Manners, with a jaded shriek. "I think her charming: she quite really bewitches me. Didn't she you, Lyle?"

"No," said he. "And I presume Mrs. Forsyth will be quite satisfied, if she contrives to bewitch the children into diligence and industry."

"Quite," rejoined that lady, with a little extra stateliness. "Mrs. Carew, the carriage will be round in a few moments. Miss Moore, I believe you and Mr. Carson go out on horseback?"

The general move gave her an opportunity to accompany Lyle to his rooms; and, just as she was leaving him, she said:

"I do hope you will be comfortable enough, dear boy, to stop for a long visit. Next week, the house will be gayer; there are a number of your friends coming. I don't suppose there is anybody now especially congenial: but most of them go on Saturday."

"Not Miss Manners? Of course, once here, she is a fixture."

"I know you don't like her, Lyle; but we have always had the habit of inviting her. She was almost brought up with your mother and myself; and, being a distant connection—"

"Yes; I am quite aware of the fact."

"And she is very much attached to us all, and always so interested in you; and she's very useful, when the house is full."

"My dear cousin, she may spare herself any interest in me—at least, she must not show it in the form of curiosity or meddling—else I shall punish her as I invariably do," said Lyle, quietly. "I have known her ever since I can remember; she has never been different from what she is now. Growing elderly can't accentuate her faults; for she was born as malicious and bad-hearted as mortal can be."

"My dear Lyle, excuse my interrupting you; but you are really very unjust to the good soul."

"Not in the least. Whether or not, the fact remains that, when I was a child and a boy, she managed to torment me a great deal—to spy, watch, and misrepresent me. I owe her much unhappiness. I don't trouble myself to think about her, unless she thrusts herself in my way; but I know her thoroughly."

"My dear, I had no idea you disliked her so much," Mrs. Forsyth said, half plaintively, half in expostulation.

"I don't take the pains, nowadays; she is

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unpleasant to me, that's all. She was an ill-conditioned parrot, in some former stage of existence, and has preserved her bad instincts along with her beak. If the fair Gertrude leave me alone, I shall her; if she try to claw, I shall pull her feathers unmercifully."

He laughed, and Mrs. Forsyth could not help laughing, too. She had partly opened the door; but, while he was speaking, stepped back to arrange something on the mantel which caught her fastidious eye, so neither she nor Lyle was aware that Miss Manners, coming out of her room a little further along the corridor, had heard their voices and stood still to listen, receiving the full benefit of Lyle's frank opinion.

Her parrot-beak curved ominously, and her long lean fingers opened and shut with a bird-like quickness; then she hurried noiselessly down a side-passage and disappeared. She was very sweet to Lyle when they met, but his remarks had added another heavy black mark to her account against him.

The children were jubilant over their half-brother's arrival; and, when they were called in to their tea, they dragged him, as a captive, along to the school-room, where Miss Lindsay was waiting. There was no evidence, in her manner, of any recollection that she was the governess, and he the son of the rich house. She was neither gushing, nor fluttered, nor shy—simply hospitable; evidently mistress, too, here in her own domain, as Lyle speedily perceived by the children's conduct.

He enjoyed the hour immensely, and was in such unusual spirits, at dinner, that Mrs. Forsyth secretly rejoiced. He had a bad habit of often turning silent and looking bored in general society, and she was as anxious for him to appear at his best, during his stay, as she was to render his sojourn agreeable.

Among the people to arrive, in the ensuing week, were a couple of damsels, either one of whom she deemed eligible for the lofty station of daughter-in-law to her august self, being alike rich and of distinguished connections.

Until they came, however, the house was very quiet, and Lyle had a good deal of time at his disposal, a certain portion of which he generously devoted to his sisters.

The more he saw of Miss Lindsay, the better he liked her. She was not only handsome and cultivated, but exceedingly clever, and owning remarkable conversational gifts which, though she never talked for effect, showed that, besides a range of reading quite wonderful at her age, she possessed an originality and vigor of mind and imagination equally out of the common.

Lyle had no thought of flirting or falling in love; he was not given to either pastime; and, indeed, during the past months, such fancies as he had in that line had been completely absorbed by a somewhat romantic passage—very foreign to his taste and habit—growing out of a business-correspondence with one of the contributors for the newspaper in which he was interested.

The fresh week and the new guests arrived; the great house was full; and, as Mrs. Forsyth was an admirable hostess, she not only gathered agreeable people together, but knew how to entertain them in a fashion which brought out everybody's most agreeable side.

Of course, Lyle was greatly occupied; but he still managed to see a good deal of his sisters, and consequently of their governess. Mrs. Forsyth did not attempt to interfere, partly because she was too busy to pay much attention to the hints Miss Manners began to throw out, partly because she considered Miss Lindsay as belonging to the "strong-minded" type, and so not likely to attract Lyle, and, still more, because she knew that she must either let the young man have his own way or lose his society. She might, into the bargain, seriously offend him, and thereby endanger her favorite project that his affection for the children would induce him, later, to relinquish his share of the property in their favor.

The first of the damsels on possible promotion made her appearance—accomplished and very pretty. She and Lyle, from the first, got on so swimmingly that Mrs. Forsyth was delighted, and insisted on her prolonging her stay a good deal over the promised week.

Then Miss Manners lighted upon a discovery; she had great success in that line, thanks to her habit of wandering into people's rooms when they were absent, and spying about with eyes of microscopic power, and the possession of a pair of ears whose quickness a wildcat would have envied, not to mention a positive genius for walking noiselessly, and being able to squeeze herself into any corner, from the shelter of which she could see and hear talkers when they least supposed any third person near.

On this occasion, she had confidently to announce that no tenderness on either side had rendered Lyle and Miss Courtney intimate. The young lady was secretly engaged to Charles Somers, a friend of Lyle's; her family was opposed to the idea; Somers had confided in Lyle, and hence his interest in Rosa Courtney.

"It is a burning shame to have treated you so," Miss Manners said, when she had poured forth her tale, passing sketchily and ambiguously over the source of her information.

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"Miss Courtney's affairs are nothing to me; but I think her deceitful, and I loathe deceit," rejoined Mrs. Forsyth, coldly, vexed enough to perceive that her friend had penetrated her little plan.

"It is always disgusting," cried Miss Manners; "I can bear anything else better; why, my ridiculous frankness is preferable. But, my dear, you needn't try to blind me—why should you? I saw you wanted them to fall in love. Of course, it would have been a good match for both—I hoped for it myself."

Mrs. Forsyth grew very stately, and said in her loftiest style:

"I am no matchmaker, Gertrude—you know that. I am shocked that you can impute such motives to me, after all these years. I really must beg, hereafter, if you insist on misjudging me, that you will be good enough to keep your suspicions to yourself."

"Well, well, don't be vexed; it was I, then, who had the matchmaking ideas," rejoined Miss Manners, amiable as ever outwardly, though, at bottom, she was furious over the reproof, and consoled herself by abusing Rosa Courtney, which she knew she might now do with impunity.

A telegram called the young lady away to a sick relative, that very afternoon, and Mrs. Forsyth was only calmly polite in her regret at the mischance.

"I'm out of favor," Miss Courtney said to Lyle. "Don't you understand? We were meant to join fortunes, if not hearts. My lady blames me—you might be magnanimous, and let her think the fault all yours."

They had a good laugh over the matter; Rosa could afford to laugh, for she knew she should see Charles Somers where she was going, and, besides, Lyle had told her of certain plans by which he believed Charley would be sufficiently prospered to make his suit tolerated, at least, by her relations.

Mrs. Forsyth was far too astute to betray her disappointment to Lyle, though Miss Manners took good care to inform her that the young people had been cognizant of her project, and had enjoyed her discomfiture. She was sorely irritated to think that nearly two weeks had gone to waste, and that she had lavished so much sweetness on that ungrateful girl, when she might have had her other hope present all this while.

She sent in haste for the second aspirant, to defer whose visit she had periled her soul with fibs in the form of excuses, just to give that deceitful Rosa a fair field and all her favor. Miss Dormer was only too happy to accept the excuses and the invitation, and arrived within the next thirtysix hours.

Mrs. Forsyth did not open this campaign with any very strong hopes; Genevieve Dormer was pretty and graceful enough to please the most critical eye, but not clever, and, still worse, she lacked tact.

However, Lyle was very polite to her, and she was fluttered and flattered by his attention, and speedily made so much out of every word and look that she gave them undeserved significance to Mrs. Forsyth, who did not know one of her chief weaknesses—a belief that every man she met fell in love with her, and an extreme readiness to talk about it to any listener she could find.

Her hostess admired her less, on a closer acquaintance: still, if Lyle really were pleased, the match would be a good one in worldly ways, and, in spite of her assertions, Mrs. Forsyth had a strong propensity to meddle with the arrangement of people's destinies.

The days went rapidly by; guests came and went; Lyle invited several of his own friends, and everything was exceedingly pleasant; Miss Dormer waxing so jubilant in her confidence, that, in her desire to be convinced, Mrs. Forsyth grew much more credulous than was her habit.

Lyle was astonished, one morning, to discover that he had passed over a month in his childhood's home; the most agreeable visit, too, that he could remember to have paid there in years.

He and Miss Lindsay had, unconsciously, glided into what might almost have been termed an intimacy, if one were permitted to employ the term in regard to a young man and a young woman. Still, the little girls were always free to listen to their conversation, and dreamy-eyed Sybil often did, enjoying, as imaginative children do, much that was beyond her comprehension, in the talk about books, philosophies, creeds, and theories, and gradually coming to consider that, next to Lyle, her governess was the most wonderful person in the whole world.

Sometimes Lyle was almost startled by the power of reading character Miss Lindsay displayed, as exemplified in her understanding of him; she seemed to know him so well that she could divine his opinion and taste on matters concerning which they had never spoken. He said so to her, one day, and she only smiled, changing color a little, but appearing amused rather than embarrassed. After he had left her, he caught himself recalling the fact, and wondering what it meant; and she, when alone, smiled again, and, chancing to look up and catch sight of her own reflection in the glass, she shook her head at it, saying, half aloud:

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"You're a goose, Marian—I thought you had more prudence!"

The smile ended in a sigh, yet she did not seem unhappy, and, her duties for the day ended, she sat down to write, a task which filled up most of her leisure time, and was often prolonged late into the night.

But the pleasant intercourse between her and Lyle went on unrestrainedly, Mrs. Forsyth being struck with temporary blindness, as usually happens to over-acute people when there is really something to see. Miss Manners, however, had the full use of her vigilant bird-of-prey eyes. She watched and waited, chuckling more than ever, like an ill-conditioned old parrot, over the disappointment in store for Mrs. Forsyth. She had not forgiven her friend's snub—it was not in her nature to forgive anything—and she wanted to taste the sweets of vengeance. It was useless for her hostess to make a secret of the Dormer campaign, for Miss Manners speedily flattered that susceptible damsel into open confidence, and professed firm faith in the earnestness of Lyle's attention.

She was always very sweet to Miss Lindsay also, but that lady read her like a book, and Miss Manners, acute enough to feel that she was distrusted, blamed Lyle therefor, while including the handsome governess in the cordial hatred which she had long since bestowed on that reprehensible young man.

Miss Dormer's visit was drawing to an end; she would gladly have prolonged it, and Mrs. Forsyth would gladly have kept her, even while beginning to wonder why intellectual men like Lyle were so often attracted toward women who were merely grown-up children; but the young lady's father was ailing, and desired her companionship on a trip South.

Lyle mentioned, casually, his intention of visiting New Orleans during the winter, and Miss Dormer, construing the words to hold an admission that he meant to join her there, regarded them as almost amounting to a proposal, and confided to her hostess that he had never been so pointed and explicit.

But, alas! that very night, Mrs. Forsyth was emboldened to say a few complimentary words, and express her regret at dear Genevieve's departure, and Lyle, rendered somewhat irritable by an evening of boredom—most of the people he liked having departed—replied frankly:

"If you'd been forced to entertain her as much as I have, I think you would regret her departure less. Upon my word, I couldn't have borne it three days more—she's worse than a gad-fly!"

And Gertrude Manners stole up in her noiseless fashion just in time to hear his words, and startled them both by saying, with a giggle:

"If I didn't think you were quite fascinated by her pretty childish ways! Oh, what an awful flirt you are, Lyle!"

Lyle surveyed her calmly from head to foot, but addressed his stepmother.

"Cousin," he said, "I owe you a thousand apologies for speaking so of one of your guests; my only excuse is, that I thought we were quite alone."

He bowed to both ladies and walked away, and Mrs. Forsyth had need of all her politeness to keep decently civil, for Miss Manners was malignant in her triumph, her malicious satisfaction at her friend's discomfiture increased by her rage at Lyle.

"Never mind, Anna," she exclaimed, after they had exchanged several decorously-sugared acidities. "Lyle won't be bored here as long as you keep your handsome governess; but I warn you that no other girl will stand a chance."

"Gertrude, I'll not hear you talk in that way—"

"Oh, scold me!" broke in Miss Manners, too eager now to punish Lyle to wish to restrain herself further. "Use your eyes in time, my dear—if it's not too late already—and maybe, some day, you'll thank me for my warning. I could have given it a good while ago, but I know the thanks one gets for trying to make one's friends see the truth."

The next day but one, Miss Dormer took her departure, disappointed that Lyle did not propose, but firmly believing that he would follow her. Later, she would as firmly believe that he had been hopelessly in love, and that nothing but her persistent coldness kept him from saying so in open words, and she would relate her conviction to any temporary confidant with an artlessness which would carry conviction to her listener's mind.

The house was nearly empty of guests, and it happened that Mrs. Forsyth took Miss Manners to drive in her pony-carriage, the rest of the visitors being otherwise engaged. On their return, they saw Lyle walking with the children and Miss Lindsay in the wood near the house; he had met them by accident, and could not escape from Sybil if he had wished.

"Now, what do you think?" sneered Miss Manners.

Mrs. Forsyth said nothing, but her brow grew dark. Another girl, in the position of her governess, she would have lectured without scruple; but she felt assured that Miss Lindsay

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would not allow her that right. As an instructress, she was invaluable—more than this, Mrs. Forsyth had discernment enough, even in her wrath, to admit that she was a thorough lady; still, this state of affairs must not go on—she was dangerous.

It chanced that, this very evening, her stepson was pursuing a somewhat similar train of thought. He had discovered that Miss Lindsay could be dangerous—to his peace of mind; and he also decided that matters could not go on—in this way.

The fact that he was in love with her had come very gradually upon him; she was the realization of an ideal which had filled his mind for months. He had written this in his very last letter to the correspondent to whom he had got in the habit of writing so much more freely than he did to anybody in the world, prosaically as their written intercourse had begun.

The next day, he scarcely saw Miss Lindsay—his stepmother managed that easily enough; but the work did not please her: she only wanted some excuse for dismissing the perilous young woman. Miss Manners wanted her to go—to be ignominiously sent away—because this would trouble Lyle; and her hatred for him was a seething whirlpool, just at present. There was nothing she would not have done, no meanness or falsehood she would have hesitated over, to bring about this result.

She took possession of Sybil for awhile, during the afternoon, in the hope of deluding her into admissions which might prove of use; but she gained nothing. She could be amusing, and Sybil enjoyed her fairy-stories; but, perceiving, with a quick child's instinct, something inimical in the atmosphere when Miss Lindsay was mentioned, she was not to be persuaded to talk, beyond the expression of enthusiastic admiration, which filled the Manners with a longing to shake her soundly.

So they turned back from the wood, and proceeded through the shrubbery toward the house, Miss Manners feeling that she had wasted a whole hour and more, and growing very acid in consequence.

"You're tired, aren't you?" Sybil said, when, after asking some question twice, she had received a sharp answer. "Miss Watchett always got cross, too, when she was tired. I suppose elderly people can't help it."

The child spoke in all innocence; but Manners took it for deliberate malice and impertinence, and could not even box her ears or pinch her, as she did a little orphan whom she kept in her own house: she said, out of charity: the servants said, just to have somebody handy whom she could cuff when her temper was ruffled.

"I don't think you're very polite, Miss Sybil," she said.

"I beg your pardon," said Sybil, eying her gravely; "though I don't know what for. I didn't mean to be impolite."

"Oh, yes, you did," retorted Miss Manners. "Don't tell me!"

Sybil was a proud little thing, besides being very sensitive. She was ready to cry, but kept her tears resolutely back, and walked on in silence.

"Now, pray don't sulk," cried Miss Manners. "Children must learn to bear reproof when they deserve it."

"You did not reprove me: you accused me of telling a falsehood. I never do: and I don't mean to, when I'm a woman," cried Sybil.

"What do you mean by that, miss?" demanded Miss Manners. "You never knew me to tell a fib." Sybil was silent; and, after glaring at her, Miss Manners perceived something in the child's face which decided her not to pursue the subject, so she only said: "You are a terribly spoiled little girl. I shall have to talk to your mamma."

Not a word did Sybil reply. She stopped to gather some autumn-flowers, and, just then, Miss Manners saw the governess passing down another path. She was about to call Sybil's attention, in order to rid herself of the child's company; but she noticed that, in taking her handkerchief out of her reticule, Miss Lindsay had dropped a letter, and walked on without observing it, disappearing behind a clump of cedars into the main alley.

As Sybil came up, Miss Manners turned into the path the governess had just quitted. Sybil, busy with her flowers, did not see the letter, which Miss Manners's argus-eyes perceived lying on the gravel.

"What's this?" cried she, and pounced on the treasure, reading aloud the name written on the envelope. "Miss Grace Mortimer. How odd! no such person here. I'll look what it is."

"No, no," cried Sybil; "it's Miss Lindsay's. You mustn't read it."

She tried to seize the letter; but Miss Manners pushed her away, saying:

"You rude child, you scratched me. How can it be Miss Lindsay's? Here's 'Miss Grace Mortimer,' plain enough."

"I tell you it is hers. You shan't read it," persisted Sybil, in a frenzy. And there was a little struggle between them, which resulted in Sybil's snatching the letter, and sobbing loudly

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under Miss Manners's threats and revilings, though she held her prize fast.

In the midst of the excitement, up came Mrs. Forsyth, and each tried to explain in her way.

"An unsealed paper, addressed to 'Grace Mortimer,'" said Miss Manners; "and this dreadful child flew at me like a wasp, because I naturally wished to see what it was."

"It's a letter of Miss Lindsay's. Nobody has a right to anybody else's letters, even if they are not sealed," sobbed Sybil.

"How do you know it is hers?" both ladies demanded.

"Because she has a pile of them. I saw them when she opened her desk; they come in letters addressed to her," said Sybil.

"Ah!" snorted Miss Manners, feeling that she had stumbled on a weighty matter at last, while Mrs. Forsyth remembered to be dignified, and said quietly:

"Since it is Miss Lindsay's letter, take it to her at once, Sybil."

The child scudded away like a rabbit, Miss Manners uttering a groan of wrath and disappointment as she saw her go.

"You're crazy, Anna," she exclaimed. "It was your duty to see what that was. Well, I hope you are satisfied at last, when I told you that girl had a history and a mystery. Miss Lindsay here, Grace Mortimer somewhere else: a nice person to have about your children. The way she has been going on with Lyle— But abuse me, when I warn you: it's always the way."

Between anger and disappointment, Miss Manners burst into tears; between irritation and surprise, Mrs. Forsyth longed to shake her, as the old maid had longed to shake Sybil, a little while before.

"I am not aware that I have blamed you, Gertrude," she said, coldly; "and, of course, I propose to inquire into this matter at once. If you will excuse me, I'll go on to the house."

She walked away; but Miss Manners kept pace with her, checking her tears, in order to pour out a torrent of garbled truths and whole falsehoods—which, in Mrs. Forsyth's state of mind, had the effect of working her into a chill wrath before they parted near the school-room door.

Mrs. Forsyth entered. The governess, sitting there alone, saw, the moment she looked at her, that the autocrat was in a passion.

"Did Sybil give you your letter, Miss Lindsay?" she asked.

"No, madam, I have not seen her," the young lady answered.

"That is, she said she knew it was yours," pursued Mrs. Forsyth, severely, "though it was addressed to Miss Grace Mortimer."

Miss Lindsay turned pale, but said quietly, as she searched her reticule, which lay on the table:

"I must have dropped it in the shrubbery—I must find Sybil—"

"One moment," interrupted Mrs. Forsyth. "It was yours? Pray then explain; I consider that I have a right to an explanation; I shall need others, too, for I am much dissatisfied, Miss Lindsay; but, first, we will settle this. Are you Miss Grace Mortimer? What is your name—what does this mean?"

"It means, madam, simply that the letter is mine," returned Miss Lindsay, with flashing eyes; "an ample explanation would be easy enough, but I have none to give when you address me in a tone such as a judge might use to a convicted criminal."

"You forget to whom you speak," rejoined Mrs. Forsyth, trying to keep her voice steady, though quite beside herself with anger, for there is nothing which pride finds so hard to endure as meeting pride equal to its own. "In this house, I am supreme; it is not for one of my own family—much less a paid dependent—to venture to find fault with my words or tone."

"Mrs. Forsyth will please to understand that I resign my position now and here—that, having ceased to be her paid dependent, I am free to repeat my remark," Miss Lindsay said, with cold disdain.

Sybil, who had been detained by a severe fall on the doorstep, reached the half-open door just in time to hear the last words, and, after waiting for an instant in horror and dismay, rushed off at the top of her speed in search of Lyle, in whose power to set wrong things right she had unlimited faith.

She dashed into the library, where he sat writing, and called out:

"Oh, Lyle, Lyle, Miss Lindsay is going—don't let her! It's all about this letter she dropped—I know it's hers, though it is addressed to Miss Grace Mortimer!"

He turned so red, and then so white, that she stopped in wonder, as he seized the letter she held up, and read the name.

"Tell me all about it," he said, presently; and Sybil did, clearly enough.

"Come, see if Miss Lindsay is still in the school-room," he added, quickly, as soon as she had finished her explanation.

They hurried thither, but the apartment was empty. The interview between the two ladies had ended in Miss Lindsay's going to her chamber to pack, and leaving Mrs. Forsyth, angry as she

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still was, with a consciousness that she had put herself at a disadvantage by losing her temper; she had not even had the pleasure of discharging the governess.

"Run up to Miss Lindsay, poppet," said Lyle, "and ask her to speak with me for a moment."

Away sped Sybil, but speedily returned with a message that Miss Lindsay was particularly engaged—could not come down under half an hour.

"She's packing," sobbed Sybil; "the maids are helping her—everybody loves her—don't let her go, Lyle, don't!"

Lyle had to calm her and himself as best he might, while he waited, during which time Mrs. Forsyth and Miss Manners were occupied in the drawing-room, some neighbors having called. At length, Lyle sent poor Sybil away, comforting her as well as he could, and, presently, Miss Lindsay entered the library, dressed for a journey.

He hurried toward her, holding up the letter, and crying:

"And you are Grace Mortimer! Oh, I wonder I did not suspect it long ago—I believe now I did! I fell in love with my ideal through your letters—you were the realization of it when I met you! I love you—you know it—I wrote that I did, in this letter! Only tell me I may hope."

She was very pale, but smiled at him through her tears as he paused, though she did not speak.

"Tell me you care," he pleaded, "only that!"

"You must not ask me now," she said; "the carriage is at the door—I am going to a friend's in Poughkeepsie—I can't lose my train."

He rushed off, reaching the station almost as soon as she did; and the express, fortunately, being late, there was time for confessions which assured Lyle his happiness.

Everything was easy now to understand, since, in the woman who had won his heart, he found the unknown correspondent whose letters had, for so many months, given him as much pleasure as her graceful poems and touching stories had afforded the readers of his paper.

Matters were pretty well settled during the next half-hour. As they turned toward the waiting-room, they met Mrs. Forsyth and Miss Manners face to face, the pair having driven down to receive a guest expected by the belated train.

"You here, Lyle?" Mrs. Forsyth exclaimed.

"Of course—I came to see Miss Lindsay off," he replied, quietly.

"A very unnecessary attention," said his stepmother, haughtily.

"I think not," rejoined he; "I fancy you will agree, when I tell you that I have the pleasure of presenting you to my future wife."

Up came the train and put an abrupt end to the embarrassing situation; but Miss Manners's face, green with malice and baffled rage, almost consoled Lyle for his temporary separation from his treasure.

Mrs. Forsyth and the spinster quarreled irrevocably; within three months, Lyle married Miss Lindsay; and, like a wise woman, the stepmother made the best of things. She discovered that the bride could boast, if she had chosen, of a pedigree equal to her own, so she comforted herself by talking of that: and the young people were so happy, they could afford to treat her leniently.

As for Sybil, of course, she was jubilant as one of the bridesmaids at the wedding, and always reminded Lyle that it was thanks to her he found his wife.

A SONG IN SUMMER.

BY GEORGE DAY.

The buds of June are red and white;
And see: I twine them in your hair,
That they may nestle in the light
That heaven and nature mingle there;
And, like your lips beyond compare,
Are roses all along our way.
Why should we ever dream of care,
If life were all a summer-day?

Your voice, that thrills me with delight,
Has notes of sweetness deep and rare;
And, like the lily's petals white,
The robe of purity you wear.
And, by your heavenly eyes, I swear
That, come what would to love dismay,
I still would hold thee chaste and fair,
If life were all a summer-day.

Our day of love would know no night,
Nor threatening cloud of dark despair;
No frost of jealousy would blight,
Or haunting hate our rapture share;
But we, with spirits light as air,
Would live and love from gold to gray,
Of pain and sorrow unaware,
If life were all a summer-day.

But clouds sometimes the sky must bear,
Or winter hold her frosty sway;
And life, sweet one, would be less fair,
If life were all a summer-day.

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JOSIAH'S POLITICAL AMBITION.

BY JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE.

JOSIAH ALLEN is as kind-hearted a man as was ever made. And he loves me with a devotion that, though hidden sometimes, like volcanic fires and other men's affection for their wives, yet it bursts out occasionally in spurts and jets of unexpected tenderness.

Now, only the other day, he gave a flamin' proof of that fire, that burns but don't consume him.

A agent came to our house, and, with the bland and amiable air of that sect, asked me "if I would buy a encyclopedy."

I was favorable to the idee, but Josiah was sot aginst it; and the more favorable I talked about it, the more horror-struck and skeert Josiah Allen looked.

And, finally, he got behind the agent, and winked at me, and made motions for me to foller him into the buttery. He wunk several times before I paid any attention to him; but, finally, the winks grew so vi'lent, and the motions so imperious but clever, that I got up and follered him into the buttery.

He shut the door, and stood with his back aginst it, and says he to me, with his voice fairly tremblin' with emotion:

"It will throw you, Samanthy. You don't want to buy it."

I could not understand me what he meant.

"What will throw me, and when?" says I.

"Why," says he, "the encyclopedy: you can't ride it. How'd I feel, to see you on one of 'em? It skeers me to see a boy ride one; and, at your age, and with your rheumatiz, you'd get throwed, and your neck would be broke the very first day," says he. "If you have got to have something more stylish and new-fangled than the old mare, I'd ruther buy you a philosopher: they are easier-goin' than a encyclopedy, anyway."

"A philosopher?" says I, dreamily.

"Yes; such a one as Jim Sowerby has got."

Says I: "You mean a velocipede!"

"Yes. And I'll get you one, ruther than have you a-ridin' round the country on a encyclopedy."

His tender thoughtfulness touched my heart, and I explained to him all about 'em. He thought the encyclopedy was a bicycle. And he brightened up, and didn't make no objections, after this, to my gettin' one.

Wal, that very afternoon, he came home from Jonesville, all rousted up with a new idee. He wanted to be a Senator—a United States Senator. He said "he had been approached on the subject."

Says I: "Who has approached you, Josiah Allen?"

"Wal," he said, "it might be a foreign Minister, and it might be Uncle Nate Birpy. But, anyway," says he, "I am bound to be Senator. Josiah Allen, M.C., will probably be wrote on my letters before another fall. I am bound to run."

Says I, coldly: "You know you can't run. you are lame as you can be, with the rheumatiz."

Says he: "I mean, runnin' with political legs."

At that, I laughed.

"Now, you needn't laugh," he said, crossly; "for I do want to be a Senator, Samanthy—I want to, like a dog. I want the money there is in it, and I want the honor. You know, they have elected me Path Master agin; but I ain't a-goin' to accept it. I tell you, when anybody gets into political life, ambition rousts up in 'em. Path Master don't satisfy me—I want to be Senator. And I ain't a-goin' to tackle the job as some do, and act too good."

"No," says I, sternly, "there ain't no danger of your bein' too good."

"No," says he. "I have laid my plans, and laid 'em careful. Most men, runnin' for high office, are too willin', too clever; and witnessin' their campaigns has learnt me deep lessons. I am goin' to act offish. I feel that offishness is my strong holt, and endearin' myself to the masses. Educatin' public sentiment up to lovin' me, and urgin' me not to be so offish and to obleege 'em by takin' a office—them is my two strong holts, and they are goin' to elect me, in spite of the old Harry."

Oh! how that oath grated aginst my nerve, and I says:

"You never would be elected, Josiah Allen. If they was to hear you swear, every decent man would vote aginst you."

"Oh, yes, I should. Unless the wimmen interfered, unless the wimmen bossed their husbands at the polls, as they'll do when they get what they call their rights." And he continued, dreamily: "There would have to be considerable wire-pullin'."

"Where would the wires be?" says I, sternly. "And who would pull 'em?"

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"Oh, most anywhere," says he, lookin' dreamily up onto the kitchen ceilin', as if wires was liable to be let down anywhere through the plasterin'.

Says I: "Should you have to go to pullin' wires?"

"Of course I should," says he.

"Wal," says I, "you may as well make up your mind, in the first on't, that I ain't a-goin' to give my consent to have you go into anything dangerous; and pullin' wires sounds like a circus. And I ain't a-goin' to have you performin' and breakin' your neck at your age."

Says he: "I don't know but my age is as good an age to break my neck in as any other. I never sot any particular age to break my neck in. And you don't understand it, Samanthy. The wires ain't pulled by the hands; you pull 'em with your minds."

"Oh, wal," says I, brightenin' up, "you are all right, in that case; you won't pull hard enough to hurt you any."

I knew the size and strength of his mind, jest as well as if I had took it out and weighed it on the steelyards. It was not over and above large. I knew it, and he knew that I knew it. But he knew, also, that my love for him towered up like a dromedary, and moved on through life as stately as she did—the dromedary. Josiah Allen is my choice out of a world full of men.

But to resoom. Josiah says: "Which side had I better go on, Samanthy? Would you run as a Democrat, as I used to be, or a Stalwart, or a Half-Breed, or a Mugwump? Or would you be a Moonshiner? I want to be with the side that wins. Don't talk to me, any more, of principles in politics."

Says I: "Josiah Allen, haven't you any principle? Don't you know what side you are on?"

"Wal, yes, I s'pose I know as near as men in general. But it is human nater to want to be on the side that beats."

I rithed, and murmured instinctively:

"George Washington!"

"George Granny!" says he.

Says I, rithin': "It is bad enough, Josiah Allen, to have you talk about runnin' for Senator and pullin' wires, and etcetery. But, oh! my agony of sole, to think my partner is destitute of principle. I respected you, Josiah, even when I didn't agree with you. But then I thought you had principle."

"I have got as much principle as most political men have, and you'll find it out so. I am goin' to work as they all do. But wimmen ain't got no knack for business; they don't look out for the profits of things as men do."

I didn't say nothin'. But now another thought struck me so right in the breast that it most knocked me over. It ha'nted me all that day and all that night. S'posen Josiah Allen would be elected! I didn't really think he would. But still I knew strange things took place in politicks. Strange men run, and run far. Some of them run clear to Washington. And, oh! as I meditated on the awfulness of that place as it had been depictured to me, I felt that I dast not—I dast not—have him go.

I thought of the powerful blasts of temptation that blowed through them broad streets; and then I thought of the small size of my partner, and the light weight of his bones and principles; and I felt that he would, in a moral sense, be lifted right up and blowed away—bones, principles, and all. And I trembled.

At last, this idea knocked so firm aginst the door of my heart, that I had to let it in.

That I must—I must—go to Washington, as a forerunner of Josiah. I must go ahead of him, and see if he could pass through it with no smell of fire on his overcoat, if there was any possibility of it; and so I went, as I've told you, Mr. Editor, some months ago.

Of course, I felt that I must make some pretext about goin'; so I told Josiah I wanted to weep over G. Washington's tomb.

"What do you want to weep on his tomb for, Samanthy, at this late day?" said Josiah.

Says I: "The day of love and gratitude never fades into night, Josiah Allen: it shines jest as bright onto that tomb as it did in 1800."

"Wal, wal," he cried, crustily, "go and weep onto it, if you want to: but I'll bet half a cent you'll cry onto the ice-house, as I've heard of other wimmin doin'. Wimmin can't see onto things as men can."

"You needn't worry, Josiah Allen," says I; "I shall cry at the right time, and on the right place. And I think I had better start soon on my tower."

"Wal, I'd like to know," says he, in a injured tone, "what you calkerlate to do with me, while you are gone."

"Why," says I, "I'll have the girl that Ury's engaged to—I'll have her come and do the chores, and work for herself. They are going to be married, before long, and I'll give her some rolls and let her spin some yarn for herself. She'll be glad to come."

"She ain't no cook. I'd as lief eat the rolls, as eat her fried cakes."

"Your partner will fry up two panfuls, before she goes, Josiah; and I don't s'pose I will be gone over a week."

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"Oh, wal, then I guess I can stand it. But you had better make some mince-pies, and other kinds of pies, and some fruit-cake, and pound-cake, and cookies and tarts and things: it is always best to be on the safe side, in vittles."

So it was agreed on that I should fill three cupboard-shelves full of pervisions, to help him endure my absence.

I was some in hopes that he would give up the idee of bein' United States Senator, and I would have rest from my tower—for oh! I dreaded the job. But, as day by day passed, he grew more and more rampant with the idee. He talked about it all the time, daytimes; and, in the night, I could hear him murmur to himself:

"Honorable Josiah Allen!"

And, once, I see it in his account-book:

"Old Sowerby, debtor for two sap-buckets, to Hon. Josiah Allen."

And he talked to me, sights and sights, what great things he was goin' to do when he got to Washington, D. C. And I would get wore out and say:

"Wal, you'll have to get there first—"

"Oh, you needn't worry," he'd break in; "I can get there, easy enough. But, of course, I shall have to work hard, jest as they all do, and my friends will have to work. And I can tell you one thing, Samanthy: When I get to be United States Senator, Uncle Nate Birpy shall be promoted to some high and responsible place."

"Without thinkin' whether he is fit for it or not?" says I.

"Yes, mem. Without thinkin' a thing about it. I am bound to help the ones that help me."

"You wouldn't have him examined?" says I. "Wouldn't have him asked no questions?"

"Oh, yes. I'd have him pass a examination, jest as aldermen. I'd say to him: 'Be you Uncle Nate Birpy?' And he'd say: 'Yes.' And then I'd ask: 'How long have you been Uncle Nate Birpy?' And he'd answer; and I'd say: 'How long do you calkerlate to be Uncle Nate?' And he'll tell; and then I'll say: 'Enough! I see you have all the qualerfications for office. You are admitted.'"

I groaned. But he kept on, complacently:

"I am goin' to help the ones that elect me, sink or swim; and I calculate to make money out of the project—money and honor. And I shall do a big work there, and get my name up—there ain't no doubt of it. Now, there is political ekonomy—I shall go in strong for that. I shall say right to Congress, the first speech I make to it, that there is too much money spent now to hire votes with; and I shall prove it, right out, that we can get votes cheaper, if we Senators all join in together, and put our feet right down, that we won't pay only jest so much for a vote. But, as long as one man is willin' to pay high, why, everybody else has got to foller suit, and there ain't no ekonomy in it—not a mite."

He stopped to take breath, and I said:

"Wal," says I, "bring in a pail of water—it is dinnertime."

He complied with alackrity. And the nice tender steak, and mashed potatoes, and lemon-puddin', and rich fragrant coffee seemed to soothe him, as I wanted 'em to. He never uttered a word on politics till dinner was over.

On risin' from the table—and Josiah eat enough for two—he said he had got to go to Jonesville to get the old mare shod. And I seen, sadly, as he stood to the lookin'-glass, combin' out his few hairs, how every by-path his mind sot out on led up, gradually, to Washington, D. C. For, as he stood there, and spoke of the mare's feet, he says:

"The mare is good enough for Jonesville, Samanthy: but, when we get to Washington, we want somethin' gayer, more stylish, to ride on. I calculate," says he, pullin' up his collar, and drawin' down his vest, "I calculate to dress gay, and act gay. I lay out to make a show, for once in my life, and put on style. One thing I am bound on: I shall drive tantrum."

"How?" says I, sternly.

"Why, I shall buy another mare, probable some gay-colored one, and hitch it before the old white mare, and drive tantrum. Mebby," says he, dreamily. "I may, at least, set up a coach-and-four: four-in-hand, they call 'em, down to New York. Don't you think, Samanthy, I would look well, drivin' a four-in-hand? I shall have a dog-cart, too: but I'll be hanged if I should think it would be easy ridin'. Dog-carts are stylish, I hear; but our dog is so dumb lazy, you couldn't get him to go out of a walk, even if not in a cart. But tantrum I will drive, and mebby, as I said, a four-in-hand."

I groaned aloud, and says I:

"Yes, I hain't no doubt that anybody that sees you in Washington will see tantrums—strange tantrums. But you hain't got there yet."

"No, but I most probable shall be, ere long."

"Ere long," I said to myself. Why, Josiah had actually begun to talk like a Senator already—in a high-furlutin' blank-verse sort of a way. "Ere long!" That was somethin' new for Josiah Allen.

"Wal," says I, in cold axents, "you will have to get some tea and sugar, to-day."

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He did not demur. But oh! how I see that immovable sotness of his mind.

"Yes, I will get you some. But won't it be handy, Samanthy, to have free trade? I shall go for that, strong. I can tell you it will come handy, along in the winter, when the hens don't lay, and we don't make any butter to turn off—it will come dretful handy to jest hitch up the old mare, and go to the store, and come home with a lot of groceries of all kinds, and some fresh meat, mebby, and perchance some neckties of different colors."

"Who would pay for 'em?" says I, sternly; for I didn't like the idee.

"Why, the Gavertinment, of course; isn't that what they mean by free trade?"

I shook my head two or three times back and forth, and says: "I can't understand it, Josiah. I have heard a good deal about free trade, but I can't believe that is it."

"Wal, it is, jest that. Free trade is one of the prerequisites of a Senator. What would a man want to be a Senator for, if he couldn't make by it?"

"Don't you love your country, Josiah Allen?"

"Yes, I do; but I don't love her so well as I do myself; it ain't nateral I should."

"Surely I read, long ago—was it in the English Reader?" says I, dreamily, "or where was it?—of patriotism and honor, love of country, and love of the right."

"Wal, I calculate I love my country jest as well as the next man," and says he, firmly: "I calculate I can make jest as much out of her, give me a chance. Why, I calculate to do jest as they all do. What is the use of startin' up and bein' one by yourself? It would look too tarnation foolish."

"I can understand you without swearin', Josiah Allen," says I.

"'Tarnation' ain't swearin', nor never was. I shall probable use that word in Washington, D. C.," says he, goin' into the bed-room for a clean shirt. And, as he opened the beauro-draw, he says:

"Another thing I shall go in strong for is abolishin' lots of the beauros. Why, what is the use of any man havin' more than one beauro? It is nothin' but nonsense, clutterin' up the house with so many beauros. When wimmen get to votin'," says he, sarcastically, "I'll bet their first move will be to get 'em back agin. I'll bet there ain't a woman in the land but what would love to have twenty beauros that they could run to."

"Then you think that wimmen will vote, do you, Josiah Allen?"

"I think," says he, firmly, "that it will be a wretched day for the nation, if she does. Wimmen is good in their places," says he, as he come to me to button up his shirtsleeves, and tie his cravat.

"They are good in their places," he went on. "But they can't have, it ain't in 'em to have, the calm grasp of mind, the deep outlook into the future, that men have. They can't weigh things in the firm careful balances of right and wrong, and have that deep masterly knowledge of national affairs, that we men have. They hain't got the hard horse-sense that anybody has got to have, in order to make money out of the nation. They would have some sentimental subjects up, of right or wrong, to spend their energies and their hearts on. Look at our darter Cicely, now. She means well. But what would she make out of votin'? Not a cent. But I calculate I can make piles of money—at the same time, I am straightenin' out public affairs, and getin' 'em in good runnin'-order. The nation needs me."

"Wal," says I, wore out, "it can have you, as far as I am concerned."

And I was so completely fagged out, that I turned the subject completely round, as I s'posed, by askin' him if he laid out to sell our apples, this year, where he did last. The man's wife had wrote to me ahead, and wanted to know, for they had bought a new dryin'-machine, and wanted to make sure of apples ahead.

"Wal," says Josiah, drawin' on his overshoes, "I shall probable have to use the apples, this fall, to buy votes with."

"To buy votes?" says I, in axents of horror.

"Yes. I wouldn't tell it out of the family, but you are all in the family, you know; so I'll tell you. I shan't have to buy near so many votes as some do, on account of my bein' so popular. But I shall have to buy some, of course. You know they all do, and I shan't stand no chance at all, if I don't."

My groans was fearful. But truly worse was to come.

Josiah looked pitiful at me; he loves me devotedly, but yet his love did not soften the firm resolve that was spread over his liniments as he went on.

"I lay out to get lots of votes with my green apples. It seems to me," says he, dreamily, "as if I ought to get a vote for a bushel of apples. But there is so much iniquity and cheatin' a-goin' on now in politics, that I may have to give a bushel and a half, or two bushels. And then I shall make up a lot of the smaller ones into

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hard cider, and use 'em to—to advance the interests of myself and the nation in that way.

"There is hull loads of men, Uncle Nate says, he can bring in to vote for me, by the judicious use of—wal, it ain't likely you will approve of it—but I say stimulents are necessary in medicine, and any doctor will tell you so: hard cider, and beer, and whiskey, and so 4th. And, if for medicine, why not for votin'—especially when it is to elect me Senator?"

I riz right up. I grasped holt of his arm. Says I, in stern avengin' axents:

"Josiah Allen, will you go right against God's commands, and put the cup to your neighbor's lips, for your own gain? Do you expect, if you do that, you can escape Heaven's avengin' wrath?"

"They ain't my neighbors. I never neighbored with 'em."

Says I, sternly: "If you commit this sin, it seems to me that you never can be forgiven."

"Dumb it all, Samanthy, if everybody else does so, where will I get my votes?"

"Go without 'em, Josiah Allen—go down to poverty or the tomb; but never commit this sin. Cursed is he that putteth the cup to his neighbor's lips."

"I tell you, they ain't my neighbors; they live way up to Toad Holler"

"To think," says I, "that a human bein', to say nothin' of a perfessor, would go to work deliberately to get a man into a state that is jest as likely as not to end in a murder, or any crime, for gain to himself." Says I. "Think of the different crimes you commit by that one act, Josiah Allen. You make a man a fool, and, in that way, put yourself on a equality with disease, deformity, and hereditary sin You steal his reason away, and so are a thief of the deepest dye, for you steal the first rights of his manhood, his honor, his patriotism, his duty to God and man. You are a thief of the Government—thief of God and right."

I had sort o' warmed me up. I went on, excitedly:

"Then you make this man liable to commit any crime. If he murders, you are a murderer If he commits suicide, your guilty soul shall cower in the presence of Him who said. 'No self-murderer shall inherit eternal life' It is your own doom you shall read in those dreadful words"

"Good landy, Samanthy, do you want to scare me to death?" cried Josiah. He quailed and shook, and shook and quailed

"I am only tellin' you the truth, Josiah Allen," I answered. "And I should think it would scare anybody to death"

"If I don't do it, I shall appear like a fool. I shall be one by myself."

"No, you won't, Josiah Allen; no, you won't. If you try to do right, try to do God's will, you have His army to surround you with an invisible wall of strength."

"Why," he cried, lookin' at me sort o' curious, "I hain't seen you look so sort o' skairful and riz up, for years, Samanthy."

"And I hain't felt so skairt and rosen up," says I; "to think of the brink you was a-standin' on, and jest a-fallin' off of."

Josiah looked quite bad, and he put his hand on his side and says:

"My heart beats as if it was a-tryin' to get out and walk round the room. I do believe I have got population of the heart."

Says I, in a sarcasticker tone than I had used, and ironickler:

"That is a disease that is very common amongst men, though they ain't over and above willin' to own up to it. Too much population of the heart has ailed many a man before now, and wimmen too," says I, reasonably. "But you mean palpitation."

"Wal, I said so, didn't I? And it is jest your skairful talk that has done it."

"Wal, if I thought I could convince men as I have you, I would foller up the business stiddy, of skairin' folks, and think I was doin' my duty, too," says I, my emotions roustin' up agin

"I should call it a good deal more honorable," I went on to say, "more honorable in you to get drunk yourself, and I should think more of you to see you a-reelin' round yourself than to see you make other folks reel. I should think it was your own reel, and you had more right to it than to anybody else's. Oh! to think I should have lived to see my companion a-goin' against the Scripter, ready to steal or be stole, to knock down or anything, to buy votes or sell 'em—"

"Wal, dumb it all, do you want me to appear as awkward as a fool? I have told you, more than a dozen times, I have got to do as the rest do, if I want to make any show at all in politics."

I said no more, but I riz right up and walked out of the room, with my head right up in the air, and the strings of my head-dress a-floatin' out behind me. And I'll bet there was indignation in the float of them strings, and heartache, and agony, and—and everything.

But this was not all. I thought I had convinced him, and hadn't. I felt as if I should sink You know that is all a woman can do: to sink She can't do anything else in a helpful

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way. When her beloved companion hangs over political abysses, she can't reach out her lovin' hand and help stiddy him. She can't do nothin', only jest sink.

And what made it more despairin' and sinkin', these thoughts come to me as I stood by the sink, washin' my dinner-dishes.

But anon—I know it was jest anon, for the water was b'ilin' hot when I turned it out of the kettle, and it scalded my hands unbeknown to me, as I washed out my sass-plates—this thought gripped holt of me:

"Josiah Allen's wife, you must not sink; you must keep up. If you have no power to help your partner to patriotism and honor, you can, if your worst fears are realized, try to keep him to home. For, if his acts and words are like these in Jonesville, what will they be in Washington, D. C., if that place is all it has been depictered to you? Hold up, Samanthy! Be firm, Josiah Allen's wife! John Rogers! The nine—and one of 'em at the breast!"

So, by these almost convulsive efforts at calmness, I grew more calmer, and some composeder. Josiah had hitched up and gone; and he come home clever and all excited with a new thing.

They are buildin' a new court-house at Jonesville, as I must first explain. It is 'most done, and it seemed they had got into a dispute, that day, about the cupalow. They wanted to have the figger of Liberty sculped out on it; and they had got the man there all ready, and he had begun to sculp her as a woman. The Goddess of Liberty, he called her. But, at the last minute, a dispute had rosen.

Some of the leadin' minds of Jonesville, Uncle Nate Birpy amongst 'em, insisted on it that Liberty wuzn't a woman—he wuz a man. And they wanted him depictered as a man, with whiskers, and pantaloons, and a standin' collar, and boots and spurs. Josiah was the one that wanted the spurs.

He said the dispute waxed furious, and he says to 'em:

"Leave it to Samanthy; she'll know all about it."

And so it was agreed on, that they'd leave it to me.

And he drove the old mare home, almost beyond her strength, he was so anxious to have it settled.

I was jest makin' some cream-biscuit for supper, as he come in and atted me about it; and a minute is a minute, in makin' warm biscuit. You want to make 'em quick, and bake 'em quick. My mind was fairly held onto that dough, and needed on it: but, instinctively, I told him he was in the right on't.

"Liberty here in the United States was a man; wimmen have no votes, and nothin' to do with it; and, in order to be consistent, Liberty ort to be depictered with whiskers, and overcoat, and a standin' collar."

"And spurs," says Josiah.

"Wal," I told him, "I wouldn't be particular about the spurs. Instead of the spurs on his boots, he might be depictered as settin' his boot-heel onto the respectful petition of fifty thousand wimmen, who had ventured to ask him for a little mite of what he was s'posed to have quantities of—freedom.

"Or," says I, "he might be depictered as settin' on a judgment-seat, and wavin' off into prison an intelligent Christian woman—who had spent her whole noble useful life in studyin' the laws of our nation—for darin' to think she had as much right, under our Constitution, as the most ignorant, stupid, even wicked man, one who would, most likely, sell his franchise for a bushel of green apples." At this, Josiah winced, and I went on: "Yes," says I, "that will give Liberty jest as imperious and showy a look as spurs would, and be far more historick and symbolical."

"Wal," he said, "he would mention it to 'em," and says he, with a contented look:

"I told Uncle Nate I knew I was right. I knew Liberty was a man. A woman—ridiculus!"

THE OLD OAK.

BY REV. JOHN KELLY, D.D.

Of all my Master's works, I love
The trees the best of all.
And, of the trees, the grand old oak,
That stands so broad and tall.

"Be stout and brave, O heart of man,"
The old oak to me cries.
"In faith be firm, and waver not:
Look upward to the skies!"

With tow'ring head, with crown of green,
Old oak, thou standest free
O Lord, may I be strong, like it,
And so be worthy Thee!

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JOHN COMPTON, OF COLORADO.

BY PATIENCE STAPLETON.

I.

"Is this Colonel Wilson?"

I was setting on my porch, watching the tide come up. It is a pleasure for a lonely old man to set and look at the monotonous coming and going of the water, lapping against the shore. So the years come and go; but the sea is always young. There was two of us on my porch—Cap'en Patten and I. My house was situated the most sightly, and my view of the river the furtherest, so the Cap'en set on my porch, on a pleasant afternoon, and often talked to me of his troubles. His place was in a pine-grove—a little clearing; him and his wife lived alone. Married over fifty year, had one son—a raskill—who'd got 'em in debt, and their place was mortgaged, and the mortgage was due. The son was dead; but the old folks lived on, seeing only the poor-farm ahead. We lived on Westport Island, separated from the mainland by two branches of the Warwenock River. The island's down in Maine—a fine State, to my thinking, if cold. I b'lieve I like the smell of them Westport pines better'n the orange-groves of Floridy; but I must tell my story:

I looked up, when addressed, and see the handsomest woman I ever set eyes on. She seemed jest like a goddess. I was sorter familiar with 'em, on account of their being frequent used as figureheads for vessels. There was the straight nose, the wide forehead and stern chin fixed on a strong neck, and big shoulders, for a woman; but not big on this one, for she was taller than most wimmen. Her eyes was long, and blue as the river on a sunny day, and her skin was white as the whitecaps when it's squally. Not much red in her cheeks at all; but she seemed healthy enough. She wore a gown of some soft woolly gray stuff, and a big hat, and walked as proud as a queen.

"It ain't Colonel Wilson, marm," I says, "but Major Wilson: otherwise, you're right."

"You've got mother's eyes," she says, coming up on the porch, and holding out both her hands. "I am Katherine Evans, your niece."

I could only say: "Well, well, wanter know," and hold her firm white hands. She set down and made herself to home at onct. Took off her hat, and fell to talking of my sister, her father, and her home in Philadelphy.

"I'm all alone," she says, sadly; "rich, and thirty years old. Father died last summer, and I determined to look you up. Mother used to tell me about a quarrel you had when she was married; but that's past now, and I want you to come and be a father to me. A single good-looking woman, like me, needs a handsome soldierly old cavalier, like you, to protect her," she said, with a gay little laugh; "but we'll talk later. I'm awfully hungry; rowed over from W——; the narrows are rough, and the tide was contrary. I nearly upset."

"I'm keeping 'bachelor's-hall,'" I said, completely took by her: "but I'll get up some fried cunners, caught this morning, which can't be beat."

"I'll go 'long and tell marm," says the Cap'en. "She'll be tickled to hear about the lady. Come down, after supper, and set with us."

This was agreed to; and, him gone, I went in to get supper, and she helped me, spry enough. I didn't know what to call her, but settled on "miss," as being appropriate to her single state; but she says:

"No: call me 'Katherine.' I don't look like I was ever called 'Kitty,' do I?"

"No more," says I, setting the fish on the table, "no more than you could call a ship a 'craft.' My talk is sea-like, there being much navigating going by, all the time."

She laughed, and poured out the tea; and I made up my mind then I'd follow her to the ends of the earth. While she helped me wash the dishes—I'm old-maidish, for a man—I told her about the Cap'en, and the raskill that ruined him, and how he was being harassed into the grave by the thought of losing his home, and dying in the town-farm. Her big blue eyes got misty then—the sweetest look I ever seen on a woman's face.

"How much is the mortgage?" she asked. "The fine old man!"

"A big sum," says I: "five hundred dollars; as hard for him to get as five thousand. They've only a pension to live on."

She laughed a pretty laugh.

"We'll pay it, Uncle Silas, you and I; and send it to him, to console him when you're gone."

"Won't you miss it?" says I, anxious.

"To my shame," she answered, seriously

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"I've paid more than that for a dog—a Saint Bernard. But don't look shocked, dear; I won't, any more."

We went down to the Cap'en's; and the old man's wife was took indeed by Katherine, and showed her quaint old china, and the other heirlooms she had; and Katherine made her an offer for her to sell the furniture, to be delivered when they was no more, for five hundred dollars—which, she said, was little enough for such fine old things, worth almost their weight in gold.

They was proud old people, and didn't want no help; but was took by this idea, and agreed, having no one to leave anything to: so the bargain was made, and Katherine wrote 'em out a check. On our way to New York, the next day, Katherine went and paid the mortgage, and sent the papers to the Cap'en, directed in a free bold hand, like a man's.

"That's the best extravagance I ever had," she says, with a laugh. "Don't you scold me, uncle—I feel so happy and good." She was that way always, and, in all our travels, was the same—never cross nor vexed, jest perpetual sunshine.

Well, last August, we went to Californy. Intending to stop in Denver on our way back, we went straight on to Salt Lake. We got there early Sunday morning: and, while Katherine went to her room, I walked into the office, to register our names. She always got me to do this, and I took much pride in writing 'em plain; for, everywhere we went, we was stared at, and made much of, she being so beautiful. I used to joke her about being an old maid. She'd take it good-natured, and say she hadn't met the right one. We went to a queer old hotel, with a wide tree-shaded piazza—an old house, for a Western town. The office was low and dark—cool, though—and a chipper young clerk presided over the name-book. There was a lot of travelers writing their names, and we formed a line, as men always do; but wimmen generally don't, but crowds to get in the same place all to once, and loses much time to no advantage. Before me was a big tall man—I'm rather short—a fine broad-shouldered fellow, with grayish hair, close-cropped. He'd a long gray mustache, was bronzed considerable, and had the mournfulest brown eyes I ever seen in a countenance—like he'd lost hope, long ago. He was dressed well, and looked like a gentleman. He wrote his name, got a room, and went away. I read the name: "John Compton, Colorado." A whole State done for him; he didn't have no particular town. I writ under his name: "Miss Katherine Evans, Philadelphia. Major Silas Wilson, Westport, Maine."

His room was next to mine, and I heard him fussing around, and I smelled the smoke of a good cigar. I sort o' took note of what he did, somehow; and I thinks to myself: "You never looked at me, mister; but you'll stare, pretty soon." So I went and knocked at niece's door. She was ready, and we went to breakfast. She had on a white gown, all fine lace, the day being hot, and was lovely in it. We set to the table; and, pretty soon, Mr. John Compton comes in, and was showed to our table, they seeming to think that he belonged to our party. I see him get his eye on niece, and was surprised. He grew pale, as if he was struck in a heap. As for Katherine, I see a shade of red creep into her cheek, never noting it afore. He didn't eat much, and soon left.

"Who is he?" Katherine asked.

"John Compton, of Colorado—so booked," says I. "You seem to be taken with him."

"He has a remarkable face," she said; that was all. I went into the office, after breakfast, and see him reading over the name-book. I smiled to myself; I knowed he felt easier because "Mrs." wasn't tacked onto her name.

In the afternoon, we drove about the city, and then to the fort, to see the soldiers and hear the military band play. We passed Mr. John Compton on horseback, and he rode the best I ever see a man.

"A cattleman, probably," says Katherine; "his home, the saddle."

After supper, Katherine and I set on the upstairs porch, talking. A red spark gleamed in a far corner of the porch. It was Mr. Compton, smoking. I dunno what he heard, or if he listened; but Katherine did talk beautiful. She went early to bed, after kissing me, and I knowed he envied me.

In the morning, Katherine and I visited the Mormon Museum. Mr. Compton was there, looking around; and, somehow, the man in charge of the museum took him as belonging to us.

"Your husband, marm—" says he.

"You mistake, sir," says Compton, turning red; "this lady and I are not acquainted." With that, he hurried out.

Katherine was annoyed, and so we soon left. But who should we see, that night, on the train for Californy, but Compton. He was reading a paper, in the seat in front of us. I don't remember how it was: but, by little acts of politeness, he got acquainted with us. He pointed out places of interest along the way, making the journey pleasant enough. He told us he come out West when he was two years old, in an emigrant-wagon. His mother set out for Cali-

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forny, and died on the way, on the plains, in that dreary overland-trip, and was buried where she died, he not knowing the spot.

In 'Frisco, we stopped to the same hotel, and I smiled to see them names still writ together: "John Compton, Colorado. Miss Katherine Evans, Philadelphia. Major Silas Wilson, Westport, Maine."

He wrote a bold hand, without flourish—plain and strong, like his nature. He knowed 'Frisco so well, that he took us everywhere, and we got to look on him as belonging to our party. He went through Chinatown with us, and Katherine held onto his arm; for he was so big, and the jabbering cats—them Chinese—scared her. He set through an hour or more of their theatre with us, the heathens keeping up the awfulest racket with their gongs and pans—at least, it sounded like pans. He wondered Katherine could stand it; but she only laughed, and said it was very curious.

We took some trips along the coast, he going along: for he told us he was just traveling for pleasure; and he took so much of the care off me, I never had so pleasant a journey. When Katherine said we would go up the Yosemite, he showed us his ticket already bought; so we got tickets for the same day. Katherine and he engaged the front seat, with the driver. I'd rather ride in the next seat, being sleepy when staging. She and him talked all the way, till I really thought they had nothing left to say. The stage-drivers was all took by her, and showed her every politeness. We went to all the points of interest together, on horseback; and, when we turned back, rid up over a mountain to get one more view, coming down on t'other side to meet the stage-road, a ride of twenty mile.

We went to Mariposy, too. I never see anything like them big trees. They'd growed in that forest thirtyfive hundred years. And what had come up, lived, and died around 'em! You can't imagine their height; ten men couldn't meet their arms around one; we stopped our team in the trunk of one. We got out and walked on a fallen giant, the upside of whose trunk was thirty feet from the ground. They'd names of soldiers and statesmen tacked onto 'em; but I didn't like the idea. Poor human creeturs was nowhere, alongside of them old kings of old.

"I'd like to die here, under these trees," says Compton, looking up to a tall old redwood; "it's freedom, purity, divinity. One is so far from the petty ignobleness of life—lifted into a vastness like the ocean, like remote mountain-peaks. This is nature's grandest mood: the harmony is so great, so inspiring, that the miserable personality of a man is lost in the splendor of the years."

Katherine was quiet, watching his face. I know she wondered what sorrow there was in his life, that made him speak that way. While we stood under the noblest tree of all—yet bruised and burned by those terrible forest-fires of that long misty past—a cone come fluttering down from high above. A soft summer-wind was blowing; blue sky glinted through the feathery foliage, high—so high—overhead; and a golden gleam of sunlight fell aslant on Katherine's brown hair. She caught the cone.

"The tree has sent me a message," she said. "What has it to tell? Oh, what could it not reveal? The tree has whispered its secrets to it. I shall always keep this."

And yet, when we got in 'Frisco, I was heartily glad it was over. "The scenery was fine, and all that," I said; "but I'm an old man, and I'd have more comfort setting on my porch to home, watching the vessels going by, and talking to Cap'en Patten, than even seeing them big trees."

"I never had such a lovely trip," replied Katherine, with enthusiasm; and I noted how uncommon handsome she was getting to be.

"I didn't have no Compton of Colorado to explain the points of interest to me, in my staging," says I, slyly: and she actually blushed rose-red.

Compton traveled with us back to Denver. He got to be real lively, and was the most agreeable man I ever met. I couldn't help but think what a match him and Katherine would make. I kinder thought he was in love with her—he looked at her that way; but her I couldn't make out. On the train from Salt Lake to Denver, at a way-station, a man come aboard, and asked if there was a John Compton on the train. Compton said that was his name, and was handed a telegram, which he read standing by the car-door. I was riding backward, so I see his face, which Katherine didn't: a sort of ashy-white come over it. In Denver, we went to the same hotel, and he registered first, and I next; and I knowed, somehow, it was for the last time. That telegram meant it, I kinder feared.

That night, he knocked at the door of our parlor. I told him to come in. Katherine was in her room, so we set down and talked a time about Denver, till she was ready. I thought, when she come out, that I'd never seen her looking so well. She had on a trailing blue gown, of some soft cloth, and white lace over it, and blue earrings—turquoise, I think—and a big

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bunch of pale-pink roses on her breast; she'd have flowers always. I thought she'd dressed up a little more than she would for just me; but I wasn't sure. She was fond of fine clothes, and they looked so well on her I never blamed her at all. We talked of the trip and Denver, and then Compton says sadly:

"Miss Evans, I leave Denver early in the morning. I have to go to my ho—my ranch. Let me thank you and the major for a beautiful journey. It seems mere words for me to tell you these few weeks have been the happiest in my life. My days have been barren of sunshine. I shall never forget you."

He took her hand.

"You will let us hear of you—from you," she says. "We do not want to say good-bye—rather, good-night. We'll meet again."

"If you would wish to remember me kindly," he said, hoarsely, "do not press me. Let me go my way; let me remain an acquaintance en-route—a fellow-traveler, no more."

"As you wish," she said, coldly, withdrawing her hand. "Good-bye."

He shook hands with me, and left us, a deeper shadow than ever on his face, the melancholy deeper in his eyes. I met him in the hotel-corridor, late that night; he was very pale still.

"Does she hate me now?" he said, bitterly, stopping me.

There was wild streaks in him, from his early training, and he didn't know how to cover up a hurt. I've seen soldiers, in battle, fight when they was wounded, as bravely as if a treacherous bullet wasn't torturing 'em.

"No," says I; "of course not. But, don't you see, you act queer. This is your home; we have known you quite a while: we don't understand why you wish to hide yourself."

"It is the right way," he muttered.

"But you act," I went on, "as if you had done something wrong or disgraceful; it puts us in an unpleasant position."

"I have made a terrible mistake," he said, quietly, almost sternly. "Rest assured, it was no crime—only a mad folly of a dreary time; it has brought its punishment. Major, tell her I deserve only her pity, not her scorn."

Then he vanished.

II.

Somehow, after he was gone, our jaunting grew tedious. We missed his care and attention, and his little thoughtful acts for our comfort. Katherine wasn't looking so well, and was rather quiet: so, to please her, I suggested we hire horses and ride down to Manitou, the summer-resort of Colorado, some seventyfive miles from Denver—a pretty little mountain-place, in the shadow of Pike's Peak. She liked the idea. So we set out, our valises strapped on our saddles, sending our trunks down by the railroad. Katherine looked mighty pretty, in her dark-green habit, with her wide hat. We got along well, the first day: but, the second, we lost our way. There was four roads, and the man who directed us had told us wrong. It was late in the afternoon when we got lost, and we rode on till dark, without finding the settlement we'd been led to expect. Katherine grew tired—I could see that: besides, she hadn't been very well for a week. So I asked her if we should turn back.

"No, keep on; the road must lead to somewhere," she said, almost fretfully. "It is too far to go back: my horse is so tired." She was always thoughtful for everything around her.

The road wound among a lot of low sand-hills, some covered with stunted pines; there was dry creeks and deep gulches between the hills, and cattle feeding by the road. At dark, it grew oppressively still; not a sound of bird or insect, as it is to home in the East, but a quiet dead night, lit by faint stars and fainter moon, with a soothing cooling wind blowing through the trees. It was ghostly enough, and I was half scared. I am old and feeble—and who could protect that beautiful woman? It was all a strange country to me, and the more dreadful on that account.

"Beyond that hill," says Katherine, starting me out of my thinking, "is a camp-fire. I see the reflection against the sky. We'll go there."

When we got there, we found three figures around the fire—Injuns, I made out. I thought of tomahawks and scalping, war-whoops—all I'd read of when I was a boy; but Katherine rode right up to 'em. I then saw there was two squaws and a man-Injun. They was cooking a rabbit over the fire. A tent, with skins in it, was back of 'em; and four or five ponies was tethered near-by.

"We have lost our way. May we share your fire?" says Katherine.

To my astonishment, the younger squaw—rather a good-looking woman—came up to the horse and said, in as good grammar as anyone uses: "Where are you going?"

"To Manitou."

"This is miles out of the way. Your horse is tired. Stay, if you want to."

We got down and unsaddled our horses. Katherine fell to talking right away with the young squaw; the other was old and wrinkled, and wouldn't say a word; and the Injun-man

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only grinned at us. He set wrapped up in his blanket, like a wooden figure. We set and talked to the young squaw a long time after supper, while the old Injuns slept. She told us she lived on a ranch ten miles further on, and had a nice home and children. She only come to see her folks once a year; she liked to wander then, and live as they did. When she was home at her house, she said, she wore dresses like Katherine. She was not as homely as most Injuns; her eyes was brown and pretty. She was mighty took with Katherine, staring at her all the time.

Early as we woke, the next morning, the Injuns was packed up and ready to go. The old ones got on their horses, grunted something to the young squaw, and was off. She looked after them sorter wistful, as they caverted off at a reckless gallop, but never said nothing.

At her invitation, we went on to her ranch, she riding a pony, man-fashion. The road, at first, was through the hills. But, pretty soon, we come to an open plain, where there was a creek; beyond this, was farm-buildings; and, further on, a low stone house, one-storied, hid under cottonwoods and covered with vines. Three pretty boys come running down to meet us; they was all dark like the mother, but had fine features like Christians. A pale lady, in black, followed 'em.

"Those are my boys," says the squaw. "That's their governess—Miss Blake—coming. I hate her; but my husband thinks she does well."

The boys was sorter shy of their mother, not kissing her or anything, like sons oughter do; and the littlest, a chap of eight or so, says:

"Ma, I wish you wouldn't be Injun. I don't love you so."

She cut at him with her whip, and he ran away, crying.

"Papa is home," says the eldest boy; "he got back some days ago. Miss Blake sent him word you was gone."

The squaw give a fierce look at the pale woman. But Miss Blake didn't mind it a mite, but asked us how we come, and was took with Katherine, as all are. She was the children's second-cousin, she said, and loved them dearly; she only staid on that account.

The house was furnished in good style, and they set us a nice breakfast of chicken and fruit, to which the squaw come in, in Christian clothes; but, I must say, she looked worse in 'em than in her heathen get-up. I gness she belonged to the plains. We didn't see much of the boys till breakfast; then two of 'em come in. The oldest had gone on his pony to meet his father, who had been out all night, looking for the mother.

"Their father is an American," said Miss Blake. "Twenty years ago, poor and friendless, he fell in with the tribe Winona's father was chief of. She nursed him through a long illness, and he married her when he was well. Settlers often married Injun girls, in the early days. Her father is honored by all the pioneers of this country; for he was always fair and just to them."

After breakfast, they pointed out a short-cut to the Manitou road, and we concluded to go, as our horses were well rested.

"I can't offer you pay, Winona," says Katherine, in that sweet way of hers, calling the squaw, as everybody did, by her first-name—in fact, we never thought of asking her married name; "you would be hurt." The squaw drawed herself up proud. "But here's a bracelet—just a toy-thing. It fits your arm; wear it for me. See the padlock and the little key? I'll fasten it for you."

She stood, in her green habit, by the horse-block—to which the little boys, very proud to help, had led up our horses—and fastened the bracelet on the Injun's arm, the Injun looking shy and pleased, and Miss Blake beaming with smiles.

"Here's papa," all at once shouted the littlest boy. I looked. I could have dropped dead. It hit me hard. But her: oh, if we had started ten minutes earlier! How well I knowed that strong sinewy figure; that splendid head, with the sad eyes; that born rider, who was part of his horse. He come up rapid, the child by his side on the pony.

Katherine looked up suddent, when he was close. She'd been locking the padlock on that pesky bracelet, and hadn't seen him afore. She gave a little cry, and passed her hand over her forehead, like she was dazed and stunned.

He lifted his hat, then he got off his horse.

"Miss Evans, of all people in the world," he said, his voice shaking, "you here?"

He never seen me at all. He was looking at her with a kind of horror; his face was white and his voice choked.

She did not answer him. In a queer hesitating voice, she turns to me and says:

"My horse, uncle, please—quick!"

I knowed she was going to break down. I ran and fetched the animal to the horseblock for her. But he pushed me aside.

"I will help Miss Evans," he says, firmly. "My boy told me of last night—of a beautiful lady coming home with his mother; that you

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staid with her and her parents—all. I recognized who you were. I have been searching since I came back from California—called by an old trouble, the same every year, often lasting months. I find you here, fastening a bracelet on my wife's arm." He gave a bitter laugh. "Now you know my life. I should be happy, should I not?"

Katherine did not answer, but suffered him to help her on her horse.

"You know that woman—that paleface," now screeched the squaw. She had been watching em eagerly, and come running up. "She kept you away. Ha! I shouldn't have come back. You keep me from my people. You jail me here, when you go and make love to her. Oh, yes, she lost her way, you say. She did not—not. She came here for you. I am your wife, though—your wife, wife, wife. Do you hear me?" her voice getting shriller and angrier. "You are bound to me. You can't ever have her. We Injuns live so long—my grandfather was over a hundred. I will live, too. You shall not have her. Here: break it off. Break it off, I say. It's hers: the woman's that you loved—you kissed," she screamed, furiously, tugging at the bracelet with all her might. It would not come off. Like a mad woman, she seized a rock, and laid her wrist on the stone horseblock, and beat the bracelet, breaking it into a hundred pieces, cutting her flesh horribly. The children were crying pitiful, the biggest boy trying to get his mother away, and Miss Blake helping of him.

"Mrs. Compton," says Katherine, quickly, "I swear to you, your husband was only an acquaintance. I met him on the train; that was all. I did not know he lived here. Please believe me. What can I say to make you listen? There is a God above for you, as well as me. You believe in him: I do. I swear, as I hope to meet that God some day, your husband was only a friend—hardly that."

The squaw listened sullenly. "Come into the house," says Miss Blake, quiet and cold. "Come, Winona." She seemed to have some mysterious power over the woman, and she led her away. The children looked at us, with tear-wet faces. I held the little fellow in my lap a minute; he sorter took a holt on me.

"I am bitterly sorry this happened," said John Compton, bravely, looking into my niece's white face. "I could not have helped it. It was fate."

"We came, ourselves; we did not know," she answered, trembling. "I am so glad, though, we did come. I held, for a time, a suspicion of you, that you were base and unworthy. I beg your pardon. I want you to forgive me for ever harboring such a thought. In my heart, I always knew that you were true and noble."

"No, not that. I have only done my duty. She gave me my wealth, in the old days. My miserable life!" He almost broke down. "I have tried to make her happy, as I have tried to be a faithful steward of her land. We have lived in peace until the old instinct of her race claimed her, and she wandered off with her tribe; three of our children died of exposure in our early married life, for she took them with her; then I got Miss Blake to guard my little ones, when I was away. After her long wandering, she comes back, as you saw her to-day, a disgrace and sorrow to us, and a sad spectacle to her bright little lads. God knows I have tried," he went on, brokenly. "I shall try to the end. Shut in behind those hills, I will devote my life to her. I will never go out into the world again; you have taught me not to go away."

"There's laws that could be fixed to free you," I said, testily, mounting my horse. "If she'd rather be wild, let her; this is a horrible life for a gentleman."

"That is unworthy of you, Uncle Wilson," says Katherine, frowning; "she is his wife—the mother of his children. Good-bye, little lads," she called back as we rode off. They waved their hats to her. Their father came after us, on the bay horse, saying he'd open the gate. When we got to the gate, he had dismounted, and was standing there, his sombrero in his hand.

"That road leads to Manitou," he said, pointing the way. "Keep straight on; you cannot miss it."

"Which is the road to Denver?" asked Katherine.

"That direction. Why?"

"I am not going to Manitou," says Katherine, with quivering lip, her brave self-control leaving her. "I am sick of travel and adventure, and—and—of the West." She nearly broke down too. "I am going home."

He come close up to her, and looked up into her beautiful face.

"I have something of yours," he said, tenderly, taking from his breast a package wrapped in silk: "a part of a pine-cone that you found, or that came to you from the old tree in Yosemite. You flung it aside forgotten, I treasure it forever. May I keep it?"

She was crying bitterly, her face hidden in her hands. He reached up, and took one of her hands in his.

"It is no sin," he cried, passionately, "to tell you now, the last moment we shall ever be together—our last meeting on earth—that I—"

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He tried to stop, but could not; then he suddenly flung both arms around her—nor did I blame him.

"I love you, I love you," he went on, fierce and fast, "the noblest woman under the sun, perfect, pure as a lily, tender as an angel. Pity me, in my future, chained to my wife, trying to be true to her, when your face is ever before me, your voice ringing in my ears. God pity me, and give me strength to leave you now!"

"The only one I ever loved, I ever could love," she sobbed, bending down her beautiful head to his. I turned away. I was crying like a baby. That my noble girl should suffer so, that he was to be tortured to the end, and all so pitiful, when they might have been so happy, being made for each other. He pushed her away almost roughly, jumped on his bay horse, and galloped away.

We spoke little on our homeward journey. I telegraphed for our trunks to be returned, and we left for the East as soon as possible. I knew by her white face and sleepless eyes what was coming.

When we got to New York, she was down sick, and at the point of death. But she got well after awhile, and tried to be her old self; but I could see the shadow was creeping over her face, and the same look he had in his eyes began to deepen in hers. All this while, she was active in good works, and cheerful, seeming only a little older and quieter.

A year later, she brought me a black-bordered letter. "It's from Miss Blake, dear," she said, quite calm; "I have had it a week, but was not brave enough to tell you before. He is dead. His wife ran away in the spring, as usual, to go with her tribe; he followed; the streams were swollen by the melting snow from the mountains; he tried to ford the creek that her tribe had crossed the day before, and was swept under by the fierce torrent; he and the bay horse went down together in the wild seething waters. They were found miles below; Miss Blake hardly knew him. Ah, those cruel rocks!"

"To the end, he was true to her. We might a-known he'd a-died like that," said I.

"So like him," says Katherine, passing her hand over her forehead in that dazed way: "so noble, so brave. That was a pleasant journey we had, dear. We will ask him to call, this evening. I do not like to lose sight of him. All sunshine! No, no: all shadow—black shadow."

I looked at her in terror. Was she losing her mind, to be so calm, and yet so strange? She saw my scared face; and then, forgetful of herself, she thought of me. She knelt down by my chair, laying her head on my breast.

"I will not die, uncle: I will live, for your sake. But—but my heart is broken. You remember the name—John Compton, of Colorado. You laughed, and said a whole State was not more than enough for him: the whole world holds not such a man. 'Westport, Maine,' you wrote; the fine old captain! Why, that wasn't long ago; such grateful letters he writes. It is no time, but all time, to me since then."

"Hush, Katherine, hush," I cried, miserably; "for God's sake, be still. Cry, dear child; think of him dead, dying so brave. Weep over him. Sitting with dry staring eyes, day and night, is driving you mad. He didn't give up, that day, at the gate: he went back to his duty. Isn't there good work you can do? For my sake, try to be brave. I am such a feeble old man now, and I shall be all alone."

The wan strained look on her face faded; she burst into passionate sobbing. I thanked God for that; for I knew she was saved. It was not right she should go mad and die—the most perfect woman in the world.

The poor call her blessed, the sick and sorrowful wait for her coming; she never spares herself. Somewhere in the beyond, I hope she will get her reward. It mayn't be harps nor singing, and I can't reconcile it with Scripture: but I know her heaven is the love of that true honest gentleman—John Compton, of Colorado.

"WHO CAN TELL?"

BY HERBERT W. JONES.

If you met her in a walk,
You'd cry, quick:
"Her complexion is of chalk,
Laid on thick."
But her rosy cheeks, so bright,
Are her own;
For she paints them ev'ry night,
When alone.

So the tresses on her head,
I've been told,
Were at first a brickdust-red;
Now they're gold!
How she does it, when and where,
Who can tell?
Though so charming and so fair,
She's a "sell"!

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ELIZABETH.

BY BARBARA YECHTON, AUTHOR OF "KISMET," ETC.

ELIZABETH RICHMOND sat on her windowsill, with knitted brows and a far-off puzzled look on her face. Her memory had gone back five years, and five years change twenty to twenty-five, a young fresh girl into a matured and often disappointed woman. Five years ago, Elizabeth had been a petted, only daughter, enjoying life with all her heart, pretty enough to be lovable, bright and saucy with success and admiration. Even now, she blushed when she thought of Jack Ainslie, four years older than herself, and of his bright kindly brown eyes, the slight brown mustache, the well-shaped head covered with brown curls, and the almost adoring look with which he had always met her. Ah! life had been such a happy affair, in those days. He and she were not engaged, however: they had not exactly come to that; and then Jack was called suddenly home, his father having been struck with paralysis. How well she remembered the afternoon he came in to bid her good-bye! Her mother was present, and also Gertrude, who was Fred's wife; and all Jack could do was to hold her hand close, and look. Not a word was spoken, but Elizabeth fancied she read a great deal in his eyes.

After that, came sorrows, fast upon each other: her father's sudden death; the losses his estate suffered; the trip to Europe, to see if she and her mother could live there on their diminished income; her mother's lingering illness and death; her utter loneliness in a foreign land, without friends or money, until Fred came—Fred, her older brother, who would have been poor also, now, if it had not been for a rich wife.

In all this time, for four wearisome years, not one line or word from Jack. "He must have known," thought Elizabeth, knitting her brows closer. Yet she shrank from speaking his name. The steamer was nearly home, indeed, when, under cover of one night's darkness, Elizabeth asked about him, with a fast-beating heart and in a measured tone, that might have told her secret to anyone more interested than her half-brother.

"Ainslie? Ainslie?" repeated Fred, musing. "Oh, yes: he married Jeffreys's daughter, a few weeks before I left home—a very rich girl. Gertrude can tell you all about it."

A sharp blinding pain—she almost gasped for breath, but uttered no sound; and Fred never guessed her misery.

Gertrude was amazed at the change the years had made in the bright blooming girl. But she treated her young sister-in-law, nevertheless, as a dependent.

"Had it not been for my money," she said to herself, "Fred would have been ruined by his father's failure. Elizabeth is only his half-sister. It will be enough to offer her a home, without incurring extra expense by bringing her into society again."

So Elizabeth became half governess, half companion, at Houghdan; and, when the family went to the city, for the winter, she remained with Mrs. Marston, Gertrude's invalid aunt.

That winter, a younger daughter of the house—Maude—came out; and, when summer returned again, the country-seat was full of guests and gayety. One day, at breakfast, Fred said:

"By the bye, I met Ainslie yesterday, and he said you had asked him down, Maude."

"Yes," answered Maude, with a conscious air. "We talked about it often, in the winter; and I got a note from him, yesterday, saying he would be here to-morrow."

"What Jack Ainslie do you mean?" asked Elizabeth, in a very quiet voice.

"I only know of one Jack Ainslie," replied Maude, superciliously. But Elizabeth, ignoring the rudeness, looked at her brother for an answer.

"Why, Jack Ainslie," he repeated. "You used to know him: old Ralph Ainslie's son—Godfrey's brother."

"Does his wife come with him?" asked Elizabeth.

"His wife?" cried Maude, indignantly. "What are you thinking of?"

"Why, he isn't married," said Fred. "You are thinking of Godfrey, who married old Jeffreys's daughter. Jack has never married. He is wedded to his profession, he says. Certainly, no man of his age has such a fine reputation. I tell you, it is quite a feather in a girl's cap to have any attention from Jack Ainslie. Eh, Maude?"

Maude laughed consciously, while Gertrude smiled approval. Elizabeth's untasted breakfast was not noticed. All were too full of their own concerns to observe that her face was pale and her mouth set.

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And, now that the meal was over, and the family dispersed, she sat here, doubled up on her windowsill, going over it all. "So it was not true," she was telling herself. "He had not married; he had been single, all these years. Yet he had made no effort to find her out." A bitter smile curled her lip. "He has no interest in poor Miss Richmond," she said. "Perhaps he meant nothing; perhaps I imagined it all," thought poor Elizabeth, with a sudden rush of hot color. Then, as her mind ran over the short happy days of their acquaintance, touching softly, lovingly, on the few incidents that stood out clearly, she cried: "He—he did care; not as much as I did, but still he did care. But, oh! why do I talk in this way? He has forgotten me, long ago. Elizabeth, don't make a fool of yourself. Thank God, your life can never be utterly lonely, while there are children and books in the world."

Yet—for such is woman—Elizabeth put up her hair, the next afternoon, with unusual care, dressing it high, in the latest fashion, and pulling the soft curly locks over her forehead. Her dress was a white one, simply made, which she had often worn before; but the pink rosebuds, pinned in the folds of lace at her throat, were very becoming. Her cheeks matched the roses, too, in color.

But her hands were as cold as ice, as the carriage came to the door. Maude passed her on the stairs, running quickly down. The young girl wore an exquisite white dress, which, by contrast, made Elizabeth's look old and messed. She was a vision of youth and loveliness, and the woman's heart sank as she appreciated the difference between her freshness and her own disappointed look.

As Elizabeth entered the room, Fred was shaking hands with a man who stood facing the door—a tall brown well-built man, with keen brown eyes, and a large brown mustache, that covered a pleasant firm mouth, though one with lines of humor about its corners, nevertheless. He looked straight at Elizabeth; and, as their eyes met, a sudden flash of recognition, a sudden widening of the pupils in his, sent a thrill through her heart. But he merely gave her cold hand the conventional shake, and bowed, as Fred said: "I believe you know my sister Elizabeth?" answering: "I have that pleasure."

This was all. Then followed a good deal of talk and laughter, which did not include Elizabeth, whom the family, as usual, ignored; after which, they adjourned to dinner. It was an ordeal to our poor heroine. She said little, but noted every movement, every glance, heard every tone, of the man who sat a few seats away, at the opposite side of the table. Once, she caught his eyes, filled with a curious, half-questioning, half-scornful expression, that brought a rush of hot color to her cheek, and caused the small head to elevate itself proudly. It was an old well-remembered gesture; but the individual who had called it out only frowned heavily for a moment; and, when next Elizabeth looked at him, he was bending toward Maude, and they were laughing heartily together. She was thankful when the meal was over, and she could get out with the children, into the garden, for their usual romp. Then came their bedtime, and Mrs. Fred had made it understood that Elizabeth was to take it upon herself to put the children to bed. Tired out, the lonely girl at last reached the parlor again.

Jack sat at the piano. Slipping into a chair, in the shadow of the portières, Elizabeth prepared to listen. She knew his voice of old. She remembered a time when she used to play his accompaniments. Somehow, she was glad he had not asked Maude to do it to-night. She wondered if he sang her favorite song now. How well she remembered it! Did he remember it, too? Jack struck a few deep chords, then sang:

"From the desert I come to thee,
On my Arab shod with fire,
And the winds are left behind,
In the speed of my desire.
Under thy window I stand,
And the midnight hears my cry:
I love thee! I love thee!
With a love that shall not die
Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment-book unfold."

Elizabeth rose, blindly, to leave the room, before the second verse came. How could he be so cruel? Her song, her favorite, which she had gone over with him so often, in the dear happy past; which she had believed he sang and meant only for her; and now he sang it with even more feeling, more passion in his voice—for Maude.

Blindly, she stumbled over the folds of the portière. The song ceased; a strong helping hand assisted her to rise; a voice asked, kindly:

"I hope you are not hurt?"

"Not in the least—thank you," was her quick cold response, meeting his eyes proudly for a minute. Then she begged to be excused, and fled to her room. She could hear the piano up there, and she noted that the second verse of her song was not sung, that evening.

"What possessed you to wear your hair up high?" asked Mrs. Fred, the next morning, in

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an undertone, as Elizabeth came to breakfast. "It don't suit you: it makes you look ten years older."

Elizabeth colored; for she knew that Jack heard every word. She saw his lips curl.

"I suppose he thinks I look as old as the hills," she thought, "and is laughing at me."

Two days passed. Some young people had come from the city, and the house was a gay one. Jack appeared to be a prime favorite with all. He danced attendance on Maude, while Elizabeth stood aside and looked on, and great shadows came under her eyes. Jack scarcely noticed her in any way. He seemed utterly indifferent.

But, one afternoon, he met her on the stairs, alone. She was dressed in some thin black material, through which her perfect neck and arms gleamed whitely.

"You are too sombre," he said, stopping one step below her; "you want a dash of color. Allow me—" And he audaciously laid a bunch of soft Jacque-roses in the black lace at her throat, and was gone before she recovered from her astonishment. She made a gesture to throw them away, then laid them caressingly against her cheek, and pinned them on her dress.

"I am a fool," she said to herself: "I know I am; but I can't help it. I can't always make myself as cold as ice. Dear roses—does he remember how I used to love them?" And her hand went up, and patted the flowers softly.

She was seldom invited to join the parties made up in the house, and did not always accept invitations when they came. A boating-expedition had been arranged, however, and at the eleventh hour one of the number backed out. On this, Maude asked her to take the vacant place. Elizabeth was sitting in a low chair in a dark corner of the piazza, with Ernest, a little six-year-old, in her lap.

"No, thanks," she said.

"Oh, you must go," said Maude, pettishly. "It will make thirteen if you don't; and I have a superstition about thirteen. Can't you change your plans? You shall sit on the other side of Mr. Ainslie, who sits by me."

"What!" thought Elizabeth, bitterly, "sit and see every look and thought that once were mine given to Maude?" Nothing, she determined, should induce her to go.

But now Jack himself came up. "Can't we persuade you?" he asked, as he flung himself down on the edge of the piazza-floor beside her chair. She could have laid her hand on his head as he sat there. "We really want you to go," he continued. "Will you?" He spoke in the low caressing tone that used to move her so, years ago. She could not answer for a moment. "I wish you would," he went on. "You give too much of your time to these youngsters. That boy is too heavy for you. Put him down." He raised his arms as he spoke, to take the child, but Ernie clung closer.

"Auntie is mine!" he cried, crossly. "Go away. She belongs to me!"

"No, she doesn't," with an authority in his voice. "Perhaps," daringly, "she even belongs to me!"

An utter silence fell on the small group. Elizabeth's heart beat wildly. A sudden anger filled her. Had she so plainly shown her foolish feelings, that he presumed to say this to her?

"She is mine," quoth Ernie, presently, burying his head in Elizabeth's neck.

"Let her decide that," put in Jack, quickly, suddenly laying his hand over hers.

"Do you belong to him, or to me, Elizabeth?" he said. There was a smothered passion in his voice, that astonished her. "For the sake of the dear old happy days, answer me."

White, trembling, with wide-open brilliant eyes, Elizabeth rose. He rose too. They faced each other in the dim corner of the piazza. Through the open window, they could hear Maude's voice, singing. "Perchance, if we had never met, I had been spared this mad regret."

"Are you mad, mad?" she asked, breathlessly, clasping the child closer. "Have you no sense of honor to anyone? Remembering the old days together, and what came after, I don't even consider your question worth an answer."

She broke off, and turned to go. But he caught her wrist, and drew her close to him.

"You shall answer me, this time," he cried, hoarsely. "I will not let you go until you do, not if every living being in the house come here to hear it. Elizabeth, can you look at me with your honest eyes, and deny that you once loved me? Surely, my darling, you owe me that much, after all these years!"

Alas for Elizabeth! His voice, his touch, were stealing her strength from her.

"You are cruel," she said, with quivering lips. "You are not the Jack I knew of old. He would never have forced me to remain with him against my will, exposing me to unkind and undeserved remarks. Let me go, sir."

"Forgive me, if I have been rough or cruel," he answered, slowly: "I did not mean to be. But you owe me something, Elizabeth, for the silence of all these years. Why did you never answer my letter? Why did you treat me then—why do you treat me now—with this half-concealed contempt?"

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"Your letter?" cried Elizabeth.

Before he could reply, one of those things happened which we can only explain by calling them the result of "fate." Fred appeared at one of the French windows, and, seeing Elizabeth, came out on the piazza, as if it was her he was looking for—as, in fact, it was.

"Oh, there you are, Elizabeth," he said. "Here is a letter which I found among some old papers to-day, in town—it seems, too, to have been overlooked for several years. It must have come about the time you were starting for Europe; and, I suppose, in the hurry and trouble, I forgot all about it. I hope it is not of any importance—"

Elizabeth knew the writing, though Fred did not, or he would scarcely have given it to her there. With a hurried apology to Jack, and with trembling fingers, she opened it and read—words of warm passionate love and sympathy, poured out with reckless prodigality from the heart she had doubted and misjudged, all these years.

"I cannot come to you now," wrote Jack, five years before, "for my father's life is despaired of, and Godfrey has not yet reached home; but I will do so as soon as I possibly can, if you will only send me one word, my darling, to keep my courage up until I see your sweet face again. I am sending this to Fred's care, by a special messenger, so as to be sure of your getting it. One word is all I ask for now, in your great sorrow, until we meet—"

Elizabeth looked up. A single glance showed her that Jack had recognized the letter. Fred had gone in again, taking his little boy with him; Maude had left, long before: they were alone.

"Ah, dear God," cried Jack, coming close to her, "I see it all: you never got the letter. But heaven is just, at last. Do you forgive me?"

He seized her hands, as he spoke, and looked appealingly into her eyes.

Drawing her hands away, Elizabeth deliberately laid them about his neck, and put her proud little head on his shoulder, with a tired gesture that was very touching.

"Jack!" she cried, piteously, with burning cheeks. "You see it all now! Do *you* forgive me?"

"But you haven't answered my question," replied Jack, as he put his arm around her waist. "Do you belong to me?"

"I do belong to you," she whispered, shyly. "I have, all these years, even before that letter was written."

"My darling!" cried Jack, and both arms held her fast enough now. Then, presently: "I don't wonder you have been angry. Yet I never imagined you had not received my letter. Hence I resented your silence, and kept away from you, and even hesitated about coming up here, in spite of Maude's frequent invitations. I called you heartless, and tried to forget you. I was beginning to think I had succeeded. But the first glance at your dear face brought back all the old longing."

"And your behavior to Maude?" asked Elizabeth, withdrawing a little from him at mention of her name.

"I wanted to make you jealous, dear," he answered, drawing her closer. "I was mad, miserable, most of the time. You were so proud, so cold, with all your love. And as for Maude, why, now I can tell you a secret. This very morning, she accepted Harry Sherrard, whose trustee I am, and who came at once to tell me. Haven't you seen how he has worshiped the very ground she trod on, ever since he has been here? I beg your pardon for my miserable attempt at strategy. It is only you I love. I never loved any other. My darling, I shall love you

'Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment-book unfold.'

Does that content you, sweetheart?"

AFTER CLOUDS, LIGHT.

BY MINNIE L. BRAUN.

Long we lived and loved together,
Through the sunshine and the storm;
But you've crossed the silent river,
Left me weeping here alone.

Darling, I am ever striving
To obey our Father's will,
That, when o'er the chilling water,
Comes the boatman, pale and still,
He will bear me through the portal,
Just beyond the rolling tide.
There, all grief will be forgotten:
Life, and love, and joy abide.

I will trust the loving Father—
He will guide my feet aright.
We shall know each other, darling,
Where no clouds obscure the light.

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THE MILLIONAIRE'S DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1885, by Miss Ann Stephens, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

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CHAPTER XXXII.

THE old man's voice was broken and sorrowful. Brooks saw, through the shadowy light, that one hand was lifted to his face, as if to brush the pain of tears away.

"Yes," said Mrs. Hilton; "we may as well give up the thought of seeing them here. Still, we can always keep ready for them; the wish may come to them some day."

"Dorothea seems to write as if she meant it. As for my daughter Marier, the lovingest and most affectionate child a man ever had, she wants to come—I am sure. She'd come, if she could, I am sartin. You mustn't think, Sam Brooks, because we, Mrs. Hilton and I, are a little downhearted at your coming alone, that we blame anyone—least of all, the best daughter that an old man ever had. Far from it—far from it."

Brooks arose. He thought, with self-reproach, how little had been done at any time to make the kind old farmer happy in his own home, and how cruelly he had been abandoned when that home was broken up.

"Your ideas of the future, my friend and dear father, are far too gloomy. Your daughter and the girls may not come to you here, for the place is more forlorn than I expected to find it; but you shall see your daughter, and that before many weeks have passed. And you, dear madam, may hope to meet Rue in some more cheerful home than this."

"No, no," said Mr. Burritt; "nothing can be better or more comfortable, if they were only here. From the day I was born in it, my heart has been set on this old house, and I ask God to bless you for having saved it from these oil-people, every day of my life."

"You have not received much to thank me for, Mr. Burritt," said Brooks, with deep feeling; "but, after this, my duty shall be better performed. Everything that you have ever loved shall be held sacred: not a shingle from this old roof shall ever be torn away, or a foot of the land reserved with it molested—of that you may be certain. As for the rest, both you and Mrs. Hilton shall see your children, and never, if I can help it, be entirely separated from them again."

Old Mr. Burritt came down the path as Brooks went to the gate to mount his horse.

"My son," he said, struggling for breath, "I couldn't thank you just now—the thought of seeing her again came on me so suddenly; but I do thank you—oh, a thousand times. You have been a good son to me, ever since I first saw you. I don't know of another man on earth that I'd rather my Marier had married."

Mrs. Hilton was still sitting in the porch, with both hands uplifted to her face, as if to hide or force back tears that could no longer be kept from her eyes, when he returned from the gate.

The old man sat down by her, and drew one of her hands away, somewhat awkwardly, for he was not accustomed to much demonstration of the tenderness that made his whole nature so lovable.

"I oughtn't to have given you time to get into a crying-spell," he said, smoothing her hand between his own rough palms; "but I couldn't help staying at the gate so long as the huffs of his horse could be heard, for they sounded like music to me, after what he promised."

"I am thankful, surprised, miserable, and yet so happy: that is what makes me cry," said Mrs. Hilton, and the smile that broke through her tears would have assured the old man, had the light permitted him to see it; for no such smile had ever beamed in those sad eyes, since his remembrance of them.

When Brooks reached the red tavern, where he had taken lodging during his stay at the crossing, he found Burnside seated in the long porch. The latter rose, saying:

"How du you du, Squire? I've been waiting here in the hopes of seeing you, ever since sundown. They told me at the post-office that you had rid through the crossing, and was circumventing the works up the valley: so I jest made myself easy, and waited till you'd come along."

Even in the imperfect light, some remarkable change was discernible in the stout mechanic. About his neck and over his broad bosom, an

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expanse of white linen had replaced the red flannel of his working-garments: now and then he pulled a silk handkerchief from his pocket, and, instead of using his shirt-sleeves, wiped his face with it rather ostentatiously, as children are continually consulting their first watches. Everything about the man proclaimed that some important change had come upon him.

"Didn't expect ter find me hanging about the tavern," said Burnside, pulling a chair close to his own, and inviting Brooks to occupy it. "That hasn't been the way I got my living, when the old shop was all I had ter depend on; but everything has changed at the crossing, since young Dayton diskivered how much riches there was lying around loose in the valley up yonder, and most of us has piled in for a share, I amongst the first and foremost. Then things went up with a run, and I could shut up the old shop-winders to-morrow, and live independent as a clam in high-water, if I wanted ter—which I don't. Only, now and agin, I drop over here to git the news and talk over the ups and downs of the ile-trade, for nobody owes more to it than I do."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Brooks seated himself in the chair so hospitably offered, and very willingly took his share of the conversation; for he was troubled by what he had seen at the old homestead, and wished to inform himself of all that related to its inmates.

"Been all over the ile-track, I reckon?" said Burnside, confidentially. "Magnificent, ain't it? New wells a-busting out all over the valley, every fresh spout making your wife richer and richer. Wonderful! But no one deserves it more than she does: I allus said she ought to have been a queen-bee, and that is jest what she is. It is a great comfort to old Burritt, when I tell him that; nothing else cherks him up so much."

"You see Mr. Burritt often, then?"

"Often? I should think so. There ain't hardly a day that he don't go by our shop, on his way to the post-office."

"Does he have so many letters, then?" questioned Brooks.

"Oh, that's another question. If you could see his face, day after day, as he turns from the office, with his head bent and his steps so heavy, that 'ere question needn't be asked. Now and then, he gets a letter for Mrs. Hilton, from Rue; but it is enough to make your heart ache to see the disappointment in his face when he sees the handwriting and knows it ain't for him. At sich times, he's sure ter stop at the shop—to rest a little, as he says—and there he will sit and sit, looking at the ground, as if he felt like being buried in it then and there; but I ginerally cherk him up a little by talking about her when she was a girl—more than as harnsome as your darter Dorothea."

"But Dorothea writes to her grandfather, I am certain," said Brooks, who felt every word that escaped the blacksmith as a reproach to his family.

"True enough; but not as Rue writes to her mother: weeks and months go by when the old man don't get a line. When a letter does come, he is sure to drop in and tell me about it, jest as if his darter Marier—I mean Mrs. Brooks—had writ it herself; and that builds him up for a week, and you wouldn't think he was failing as he is."

"Failing? Do you speak of his age or his health?"

"I speak of both, Squire Brooks—both. Burritt is growing older than a man of his years ought ter be—and no wonder; for there ain't no unhealthier spot in this county than the valley is now, to say nothing of its dreariness."

"Great heavens! and we never thought of this," said Brooks, greatly shocked.

"Oh, the old man don't seem to mind it. It was allus a healthy place, he says—anyway, his father thought so; but my belief is that neither he nor Mrs. Hilton will stand it much longer. She is gitting thin and weak-looking; besides, I can't see how she is to git along there. The ile-works have about broke up her school; so many strange workhands have made people afraid to send their children up the valley; and, now that we are building a fust-class academy of eddication at the crossing, her school will be cut down ter nothing; but she won't take help—not a dollar. I've tried it, and she won't—not even from me—so goodness only knows how she is to git along."

Brooks half arose from his chair, then controlled himself, and sat down again.

"Burnside," he said, "you have been a good friend to this old man and the lady who is so patiently sharing his solitary life. All this shall be changed. Neither my wife nor myself has been made aware of the things you are telling me. I will find a new home for my father-in-law—one near the daughter he loves so."

"No wonder," muttered the blacksmith. "Who could help loving her?"

Brooks did not hear this, but went on:

"I will make arrangements for their removal, the moment it is possible; but both these persons are unused to change or traveling. May I depend on you for such care and help as may be needful,

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when his daughter sends for the old man and the kind friend who has taken such care of him?"

"You can depend on me to do anything that can help Marier Burritt's father or Rue Hilton's mother," said Burnside, with hearty enthusiasm.

Brooks gave his hand to the blacksmith—warmly, gratefully.

"I shall depend on you, then. Spare neither time nor money. My wife will be grieved, if you leave one comfort uncared-for; and I am sure she will be grateful to a friend like you."

Burnside arose with more dignity than Brooks had ever observed in him before.

"Squire Brooks," he said, laying one hand over the portion of his broad chest occupied by as kind a heart as ever beat in a man's bosom, "there ain't a thing on arth that I wouldn't do, if it would give pleasure to your wife, or make that old man happier. Let's shake hands on it."

Thus Brooks left Hollow Swamp, deeply impressed by all that he had seen there, and full of self-blame that, in his overwrought sensitiveness, he had abandoned so much authority to his wife, when a sense of justice should have demanded a husband's interference. In order to secure, to the woman he had married, the entire control of property to which he had made no claim, he had kept aloof from all interference with her arrangements till common humanity demanded that, in some way, he should rescue that old man from the loneliness that had not only broken his spirits, but in an atmosphere that was preying upon life. These thoughts had occupied him remorsefully, in his journey to Saratoga, and he entered his apartments at the hotel resolved to expostulate with his wife, and enter into some arrangement by which the family might be again reunited. He had so long considered Rue as almost a member of his household, that a separation between her and his daughter would have been, to him, like parting sisters.

The resolution he had made—to act promptly, and, if necessary, with some authority, in this matter—made his return one of unusual interest, and the greeting with which he was received by Dorothea was met with an ardent response of affection, thrown back upon his heart by a scene so rudely cruel that it turned a generous impulse into stern determination. Hitherto, pride had secured for him the independence that he had given to his wife; but now his sense of justice was aroused, and his power of manhood was ready to assert itself, perhaps too aggressively. With or without the co-operation of Burritt's daughter, the old man should be brought back to the world out of which he seemed almost to have died. Too indignant and self-respectful for any further appeal in behalf of the old man, he resolved to put into operation a half-formed plan that had entered his mind, without submitting himself again to the indignity of a scene so full of insult as that through which he had just passed.

Brooks, in his marriage, had undertaken the happiness of others rather than ask it for himself. He had entered Mr. Burritt's family a weary and almost hopeless man, separated from his kindred, his country, and all the associations of his youth. There he had met with something better than hospitality: that kind old man had extended to him the abundant sympathy that gave child-like tenderness to his own nature. There also had been offered to him the love of an ardent, handsome, and, so far as he could judge, unselfish girl, whose happiness seemed cast into his hands.

This man had put his old life behind him, whatever that might have been. He had nothing to surrender, scarcely anything to hope for. The solitude of the place satisfied his desire for rest. His love for that kindly old man had grown to be that of a son; but he lived, through all the years of his stay at the Hollow Swamp farm, a solitary man, striving to content the aspirations of a highly-cultivated mind with his books, and in the childhood of his daughter and her friend—Rue Hilton—whom she insisted on bringing into a share of his affection, and, so far as her girlish power went, gave to that lovely child the position of a sister.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

"This room is too lonely and has far less sunshine than is good for a young man brooding under the idea that he is hopelessly ill," said Mrs. Boardman, in her kind chatty way, which had an effect of social sunshine in it. "We must get our friend down to the hotel at the lake. The sight of moving water has a charm for invalids that nothing can equal. Besides, it is one of the most beautiful places in the world, down there now. That unique little cottage on the face of the bluff is surrounded with a whole wilderness of flowers; every one of its rustic balconies overflows with them. I have admission to the grounds, for the lovely place is for sale or to let, and one can wander over it all day long, and yet find a new surprise with almost every footstep. What do you say to a change of residence, Mr. Hurst? It will take you into the very nest of poetry, and your friends can see you almost every day."

Hurst lifted his large star-like eyes with a weary expression that changed a little as they

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fell on Rue Hilton's face, which seemed absolutely to plead with him. The denial he was about to make was turned to hesitation by that one look, and he replied languidly, but with some appearance of will:

"If one could escape the crowds of company that gather there; but it would be like going back to all its social temptations."

Mrs. Boardman laughed pleasantly.

"You speak as if this place could hold no temptations that may not easily be resisted. Yet society finds you out, even here. Now that we have led the way, others will follow. Indeed, Mrs. Humphrey Vose gave me some sort of a message, this morning. I forget its exact words, but she seemed to bemoan the ten thousand duties that would not permit her to continue an acquaintance so pleasantly begun."

"The lady is considerate. I could scarcely expect so much kindness," said Hurst, gently, though the tint of a sea-shell rose for an instant through the pallor of his face.

"To-morrow or certainly within a day or two, Hurst will be able to drive down to the lake with me," said Dayton, confidently as if the whole thing had been settled. "I have an idea of taking rooms down there also. It will be a pleasant change, especially if we can get access to the beautiful grounds Mrs. Boardman speaks of. That will secure us any amount of rest and privacy."

Hurst bent his head, and, for the first time, Rue saw a smile light up his features into what she deemed wonderful expression.

Dorothea looked on gravely, and took but little part in the conversation. She had been painfully wounded by the scene which had taken place in her mother's parlor that morning, and the remembrance of it lay upon her like a storm-cloud; for she knew the will that was opposed to hers, and had no hope that it would relent toward Rue or herself.

Mrs. Boardman was a keen observer, and had heard enough to comprehend the situation in which the poor girl had been placed. The sympathy and kindness which she had from the first extended to both her and Rue had won the girl's confidence, and, in the frankness of her heart, Dorothea betrayed all that it suffered, and some of the indignation still burning there. But, of the deepest and most cruel assault upon her pride, she said nothing. How could she tell of the threat of entire disinheritance that her mother had so bitterly made, if she refused to consider Dayton as a man who was forcing attention upon her, because of the great wealth to which she would be heiress?

"If he had only asked me—if he had only said one word. But he never did; he never will. At the farm, it was different. I thought then, for a little time, that Rue—dear sweet Rue, my one friend, who is like a sister—stood between him and me. Ah, how angry, how miserable and wicked that made me! But it did not last; no one could be at enmity with that dear girl long. If she ever cared for him—and how could she help it?—her love for me was the stronger, and that for him was buried out of sight. Now, my mother is punishing her for it. She is to be turned out of doors, to end her life at Hollow Swamp. Never, never! I will go on my knees to mother—I will do anything to appease her; but, if Rue must go, I will go with her."

These thoughts had occupied Dorothea all that day; even when she was striving to talk lightly, they were uppermost in her mind, and, in her conversation with Mrs. Boardman, they conveyed a knowledge of the truth she never would have expressed, even to herself, in words.

Mrs. Boardman was not a woman to gather the secrets from a young creature like Dorothea and use them coarsely. She had begun to respect the girl and hold her far too talented and generous in her nature for the position her friend Mrs. Norris and the Chapperton set were maneuvering to place her in. A warm-hearted, generous, and talented girl like that will never develop the cold-blooded selfishness and graceful falsehood that gives sovereignty to fashion. She is worthy of something higher and better than that—worthy to become a noble wife, a loving mother, the head of a powerful man's household. That girl is full of petty faults—has everything to learn; but she is capable of a firm and honest love: she does love worthily.

These thoughts occupied Mrs. Boardman during the long walk which followed her visit to Hurst's lodging, and they were full of perplexity. That sensitive regard, which one refined woman has for the pride of another, kept her from even alluding to the subject, with Dayton, though she had known him from his very childhood, and had at one time been the warmest and best friend that his father had ever known. This, perhaps, was all the more reason that she should guard each word as it fell from her lips, rather than awaken a thought, in the young man's mind, of that which was perplexing her own.

CHAPTER XXXV.

Mrs. Brooks came out of her parlor, a few minutes after her husband had left it, with a lace scarf flung over her head, and a closed

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parasol clenched in her hand like a baton. She had, even in that tumult of excitement, arranged the lace so that no gleam of the silver threads in her hair might be visible; and, though she grasped the parasol almost fiercely, had taken care to select the most richly-mounted one in her possession.

There was something of her old independence in her walk and bearing, as she passed through the suite of parlors, greeting no one, but evidently intent on some particular object, which revealed itself when Chapperton placed himself at her side.

"I have been waiting so long," he said, with a look of bland reproach in his pale-blue eyes; "but, like all of your lovely sex, the power of tormenting only makes you cruel. I would not go out, for fear of missing you."

She did not reply at once, though his softly-spoken words soothed her a little; but opened her parasol with a gesture that invited him to follow, and went down the steps without checking her imperious trend, which was like that of an animal sharply curbed.

"To the springs?" questioned Chapperton.

"Yes, but I do not care for the waters, this morning, or to meet any of the people down yonder."

"You seem discomposed, troubled. Pray, tell me about it," said Chapperton, panting for breath; for the lady, in the impetuosity of her feelings, had urged him out of his usual lounging walk.

She did not answer him at once, but slackened her pace, and tried to gather up her thoughts.

"Surely I need not say that you can have no trouble that I shall not feel? It is impossible that you cannot understand that. Something has happened: I know it, I feel it. Your eyes are so beautifully bright—your cheeks have the red of a peach; but it is not the glow of pleasure I like to meet. Tell me, unless you wish to make others suffer more than yourself."

Mrs. Brooks turned down a side street, and took a circuitous way toward the park. With all her clear sense and indomitable will, she was quite unconscious of the influence this man had gained over her by his suave manners and persuasive tongue. She did not understand that this was the devotion he was ready always to pay to wealth in any form in which it presented itself, but felt it as a tribute to her own personal charms. He was a man to find out the ruling passion of his associates, and use it as a lever to his own ambition.

"Now," he said, leading her to the most remote shaded nook in the enclosure beyond the springs, "you have been disturbed. I know all the changes in that beautiful countenance too well, my friend, not to have detected that, the moment you appeared. Perhaps I know the cause, too, and have taken steps to make it harmless. You should trust to your friends a little—at least, to one friend, whom I hope you never will doubt."

Here Mr. Chapperton took the gloved hand that lay in the lady's lap, and pressed it with a degree of respectful tenderness that he had never bestowed on it before.

"You are too sensitive—quite too sensitive—proud generous natures like yours are apt to be; but you must not allow this little flurry about your daughter to depress you. Mrs. Boardman, with her usual fine tact, has prevented it taking root. She is always more than a match for Vose, who has been driven to her last resource of scandal; for she begins to feel how closely your beautiful daughter is crowding her out of place."

"My daughter crowding Mrs. Humphrey Vose? What does this mean, Mr. Chapperton?"

"I am speaking of your daughter's social popularity, which grows with each day, to the infinite disgust of Mrs. Humphrey Vose, whom she is sure to supplant before another season opens."

"My daughter Dora?" questioned Mrs. Brooks, in a tone of high displeasure. "It seems as if all Saratoga were going wild about her: as if a girl of her age ever could reach the highest style of beauty. I declare, it is enough to make one sick of society, when it consents to be led by a girl who never will be—"

Here Mrs. Brooks hesitated, and turned crimson under Mr. Chapperton's admiring gaze.

"She never can be the perfect specimen of beautiful womanhood that we find in her mother. I have said this to our set a dozen times, when the young lady has been under discussion. It would be far easier for us to substitute the mother, with all her beauty unimpaired and the wonderful tact she possesses, into the sovereignty of fashion, than to persevere regarding this charming but unformed girl. Indeed, since her name has been so closely associated with your agent Dayton, I begin to see great difficulties in regard to her—"

"Dayton and my daughter Dora? What has that Hilton creature led her into, more than I know of?" exclaimed Mrs. Brooks. "The artful thing is capable of anything, and blinds everyone but me into thinking her an angel: but this day has put an end to it."

The woman spoke with such bitter intensity that it rather startled the man by her side, and he said deprecatingly:

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"I was not thinking of Miss Hilton or any other lady, except your daughter and of that young man Dayton, whose attention threatens to upset all the plans we have been at so much trouble to arrange for her. You see, my dear friend, it is quite impossible for our set, powerful as it is, to select a leader in the fashionable world, however beautiful and highly-connected, who gives such encouragement to the agent of a company, who has his position to make."

"Mr. Dayton is nothing to my daughter or to myself, whatever he is or may be," Mrs. Brooks exclaimed, with haughty warmth. "He would not dare to pretend to anything more than that, brazen as he is. Not two hours ago, I ordered Dora to give up all intimacy with him."

"And she consented?" said Chapperton. "I am glad to hear that."

"I don't know whether she consented or not; Mr. Brooks didn't give her a chance. Would you believe it, Mr. Chapperton, he insisted that this Dayton was to be received in his home as a dear friend. His home, indeed! I wonder where it was to be found when he came to my father's barnyard for work?"

All at once, Mrs. Brooks's face flushed crimson. In her wrath, she had put the aristocratic man at her side in possession of a secret which he might consider a burning degradation to herself. He did give a slight start, but recovered himself.

"I might have known as much," he muttered, as if communing with his own aristocratic self. Then, turning to the lady, he tightened his hold on her hand till the diamonds under its glove hurt her fingers.

"I was aware of this—I felt it. Often have I said to myself, nothing but a mésalliance could have kept that beautiful, that talented—I beg pardon, I scarcely know what I am saying. But, if ever a human being was intended for an ornament to the best society, that woman's hand is in mine. I now comprehend what has so long kept her in seclusion."

Mrs. Brooks could have struck that caressing hand away with her parasol, so bitter was her resentment against it for having led her into this betrayal of what she considered a low marriage, though it had been the pride of her life, at the Hollow Swamp farm. But Chapperton held that hand all the closer, from the effort she made to release it; and his voice, when he addressed her, was more silken than ever:

"Sometime you will tell me how this could have happened. Looking in that face, one can hardly believe it possible. There must have been something unusually attractive in the man who secured so great a sacrifice."

"He was so handsome, so picturesque; and he worshiped the very ground I walked on."

"No wonder," whispered Chapperton.

"Besides, he had picked up a lofty manner and some education in the Old Country: for he was a foreigner, and that had its infatuation for me."

"Ah," said Chapperton, with a cynical smile, "the old story—some traveling-courier or commercial agent. Style and education are the stock-in-trade of such fellows. I detected something of this—"

"Besides, I was so young, so full of sympathy, and his desolate condition appealed to all that was generous in my nature. Then my father—my dear old father—was completely under his influence; and, with all these combinations against me, I consented to accept the adoration that scarcely ventured to ask a return, though every look implored it."

"So young, so beautiful, and so generously confiding, yet all this bestowed on a man without origin, without the least pretension to so much loveliness! One might almost hate him for possessing it—not only then, but now, in its perfection. How he must adore you now!"

"Adore me? Mr. Chapperton, can you imagine it? Within twentyfour hours, that man has openly trampled on and defied my authority in my own household, encouraged the disobedience of my daughter, and has even dared to insist on a continued residence, in my family, of a person who has wound a serpentine influence over him which may end in a separation."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

CHAPPERTON looked into the woman's face, that, in its stormy expression, threatened more than her words had done. An eager gleam came into his pale-blue eyes; his plump disengaged hand fell over that which still clasped hers, and a sluggish thrill crept through them.

"Oh, heavens, if that were possible!" broke from him, with a muffled sound, as water runs through sand. "Once free, once yourself in all respects, a grand future might lie before you. Then there could be no question of choice, with beauty, wealth, and the position which these essentials command. You, instead of your unformed daughter, might reign supreme in our social world. But that could never be brought about while this low-born man is permitted to hold authority over you."

Mrs. Brooks was greatly agitated; her face flushed deeply red at first; then, as the drift of Chapperton's speech settled in her mind, it turned coldly white.

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"You mean—that is, you speak of a thing that is quite impossible," she said.

Chapperton saw that his subtle meaning was understood, and went on:

"A divorce has never been impossible, my dear friend, since bluff King Henry took one in defiance of the Pope, and made himself arbitrator of his own fate. In this country, divorces are a farce, compared to that. They can generally be secured on the side where the possession of money lies. A man who consents to live on the bounty of his wife is always at a disadvantage; but perhaps this is not the case here. Of course, the gentleman we are thinking of took care to secure a full share of your possessions?"

This was said with such insinuating quietness that even the shrewd woman hardly recognized the important information she was giving when she said:

"No, no; that was offered by my generous old father, but Brooks waved it aside, as if he had been a prince. There is an old, old house, and some waste land around it, that may have been made over to him afterward, but it amounts to nothing."

"Then the wealth—the great bulk of property rests with you?" said Chapperton, with a little burst of exultation which he could not suppress. "Excuse me for speaking so eagerly, but that simplifies the matter so much that I can almost congratulate you as a free woman. I wonder that this man has ever found the courage to contradict you in anything."

"It is only since we came here that he has ever attempted anything of the kind; but now—"

"He has dared to contradict you. Pray forgive me, if I ask a few questions that may seem like intruding upon your private affairs; but in my youth I was bred to the law, and may comprehend your advantages better than an ordinary friend. Tell me, has there ever been an act of personal unkindness or rude disregard to yourself?"

Mrs. Brooks lifted her head haughtily.

"I flatter myself, Mr. Chapperton, that no man living would venture so far as that, where I am concerned."

"Exactly. I, at least, cannot imagine it; but the most perfect characters do not always shield their possessors from the insolence of mercenary husbands, and, in drawing up a complaint, which I am now doing in fancy, such things count up splendidly. At any rate, he has encouraged a spirit of rebellion in your daughter, through the wily influence of a young girl who has been insidiously introduced into your family against your wishes."

"Yes, that has been done persistently."

"Who is this girl?"

"The daughter of a schoolmistress in our neighborhood."

"What do you know of this woman's history?"

"Nothing more than that she came into our county a short time after my marriage with Mr. Brooks."

"Ah!"

Chapperton uttered this one word with a prolonged intonation, as if it contained a world of conjecture.

"Some friend or acquaintance of your husband, in whom he took a brotherly interest, I suppose; which explains the rather extraordinary relations that exist between him and this angel-gold girl. Wheels within wheels. I begin to understand."

Mrs. Brooks turned quickly, and her eyes opened wide.

"You seem surprised, my friend. Have you never thought of this before? But no: I might have expected it. The lamb-like innocence that suspects nothing often goes with the most brilliant intellects. Of course, your husband visited this woman often?"

"No; he seldom visited anyone, and, to my knowledge, never entered her house."

"To your knowledge, of course not; but there must have been persons better informed, who can be found at the right time. It is wonderful how evidence flows in, where money is plentiful, to support any charge, especially in divorce-cases. One more question: Has this man Brooks ever done anything for your support?"

"Ever done anything for my support? Of course not. Have I not told you that the property was all mine?"

"Still, the law demands that a man shall support his wife, and, if he fails to do that, a strong claim for divorce exists."

Mrs. Brooks laughed scornfully.

"As if I should ever put in a claim like that!" she said. "The whole world would laugh at its absurdity."

"Still, women worth millions in their own right, which a husband had no power to touch, have been sustained by the courts in a claim like this, and it might strengthen your cause."

"My cause?" repeated Mrs. Brooks, rising. "As if anything of the kind were likely to happen! It seems as if we had been working up a romance."

"Ah, if you only knew how deeply I am interested in this romance! It may affect not only your future, if turned into reality, but that of

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your daughter and heiress, who will not be so heavily handicapped by an unequal marriage."

Again the hot blood rushed into Mrs. Brooks's face, and the lines about her mouth hardened under the furtive glance with which Chapperton was regarding her.

"You speak of Dora as if she were already my heiress; but make sure of this, Mr. Chapperton: she must give up this man Dayton, if ever she inherit one dollar of my money."

"But how can the young lady give you proof of her obedience, if Dayton make no proposal and give her no chance to refuse him? It seems to me that the young gentleman is waiting for his chance So long as your husband insists on giving him countenance, the intimacy of your daughter, which has taken the appearance of an engagement already, will be an impediment to her success or yours."

Mrs. Brooks shut her lips firmly together, and stood for some moments looking on the ground in thoughtful silence Then she moved forward, and Chapperton kept by her side, looking now and then anxiously into her face, which was clouded with the rapid changes of thought that had been forced upon her

When these two ill-assorted persons took leave of each other, that day, it seemed almost as if some compact had been made, which could bear no direct explanation in words For the first time in her life, Mrs. Brooks began to feel the need of solitude. So many passions had been aroused in her bosom, so many evil ideas crowded into her brain, that they bewildered her, and, once in her own room, she gave herself up to their dominion.

Chapperton also went to his small bachelor-chamber in the top of the hotel, and fell into a long train of thought, in which he stopped, now and then, to rub his soft palms together and cast congratulatory glances at the mirror that surmounted an opposite dressing-table, where his own face was revealed, and seemed to be cheering him with gleeful encouragement

"Two important points are already gained She has entire control of the money, and there is plenty of it I have found that out, of a certainty She is jealous of her daughter without knowing it, and will be glad of any reasonable excuse for crowding her out of sight As for the man Brooks, he puzzles me No courier ever had that innate dignity, that assumes nothing, but protects itself with so little effort Who is he, and where did he come from? I should not care to meet that man in a contest, but will he fight, if the woman can be brought to the point? I think not. Certainly not, for, so far as I can learn, he has had little benefit from her money. As for Dayton, that proposal must be urged on; but how?"

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Mrs. Boardman was a woman of many social resources, and always used them with such apparent carelessness that half her generous impulses were received as caprices. She had, during some time, been conscious of a stormy atmosphere in the Brooks family, and adroitly made an effort to save the two girls, in whom her deepest interest lay, from its effects. To this end, she was seized with a sudden desire to join a party on its way to Lake Luzerne, and besought permission of Mrs. Brooks to take Rue Hilton with her, thus securing time for kinder influences to arise in her behalf with Mrs. Brooks, whose cause of resentment against the girl seemed so trivial that it must give way to calmer reflection

Mrs. Brooks neither gave consent nor refusal to this request, but accepted Mrs. Boardman's interpretation of her silence; and Rue left Saratoga, thankful for the respite that had been secured to her. Dorothea had consented to this in a forlorn hope that she might yet influence her mother to a more kindly course of conduct regarding her friend than she had in her anger threatened to pursue.

In this she met with but little encouragement, for between the mother and daughter an icy barrier of silence had arisen, which no generous effort of the girl could remove. The passionate and angry discord that had formerly disturbed their lives, as flurries of a storm sweep the sky and pass away, seemed to have settled into the leaden darkness of a storm.

Instead of meeting her daughter with a burst of angry denunciation, as she might have done before her conversation with Chapperton, she accepted her advances silently, as if these feelings had settled down into absolute hatred of her own child, whose heart she was almost breaking Her time was now devoted to the man whose influence threatened disaster to the whole family.

To her father, Dorothea made no appeal, though her heart yearned for his sympathy She was wise enough to comprehend that his interference in Rue's behalf would only deepen the troubled elements that lay around them

Thus left alone, her impetuous nature was thrown back upon itself, and the poor girl was given up to a torment of doubt and fear, which she could share with no one

Dayton was down at the lake with his friend Hurst—not so far off that he could not have visited her every day, if he desired it; but,

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anxiously as she watched for him hour after hour, he did not come at all, and she reflected in bitterness of spirit that there had been no cause for the interdict that had been forced upon her with so many threats.

Dayton was, in truth, scarcely less unhappy than Dorothea; for, with that slow growth of love that outlives the tumultuous fancies of youth, he had unconsciously grown to love even her faults, before she had been received with so much favor into his world; but, since then, he understood well that every round of the social ladder she was climbing lifted her farther and farther out of reach. Now that he honestly and most sincerely loved Dorothea Brooks, the influences that had affected him on their first acquaintance filled his heart with a sense of repulsion. No worldly estimate of assured wealth occupied his mind regarding this girl, except as a barrier to the love that he might never declare with self-respect.

When Dorothea was only the daughter of a poor farmer, and in many respects his inferior, he had allowed himself to love her without a direct avowal of the passion he had felt, or asking her to share it. Could he, then, find an excuse, even in his own heart, for seeking her in marriage when she was the heiress of great wealth, and had been so royally accepted by society among its beautiful women that she had developed into a creature of such rare loveliness that his devotion to her seemed like presumption?

Some vague idea of the trouble that had arisen from the association of his name with hers, after their visit to young Hurst, had reached him, and broken up the pleasant drift of life into which he was falling, with vague anxiety. In accompanying young Hurst to rooms at the lake, he was banishing himself from her presence, and thus commenced a serious struggle against the force of a passion that threatened to outweigh his own self-respect.

Oppressed by these contending feelings, and restless almost as the man who was sharing his voluntary banishment, Dayton remained with his friend, silently enduring his burden of doubt and self-reproach, which would have been all the deeper had he known of the pain his absence gave to the girl he was striving so hard to forget. But resolutions are sometimes reed-like against the sweep of strong passion, even with the most resolute. After two or three days, the comparative solitude of his new abode became intolerable to the young man. He longed for action—for some power of sacrifice, for anything that could appease the longing for a sight of one face that was haunting him always with its bright and changeful beauty.

He had tried, in those quiet days, to gather resolution to go to Laurel Crossing, and, in the rush and hurry of business, bury hopes and regrets in a struggle for wealth. He was a man of strong purpose and persistent ambition, but this effort was too much for him; and, in a feverish state of excitement, he went up to the springs, one morning, uncertain in his object, but drawn there by a power more irresistible than all the force of mind that he could bring against it.

In the office of the hotel, he met Mr. Chapperton, who received him with the unusual cordiality of an old friend.

Dayton had conceived a personal dislike of this man, and would gladly have avoided him; but Chapperton made this impossible by his first words, which were accompanied by his extended hand.

"Ah, Dayton, you are the very man I have been searching for. Where have you been hiding, these latter days? It is early yet; people—our people, I mean—are but just beginning to come down. It will be as pleasant waiting in my room as anywhere else. Let me show you the way."

Dayton would gladly have excused himself, but it really was too early for a call anywhere; thus he found himself in Chapperton's quarters, and accepting a tête-à-tête interview with that gentleman without much regard to his own will, which certainly would not have taken him there.

"Take a seat; this chair I find the easiest of my little collection."

Here, Chapperton wheeled an easy-chair directly opposite to the dressing-bureau, and placed himself at a convenient distance, where, without appearing to observe, he could see each change of Dayton's features in the glass; for this man never did anything directly, if there was a circuitous way of reaching it.

"You see that occasions may arise when a man has to speak out, whether it is agreeable to all parties or not," he said, leaning back in his chair and softly stroking his light and rather thin mustache. "As a general thing, I keep out of all social complications; but our intimacy with the Brooks family has taken a form that will excuse the interference of friends who wish to be peacemakers. You see, Dayton, my dear fellow, some of us old-stagers have taken it into our heads that you are standing in the way of a little arrangement we were making in regard to the young lady, without the faintest probability of benefiting yourself. It is to convince you of this that I have invited this interview."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1—Is a new and stylish costume for a young lady, of plain and figured China silk, foulard, or cashmere. The underskirt is of the plain material, and is simply tucked—eighteen tucks, an inch and a half deep, made to touch each other. The edge of the skirt is lengthened by a tiny knife-plaited frill, put in the hem. The overskirt and bodice are of the figured material.

No. 1.

No. 2.

Our model calls for a blue ground with pink roses. The overskirt is only a plain round skirt, three yards wide, and it is simply caught up high on both sides, forming thus an apron-front much plaited, and a very bouffant back-drapery. The corsage is a plain basque, with cut-off points in front—plain point in the back, or a short postilion, as the taste may decide. A full Fedora vest ornaments the front, starting from the high standing collar, gathered again at the waist-line, then spreading out fan-shape to within an inch of the end of the basque. Tight coat-sleeves, with a full cuff and plaited ruffle of the plain material. Ten yards of plain and eight yards of figured goods of double-fold cashmere will be required. China silk or foulard will require more.

No. 2—Is a new model for making up a striped material, either in silk or woolen goods. The skirt is laid in deep kilt-plaits all around, the dark stripe being laid under. The apron-front is of plain material, very long in front, and

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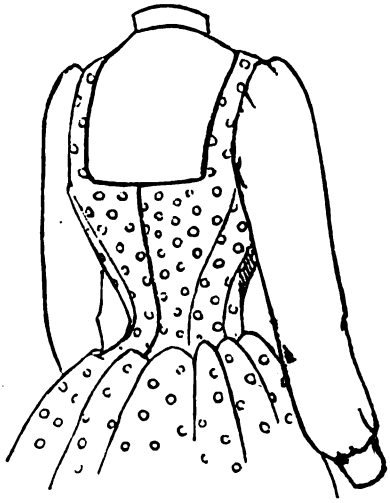
plaited up each side. On the left side, ornament by long loops-and-ends of gros-grain or velvet ribbon, as seen in illustration. The back of the kilted skirt is arranged to fall gracefully over the large bustle, being made to fit nicely to the pointed waist. The corsage is also pointed in front, made of the plain material. Cuffs and collar of the stripe. Plain tight coat-sleeves. Small crocheted or fancy buttons fasten the corsage. Ten to twelve yards of stripe, four yards of plain, double-fold, will be required; two dozen

No. 3.

small buttons, three yards of ribbon, three inches wide.

No. 3—Is a plain house-dress for a young girl, made of cashmere, or camel's-hair cloth, or homespun. The underskirt is perfectly plain, save for two double box-plaits exactly in front. The overdress begins in front, forming paniers at the sides, and may be either much bunched up at the back or let fall in straight folds over a well-set tournure. The simple plain waist has a pointed peasant-waistband, made of velvet to match, pointed back and front alike; it fastens under the arm. High standing collar and cuffs of velvet complete the costume. Small buttons. Ten yards of double-fold goods, one yard of velvet, two dozen small velvet buttons, will be required.

Nos. 4 and 5.—We give the back view of what is called the "Early English bodice," also a bodice with yoke—both pretty styles for simple house-dresses. The English bodice is pointed, cut square in the neck, having a top and sleeves



No. 4.

of plain material, the rest of the dress being spotted or figured. The yoke-bodice has a top of figured material and a gathered bodice of plain, the skirt being also plain. Both these patterns are suitable for light woolen stuffs, or foulard silks, or cottons, for house-use, particu-

No. 5.

larly for young girls, or any slight figure—some girls being so thin that a full bodice is a great improvement to their appearance.

No. 6—Is a visite for a young lady, of black or colored silk, grenadine, velvet, or plush, as the

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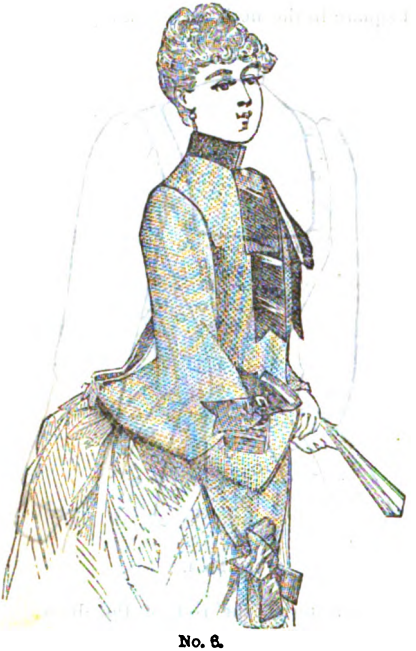
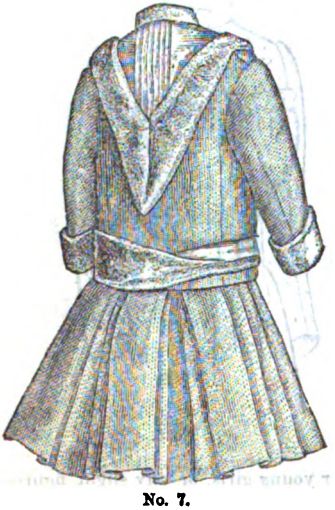
need of the wearer may decide. It is cut with dolman sleeves, long tab ends; its only garniture being flots of velvet ribbon at the neck, on



No. 6.

the sleeves and tabs. A high velvet collar finishes this wrap at the throat. We have given a similar pattern on a previous Supplement, except that it had a hood, and the garniture was



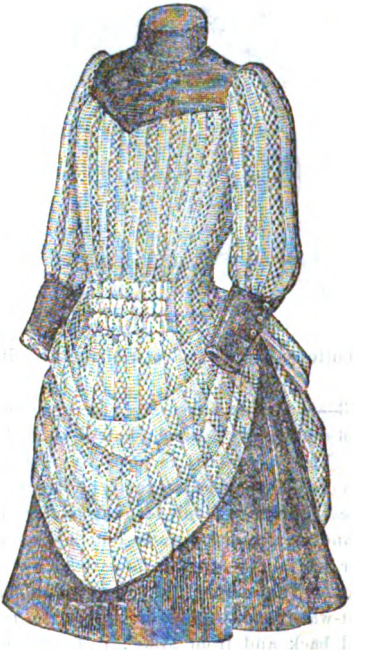
No. 7.

different. The same pattern will serve for this visite, but the difference in trimming makes quite a different-looking wrap.

No. 7.—A pretty paletot for a girl, made of flannel or light cloth. A waist to fit loosely, with a plaited skirt all around. In the back,

No. 8.

three double box-plaits are laid, the front in side-plaits. A hood lined with surah, laid in fine plaits down the middle. The cuffs, collar,



No. 9.

waistband, and hood are of plush or velvet. Large fancy buttons close the waist and skirt in front.

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No. 8.—Paletot, for a little boy of four to six years, made of diagonal serge. Cuffs, waist-band, revers of hood and collar are all of seal plush, the paletot of seal-brown serge. The illustration shows how it is to be made.

No. 9—Is a costume with a tunic-blouse, for a girl of eleven or twelve years. The skirt, yoke, and cuffs are of velvet or velveteen. The skirt has one wide box-plait in front, and the back is kilted. The over-tunic in our model is of lace étamine, but plain cashmere or camel's-hair would be equally pretty and more serviceable. The front is gathered at the yoke, and again in a bunch of three rows at the waist-line: the back in the same manner. The front of the tunic is looped up high at the sides: the back looped to form long loops like a sash.

No. 10.

No. 10—Gives the complete costume for a little boy of four to six years. It consists of jacket, pants, vest, and blouse-vest. It is made of navy-blue serge or flannel. The short pants are stitched on the edge, also the little vest of the same; and the jacket is finished in the same manner. The blouse-vest, which is to be worn for more dressy occasions, is of fine white flannel. There is a box-plait down the centre, with a row of brier-stitching in dark-blue silk. The deep collar shown on the jacket is also of white flannel, made to match, when the blouse-vest is worn. A linen collar, for ordinary wear, of the same shape, is used with the dark vest.

WALL-POCKET FOR STUDY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

The materials are red plush, old brocade, red ground, with flowers, gold and red galloon. The deep pocket is lined with gold-colored satin. At the top, there is a box-plait, fastened with a strap and button. This may also serve for a model for a traveling-bag. Then make the outside of oatmeal or other strong cloth, and line within with cretonne, trimmed with merino, cashmere, or worsted braid. It is the size of double the length of any box used in traveling, is then folded, as in the engraving, one-half being turned back. This has a narrower border. The upper part has plaits, fastened by strap and two buttons, same as the wall-pocket. The use is for a hanging linen-bag in a bed-room, or for inserting odds-and-ends. The two divisions of the bag, when closed, are buttoned together.

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THE PRINCESS BODICE, WITH SUPPLEMENT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, this month, for our "full dress-pattern," the newest thing out for a bodice. It is called "The Princess," and very properly: for it is exceedingly stylish. Folded in with the number is a Supplement, with the different pieces of the bodice, given full size. These are six in number, viz:

1. Half of Front.
2. Side-Front.
3. Half of Back.
4. Side-Back.
5. Edge of Bodice.
6. Sleeve.

The letters and notches show how the pieces are joined. The piece for the edge of the bodice is made entirely of the brocade; also the cuffs, collar, and rever.

Make the bodice of plain velvet, and trim with brocade. Or it may be of the material of the dress, trimmed with brocade or jet passementerie.

We also give, on the Supplement, a new design for a splasher, to be done in outline-stitch. "Peterson" is the only magazine that gives these original large-sized designs.

TIDY IN JAVA CANVAS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give, printed in colors, another design for a tidy in Java canvas. Of all the designs we give, we find these among the most popular. A Java-canvas tidy is certainly very effective, and is also easily made. The same design, we may add, can be done in crochet, if preferred, as anyone accustomed to crocheting can see. No instructions are required.

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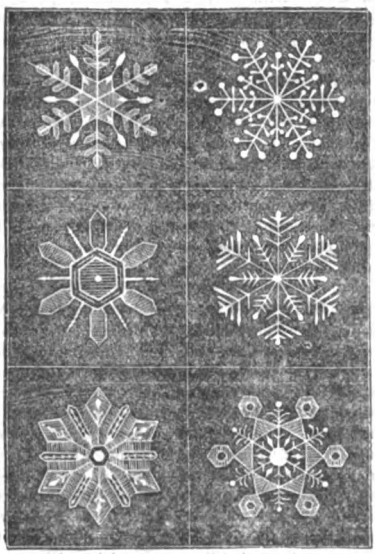
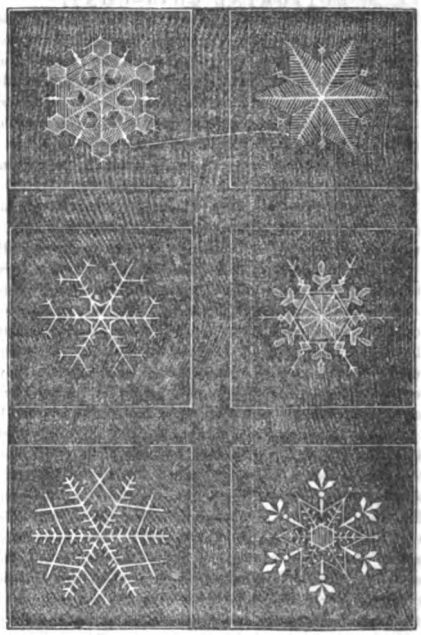
DESIGNS FOR SNOWFLAKE EMBROIDERY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.





Snowflakes and ice-flowers supply a variety of beautiful star-shaped designs, which, in an enlarged size, can be utilized for embroidering mats, d'oyleys, etc., etc. They can be done in colored silk, crewel, or cotton, on satin, plush, velvet, cloth, and linen materials: stem, satin, and feather stitch being employed for the purpose, and French knots being put in where required.

POUCH FOR TOBACCO.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

As long as gentlemen use tobacco—as long as they smoke pipes—tobacco-pouches will make pretty gifts from a wife, sister, daughter, or sweetheart.

This pouch is made of chamois-leather, and ornamented with a simple pattern done in colored silk and gold thread. The bag is set into a circular bottom-piece. Eyelet-holes are worked at the top, for the strings to pass through. The ornamentation may be varied in innumerable ways. Some work monograms and devices of pipes, etc., besides the tiny border all around.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

Is a Wedding-Ring Necessary?—A fair correspondent asks us if the story is true, that there was some hesitation, at first, as to using a wedding-ring when the President was married. We believe there is this foundation for it: that the clergyman who officiated said it was not necessary; that he sometimes used a ring, and, at other times, not; and finally left it to the President to decide, who left it to the bride, of course: who, in turn, naturally determined on a ring.

In one sense, the clergyman was right. There is no law, in any State of the Union, making the use of a ring, in marriage, necessary to the validity of that marriage. But a very ancient custom has given it, nevertheless, great importance. In some churches, the service directly refers to it; and the ministers of such churches, we suppose, would not perform the ceremony if the ring were omitted. That is how the question stands as to the ring. But, while we are on this subject, it may be as well for us to say a word about other marriage-customs, which may interest not only our fair correspondent, but our readers generally.

Let us begin with the wife's taking the husband's name, in marriage. This practice is derived from the ancient Romans, whose wives were called Julia, or Octavia, or Romola, of So-and-so, the So-and-so being the husband's name, instead of her own surname. We follow this, except in the use of the word "of." Again, the honeymoon, during which the bridegroom keeps the wife away from her friends and relatives, may be traced to the marriage by capture, or lifting the bride over the doorstep, which still prevails in many countries. Hence, also, the slipper thrown after the departing bride and bridegroom, now supposed to be for "good-luck," but originating in a pretense of mock-anger at the capture and carrying-away of the bride.

The bride-cake, without which a wedding would scarcely be a wedding, and which should invariably be cut by the bride, may be traced back to the old Roman form of marriage by eating a loaf of bread together, and which was called marriage by confarreation, or sharing the corn together—or, as we would now say, "breaking bread," "fer" being the old Latin word for "corn." This form, by-the-bye, was jealously restricted to patricians, and, being of the nature of a religious ceremony, was held to be indissoluble. Certain offices in ancient Rome could only be held by those born of parents who had been married by confarreation. The bridesmaids and groomsmen, also, have their origin in the ten witnesses who were necessary to a Roman wedding.

This brings us back to the question of the ring. We get the use of the ring, in marriage, from the Romans. It is generally held that it was used as a sign of the subjection of the wife. But other critics, more chivalrous, maintain that the Roman bridegroom gave to his bride, in marriage, the ring by way of pledge, which she at once placed on her fourth finger, in the belief that, between it and the heart, a communication existed by means of a nerve running from one to the other. That a ring should be given at all, in marriage, is more probably owing to the ancient practice of using a ring as a seal, the delivery of which, to any person, at once bestowed upon him or her the power that the giver himself possessed. Therefore it is that the bridegroom, when he places the ring on his bride's finger, says: "With this ring, I thee wed, . . . and, with all my worldly goods, I thee endow." This explanation we consider, on the whole, more rational than either of the others.

We have said that throwing the slipper originated in a pretense of mock-anger at the capture of the bride. Originally, wives were stolen: as they are to this day, among some savage tribes. Afterward, they were bought from the father, as Jacob really bought Leah and Rachel, each by seven years' service. It remained for Christianity to raise the position of woman; though, even before Christianity, the Teutonic tribes, especially the Scandinavian branches, practically acknowledged the equality of women.

Carrying It Too Far.—The custodian of the Vienna Museum, Herr Von Falke, thinks that the Japanese craze is being carried too far; and, as he is a competent judge on the subject, the reasons he gives are worthy of consideration. He says, for example, that, "in spite of the unsurpassable technical finish of Japanese art, its essence is that of caricature. Figures and drawings of Japanese men and women, even of trees and ships, are not always intended to be representations of real types, but are more or less consciously distorted." This is very true. The right way is to follow Japanese art where it is meritorious, while avoiding its eccentricities and exaggerations. The notion which some writers on art have, that European and American art should give up its individuality and blindly follow Japanese, is altogether wrong

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Silk or Woolen Garments.—In washing such garments, warm soapsuds—not hot—should be used. The garment should be soaked in this tepid bath, and handled as little as possible. A little ammonia may be put in the water. Soap should never be rubbed on nice wool or silk garments. They should be rinsed in clear water of the same temperature as the suds, and this water should be squeezed out without wringing When drying, the article should be hung up at full length, and should be perfectly dry before it is ironed; many laundresses object to ironing such garments at all, preferring to stretch them into proper size and smoothness.

The Article by "Josiah Allen's Wife," in this number, was furnished to us originally in manuscript, quite twelve months ago, and announced for this year. Hence we print it, though meantime it has been incorporated into a book by its author, with other sketches. We make this statement in justice to all parties.

It is Not Too Early to Begin to talk to friends and neighbors about subscribing for "Peterson" for 1887. If they do not wish to be "taken in" by second-rate affairs, this is the magazine to subscribe for.

Daily Ablutions, especially in summer, are necessary for health and comfort alike. When a bath-tub is not accessible, a pint of warm water, as Miss Nightingale has said, and a bit of soap, will give a bath quite sufficient.

Back Numbers Can Always Be Had by writing to us, and enclosing eighteen cents a number. So, if your newsagent says he can't supply you, write to us at once.

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It Is Never Too Late To Get Up Clubs for this magazine, or to subscribe for a single copy. Now is a good time to subscribe, especially for those who do not wish back numbers, as a new volume began with the July number. But back numbers can always be had, when persons prefer to begin with January. No magazine offers such fine premiums, or such low terms, to clubs. For example:

Three copies for $4.50, with the large engraving, "Angel of Paradise," or "Forget-Me-Not" Album, for premium.

Four copies for $6.50, with an extra copy of the magazine for one year for premium.

Five copies for $8.00, with both an extra copy of the magazine for one year for premium, and either "The Angel of Paradise" or "Forget-Me-Not" in addition.

But see the Prospectus on the second page of cover. *Specimens sent gratis*, if written for in good faith, by those wishing to subscribe or get up clubs.

Now is the time for summer reading. Show this to your friends, and induce them to subscribe.

Wedding-Presents Overdone.—A movement is being made, in fashionable circles, against excessive wedding-gifts. Unquestionably the thing has been overdone. Not only has it come to be considered that very valuable presents are to be given, but the number of those who are expected to contribute has been greatly increased. What ought to be a pleasure has, in consequence, come to be a burden. Now, a wedding-gift, in the true sense, is valuable only because of the good-feeling it represents. A trifle from an old friend is better than diamonds from a stranger. We think decidedly that wedding-presents should be confined to the intimates of the bride, and that they should not be too costly, and never pretentious. We hope the reform, so happily inaugurated, will be a success.

"Don't Be Greedy."—Our steel-engraving tells its own story. Chanticleer, who has no right in the matter whatever, is greedily clamoring for a share of what properly belongs to the kittens. Compare this fine engraving with the so-called steel-engravings that appear elsewhere, but which are only lithographs or lithographed copies of steel-plates. But in this, as in its original stories, its colored fashions, etc., "Peterson" is satisfied with nothing short of *the best of its kind*, and will have it, *no matter what the cost.*

A "Long-Time Reader" expostulates against the enormous "bustles" which are given in our fashion-plates, and asks to have them smaller. She can make them, in copying the dress, as small as she pleases, and we think it would be in better taste if she did; but, as our duty is to give the fashions as they are, and not deceive our subscribers, we cannot do otherwise than as we do As to what she says about small waists, we refer her, for answer, to our article in the Chit-Chat for July.

"Make It Indispensable."—The Lancaster (O.) Gazette says: "The fine steel-engravings in 'Peterson,' its colored fashion-plates, profusion of fashion-woodcuts of patterns, embroideries, etc., and its beautiful stories and poems, all combine to make it an indispensable addition to the refined lady's literary and fashion possessions." A lady may do without a new bonnet, perhaps; but, if she does without "Peterson," she will not know what kind of new bonnet to buy; and where is she then?

Additions May Be Made To a Club at the price paid by the rest of the club; and, when enough additional names have been sent, the sender will be entitled to another premium or premiums. The additions may be made at any time during the year.

Roller-Skating, Especially for Children, is being condemned by physicians very generally. They say that it frequently leads to injuries of the foot, involving often permanent lameness. More than this, it is quite common for children to skate too long; and, though exercise is indispensable for health, it should not be carried too far.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

A Conventional Bohemian. By Edmund Pendleton. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.*—There is one advantage which this author has over most other writers of society-novels: he is evidently "to the manor born." When he attempts, for example, to describe people moving in circles that are cultivated, socially, he writes as one familiar with the subject, avoiding those errors which make so many recent fictions of this class impossible even to absurdity. He also has another merit, which is almost as rare: his characters act naturally, not only to their environment, but to their own personality; in a word, they are never extravagant, inconsequent, or caricatured. The story, as a mere story, likewise, has unflagging interest, and this without being melodramatic in the least. The popularity of the book is shown by its having already passed into a second edition. The volume is printed in the neat and even handsome style which always distinguishes the publications of this enterprising house.

The Missing Bride. By Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—When an author achieves popularity, and maintains it afterward for more than a generation, there must be something in him or her quite above the average. Mrs. Southworth is a novelist of this kind. Many ladies who read her first books have grandchildren who are now reading them, and reading them with equal interest. We think this may be explained by the fact that, however much the fashion in novels has changed—and there are fashions in fiction, as in everything else—the romances of Mrs. Southworth keep their place because of their rapid action and their intense passion. In these respects, they are altogether unsurpassed. Among the very best of them, is the story before us. The volume is one of nearly seven hundred pages, and is printed in large and legible type; yet, in spite of this, and though a copyright work, it is sold for the low price of seventyfive cents.

The Wind of Destiny. By Arthur Sherburne Hardy. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.*—One of the most successful fictions of recent years was "But Yet a Woman." Its sale, we understand, was phenomenal; and, if this is a proof of genius, then it certainly was a work of genius. The present novel, on the whole, is inferior to its predecessor; but it is, nevertheless, a very remarkable book, and well worth reading.

India Revisited. By Edwin Arnold. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Boston: Roberts Brothers.*—By the author of "The Light of Asia." Not a poem, like that, however, but a prose book of travels, recording the author's later impressions of a country which he had not visited for several years. It is full of graphic pictures of Oriental scenery, and descriptions of Oriental life and manners, and, as such, is to be highly commended.

The Mill Mystery. By Anna Katharine Green. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. New York: G. P. Putnam & Co.*—The author of this novel is favorably known by her "Strange Disappearance," a story which excited universal interest, and which really was one of the best of its kind. She has since followed it up with "Hand and Ring," in the same vein, and now with "The Mill Mystery," in which she shows all her old skill.

A Moonlighter Boy. By E. W. Howe. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Boston: Ticknor & Co.*—Quite indifferent; the plot extravagant and improbable; the style slipshod; the characters absurd. The redeeming features are the descriptions of rural life, which are simple, natural, and very vivid.

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OUR ARM-CHAIR.

"THE BEST OF THE LADY'S-BOOKS."—Such is the title given, by general consent of the newspapers, to "Peterson's Magazine." The Centre Point (Ark.) Tocsin says: "'Peterson's Magazine' is on our table. Its stories are all bright and sparkling; its fashion-plates cannot be excelled. No lady of taste who desires to keep up with the latest fashion, and who likes good reading, can do without 'Peterson.'" The Wilmington (Ill.) Advocate says: "The last number is a 'daisy.' Its reputation for choice literature is universally acknowledged, while its steel-plates and fashion-plates are simply perfection." Says the Lebanon (Pa.) News: "One of the brightest magazines published." The Mentone (Ind.) Gazette says: "Replete with the best literature; the colored fashion-plates, fancy-work, etc., too numerous to mention: see one number, and you will be likely to see each succeeding one." The Norristown (Pa.) Free Press says: "Ladies who wish the freshest information concerning the fashions, and who enjoy good fiction, should have this magazine. The art-features will also please them, as each number contains a handsome steel-engraving, a double-page colored steel fashion-plate, colored patterns, wood-engravings, etc." The Rockville (Conn.) Leader says: "The first embellishment in the last number, a steel-engraving in the highest style of art, is alone worth the price of the number." The Lexington (N. C.) Dispatch says: "The August number opens with a beautiful steel-engraving, 'Morning Among The Mountains,' followed by a double-sized colored fashion-plate, a colored pattern, etc." Says the Milford (Mass.) Gazette: "The high character of 'Peterson' for giving the best original stories is more than maintained in the last number. That unusually powerful novelet, 'The Corsair's Captives,' makes everyone impatient for the next chapters. Mrs. Stephens's 'Millionaire's Daughter' increases in interest and force. The first embellishment is a steel-engraving, in the very highest style of art." But why add more? Whatever "Peterson" gives is the best of its kind. This the newspapers all know: and this is the secret of its large circulation, greater than that of all the other lady's-books combined.

WHY THE "ROYAL" IS THE BEST.—The improved method by which it has been made possible to produce pure cream-tartar has had an important bearing upon the manufacture of baking-powder. By the process heretofore generally employed, it has been found impossible to remove all impurities, more particularly the tartrate of lime, which remained to such an extent as to greatly impair the quality of the cream-tartar, and to interfere seriously with the strength and wholesomeness of the baking-powders into which it entered.

In the new process, which is owned by the Royal Baking-Powder Company of New York, and exclusively employed in its tartar-works, the imported crude grape acid is so treated as to remove all vestige of tartrate of lime or other impurities, giving a product before unknown—a chemically pure cream-tartar.

By the employment of these superior facilities, the Royal Baking-Powder Company has made the Royal Baking-Powder, as the chemists all certify, of the highest possible degree of strength, "absolutely pure" and wholesome, and with an always uniform leavening-power. It is for these reasons that the "Royal" never fails to produce bread, biscuit, cakes, etc., that are light, sweet, digestible, and wholesome; the eating of which is never followed by indigestion, or any of those physical discomforts attendant upon the partaking of improperly-prepared food. In rendering possible the production of a baking-powder possessed of these qualifications, the improved method of refining cream-tartar becomes, at once, a matter of material importance to the culinary world.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

PRESERVES, ETC.

Preserved Grapes in Bunches.—Take out the stones from the bunches, with a pin, breaking them as little as possible; boil some clarified sugar to nearly candying-point; then put in sufficient grapes to cover the bottom of the preserving-kettle, without laying them on each other, and boil for nearly five minutes, merely to extract all the juice; lay them in an earthen pan, and pour the syrup over them; cover with paper, and, the next day, boil the syrup, skimming it well, for five minutes; put in the grapes; let them boil a minute or two; put them in pots, and pour the syrup over them, after which tie down.

To Preserve Barberries in Bunches.—Take all the largest bunches, and lay them aside; then take some inferior bunches, and pick the fruit clean from the stalks; to every half-pint of fruit, put a pint of water, then boil till the fruit is tender. Strain through a sieve, and, to each pint of the juice, put a pound of sugar; boil and skim till it is clear, then put in the bunches of fruit, allowing a pound to each pint of syrup. Boil gently for another quarter of an hour, carefully removing anything which rises to the top; put into glasses, and tie down when cold.

Pear Butter.—Cut the fruit in small pieces, removing the core, skin, and all imperfections; allow a quarter of a pound of light-brown sugar to each pound of fruit, and half a pint of cold water to every two pounds of pears; do not add the sugar until they have cooked an hour or so; then put it in, with a quart of cider to each two pounds of sugar, and let all cook slowly until a thick marmalade-like substance is formed, which will be in about four hours. If it should seem too dry while cooking, add more cider.

Crab-Apples.—Select perfect ones; pour boiling water over them, which removes the skin; lay them in water enough to cover them; let them simmer slowly until soft; take them out and drain; make a clear syrup, pound for pound; boil them in it till clear, lay them on dishes to cool, and place them in jars; cook the syrup a little longer, and pour it over the apples when hot; seal.

Apple Marmalade.—Take any kind of sour apples, pare and core them; cut them in small pieces, and, to every pound of apples, put three-quarters of a pound of sugar; put them in a preserving-pan, and boil them over a slow fire, until they are reduced to a fine pulp; then put in jelly-jars, and keep in a cool place.

Tomato Jam.—Peel ripe tomatoes, taking out all seeds; put in preserving-kettle, with one half-pound of sugar to each pound of prepared tomato; boil two lemons soft, and pound them fine; take out the pips, and add to the tomato; boil slowly, mashing to a smooth mass; when smooth and thick, put in jars and tumblers.

Quince Jelly.—Slice the quinces without either paring or coring; put them into a preserving-kettle, and just cover with water; put over the fire, and boil until soft; remove from the stove, and strain off the liquor; to every gallon, add four pounds of white sugar, and boil very fast, until it becomes a stiff jelly.

Quince Marmalade.—Take the quinces that you have boiled for jelly, and mash them with a spoon; to a pound of quinces, take a pound of sugar; boil them together until they are well softened; then strain through a coarse sieve, and put up in small jars.

Green Tomato Preserve.—Take one peck of green tomatoes, slice six fresh lemons, without removing the skins, but taking out the seeds; put, to this quantity, six pounds of sugar, common white, and boil until transparent, and the syrup thick. Ginger-root may be added, if liked.

Plums.—Plums are excellent, preserved in molasses; but, if sugar be used, take an equal portion of fruit and sugar;

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make a clear syrup, and boil the fruit gently forty minutes; they will require heating over, once, if they are to be kept.

Quince Jam.—Peel the quinces, and grate them on a coarse grater; and, to one pint of quince, add three-fourths of a pound of sugar; boil it half an hour; put in small jars, and cover as other preserves.

Peach Jelly.—Wash, without removing skins or pips; cover with water; boil until soft; strain; add one-half pound of sugar to each pint of juice; boil twenty minutes.

Pineapple Jam.—Peel, grate, and weigh the apple; put pound for pound of pineapple and sugar; boil it in a preserving-kettle, thirty or forty minutes.

Blackberry Jellies.—Bruise and boil the fruit, then strain; add half a pound of sugar to each pint of juice; then boil from ten to twenty minutes.

PICKLES, CATSUPS, ETC.

Tomato Catsup.—Take a peck of tomatoes, squeeze through a thin piece of muslin, so that no seeds get through. Add, to this, a dessertspoonful of cayenne pepper, two tablespoonfuls of salt, one pint of vinegar, half a tablespoonful of cloves and allspice mixed, two sticks of cinnamon about three inches in length, a bundle of thyme and parsley tied together, and two cloves of garlic chopped as fine as possible. Simmer four hours steadily and slowly. After filling the bottles with catsup, put two inches deep of sweet oil in each bottle. Rosin the bottles, the more effectually to exclude the air.

Stuffed Peppers.—Put the peppers in strong salt and water for twelve days; then scald them with boiling water, and let them drain. Put some of the best white cabbage in salt and water for five days, scald it, and let it drain. Chop up the cabbage very fine, and mix with mustard-seed. Stuff the peppers, and put in each a piece of garlic no larger than a grain of coffee. Sew them up, and pour the vinegar over them, when it just begins to boil.

Peach Sauce.—To one peck of peaches, take three pounds of brown sugar, and one pint of vinegar. Dip the peaches in hot water, and wipe them. Cover them with water, and boil them until you can run a straw through them; then pour off the water, and pour the vinegar and sugar over them. Boil them until done and quite clear. Can them, boiling hot.

Red Cabbage.—Slice it into a colander, and sprinkle each layer with salt. Let it drain ten days, then put it into a jar, and pour boiling vinegar enough to keep it covered. Put in a few slices of red beet-root. Choose the purple-red cabbage. Cauliflower cut in branches, and thrown in after being salted, will become a beautiful red.

THE SICK-ROOM.

If you have the care of anyone who cannot sit up to drink, and if you have not a regular "feeder" such as is used in hospitals, a small teapot will answer perfectly well, by letting the patient drink through the spout. Just be sure that it is clean. Anything of a dirty vessel—a cup, for instance, with a drop on the bottom—will disgust a patient, and there are few diseases in which it is not of importance that the food should be well taken. Helpless patients are generally best fed with a spoon. Sometimes, in a case of insensibility, if you just press the lower lip down a little, the mouth will open of itself and let you put in the food. In these cases, it should be put far back in the mouth, and you should make sure that one spoonful is swallowed before you put in another.

It may interest you to hear, in passing, that a drink of cold beef-tea is a useful preventive of night-perspiration. For a helpless patient, it is a good plan to fasten a strong roller-towel, or something of that kind, to the foot of the bed, so that he can pull himself up into a sitting posture.

The hair is another matter that requires great care, in cases of illness. If the illness is serious, and it distresses the patient much to have the hair combed, cut it short.

Absolute cleanliness is indispensable about the sick-room. Never, when acting as nurse, go into the room hungry.

OUR ARM-CHAIR.

CHOLERA-INFANTUM.—This is the dreaded scourge of our summertime. It is usually caused by some inability of the infant to digest the food which is given it. Therefore the great necessity of the careful feeding of infants. The safest food to use in summer is the Lactated Food. It is a sure preventive of cholera-infantum, and will, of itself, in connection with proper medical treatment, cure the worst cases. Many physicians depend upon it altogether. It is predigested, non-irritating, and easily assimilated, and gives health and strength to the whole system. Three sizes: 25 cents, 50 cents, and $1.00. Sold by druggists.

WE INVITE THE SPECIAL ATTENTION of our readers to the new advertisement of the "Mikado Hair-Roll," made by the Weston & Wells Manufacturing Company of Philadelphia. They have many advantages over articles generally used in arranging the hair. They are very light, being manufactured of fine wire, which also insures perfect cleanliness and the complete absence of dampness, which is so unpleasant and uncomfortable. The ladies who are using these hair-rolls are delighted with them, and the price brings them within the reach of all.

"MOST DESIRABLE AND POPULAR."—The Harrisburg (Pa.) Church Advocate says: "'Peterson's' last number is a most delightful one; the patterns, fashion-plates, etc., will be eagerly studied. Its literary contents will interest readers everywhere, and it may be ranked among the most desirable and popular magazines for ladies."

"IT IS A GEM."—The Barrington (Ill.) Herald says: "'Peterson's' last number is a gem. If you are not pleased with the principal steel-engraving, and with that new story, 'The Corsair's Captives,' then we are much mistaken."

LADIES CAN BUY SHOE-DRESSING for ten or fifteen cents per bottle. Button's "Raven Gloss" is cheaper at twenty-five cents. It actually makes shoes wear longer.

"OLD ROMANCE."

GARMENTS IN OLD BALLAD-LITERATURE.—There is preserved, in the University Library, at Cambridge, England, an exquisite copy, on vellum, of Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales," which has an additional interest from its having been supposed to have belonged to the poet Gower. This beautiful MS. is illustrated with extremely interesting pictures of each individual story-teller in contemporary attire. The pictures are interesting from their historic value and their singular artistic merit, both in draughtsmanship and coloring. It is a curious satire on our modern inventions and improvements, that we have no pigments, nowadays, which would not look dirty and faded, even in skilled hands, beside these drawings. The definite word-painting of ballad-literature has its affinities with the delicate and vivid coloring of the best period of the illuminator's art. A word is sometimes all that is let drop concerning outward form, but in the very brevity of the description lies its irresistible impressiveness. Few that have ever read the ballad of Sir Patrick Spence can have forgotten the brief touch which indicates the

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ladies being dressed with care, as for the coming of the lords they loved:

"O lang, lang, may the ladies stand,
Wi' thair gold kems in thair hair,
Waiting for thair ain deir lords,
For they'll see thame na mair."

Or who, again, can fail to be impressed by the significance of color in the picture of the loathly lady "all in red scarlette"? She seems all burning in her shrinking sensitiveness to her own deformity. "A worse-formed ladye than she was, no man mote ever viewe." We feel convinced she underwent a martyrdom under the cruel criticisms of Sir Kay, before the spell of sorcery fell off her through her marriage with Gawaine. It is a delicate and subtle touch to concentrate the inward feeling in the outward garb.

Zenelophon, the beggar-maiden, "all in gray," wedded by King Cophetua in Africa, and fair Bessee, the beggar's daughter, "all clad in gray-russett," indicate the uniform of beggary in ballad-literature. Green, on the other hand, would seem to be the color most suggestive of prosperity. Thus, when the bailiff's daughter, of Islington, sets out to learn her lover's fate in London, she pulls off her "gowne of green," and puts on ragged attire. Gil Morrice, waiting for his mother in the forest, is arrayed "in robes of greene," and Drayton's Dowsabel, that all-accomplished maiden who could bake and spin, and sing and broider, as well as help the priest to say his matins on a holy day, was clad in "frolicke greene." She makes a very pretty picture, going forth in the sweet springtime to pick meadow-flowers and honeysuckle, in her green attire and hood,

"so neat and fine,
In colour like the colombine,
Ywrought full featously."

Yellow was sometimes worn as mourning, in the sixteenth century. Thus, in Corydon's "Doleful Knell" for fair Phillida, he designs to deck her bier with "sundry-coloured flowers" and "sundry-coloured ribbands," "but chiefly black and yellowe with her to grave shall goe." And, again, in the "Paradise of Dainty Devices," by Edward Vere, Earl of Oxford, we find a lover saying:

"black and tawnie will I weare,
Which mourning-colours be."

There may be some reminiscence of this custom in the Scotch idea that yellow is unlucky. Certainly it proved unlucky for an English queen: for we learn from "Hall's Chronicle" that, when Catharine of Arragon died—January 8th, 1536—"Queen Anne (Bulleyn) ware yellowe for the mourning." After the ill-fated queen had been beheaded, on the 19th of May of the same year, "the kyng, for mourning, ware whyte."

Sometimes the picture of the ballad-heroine is heightened by analogy. Fair Rosamond, when suddenly discovered by the cruel Eleanor, "was like an angell sette"; and it is said, of fair Annet, "she shimmered like the sun," when entering the dim old abbey, where her lover was about to wed the brown bride who had "gowd and gear."

Embroidered lingerie was evidently worn by either sex. Fair Annet tells her maidens to array her in her smock—"one half is o' the holland fine, the other o' needlework"; and the indignant widow of the winsome Gilderoy informs us that she bought her robber bridegroom "a wedding sark of holland fine, wi' silken flowers wrought." But Gilderoy was evidently somewhat of an exquisite, for he had roses "tull his shoone," and stockings of "silken soy," and loved the fashion of Sir Piercie Shafton better than his homely Scottish plaid. This golden freebooter is said to have existed in the days of Mary, Queen of Scots. The ballad I have quoted is an elegy over his execution, and really seems, from many little touches, to be written by a female hand.

Even in modern times, what pilgrim to the shrine of Worth could wish for a more fair attiring than the Passionate Shepherd offers to his love?

"A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Inbrodered all with leaves of mirtle:
A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Slippers lin'd choicely for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold."

And yet, it may be, Sir Walter Raleigh is more in the vein of modern thinking, when he answers to the shepherd, in "The Nymph's Reply," that flowers fade speedily, and winter drives the flocks out of the fields, and Philomel becometh dumb, "and all complain of cares to come."

"A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall."

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

☞ Everything relating to this department should be addressed "Puzzle Editor," PETERSON'S MAGAZINE, P.-O. Box 328, Marblehead, Mass.

No. 285.—CHARADE.

My first is a common well-known fluid.
My second is a spirit.
My whole is a fabled second that lives in my first.

APAJUNE.

No. 286.—CONCEALED FLOWERS.

Each of the following paragraphs contains one concealed flower, except the last, which has two:

1. A hero serves his country bravely.
2. Will I lack faith in religion? No, never!
3. Up in Kane's Sea, on the coast of Greenland, there is perpetual snow.
4. Ada is young and beautiful.
5. A sterling king should never be naturally corrupt in administering to his subjects.

Sparta, La. REX.

No. 287.—DIAMOND.

1. A consonant. 2. A point of time. 3. Unromantic. 4. To request. 5. A vowel.

Lexington, Mass. RASSELAS.

No. 288.—A NUMERICAL ANIMAL.

I think 'twas in the month of May,
That Hal and I went hunting, one day.
The animals we bagged were so very few,
That my share, I found, was one-half of two!

Hopkins, Mo. YPSILANTI.

Answers Next Month.

FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

FIG. I.—WALKING-DRESS, OF BLUE CANVAS. The skirt is made of blue-and-red striped canvas. The plain canvas skirt falls in straight plaits at the back, opens in front, and has a wide facing of the striped canvas at the sides. It is ornamented with three large buttons. The coat-bodice opens in front over a plastron of red surah, and is ornamented with buttons. Hat of blue felt, trimmed with red surah and a white wing.

FIG. II.—WALKING-DRESS, OF BROWN STRIPED WOOLEN MATERIAL. The straight plain skirt has a silk trimming at the side, of the two shades of brown. The bodice has

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silk revers and collar, of the darkest shade of brown. Loops-and-ends of ribbon come from beneath the bodice at the back. Hat of yellow straw, trimmed with brown silk and feathers.

FIG. III.—EVENING-DRESS, OF PINK GRENADINE. The front of the short skirt is ornamented with a pearl trimming. The low round bodice is made full, back and front, and finished with a ruching at the neck. Silk ribbon waist-band, fastened with a mother-of-pearl crescent.

FIG. IV.—VISITING-DRESS, OF THIN LIGHT-BROWN CLOTH. The underskirt is bordered by a band of dark-brown velvet, is made with pointed puffs in front, separated by narrow bands of velvet. The overskirt is laid in three plaits at the side, the back one the shortest, and edged with velvet. The back is simply draped. Pointed bodice, finished with a band of velvet at the waist, and having velvet revers, large collar, and neck-collar. The bodice opens over a full silk plastron, and does not meet at the waist. Brown felt hat, trimmed with velvet ribbon and a dove.

FIG. V.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF GREEN CASHMERE. The skirt is laid in box-plaits. The bodice is round at the waist, and worn with a belt of red plush. The front of the bodice and skirt is trimmed with a red and pale-yellow striped plush, and a trimming of the same kind extends down the back of the skirt.

FIGS. VI AND VII.—BACK AND FRONT OF A WALKING-DRESS, MADE OF GOLD-BROWN CLOTH. The overskirt is draped at the left side, over a skirt which is edged with a narrow plaiting. The cape opens in fan-like folds to the waist, and each fold is edged with rosary-beads. At the back, the cape is slashed and edged with rosary-beads.

FIG. VIII.—WALKING-DRESS, OF DARK-BLUE SERGE. The petticoat is quite plain. The overdress is rather full, draped high up on the right side, rounded and trimmed with rows of black braid. The back falls nearly straight, and is also trimmed with rows of black braid. The pointed bodice is ornamented with rows of braid down the front and around the waist. Hat of blue felt, trimmed with blue and dark-red striped ribbon.

FIG. IX.—WALKING-DRESS, OF GRAY CLOTH. The skirt is ornamented with panels, formed of velvet stripes and large wooden buttons. The front is plain. The back is laid in box-plaits. The tunic is full and rounded, back and front. The jacket-bodice has revers, is trimmed with large wooden buttons, and opens over a gray silk vest striped with the velvet. Gray straw hat, trimmed with gray silk and a large cluster of chrysanthemums.

FIGS. X AND XI.—FRONT AND BACK OF A CAPE, MADE OF BÈGE-COLORED CLOTH; or it may be made of canvas, lined with silk. If the former, the capes should be machine-stitched at the edges; if the latter, they should be bound with satin. The undercape has an opening for the arms to pass through, and is fastened with buttons. The high collar is lined with silk, and turned down in front. Straw bonnet, trimmed with a bird and clusters of cherries. The hat is of black straw, studded with jet, and trimmed with black feathers.

FIG. XII.—NECKLET, composed of colored or jet beads.

FIG. XIII.—NEW STYLE OF SLEEVE, trimmed with colored foulard, and edged with rosary-beads to correspond with the color of the sleeve.

FIG. XIV.—JACKET, OF BLUE DIAGONAL CLOTH. It is trimmed with plush, and opens in front over a corduroy waistcoat. A strap of the plush holds the jacket together near the top.

FIG. XV.—DRAPED BODICE. The basque at the back is box-plaited, and the fronts are draped over a velvet waistcoat, with artistic buttons. The sleeves correspond. Velvet collar.

FIG. XVI.—NEW-STYLE SLEEVE, finished with ribbon and full plaiting of lace.

FIG. XVII.—SWISS WAISTBAND, OF BLACK VELVET, pointed top and bottom, back and front; laced at the back. Collar and cuffs of velvet.

FIG. XVIII.—BONNET, OF SILK, studded with jet, and trimmed with bows-and-loops of the same, which stand very high.

FIG. XIX.—HAT, OF COARSE BROWN STRAW, trimmed with brown ribbon.

FIG. XX.—HAT, OF BLACK STRAW, faced with black velvet, edged with jet beads, and trimmed with dark-red ribbon.

FIG. XXI.—ORNAMENT FOR THE HAIR, composed of gauze ribbon and flowers.

GENERAL REMARKS.—It is impossible to describe any of the changes in fashion from month to month. They are very slight, and usually only a variation of those previously worn; but, in the course of a little time, it is seen that there has been a decided change. Our fashion-plates give a better idea of these variations than any written description can do.

The new woolen materials for autumn and winter wear are innumerable. Some are rough, but soft and light; some are of smooth texture. Some are diagonal, others in basket-squares. Some are in one color, some in shaded blocks or stripes of dark but the richest hues, some are in black and white—in fact, the variety is endless.

Everything is in the fashion. After the woolens—which comprise cashmere and camel's-hair, still in great favor—there are plain and corded and watered silks, silks with satin plain stripes and stripes that are brocaded. There are also velvets and plushes, to be used as panels or parts of a dress. There are braided and beaded materials to be employed, also, as panels or adjuncts to the dress.

Two old gowns, it will be seen, can be easily made up to furnish forth a fashionable new one: for side-panels, waistcoat, revers, collar, etc., etc., can be made of one material, and the principal part of the dress of another.

For walking-suits, the tailor-made costumes are the most desirable; though these look rather heavy for the house, as a light cloth, or some goods of a solid appearance, should be selected for this kind of dress.

House-dresses have more latitude in make. In these, the drapery may be fuller, more ruffles may be worn, and the trimmings that would look inappropriate on the street, give a bright pretty look to the house-toilette.

Silk and velvet dresses are seldom worn for ordinary walking-wear. In carriages, they are considered appropriate; but the richest women, as a rule, wear woolen goods on the street. Velvet and plush are, however, used for panels, etc., etc.

In the make of dresses, there seems to be but little change. The narrow knife-plaiting at the foot of the dress is still much worn; and this is necessary to give a pretty appearance to the foot, which has an awkward look, thrust out from a plain, rather drawn-back, skirt.

Ruffles of black lace are very popular on black dresses, or narrow ruffles on thin silk of any kind, especially for evening-wear.

Tunics or apron-fronts are sometimes made double, the upper one edged with lace, the lower one with just a plain hem. This fashion, however, is not becoming to a short figure. The lower drapery should be made to fall to the bottom of the skirt.

The plain plaited waterfall-back is still popular. The wing-draperies are somewhat newer, but not more becoming.

Waistcoats still retain their place in general favor. With tailor-made dresses, they are especially popular—being sometimes quite plain, and buttoned down the front; at others, puffed.

Jackets and mantles are still made rather short; the latter, however, with ends long in front.

Bonnets are more pointed than ever, with a high narrow trimming on the front.

Hats are still high, often turned up at the side or at the

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back. The sailor-hat is very popular, and very becoming to young people.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

RUE DES PETITS CHAMPS.

The new favorite color is undoubtedly violet, in many novel and exquisite shades. It is not the dull-purple known as heliotrope, which has been in vogue for so long, but is a brilliant tint with a reddish cast, and is extremely becoming to almost all styles of complexion. Worth has introduced this new color very extensively, using both the paler and darker shades for evening-wear, as it lights very beautifully. So far, it has been shown only in tulle and gauze; but, as the season advances, it will doubtless be seen in the heavier and richer materials. Two shades are generally employed in the same dress—the darker for the train and corsage, and the lighter for the skirt-front. In tulle ball-dresses, clusters of flowers in the different shades of purple, such as lilacs, acacias, pansies, etc., are much used for the trimming, as are also embroideries and passementeries in silver and in steel.

The winter novelties for millinery are not yet out, but some new styles of bonnets in jet are shown for fall-wear. Some of these have immensely large jet balls, as big as English walnuts, let into the crown in a circular fow. Others are composed entirely of beads in dull jet, the trimming being composed of a bow with loops, of scarlet or orange velvet ribbon, with strings to correspond. A very handsome bonnet is composed of stars of jet, with a diadem-front covered with the large oval jet ornaments known as cabochons. A puff of black gauze in the front of the crown, intermixed with lace, had set in the centre a narrow Spanish comb, with a high top, in cut jet. This bonnet was made for the Archduchess Louis of Bavaria, formerly the Spanish Infanta Donna Paz, and is to be worn by her during the period of her mourning for the late King of Bavaria.

The latest fashions for walking-dresses are, I regret to say, very ugly, so far as the skirts are concerned. The latest of all consists in bunching up a quantity of material over the skirt-foundation—a style that is trying to any but a painfully thin figure. Fortunately there is a wide degree of choice allowed in the matter of cut and trimming, and everybody is permitted to exercise individual taste to any desired extent. One very pretty style for a young girl is a series of graduated flounces, eight or ten in number, made of spotted or striped material, and with each flounce bound with the color of the stripe or spot—corsage with skirt-front in surah of the color of the spots or stripes. Another very pretty costume in worsted lace has the skirt covered at the right side with two wide flounces. These flounces slope upward to about a quarter of a yard below the waist on the left side; the underskirt being a full loosely-falling single flounce of the lace. In the two upper flounces, at the point where they are narrowest, are set loops of black velvet ribbon. Close-set rows of the same ribbon simulate a vest in front of the corsage, and finish the sleeves in the guise of cuffs. A very tasteful way of utilizing a black lace point (half shawl) is to drape it on a plaited short skirt in Pekin silk, in stripes of black satin and colored faille. The shawl should be draped high up on the skirt, the point being placed at the right side, and the two ends crossed at the left, the lace being caught up in puffed draperies at the back of the skirt. The corsage should be trimmed with black lace set in two flat rows down either side of the buttons and buttonholes, with straps of black satin ribbon set on transversely. The edges of overskirts are often cut into deep-pointed scallops, lined with the material of the dress. One of the most tasteful toilettes of the season, and one that is very easy to imitate, has the skirt covered with three gathered flounces in striped material, the edge of each flounce being bordered with a wide bias band in velvet of the shade of the darker stripe. Over these flounces is placed at either side a panel, half a yard in width, in faille, the same shade as the velvet, and reaching from waist to hem. At the back of the skirt, a wide ceinture of the faille forms double bands, each band being of the width of the side-panels. The corsage is in plain dark faille, with vest of the same color as that of the lighter stripe in the skirt-flounces. This dress is very elegant in black and white, but it is very dressy and effective in two shades of green or of violet. It is also charming with the striped material in faded-rose color, and the faille and velvet in wine-color.

The short wraps that are still in vogue will be exceedingly pretty during the coming season. One form is a deep cape in velvet and lace and passementerie, the passementerie crossing the back in an X-shape from shoulder to shoulder. Another is in a graceful dolman-form, made of bands of black velvet thickly set with jet cabochons, and alternating with full quillings of black lace. A third, in the cape-form, in black velvet and lace, has strings of large beads in cut jet looped from the high puffed shoulders across the front. All these forms are shown in ruby, or in marine-blue, or in dark-green velvet, as well as in black. Short jackets are still much worn for undress-occasions, and the long coats are too useful for traveling-wear to be lightly laid aside. Worth has made, for a lovely American bride, a long close-fitting redingote in fawn-colored cloth and electric-blue satin, figured with stripes simulating bands of straw-lace insertion. The satin is set in the back, so plaited in the waist as only to show the brocaded stripes, and it opens out fan-wise in the skirt of the garment. For the same lady, Worth made a walking-costume in peach-kernel cloth, with large mother-of-pearl buttons figured with designs in dark-brown, the corsage being confined around the waist with a wide sash in pale-blue surah. Also, for fall-wear, he is making up pale-colored transparent muslins or batiste over pale blue or wine-red taffetas.

The newest flower for trimming ball-dresses, as well as hats and bonnets, is the common clover, both red and white. It is put on in long-stemmed clusters with a good deal of its foliage, and sometimes with long grasses intermixed.

The newest style of wearing the hair is in a knot at the back of the head, from which escape long rippled or curled masses of hair. On top, the hair is combed smoothly back, while waves or small curls outline the forehead. Shell pi. s, with heads elaborately carved in an open pattern, small shell side-combs, and shell crescents are worn in the hair. The knot shaped like the figure 8 is still worn on the top of the head, with waves or frizzed locks over the forehead.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—BOY'S SUIT, OF BROWN CLOTH. The vest is of cream-colored cloth. The long jacket opens over this vest, and is trimmed with black braid. Straw hat, with brown ribbon band.

FIG. II.—GIRL'S DRESS, OF CREAM-COLORED DELAINE. The skirt is of plain cream-colored delaine, trimmed with scantily-gathered flounces. The pointed bodice and sash are of cream-colored delaine, figured with dark-red flowers. The collar, cuffs, and sash are of dark-red surah.

FIG. III.—GIRL'S DRESS, OF DARK-BLUE ÉTAMINE, made with many tucks. The large cape is dark blue and green plaid, is made tournure-fashion at the back, but like a round cape at the sides and in front. Gray felt hat, trimmed with gray feathers.

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"CONSIDER THE LILIES OF THE FIELD."

Engraved expressly for Harper's Magazine

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DESIGN FOR CORN-FLOWERS, ETC., ETC.

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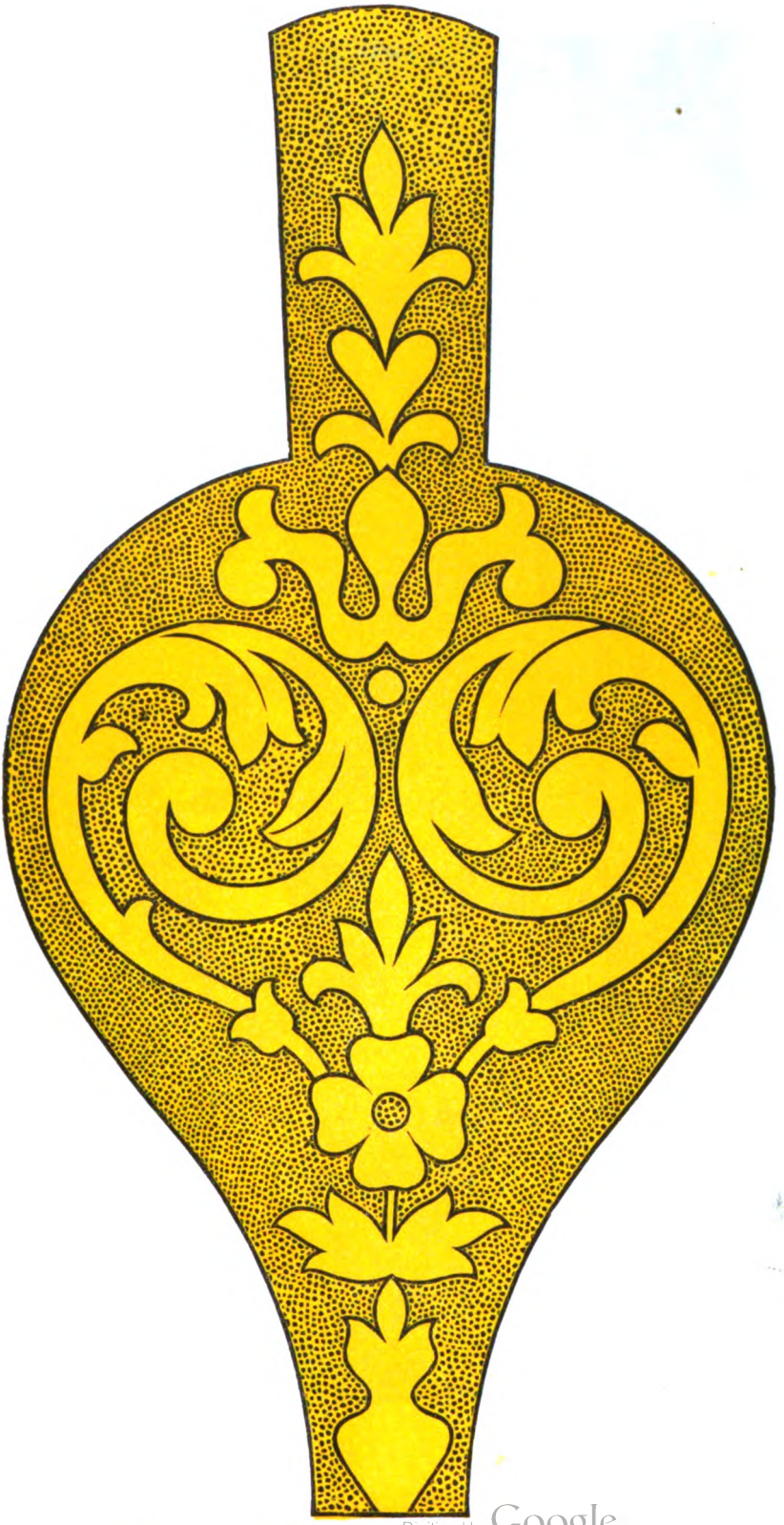

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Design for Bellows, in Brass-Work

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THE PICNIC.

[See the Story, "Hattie's Sacrifice."]

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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER. CHILD'S HAT AND CAP.

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WALKING-DRESSES.

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WALKING-DRESSES

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HOUSE-DRESS. FRONT OF MANTELET. HAT.

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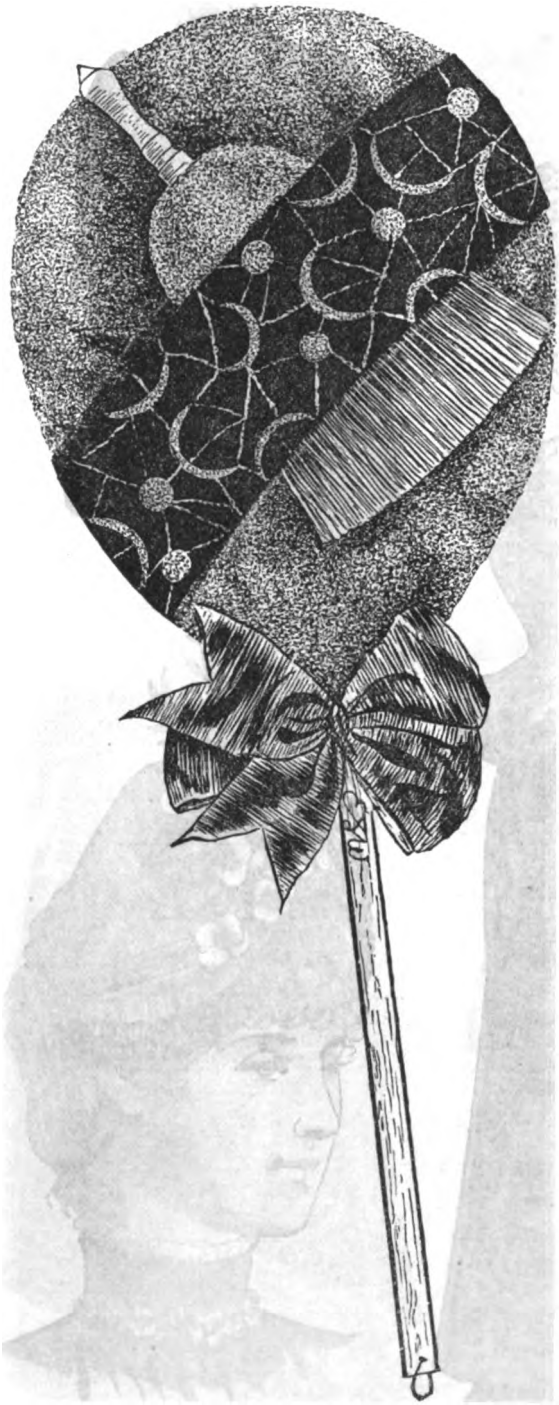
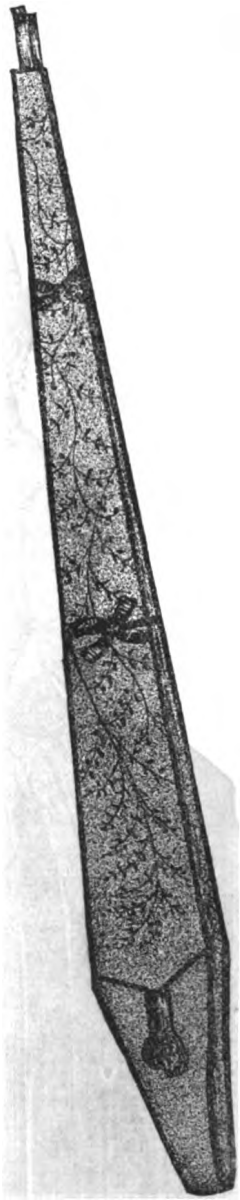
WALKING-DRESS. BACK OF [illegible]ET. BONNET.





WHISK-HOLDER. UMBRELLA-CASE.

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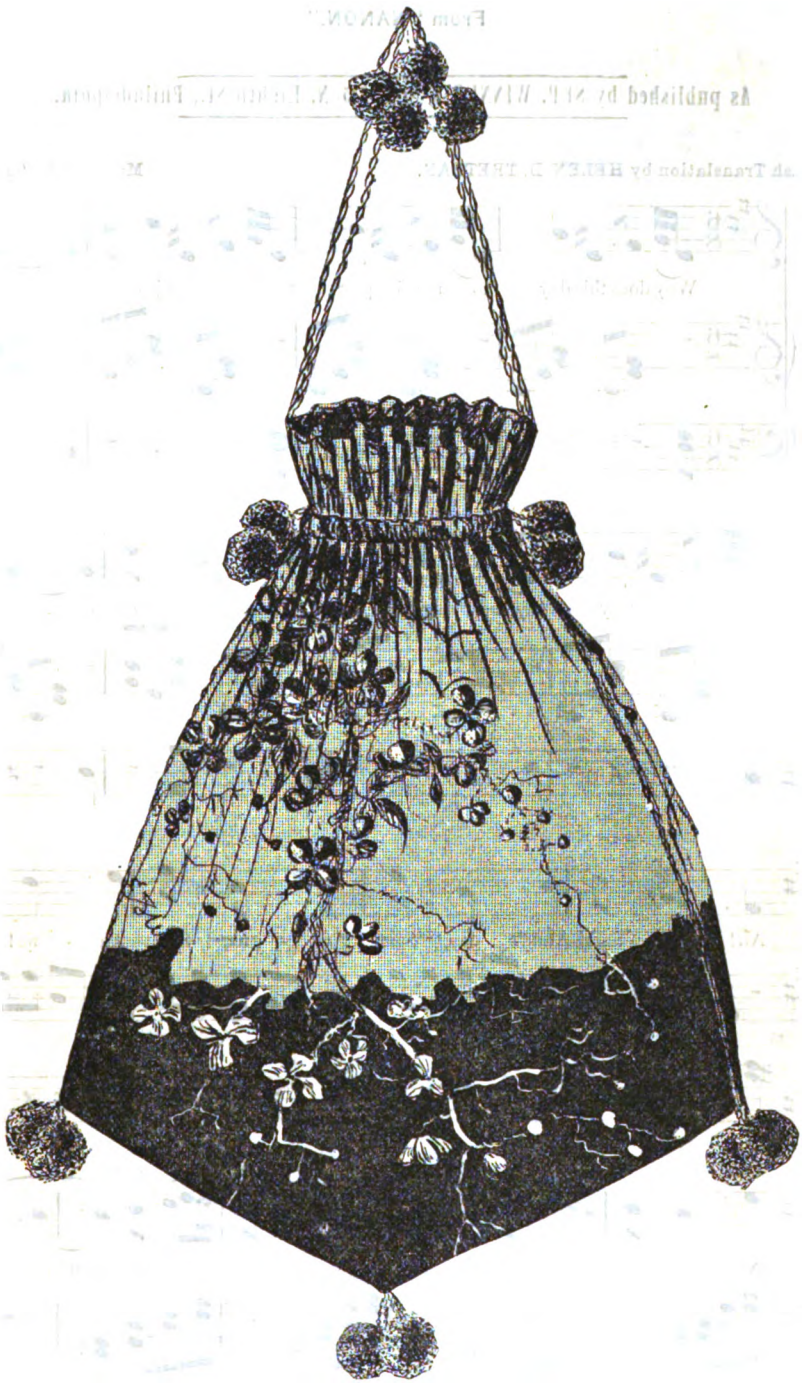

JAPANESE WORK-BAG.

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ANNA SONG.

From "NANON."

As published by SEP. WINNER & SON, 545 N. Eighth St., Philadelphia.

English Translation by HELEN D. TRETBAR. Music by R. GENÉE.

Voice.

Piano.

Why does this day to me im-part Such heart-felt joy as this?

Why thus be-tray my beat-ing heart, Thy tale of ten-der bliss?

Ah! 'tis Saint Anne's day, Saint An - na, Saint An - na!

rall.

No fair - er day I ween, The long de-light-ful year hath seen!.....

rall.

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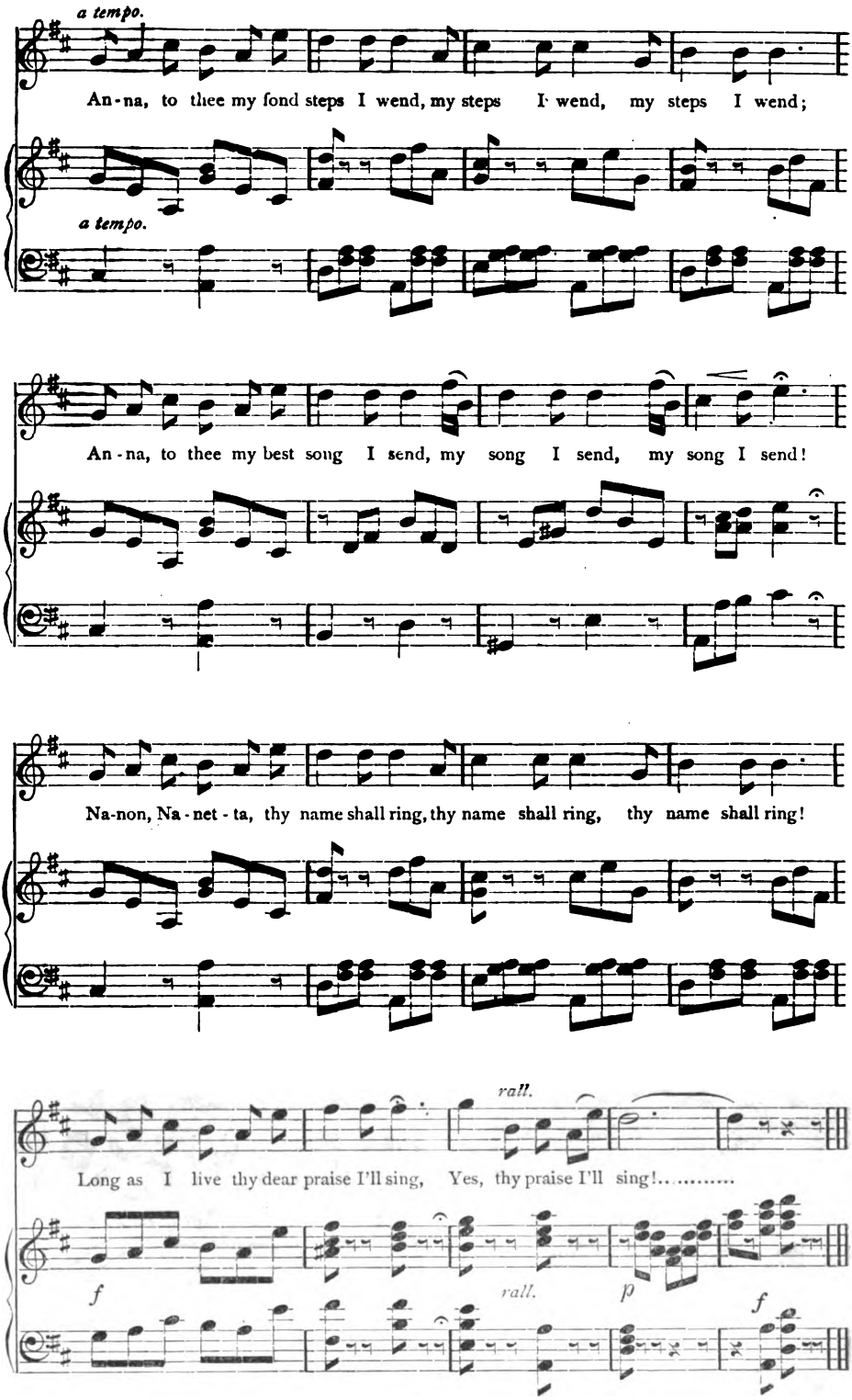

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CAPE. CORSAGE. JERSEY-BODICES.

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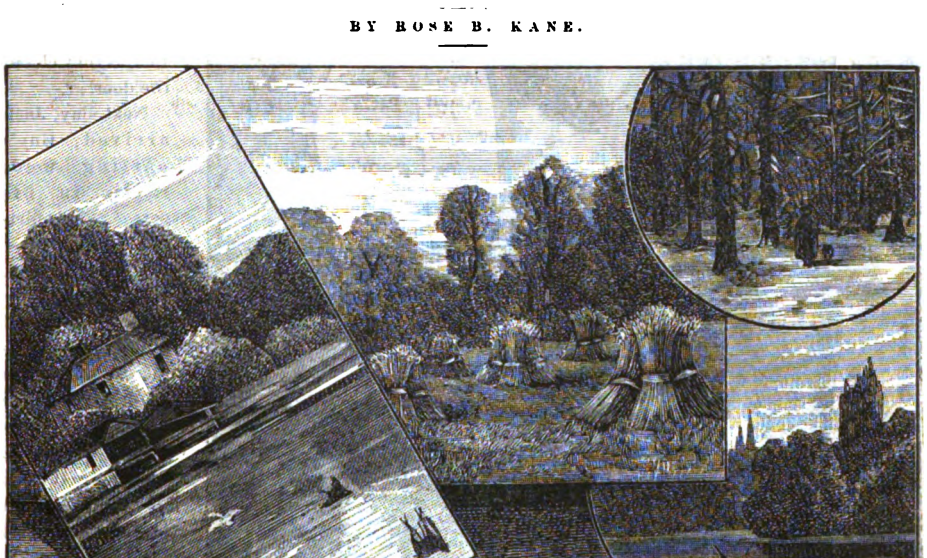
PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XC. PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER, 1886. No. 4.

BETH.

BY ROSE B. KANE.



IT was a bright June afternoon. The roses that grew around the front windows at Bonney Farm were nodding to each other in the sunshine. The profoundest silence was upon everything. Under the big oak-tree, at a little distance from the house, Prince, the house-dog, was dozing, now and then looking toward the door, as if expecting someone.

Presently, a small figure, in a simple yet pretty dress, appeared; and a sweet voice called: "Prince!"

The dog lazily arose, and approached his mistress.

"Oh, Prince," said she, seating herself on the step, "I am so tired. I am going to sit here a little while. Deb is getting tea. Are you not glad, you lazy old doggie?"

Prince was evidently pleased, as he laid his paw on her arm and looked up at her. They made a very pretty picture, sitting there in the sun, Beth in her pink dress, with one hand on the dog's head. There was a far-away look in the blue eyes. She was thinking that, tomorrow, Guy's friend, Jack Ashley, was coming to spend the summer at Bonney Farm. Guy, her cousin, had written that his friend was very sick in the spring, and the farm would be just the place for him, for the summer. Could they let him come?

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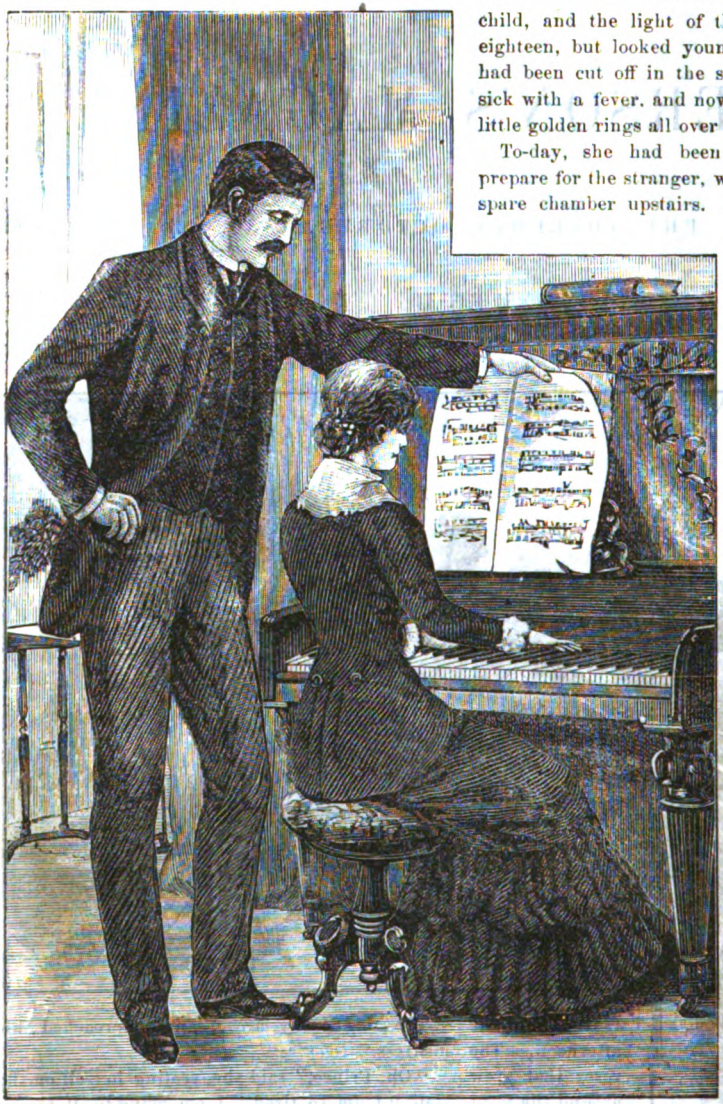

"You need not have him come, Beth, if it will trouble you," said her father, as he read Guy's letter.

"Let him come," said Beth, promptly. "Deb and I will take care of him: it is so hard, you know, to be sick."

And Deb seconded the proposal.

"'Deed, I don't mind the extra work at all, Miss Beth," she said. Now, Deb had been housekeeper at the farm since the death of Beth's mother, and was an authority that had to be consulted. Her assent, therefore, made everything easy.

As for Beth, she was Farmer Fairton's only child, and the light of the house. She was eighteen, but looked younger even. Her hair had been cut off in the spring, when she was sick with a fever, and now was breaking out in little golden rings all over her forehead.

To-day, she had been busy, helping Deb prepare for the stranger, who was to occupy the spare chamber upstairs. Beth had filled two large vases with roses, and placed them on the table.

"I do hope he will like being here," said she to Deb, as they closed the door.

Next day, Jack arrived, Guy's parting words ringing in his ears: "No flirting with Beth—my dear fellow, mind that!"

How cool and quiet the farmhouse looked, as he drove up, after his long ride in the cars. Such a contrast to the hot dusty city, which he had left that morning.

Deb insisted on his drinking a cup of tea.

"I declare, you look beat out," she said. "You had better go and lie down. I will close the blinds."

"I am tired," he confessed. "I am not strong yet. I will lie down. But please do not close the blinds."

His eyes wandered about the large cool room, after Deb went, and lighted on Beth's roses.

"Ah, Guy's Beth," he said. "She must be fond of flowers. I wonder if I will see her, to-night?" Then he threw himself on the bed, and was soon asleep.

He was awakened by the tea-bell; and, going downstairs, saw Beth seated at the table. She arose, and extended her hand. "You are welcome to Bonney Farm, Mr. Ashley," she said, kindly and frankly.

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"Thank you," said he, holding the little hand, and wondering at the beauty of his sweet little hostess. "You are Miss Beth? I have heard Guy speak of you."

The meal passed very pleasantly. Farmer Fairton was in town, so Beth and her guest were alone. But she entertained him as well, and with as much graceful ease, as if she had been the highest-bred city-lady. She gave him a description of the place—Lakeview it was called, and rightly named, bordering on a pretty lake.

The next morning, Beth came down, lovelier than ever, as her guest thought.

"Now, Mr. Ashley," she said, "I am prepared to show you the place, as you requested, last night. I hope you are not tired?"

She was tying on her hat, as she spoke.

"Thanks; I would like to go very much. You seem to have some very beautiful views here. And what a noble old oak that is, down there in the pasture."

"Yes," she said: "it is my favorite spot for reading. The views, as you say, are very pretty. The lake is on the other side of the house, where the outbuildings are. I think you would enjoy the view from there. Then we have the old bridge that leads to the mill; but it is not much used now, as the mill has been closed these three years: and there is a fine bit of woods beyond, which, in winter, is really beautiful. In a few weeks, the grain will be cut and stacked, in this field before us, and that will be a pretty sight: I think the yellow wheat, against the

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The lake was as smooth as glass. The day was beautiful. On each side were the green fields and thrifty farms, with here and there a meek-eyed cow feeding at the water's edge, while ducks were paddling in the water near shore.

"Have you ever been in the city, Miss Beth?" said Jack, as they drifted into a shady nook.

"Oh, yes; I was in Boston for two months, last winter. I was at Aunt Prue's. Father says I may go again, next winter. Guy is real good. He takes me to every place I wish; and I enjoy it all so much, especially the pictures, and—and—the concerts."

"And you like concerts? Then you must be a musician yourself. I saw a piano in your parlor."

background of green, is so lovely." And so she ran on, until they reached the lake.

"Do you row, Miss Beth?" he said then.

"Oh, yes; the Daisy and I go on voyages very often. The visitors at the hotel carry Daisy off sometimes, when the other boats are all out. I do not have it so much now."

"Let us go and see if we can find it," said Jack. "I was quite an expert, one time, with the oar."

"You had better let me row. It may tire you, to-day," said Beth.

"Oh, no," said he, laughing. "I shall not get tired. You do not look very strong yourself. Haven't you been sick also?"

"Yes, I had a fever, in the spring," said Beth, "but I am quite well now."

"Yes, I play a little," said Beth, "but I don't pretend to play well."

"You must let me hear you, and judge for myself," said Jack, in a low tone.

Beth blushed, and then was silent till they reached home.

It was near dinnertime when they came in. "My!" said Deb, "Mr. Ashley, you have quite a color: you look real nice."

"Why," said Beth, smiling, "you are all sunburned."

"Then I am willing to be, if it improves my looks," he said.

For several days, however, Mr. Ashley suffered with a severe headache, the result of the sun on the lake that day. Beth was a very kind nurse, and, to some extent, a remorseful one, as she blamed herself for the expedition.

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One afternoon—it had been very hot all day, but now a breeze was coming up—Jack came down to the piazza, where Beth was sewing.

"Is your head better, at last, Mr. Ashley?" said she, rising.

"Thanks! Much better. Do you care to come for a walk?"

"Yes, if you think it won't hurt you."

Soon they reached the bridge. From it could be seen most of the lake. It was very quiet now. Nothing but the songs of the birds broke the stillness. Long they stood there, enjoying it all. At last Beth said:

"Come, Mr. Ashley, it is most teatime. We will get no supper, if we do not start now."

"Oh, my! what a rude awakening," cried Jack, and laughed. "Which do you prefer, Miss Beth," he said, as they walked back, "the city or country?"

"The country is dull in winter, when it is cold, and the lake is frozen," said Beth. "Some moonlight nights, it reminds one of fairy-land, however. To look from my window, at the trees, all covered with snow, is very beautiful."

"Yes, it must be beautiful," said he, watching the bright face.

The beautiful summer had passed, and still Jack Ashley lingered. The mornings were spent in excursions to the lake or elsewhere. The afternoons were devoted to music, for Beth had finally been coaxed to play for him; and hours were spent thus, Jack turning over the leaves for her. Meantime his mother had written to him, several times, about returning. Finally, he decided to leave on the first of November.

"Beth," said he, coming to the kitchen-door, one bright October afternoon, "come out: it is too nice to be in the house."

"Yes, do go, Miss Beth: I will fix the biscuit," said Deb.

So Beth started.

They went first to the old oak, under which they had spent so many pleasant hours, and toward the woods, to the old bridge, and the lake.

The trees were in their holiday-array. Now and then, a dead leaf would drop at their feet.

"How still it is here," said Beth, sitting on a fallen tree. "What are you thinking of, Mr. Ashley?" for he had been silent, now, for quite a space.

"Of you, Beth—and—and Annie Fales."

"Of me?"

"Yes; I am going home. Monday."

The girl gave a start.

"Do you care, Beth?" he said, tenderly.

"Oh! I am so sorry," replied Beth, and the sweet blue eyes were full of tears. Then, after a moment: "But who is Annie Fales, Jack? Why were you thinking of her?"

Jack hesitated for a moment, and then said:

"Annie Fales is my betrothed wife. Don't look at me that way, Beth. I am thinking—how can I marry her, loving you as I do, Beth? I—"

But the girl rose proudly to her feet.

"Stop, Jack," she said, "not another word."

He tried to take her hand; but she turned away and left him.

"Now, I've done it," he said, as his eyes followed her fast-receding figure. "Now I have lost her. Poor little Beth! She will soon forget me, however," he added, with a selfish shrug of his shoulder. "It was only a little affair, 'pour passer temps.'"

On the day of his departure, it was cold and cheerless. The wind moaned through the old oak. Beth was on the piazza, as he went out. He came to her, holding out his hand.

"Good-bye, Beth," he said.

"Good-bye, Mr. Ashley," she answered, quietly. "I hope you will be very happy," and turned and entered the house.

"It was wrong, it was cruel of him, to make me love him," she sobbed, as she rushed up to her chamber, and watched, behind the curtain, till he disappeared.

"I suppose Beth misses Ashley," said her father to Deb, the next day. "I never knew her to be so quiet before."

The winter went drearily by. The snow set in early, and continued until April. Through the long weary days, Beth would sit at one of the windows of her room, that commanded a view of the orchard, where she and Jack had passed so many happy hours, and sigh, and often shed secret tears. "It is like myself," she would say, "the branches bare, the snow beneath, everything cheerless. Oh! oh! why did he make me love him, and he, all the time, pledged to another?"

But none of this emotion was ever shown downstairs. Before her father and Deb, she was always cheerful, or, at least, tried to be so. But the strain told on her.

Spring came at last. The old apple-trees in the orchard were white with bloom. Prince could be seen driving the cows to the pasture, or chasing an early butterfly. But his mistress sat listlessly in the sunshine, watching the blossoms drop from the trees, or looking sadly at the old oak, under which Jack had read Tennyson to her, oh! so often, and with such tender meaning in his tones. She had been failing all winter, not well enough to go to Aunt Prue's. Her father tried to hope, in spite of all.

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"She will be all right," he had said, "when spring comes."

But when spring had come, and she did not rally, he said, hoping against hope:

"She will get strong when summer comes."

"How are you, Beth, to-day?" said he, one afternoon. "Aunt Prue is coming, by the next train. Ah! I knew that would make your eyes shine. And Guy is coming soon, too. Do you feel stronger, to-day?"

"Oh! yes," she said, smiling. "I will soon be all right, father dear."

"Don't you want to go out awhile—as far as the old oak, say?"

She winced, but replied:

"I would like to, but my head is a little dizzy. I am afraid you would have to carry me, and I am too heavy for that."

"Not too heavy for your old father, Bethie," he said. "Perhaps, to-morrow, your head won't ache so, and then we will go."

"Perhaps," she said, with a sigh.

Aunt Prue came, toward evening. She was shocked to see the change in her niece. But she tried not to show this concern.

"Why, Beth," she said, "you have been too much alone, this winter. It has depressed you, dear. I am glad I came so soon; we will have those roses back in no time, now."

"Auntie," said Beth, that night, "where is Mr. Ashley, now?"

"In Europe," was the answer, dryly. "But he is coming home in June. He and Annie Fales are to be married then, you know. Beth, tell me frankly: did you care for Jack?"

"I did. He never said a word about Annie Fales, till the day before he left. I—I—" She struggled to keep down her emotion. "But it's all over now—tell me about Annie."

"She is older than Jack, handsome and very rich. Beth, he is a rascal."

"Oh! don't say that," cried Beth, forgivingly.

It is June, at Bouney Farm. The roses have opened again, to meet the sunshine. But it is very quiet around the house. The hall-door is closed. Beth is dying.

"Of consumption," says Dr. Brown. But Aunt Prue and her father know better. Her father has watched her day by day, dreading the time to come, when there will be no Beth. Aunt Prue has remained, and Guy has come. Upstairs, where the sun shines into the room, and the branches of the trees lean lovingly against the window, Beth is lying. There is no pain now.

"Auntie!" she says, in a weak thin voice.

"I am here, Beth."

"Auntie, when I am dead—"

"Oh! Beth!"

"Yes, auntie; I want you to put a few oak-leaves, from the old oak, on my coffin, and some of my roses around me. And take father home with you—he will be lonesome here: for a time at least. Will you, auntie?"

"Yes, Beth; here is father, now."

They watched by her all through that night. Toward dawn, Beth roused from a fitful sleep.

"Auntie, is it almost morning?" she said.

"Yes, dear. The sun will be up, soon."

"Father!"

"Yes, Beth."

"Hold me up, so I can see the sun. I want to hear the birds sing, too."

In her father's arms, just as the golden curtains of morn parted, Beth passed away.

In Boston, that very morning, there was a grand wedding. The bridal couple waited in vain, however, for Guy, who was to have been best man. But he was at the farmhouse.

While Jack Ashley paused at the carriage that was to take him and his bride to the train, a telegram was handed to him. Nervously he broke the seal. The words he read were these:

"Beth died this morning.

GUY."

That was all. There was not even a conventional expression of regret at his absence. It was not until she had died, that Guy was told the truth; and he never forgave Jack.

AT LAST.

BY BELLE BREMER.

ONLY a few pale flowers,
Only a darkened room;
Only a shrouded form,
Seen through the dusky gloom.

They will come and calmly gaze,
And a few, perchance, may weep
When they see the well-known face
And the form forever asleep.

Only a cortege slow,
Only an open grave:
Only a narrow home
Where the yew and cypress wave.

Then a half-forgotten mound,
Where the dews of heaven will keep
The nodding grasses green
When friends have ceased to weep.

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HATTIE'S SACRIFICE.

BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

"I'M 'mighty sorry," said Mother Galey, as she came downstairs, with her warm cloak and old-fashioned hood on, and bustled out to the sleigh. "But you know one o' you girls will have to stay with grandpa, to-night."

The three sisters looked at each other a little blankly; then Carrie exclaimed.

"Oh, my! Couldn't he stay alone, just one evening?"

"My dear, no! You mustn't think of it!" was Mother Galey's prompt answer. "I'm very sorry it has happened so. But, of course, my duty is to go to Uncle Am's, at once. And one of you'll have to take my place at home."

"Then I guess Hat will have to stay," said Rosie, glancing at her oldest sister. I wouldn't miss the party for anything!"

"Neither would I!" put in the second sister, Carrie. "Walter Coleman sent me word to be sure to be there—with the new dress, too. I'm going to look so pretty."

"Oh, hush! you vain thing, and give me a chance," cried Rose. "Will Scott will be there: so you'll see I'll not get left. But Sister Hat has got no special beau, and we all know she's not a beauty, and it isn't likely that, old as she—"

"You need not say any more. I'll stay with grandpa," interupted Hattie; and, turning, she walked straight into the house.

"Girls, I'm afraid you've hurt her feelings," said Mother Galey.

"Oh, nonsense!" cried Carrie, speaking in high good-nature, now that she was sure of going. "Hat isn't a beauty, you know, and I dare say she'll be an old maid anyhow."

"We won't stay very late, mother," said Rose. "But I couldn't bear to give up the party, either. So we'll just let Hattie stay with grandpa, this time."

"Well, suit yourselves, girls I'll be at home as soon as I can leave Uncle Am's Don't forget to feed the turkeys, in the morning. Good-bye!" And Mother Galey got into the sleigh, which Uncle Am's boy had brought for her, tucked the robes about her feet, and they were off, the bells jingling as merrily as if Uncle Ambrose had not broken his leg and sent in haste for his sister, Mother Galey.

Only dire necessity would have taken her, on that evening. For the three girls had all been busy for a week with preparations for the party—a very grand affair, to be given at the town hall, in the village; and kind Mother Galey wouldn't have disappointed either of them, for anything she could have helped.

But Father Galey had gone over as soon as he heard the news of Uncle Am's accident, and now she was sent for; and somebody must stay with Grandpa Galey, who was too old and feeble to be left alone.

When the sleigh started, the two girls flew into the house, and upstairs to dress for the party, which, by the bye, had one very peculiar feature: No lady was to have a gentleman escort to the hall. But, at suppertime, every gentleman was to choose a lady for a partner, take her down to supper, and escort her home; and if, after that, he chose to come again, and she consented to have him for the rest of her natural life, why, it wasn't anybody else's business.

Hattie helped her sisters to dress, as pleasantly as if she were not a bit disappointed. She even ran out to the sleigh, with an extra shawl for Rose, when Ettie Holmes and her brother stopped for them, as they had agreed to do, and answered their good-nights, when they drove off, in cheerful steady tones.

But, after they were gone, she fastened the front door, and then, before she went into the big sitting-room, where grandpa was dozing by the fire, she ran upstairs to put out the lamp, which had been left burning, and took a look at herself in the glass.

"Yes, I'm no beauty," she sighed. "Nobody will ever want to make love to me. I might as well stay at home, as Carrie says."

Yet it was a very true, sweet, womanly face, with earnest dark eyes, and smooth dark hair, which she had seen in the glass, and the man who could win the pure warm heart underneath it, if he only knew it, would win a rich prize.

"I'm getting old, too, just as she said. Why should I shut my eyes to the fact?" pursued Hattie, still gazing thoughtfully into the glass "Twentyseven, next week. Well, some old maids are happier than many married women. And, if Walter Coleman marries Carrie, why, it's all right. He ought to, if he likes her best. And, perhaps, if he does, she'll settle down, and make a steady wife, some of these days."

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But Hattie sighed. She tried to forget that she had ever dreamed of brighter things. Yet, would she ever cease to remember that picnic, in the last mellow days of October, in the Beaufort woods, and when Walter Coleman had been of the party? She blushed, all alone as she was, when she recalled how he had neglected all others for her: how, when her younger sisters had gone boating, he had asked her to walk with him down one of the forest-aisles: how his looks had made her heart beat, and his low meaning tones had brought the blushes to her cheek: how, while the others still remained on the water, she had undertaken to boil the pot, and how he had gathered the sticks for the fire: and how they had both laughed together: and how blissfully the hours had passed! Ah, she would never forget it. But it had all come to nothing. The dream had been only a dream, and was now over forever. For, the very day after the picnic, Walter Coleman had been summoned away, by the death of an uncle, whose estate he had inherited, and had only recently returned: indeed, so recently, that Hattie had seen nothing of him. That is why she had wished to go to the ball, for there she would be sure to meet him. "Oh, it was all my folly," she said. "I deceived myself. He was only flirting with me. Carrie had gone off boating with Harry Winthrop, and he wished to be revenged on her. Well, it is better as it is. Only, my dear," looking in the glass, "make up your mind to be an old maid."

And Hattie sighed again, and put out the lamp. Then she went slowly down the old stairs, to the sitting-room, and read to grandpa, for half an hour. After this, grandpa laid himself back, in his big chair, for a nap; but declined to go to bed, until the girls came home. He fancied, dear old fellow, that he would be some protection for his favorite grandchild, if he staid up.

Before he went to sleep, however, he said: "You're a good child, Hattie, my dear, to stay with grandpa. You're a good child, and the fellows have eyes, too. They know gold from dross, when they see it. 'Twouldn't surprise me, if you had a sweetheart 'afore the other girls, after all!"

"No danger, grandpa," said Hattie, smiling. But, even as she smiled, she sighed again. For she wondered if Walter Coleman would bring Carrie home, and if it was really he, or only his money, that Carrie cared for!

Pretty soon, grandpa was fast asleep. Then everything grew so still, and seemed so lonely, that Hattie glanced up at the clock. Only ten: she need not look for the girls for two hours yet. But it was very weary watching and waiting, all that dreary time, and Hattie began to feel almost afraid of her own shadow on the wall.

Suddenly she heard the faint sound of sleigh-bells: then nearer and nearer, with a merry jingle, which rang through the frosty night-air.

It was too early for the girls. Most likely, someone was merely passing down the road. But no! the bells stopped at the gate. And, in a moment, a quick firm tread rang on the snowy walk: then there was a decided rap at the door.

Who could it be? No one bent on mischief, or he would have been more anxious to conceal his coming. So Hattie opened the door, and stood utterly astonished, for there stood—Walter Coleman!

"Well, are you not going to ask me to come in, after taking this cold drive?" asked Walter, when she had said "Good-evening," and still stood looking at him.

"Oh, yes! Come in!" said Hattie, quickly. "Excuse me, but I was so surprised. I thought you were at the party."

"I was," answered Walter, as he closed the door himself, and held out one hand to Hattie. "I went there to see a certain person; but she wasn't there, and so I came after her."

He pressed the hand he held tightly, and Hattie looked up at him, startled. What did he mean? What could he mean? She met a look which made her eyes drop, as he said:

"Yes, I came for her—came for her to be with me always, if she would only consent—can I have her?"

She murmured:

"What! Not me?" more startled than ever.

"Yes, you. Why not?" And Walter daringly slipped one arm around her.

They were alone in the hall, so Hattie did not resist.

"Why not?" said Hattie, blushing. "Oh, because I am homely, and old, and—"

Walter burst into a laugh.

"Who's been telling you that?" he asked. "To me, you are the best, dearest—yes, and prettiest—girl in the county; and I've known it this long time. Come, Hattie, be mine—won't you? Couldn't you love me at least a little?"

"Yes," stammered Hattie, after awhile, hardly above her breath.

"That's right! Bless you, darling!" And Walter's arm tightened around her. "Then there's nothing to hinder you from being my little wife, to love and be loved as long as we live! Will you, Hattie?"

"But you told Carrie you wanted her to come to the party," said Hattie, in confusion.

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"Of course! I told her I wanted you all three to be sure to be there. But it was you I meant Come now, won't you answer—will you be mine?"

"Yes," whispered Hattie, hiding her face on his shoulder.

"And you will agree to be married in the spring, darling?" persisted Walter.

We judge, by his next action, that Hattie said yes to that, too, but Walter held her so close, that one couldn't possibly hear a word: only there was a curious little noise, strangely like a kiss, taken and returned.

Well, they went into the sitting-room, after that, to the warm fire: and had a nice talk, in low whispers, Walter on an ottoman at Hattie's feet Grandpa obligingly slept soundly through it all, and until Walter was taking his leave

Then grandpa woke up, and Walter told him what had happened, and asked for his blessing. And wasn't the old man pleased!

"Said so," he chuckled, gleefully, to himself. "Said she'd have a sweetheart 'afore the other two. She's worth all of 'em. Not a bit of selfishness about Hattie; and it's come true, quicker'n I expected." Then aloud: "She's a good child, Walter, boy! And I know you'll be good to her!"

"As long as I live, grandpa!" fervently said Walter, earnestly shaking the old man's hand, and holding Hattie tight with the other arm.

Soon after, Walter took his leave. Carrie came home with Tom Holmes, and not in the best humor, either.

"Where's Rose?" asked Hattie

"Coming with Will Scott, of course," answered Carrie.

"Did you have a good time at the party?"

"No: it was a perfect bore. And I had to come with that odious Tom Holmes, or nobody! Walt Coleman was only there about half an hour I can't think where he went! Why, Hat, what's the matter with you?" as she suddenly caught sight of her sister's happy dancing eyes and blushing face.

"Oh, she's found a sweetheart, though you said she'd never have one, that's all," chuckled grandpa. "And it's named Coleman, too!"

"What do you mean?" asked Carrie, in surprise and anger. "What has happened, Hat?"

But Hattie, red as a rose, fled from the room, and left grandpa to tell the story.

Carrie's astonishment knew no bounds. But, though her vanity at first was hurt, she was good at heart; and, after some reflection, she cordially congratulated her sister, for she didn't really care for Walter herself. She kissed the blushing Hattie, when she had followed her upstairs, and said:

"Well, you dear old thing, I'm real glad for you. But haven't you played a smart game on us? Well, I don't care! Walt Coleman's money will be in the family, anyhow!"

Mother Galey got home the next afternoon. And the first news she heard was, that they must prepare for Hattie's wedding.

"It's retributive justice," said grandpa. "You girls only cared for yourselves, and selfishness has its reward; but see—and take a lesson from it—see what came of HATTIE'S SACRIFICE."

SABBATH BELLS.

BY CHARLES KIRLY SHETTERLY.

HARK! the bells,
The Sabbath-bells,
Ring out their anthems to the sky,
And softly die,
As they swell, swell
Through dale and dell,
Through mead and fell.

Chime, chime, chime
Out psalms sublime,
And cheer this sad, this dying, world.
O bells of gold,
Ring out sweet chime
To ev'ry clime
The sacred time.

The peals, they make
The silence wake
With music of the spheres above.
Ring in sweet love;
Ring out old hate;
Ring out rude fate;
Ring in the great.

O bells in air,
Thy lips of prayer
From stony pulpits teach the way
To that bright day.
Ring out despair;
Ring out stern care;
Ring in the fair.

O welcome, bells,
That joy foretells,
And ring, in cadence soft and clear,
So sweet and dear,
Now slow, thy knell;
Now loud, thy swell;
Now faint, farewell.

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MARIAN'S FASHIONABLE FRIENDS.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

CHAPTER I.

PRETTY Marian Newkirk gave a sigh, as she looked out of the window, across the little lawn, and on to the empty street. She was inexpressibly weary of the quiet Pennsylvania village, in which she had been born and bred.

"Nothing ever happens here," she said. "We are all on one dead level—nobody is either very rich or very poor, and even old Jackson," this was the peripatetic philosopher and general errand-doer for the neighborhood, "still speaks of me—though I am nineteen—as 'Dr. Newkirk's little gal.' Oh, dear! oh, dear! If only something would happen for once."

She yearned, you see, for the life she had read of in novels—the ideal world: the world where there is no commonplace. She fancied the great world of society, whose gayeties the newspapers chronicled in exaggerated phrase, was this world; and a brief glimpse of it, which she had once caught, as a mere looker-on, during a fortnight she had spent at Newport, had fortified her in this belief.

Yet she had not entirely enjoyed that glimpse; for she had been at a hotel, and had only stared at it from the outer darkness, so to speak. She had not been admitted "within the pearly gates," as she said to herself, with a great bitterness and rebellion in her heart. She was a stranger, and knew none of the fine people whom she saw on the drives or at the Casino. The few persons she made acquaintance with were, socially, nobody; and Marian soon became ashamed of them, and of herself for being of their number. Hence, though the sojourn was an event to be talked of, she would have had no desire to repeat the visit, had that been possible, which it was not; a big fee had enabled her father, that summer, to give her an "outing": but big fees do not often come to country doctors, and none had come to Doctor Newkirk since.

Marian had been only seventeen then. Some six months after, her father had died suddenly, leaving her without near relatives. He had been a clever hard-working man, but he did not leave a fortune, or what would be called such in in a great city. However, to her sober-minded neighbors, the competency which she inherited, and which had been left in her exclusive control, seemed almost dangerous wealth for a young girl to possess.

The society of the place was limited, but it comprised several cultivated young men and women, given to literary pursuits, and aspiring to esthetic culture; but Marian, though as well educated as the best, and appreciating culture thoroughly, termed it "existence in a tea-cup." She felt that she was born for a wider sphere, or, at least, she told herself so. Are there not a good many like her in this respect?

It was not much compensation to Marian, that she was the prettiest girl in the neighborhood, or the most important, socially speaking, or that she had a reputation for talent almost amounting to genius, or that everybody knew she was adored by Robert Meredith, the finest fellow going, and whom any other girl would have been only too glad to have for an admirer.

But Robert was only the junior-partner in a stocking-mill; and this was not enough for an ambitious girl like Marian. He would possibly acquire a moderate fortune toward middle-age, but nothing more; and the worst of it was that he accepted his present position and future prospects with perfect contentment, even satisfaction. "If only he possessed as much ambition as he had energy," Marian said to herself, "and would rush off to New York and Wall Street, where millions could be made in a moment, then I might think differently of him."

He loved her, nevertheless, so warmly, so masterfully, that, in a fashion she had become engaged to him. At one time, even, she had fancied herself in love with him. But she had learned to analyze her sentiments since—as young women do, in some novels, nowadays—and had discovered that her feeling for him was only the tenderness and sympathy, mixed with a little awe, which his masterful way of making love had caused.

But the afternoon on which our story opens, within an hour of the weary exclamation we have recorded, brought, at last, the long-desired yearning of her soul—an excitement—a break in ordinary life—and one so extraordinary, that it seemed impossible existence could ever settle back again into its former humdrum narrowness. For the express, which dashed daily past from the West, disdaining to halt at the little village-

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station, was wrecked just below the place. The accident was a terrible one. Numbers of people were killed outright; scores of others were maimed and dangerously injured. As the hotel could not furnish proper accommodation for all the sufferers, private dwellings were thrown open, with that generosity so characteristic of Americans. Among others, Marian heard that Doctor Gordon had taken a lady into his house.

Doctor Gordon had succeeded to her father's practice. He had hired the large commodious homestead from Marian: and she now boarded in her old home, with him and his wife. Everything was done for her comfort. Good motherly Mrs. Gordon admired her beyond measure, but received in return, alas! only the half-contemptuous regard which Marian thought due from a young person of lofty mental gifts to an unassuming, plain, middle-aged lady, who had no aspiration beyond her round of drudging domestic duties, and the desire to make her husband happy.

Marian was inclined to resent the doctor's prompt action, taken without consulting her. Not but what she would eagerly have approved. Only she was so accustomed to being deferred to in all things, that any independent action on the part of those with whom she was intimate seemed an infringement upon her rights. At least, this is what she would have thought, if she had fancied she could possibly have any personal interest in the matter.

But her mood changed, when she learned who the lady was. Her breath fairly stopped; her heart seemed to cease beating. Fate had brought a momentous incident across her path at length. For the sufferer was Mrs. Howard Rushton, whose name was familiar to Marian, from fashionable chronicles: a lady who was absolutely one of the powers in New York society; a young widow, noted for her wealth, her beauty, and her wit.

Not only Mrs. Rushton, but her companion and maid, had been injured. The sufferers, at other houses, were so many, that nurses were at a premium. So Marian installed herself at the lady's bedside, and fulfilled the necessary duties in a way which roused the Gordons to enthusiasm. "That dear gifted girl," they cried: "was there anything she could not do?"

In Mrs. Rushton's case, Dr. Gordon feared an internal injury. Hence, complete repose was demanded. He could not even hold out a hope of her being able to sit up, under a fortnight. This verdict sounded preposterous to his patient, the spoiled favorite of fortune, especially as she suffered little pain after the first few days. "He does not know his business," she said, and telegraphed for a celebrated physician from town. She managed the matter with such tact, however—as women of her kind, to do them justice, always do—that she made honest Doctor Gordon actually believe the proposition was his own. The great specialist from New York complied with the request, and not only reiterated the village practitioner's decision, but declared that Gordon was conducting the case as well as he could himself. He departed by the next train, in consequence, after pocketing a check for an amount which startled Marian, who had been called upon to write it, as Mrs. Rushton's arm was so stiff that she could do no more than sign her name with difficulty.

During the next two weeks, Marian was kept a close prisoner, but not an hour ever hung heavily on her hands. Mrs. Rushton knew how to submit to the inevitable with grace, and she was charmed to have this pretty delicate-handed girl about her, who proved not only an efficient nurse, but an agreeable companion; read aloud with unusual discretion; and, into the bargain, was so evidently fascinated and subjugated from the first; and Mrs. Rushton was one of those rare women, almost as eager to subjugate her own sex as the other.

To Marian, the society of the lovely creature was simply a revelation; her conversation more entrancing than even the cleverest pages in her favorite novels. Oh, it was all like living a chapter out of some wonderful romance! The very opening of the great trunks was a new experience. Their marvelous costumes; the delicate underwear: the countless toilet-articles, which Mrs. Rushton deemed the barest necessities; the exquisite jewels which she termed "a few odds and ends": it was like a fairy tale to our heroine. Her very name, Violet, was a poem in itself!

It was like another bit out of a novel, for Marian to meet Robert Meredith one sunset, when, by the doctor's order, she had gone forth for a good walk. She had scarcely seen the young man during the past ten days, and had been too much engrossed to do more than send brief messages in answer to his notes. Somehow, a sense of remoteness toward him, and to every person connected with her ordinary life, seemed, daily, to grow in her mind, in the enchanted quiet of the invalid's chamber.

Meredith had just come from the mill, that afternoon, and he looked neat and tidy, as he always did. But his office-coat was far from new, and he wore a gray flannel shirt and a slouched hat, which would probably have struck Mrs.

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Rushton as becoming and picturesque, but which annoyed Marian as looking too much like the habiliments of a common workman.

His animated sensible countenance, full of energy and resolution, appeared absolutely coarse, compared with a face in a photograph-album of her new friend's. That face haunted her; dark-eyed, dark-haired, foreign-looking; with a scornful mouth; and generally with the jaded blasé expression of a man, who had lived so fast and so far that he had reached the point where "there is nothing new, nothing true, and nothing signifies."

Marian's mind was too full of their guest to talk on any other subject. Meredith, excited by the sight of her, and troubled by a vague change he perceived in her voice and manner, wanted to talk of his love and hopes, and express his joy at this meeting. Other men would have been ready with reproaches for her neglect, and eager only to have her show pleasure at this encounter; but Meredith was too unselfish for that.

"If you had only sent me word you were going to take a walk," he said, regretfully, for he only met her near the village, as she was returning. "Surely, you might have done that."

"Oh! I couldn't have asked you to shut up your pet ledger, or leave a row of figures unadded," she replied, with a half-unconscious attempt at Mrs. Rushton's half-sarcastic manner. She gave, too, a careless little laugh, as she spoke, which hurt him cruelly.

He looked at her with his fine gray eyes—they were his sole real beauty—and they were now full of pain.

"You will make me wish, almost, that this woman had been killed outright," he said, after a pause.

"What a horrible speech," she said, laughing again.

"Oh, Marian!" he cried; "do be like yourself. I feel, to-day, as if you were a stranger."

"I shall be, soon," were the words which rose to her lips.

"What do you mean?" he cried. "Are you in earnest? Are you beginning, already, to forget me?"

His words were so vehement, his deep love shone out so intensely, in tone and look, that, all at once, she felt sorry for him—for herself too—as if she were contemplating the renunciation of a treasure, the real worth of which only impressed her when the fiat for its relinquishment had gone forth. Then she got her wits back, and grew vexed—whether with him or herself, she did not know; she thought fate—people did so in novels! Then she softened, suddenly, and could have cried. But the moment appeared to demand self-possession, and she must display it, she thought, though why or wherefore she did not quite comprehend either.

"I am rather tired, just now," she said, with a faint smile; "don't scold."

"You must be quite worn out," he cried, stricken with remorse. "I beg your pardon for speaking hastily. But I had so longed to see you, and you acted so different, I hardly knew what you meant."

"Please don't scold," she repeated, putting her hand in his arm, and waxing pleasant and sweet; and so, of course, restoring his equanimity speedily by her little feminine arts; so that the rest of the walk proved agreeable enough, only so short, he thought; for, when Marian reached Dr. Gordon's, she said positively she must go in.

CHAPTER II.

The next Sunday, Mrs. Rushton was helped downstairs for the first time, and Meredith called while she was there. Mrs. Gordon had told her that Marian was supposed to be engaged to the young man, and, as he appeared stiff and solemn, and blind to her blandishments, the widow decided that he was a boor.

"That pretty creature would be thrown away on him," she mentally said. "I declare, I've a mind to invite her for the winter; she deserves it! And who knows—she might attract somebody—at least, she could take old Frothingham off my hands a little. She can afford herself the right kind of clothes—they say she is something of an heiress—and it would be a pleasure to cultivate her taste."

Mrs. Rushton had heard Marian spoken of as an heiress, by the Gordons, and she had concluded that the girl must possess an income of three or four thousand at least: a pittance, to be sure—but then a single woman, especially if pretty, could make a fair show on it, in the matter of wardrobe.

While Marian was helping her dress, the next morning, therefore—for the ungrateful French maid had departed as soon as she could travel—Mrs. Rushton said, suddenly, looking full at Marian, to see the effect the news had on her:

"The doctor promises that I may go home, by the end of next week. Shall you miss me?"

Marian did not cry. Tears never came readily with her. But she turned so white, and showed such genuine distress, that Mrs. Rushton was touched, and her vanity gratified.

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"Miss you? Ah! what shall I do without you?" sighed Marian. "You don't know what you are to me. Your coming into my life has been like a ray of sunshine into a prison."

Mrs. Rushton was a terribly impulsive woman, and she made up her mind, then and there.

"Poor little one," she said. "And you long for a glimpse of the world, as you have often unconsciously let out. Well, you shall have it! My dear, would you like to visit me, this winter?"

Marian fairly grew faint with delight. This was the realization of a dream so entrancing that she had hardly dared to indulge in it.

"You mean it?" said Marian.

"Yes, my dear."

"I am going—actually going?" Marian exclaimed.

"I only hope you don't go fettered and bound," Mrs. Rushton rejoined. She did not mean to do any harm. If the girl positively loved the ogre, they would be reunited later; and a little pain and anxiety would do him good. "I really could not introduce an engaged damsel," she continued, laughing. "So, if that stiff young mill-owner has claims—"

"He has not," Marian cried, believing at the moment that she could never truly have cared for Robert, and fancying that she was nearing her rightful destiny at last. "Indeed, indeed, I am not engaged; of course he—"

"Oh! I quite understand," Mrs. Rushton interrupted, not feeling in a mood, that morning, to be interested in love-affairs. "You have been led on—just a case of propinquity. Only don't be caught at the moment of parting."

The day after this conversation, Meredith was called away on business. Hence, he did not learn of Marian's intended departure, until the village had been discussing it for days.

"Are you really to spend the winter with Mrs. Rushton?" he said, when he next met Marian. "Then you knew it, the other day, and did not answer me frankly. Ah! Marian—"

"You ought to congratulate me, at least," she said, irritated. "It seems too good to be true! Only I did not know it then."

"I hope it may prove as pleasant as you expect," he rejoined. "Oh! Marian, so many weeks without you; but, if you are happy, I shall not complain."

"Complain?" she repeated, vexed at the right to do so, which his speech implied. "Complain?"

"Well, yes; perhaps, though, that is a strong word. You know how long I have loved you," he hurried on. "You have admitted that you cared. Marian, before you go, give me the peace and rest of knowing that we are actually engaged, and with the knowledge of our friends."

But this she refused to do. He entreated, protested: finally, she grew angry. Similar discussions between them took place, daily, after that. Meredith pleaded and argued. But, whether she took refuge in injured feeling or vexation—and one day she did one, while the next the other—she remained firm in her resolution.

He came, finally, one afternoon, not many days before the time for her departure, and made a last trial. But it was useless.

"So be it," he said, suddenly, after she had spoken bitter words, and even accused him of selfishness. "You have decided. Forgive me, if I have been selfish, as you say—and unreasonable." He had grown very pale, but he was perfectly calm now—though his composure troubled her more than his agitation had done. He rose, and said: "This has to be good-bye, Marian. I received a telegram, this morning, which obliges me to start for Buffalo, to-morrow. You will be gone before I get back."

So they parted. She was glad to have him go. Yet, in the middle of the night, as she lay restless and unable to sleep, she surprised herself by a burst of hearty weeping. But, when morning came, the softness had passed. To yield to the weakness of any romantic folly, at the present crisis, would prove she was unworthy of the opening of the new and broader horizon to which fate had so unexpectedly led her.

CHAPTER III.

MARIAN had been ten days in the fairy-land which Mrs. Rushton called her house; and fairy-land it might well seem to the visitor, with its perfection of appointment. From boudoir to picture-gallery, from conservatory to bed-rooms, there was not a dissonance: the luxury would have satisfied a prince; the picturesque individuality, which pervaded the whole, would have delighted an artist.

So far as society was concerned, Marian had seen little as yet. She and Mrs. Rushton had each been indisposed in turn; many people were still absent; there was business to attend to; most important of all, shopping had to be done. Mrs. Rushton had said, with what she deemed great wisdom:

"My dear, you don't want to spend a fortune on your wardrobe: elegant simplicity shall be your role. But a few costumes you must have, from Madame Doran herself: that will stamp you at once."

"I can very well afford to do so," Marian

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replied, without entering into explanation in regard to her means; for it was natural, to her, to be reticent in any purely personal matter. She had several hundred dollars laid by, from the unexpected payment of an old debt of her father's, and she fancied that sum would purchase all she required, without touching her regular income.

The term "elegant simplicity" pleased her fancy; for, though she had read the memoirs of Josephine, she had forgotten what reason the great emperor had to hold the expression in horror.

The dresses had come home, and they were lovely. No bill was sent, so Marian had no necessity to count her money; and, for the time, she spared herself the trouble of wondering how it was possible that the sum had already dwindled to such slender proportions.

The people whom Marian had seen had been mostly married women; all of them kind, if a little indifferent. The men were of the sort who hang about young society-matrons: stylish, elegant, seldom very young; not marrying-men, as Mrs. Rushton said. The stories Marian heard, in regard to these matrons and their chosen cavaliers, however, inclined her hair to stand on end; but, after all, they were like things in novels, she said: it must all be right, especially as Mrs. Rushton received them.

She had met Mrs. Rushton's old friend, Mr. Frothingham, among others: and the widow was glad to see that the exacting elderly gentleman took a fancy to the girl. He had been very useful to Mrs. Rushton, and she owed him a good deal of money, for which, like the crafty old fox he was, he had ample security; and he was so exacting, and claimed so much of her time, that Violet was glad to think she could, in a measure, turn him over to her guest. She had talked of him so often as a valued friend, that Marian was disappointed to find him a very truculent, dogmatic, snuff-taking, elderly party; but the fact of his wealth rendered him worthy of respect; and then, too, the girl really wished to show herself extremely affable to any person whom Mrs. Rushton designated as ranking among her closest intimates.

And, this morning, Violet was giving a luncheon, for her visitor's benefit, to a knot of young ladies, some of whom Marian had already met, though, with most of them, she had to undergo the ordeal of introduction.

Girls, however great their social success, were not of much importance, in Violet Rushton's eyes; the most daring never ventured to interfere with her, well aware that she would get worsted in the encounter. Still, being as fixed in her social kingdom as the most famous English beauty that ever lived, Violet was invariably kind to her young friends, and the best-placed and most-courted fully appreciated the value of her good-will.

For that very reason—though it was natural enough that Mrs. Rushton had not given the matter a thought—there was scarcely one among the group of belles, gathered that day about Violet's table, who had not, before meeting Marian Newkirk, been deliberately or unconsciously prepared to disapprove and dislike.

Mrs. Rushton had said, in her pretty way: "I hope you will not let my visitor feel like a stranger; you must make her one of you, at once."

No, indeed; they would do nothing of the sort. An outsider she was, and must remain; should be made to feel both truths, too; only, Mrs. Rushton must not have reason to take offense. Violet would soon tire of her, they said to themselves: she was always indulging in new fancies: miss would speedily be remanded to the seclusion where she belonged.

Marian was not shy by nature, and, having been, since she grew up, the acknowledged leader in her little set, her faith in herself and in her own opinions had, as a matter of course, increased to very tolerable dimensions. She was not self-assertive or dictatorial, however. But she took her place among these new acquaintances with a calm appearance of its being her rightful one, which greatly exasperated those damsels. Her little attempts at an assumption of Mrs. Rushton's style excited their ridicule, though there was scarcely one among them but was more or less affected in the same way; and, being determined to consider her rustic, forward, and pushing, of course they did so, and provided their own reasons for the decision.

On her part, Marian concluded, from what she saw at this luncheon, that married women were more agreeable than girls. She had fresh confirmation of this fact, the next day, in the visit paid by a Mrs. Ventnor, whose name she recollected often to have heard mentioned by her hostess and her friends. Mrs. Rushton was out, but the lady asked for Miss Newkirk. Marian found her a showy vivacious woman, of perhaps thirty, exquisitely dressed: and she talked of Mrs. Rushton in terms which seemed to betoken great intimacy. Then, too, she was so interested in Marian herself, that the girl naturally felt inclined to respond cordially, when she said:

"Now, dear Miss Newkirk, I shall hope to see a great deal of you. You must like me next to

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Violet. I am willing to give place to her, but to nobody else. Isn't she the most fascinating creature in the world?"

She went away, with all sorts of caressing words, sending affectionate messages to the mistress of the mansion, and leaving Marian so agreeably impressed, that it was a shock when, in response to her eager mention of the visit, Mrs. Rushton exclaimed:

"Louise Ventnor here? Just like her impudence, to force her way in, after being told I was out! My dear, be civil, but nothing more—she is a dangerous woman!"

"Why, she seemed so fond of you—"

"Hates me like poison!"

"And, from the way she talked, I thought you must be really intimate."

"I've known her always, of course," said Mrs. Rushton. "Well, the truth is, that, if it were not for her husband's money and her own family's position, she would have lost caste long ago. Oh! the stories are dreadful. But people made up their minds to ignore things, so they shut their eyes; and she has kept her hold on Philip Hamilton so long, now, that really one accepts the situation from habit."

Marian resolved that, when she met Mrs. Ventnor again, that lady's affability should not delude her, quite forgetting Mrs. Rushton's warning that she was only to be careful and guarded.

"Some people are coming to dinner to-night," Violet said, presently. "They will all leave early, and we shall be in time for the third act of the French opera-bouffe. Mr. Frothingham has sent me some tickets, and he will take us."

"Is he coming to dinner?" asked Marian, and added, thoughtlessly: "He's so tiresome and exacting. He must bore you by his constant visits."

This was the first time she had said anything to annoy Mrs. Rushton; but this speech did: partly because it was true, and she would have been glad to be able to lessen the elderly gentleman's demands on her time; still more, because Mr. Frothingham had been so much pleased with her visitor, that the widow had exulted to think her idea of turning him over to Marian likely to succeed; and here the girl was showing a recalcitrant spirit.

"He is an old and valued friend. He never bores me, and I forgot that he might you. I'll be more careful," Mrs. Rushton rejoined.

Almost any woman would have said this with anger, or, at least, coldness. Not so Violet. Her voice was sweet and almost plaintive, her manner full of regret; yet, on the instant, she recalled what May Livingston had said, after the luncheon:

"My dear Mrs. Rushton, you are mistaken in that girl—she is selfishness incarnate!"

However, Marian retreated hastily from the stand she had taken; was conscience-stricken: and, to make amends, devoted herself so assiduously, that evening, to Mr. Frothingham's entertainment, that the testy, truculent, dogmatic old man was more pleased with her than ever; and Violet felt that she could go back to her opinion that May had been unjust.

She had known the millionaire ever since she was a child. A couple of years back, when her wanton extravagance had placed her temporarily in a strait for ready money, he had assisted her. The loan remained as yet unpaid, and he had caused Violet to feel his power. Indeed, sometimes she had experienced passing fear that he would like to entangle her further, even to put her in a position where he might, with confidence, ask her to brighten his widowed state.

He came at all hours, and, if not amused, was apt to show his displeasure. Engrossed by society and business, as Violet was, these demands on her time and patience were a sore tax.

Marian's ability to share the burden, and her willingness now to do so, gave the widow fresh reason for being glad she had invited her.

So the days sped on. Gayeties increased. The season was fairly under way. One morning, Mrs. Rushton said:

"I must bestir myself, and get out invitations for my ball. I always give the first of the season. People are not tired then, so they appreciate one's efforts. Besides, I can invite scores whom I don't want at dinner or at any intimate affair. They've been asked to my ball, and so can't say I neglect them, you see."

CHAPTER IV.

VERY soon, the promised ball was the talk of the town. The preparations for it went on, with that ease which money always gives. But, at last, on the day before it was to take place, something proved to have been forgotten. The servants were all occupied, and Mrs. Rushton herself was busy with an agent who had come on from Texas, to interview her on behalf of some land there, which she wished to sell. So Marian offered to drive to the shop, and see that the neglected orders were promptly filled.

"I'm awfully obliged," Violet said. "I hate to let you go alone. But you won't meet a soul there, at this hour, whom we know; anyhow, you could say you were waiting for me."

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The self-reliant country-girl smiled at the idea of being guarded and watched over; still, she liked the sense of importance it gave, just as she enjoyed the luxury about her; and, with these feelings, she entered the smooth-gliding Clarence, with its beautiful horses, which were the envy of half the millionaires in New York.

Marian drove to the great shop, which was a vast omnium gatherum, as large as a moderate-sized town, and had three different entrances. She transacted her hostess's business; then bethought herself of several things she wanted herself; wandered about from one counter to another, through various rooms, and forgot how the time passed.

She suddenly perceived that she was late; chanced to see, in the distance, some people she did not care to meet, and hurried away. She had been in the place before, but, in her haste, she took the wrong turning, and emerged into Sixth Avenue, instead of into the comparatively quiet street in which the carriage waited.

The busy thoroughfare was noisier and more thronged than usual. Some procession was about to pass, and had collected a great crowd. Before Marian discovered the blunder she had made, she was at some distance from the shop; the people had closed in about her, and the carriage was not to be seen.

Ill-dressed men jostled her; coarse women pushed against her; the noise was deafening. She grew a little frightened, and dropped her reticule with her purse in it. In another instant, someone picked it up, and handed it to her, while a voice, low and pleasant, said:

"Pray, let me assist you. This crowd is fearful."

Marian looked up. A tall stylish man was bending toward her, and she forgot annoyance and fear, in a great surprise—a rapid wonder. She recognized the pale dark countenance, with its melancholy black eyes, the long drooping mustache, the general expression of passion, boredom, and melancholy, that she had seen in the photograph in Violet's possession. Fate had at last brought her face to face with Philip Hamilton, the man of whom she had heard so much since her arrival in town; the noted elegant and roué; the most famous of gilded youths.

She had learned of his return from Europe, only a few days previous, and had been eager for a sight of him; but that destiny should have arranged a meeting like this was an unhoped-for good She felt she must be equal to the occasion. Her head whirled worse than it had from alarm and confusion. She took his offered arm, and let him lead her on. A sudden pressure of the crowd forced them to take refuge in a doorway, and they were obliged to remain there for some moments.

Philip Hamilton's first impression, on seeing this pretty graceful girl, unsuitably dressed for walking, out in such a crowd, was what that of most men of his type would have been. In her eagerness to be clever and interesting, to strike him by her conversation, she talked in her best effort at an imitation of Mrs. Rushton, forgetting that what might have answered in Violet's house was sadly out of place then.

"I can't thank you enough, Mr. Hamilton," she said.

"You know me?"

"Oh! I'm a witch. I could tell you oceans of things."

A conversation begun in that way might have led the gentleman to lengths which he would have regretted; but, luckily for Marian, the procession swept on, and the crowd speedily followed.

"I want to get into Twentythird Street," she said. "The carriage is waiting for me there."

"I wish we had a hundred miles to walk," he answered, and added a good deal more nonsense.

But, fortunately, before he had gone too far, she pointed out the carriage, down the street. He recognized Mrs. Rushton's livery, and recollected his mother having mentioned the widow's guest.

His whole manner changed at once. But Marian was too inexperienced to notice this, and his speeches, if equally bold, assumed a different complexion; though he still regarded her as a very daring young person, whose scorn of conventionalities might render a flirtation agreeable.

"I wonder what I have done, that fate should suddenly have shown me such a kindness," he said, and Marian thought that, like herself, he regarded the meeting as possessing a significance far beyond any chance encounter. "I left a card at the house, awhile ago. I could not venture in, as I knew Mrs. Rushton must be occupied."

"But you will be there to-morrow night?"

"I had not meant to—I hate balls—but I shall go—that is, if you will ask me," he said, bending forward so as to flash full in her face the light of those beautiful eyes, which had wrecked the peace of so many women.

"I should think Mrs. Rushton's invitation would be inducement enough," she replied, trying to laugh and speak carelessly, though her fluttered vanity—yes, and a deeper feeling that

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fate must have a meaning in this matter—made her heart beat fast and her breath come gaspingly.

"It is not, though," he said. "Am I to come?"

They were near the carriage. Partly from coquetry, partly a sudden sensation that was like fright, she did not heed his question.

"Oh, dear," she said, "how I do hate to have to tell Mrs. Rushton of my country stupidity!"

"Don't tell—I'll not," rejoined he, eagerly. "But don't forget me before we meet—oh, that must be as strangers—but a little secret is pleasant!" He helped her into the carriage, but kept his hand on the door. "You did not answer my question. Shall I come to the ball?"

"Oh, please do!" she said, with girlish eagerness, in which there was no affectation.

Then he uttered a few more eager speeches; fascinated her again by the glance of those wonderful eyes, and they parted.

"I hope it will prove for your happiness."

Those words, which Robert Meredith had spoken, sprang up so suddenly in her mind, that Marian was as startled as if someone had uttered them in her ear.

She drove home in a strange bewildered sort of dream, which lasted all that day and the next. She was in a state of such odd excitement, that she was almost hysterical. A long, sweet, kind letter from Meredith, which reached her during the forenoon, added a wild irritability to her unrest. She flung the epistle aside, and was frightened when she became conscious that amid the whirl of her thoughts had come a wonder if, as she had cast by that letter, the time was approaching when she must cast her tried friend and loyal lover out of her life.

Then the ambitious fancies, roused during the past weeks, developed suddenly into a dream of such splendor, that it engrossed her whole soul; and, when conscience troubled her with thoughts of Robert, she shifted the responsibility of present and future on to the shoulders of fate, in a fashion as convenient as it was perilous.

After all, the fête did not prove the triumph she had dreamed of; a number of things happened which stung her vanity like tiny knives. She was troubled by the idea that certain people treated her as if she were Mrs. Rushton's companion; she received several neat snubs from May Livingston and other girls of the set; she met with an actual misfortune, too. They were dancing a fanciful quadrille, which had been practiced for the occasion, when she blundered in threading its intricate mazes, and heard May Livingston whisper:

"I wonder if she means to lead us into the mirror?"

Then, a little later, she saw Philip Hamilton, and he addressed her without waiting for an introduction. Mrs. Rushton passed, as they were talking, and said:

"Ah, someone has forestalled me. That's right. I'm glad you have been presented, Mr. Hamilton."

"Oh, I'm a prudent man, and never neglect opportunities," he replied, laughing.

"The last remark is undoubtedly true, but the adjective you apply to your modest self is delightfully startling," she rejoined, gayly. "What a wonder to see you at a ball, by the way."

"Not since Mrs. Rushton gives it," he said, sending Marian a quick glance, which she knew was meant to remind her that she was the cause of his presence.

Mrs. Rushton made some merry retort, and went her way; but May Livingston had heard her first remark, and hastened to repeat it to Mrs. Ventnor, adding:

"If it was not Violet who introduced them, who was it? I saw Philip go up and speak to her, as if they had met before."

There was a tie of relationship between Miss Livingston and Hamilton, which she often wished did not exist. She believed that this very kinship was the great bar to her realizing what had been her favorite dream since childhood—that of one day becoming wife of this man, though she knew that his vices were in proportion to his beauty and his wealth.

Mrs. Ventnor listened, with a gentle smile, to May's malicious suggestion; and the soft violet eyes, which held and hid so successfully, in their depths, such a world of dissimulation and craft, looked and watched for themselves.

Presently she glided near Marian, and greeted her with the same pretty effusiveness she had displayed on the day of her visit; and Marian, recollecting Violet Rushton's warning—recollecting, too, the dreadful gossip she had so often since heard repeated—dizzy with her ambitious plans and Philip Hamilton's honeyed speech, attempted to be stately and to snub this daring lady with royal severity.

"Oh, Mrs. Ventnor—I did not remember you, at first," she said, and then waxed becomingly gracious, as was due to a guest in her hostess's house.

And, in that moment, the girl made an enemy as dangerous as a cobra, and as relentless as one of the mythological furies.

CHAPTER V.

THE holidays had passed, and the whirl of gayety was at its height. It was only a few

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months since Marian had left home, yet it seemed as if years stretched between her and the life she had left—the life to which she was more and more determined never to return.

She was not a good correspondent, under any circumstances, and she had now the excuse of lack of leisure. Still, she managed to exchange occasional letters with her friends in her old home; and when, in an epistle from Mrs. Gordon or the doctor, she read the village-news and accounts of affairs in the neighborhood, things, places, and people looked strangely far-off and unfamiliar, as if she had never had any intimate connection with them.

Her correspondence with Robert Meredith was spasmodic. During the early days of her absence, he had written regularly, not unseldom two or three letters to her one. This importunity had annoyed her, though he did not descend to complaint, and she had betrayed it in one of her intermittent replies. So now he never wrote until she had answered his last message, and she was frequently inconsistent enough to be vexed by his punctiliousness, and the consequence would be a letter on her side. He did not hide his love; but he never once asked her to reconsider the question of engaging herself to him; and, while she would have been indignant if he had, she was irritated that he did not, just as she used often to think it would be a satisfaction to hear he had found someone else to care for. Yet, when a longer silence than usual suggested the possibility of his having at least discovered new amusement and interest, she turned with incredulous disrelish from the idea.

The dissipation of the fashionable season, meantime, affected her like a fever. Even what she deemed her coolest and clearest moments of thought were times of such excitation, that a psychologist would have termed her decisions and resolves merely the result of an abnormal state of nerves—not, as they would have appeared if laid bare to ordinary judges, proofs of a cold calculating nature.

She was firmly fixed, she believed, in her determination to force wealth and station from destiny. She meant to marry a rich man, and, in spite of all obstacles and improbabilities, circumstances seemed to point to Philip Hamilton as the person appointed by fate.

She had long since ceased to attempt any haughty airs, or even any assumption of coldness or reserve, toward Mrs. Ventnor; she had snatched at a bit of advice proffered by Violet Rushton, and strove to act upon it.

"Always treat crafty people with sweetness," said Violet.

So Marian set about meeting craft with craft. At first, Mrs. Ventnor perceived her design and its motive, and laughed heartily to herself, though she accepted the sweetness with enthusiasm, and did her best to be intimate: partly from a desire to get closer to Violet Rushton, or have the appearance of so doing: partly in order to bring about more effectually the punishment she designed to inflict on the girl, for her insolence and presumption. But she enjoyed the game; and, indeed, Marian's efforts were as pitiable and amusing as would be those of a precocious untrained kitten to circumvent the wiles of a smooth-furred silver-fox.

Mrs. Ventnor was not at all afraid where Philip Hamilton was concerned. She knew him thoroughly, and rested secure. What angered and diverted her was the audacity of this chit, in supposing that she—Louise Ventnor—could be hoodwinked.

The wily woman did not laugh to Philip; she was too careful of his masculine susceptibility to do that. To disparage a girl who admired him would be an offense. But she cautioned him gravely against the risk of his idle gallantry injuring Marian's happiness; and, when she saw this gratified his vanity, often recurred to the subject. They both believed that Marian was in love with him. But, in spite of their penetration, they were both deceived. The girl herself was wiser. She knew she did not love the man. She was flattered by his attention, dazzled by the splendor of his eyes and the reckless brilliancy of his talk; he had a dangerous fascination for her; but she did not love him. It was his position that captivated her.

There was no one to warn her against the perilous terms into which she had drifted with Hamilton—though it is doubtful if she could have been induced to heed advice, so firmly did she believe in her own talents and her ability to be equal to any occasion; and, indeed, it was, all the while, her vanity and rapidly-growing ambition, not her heart, that were interested.

For a time, nobody among those who knew or suspected said a word to Mrs. Rushton, and that lady was busier than ever with her mad rush from pleasure to business, and her constantly-growing mania for speculation. If she had known, she would hardly, in that odd mixture of indifference and cynicism which lay at the bottom of her attractive frothy enthusiasm, have felt called upon to interfere. In the beginning, she had given her warning in regard to Philip Hamilton, as the head-and-front of ineligibles for a girl to occupy herself about or be engrossed by—since, of all men, he was the most unlikely

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to marry; so, if the young lady chose to be headstrong, she must manage her own affairs.

Mrs. Rushton was aware that Marian had not gained popularity; the girls of the set were still united against her. As she herself possessed a truly wonderful gift for winning friends, she could not understand or forgive the woman who lacked the tact, as she phrased it, "to avoid people's angles." She had done her duty, and had no leisure to bother about anybody. She took her guest everywhere; she was courteous and attentive, always amiable and charming; but, in reality, there was not much chance for intimacy. As a rule, during waking-hours, they were out, or surrounded by visitors at home; else both were so tired that they wanted rest—a doze over a novel, not companionship and conversation, so that they saw almost as little of each other as if they had lived under separate roofs.

Perhaps, as time went on, the greatest tie on Mrs. Rushton's side was the fact of Marian's usefulness in relieving her from Mr. Frothingham's persistent attention, and she saw with satisfaction that he showed no discontent as she left him oftener and oftener to the girl to entertain.

"My dear," she said to Marian, "you have made a conquest of that venerable Adonis! Oh, you needn't look scornful; why, May Livingston herself would accept him gladly—not that he is likely to go so far with her or even you."

So, as Marian tried more and more, as time elapsed, to grow worldly and cynical, she told herself that it was wise patiently to endure Mr. Frothingham and his egotistical talk. If other aims failed—who could tell?—she might even reach a point where she would be willing to accept gilded wretchedness and the venerable Adonis's hand. She should be miserable, of course. But, in novels, that was always a necessary accompaniment to the gratification of a woman's ambition. He was very, very rich; he would settle a fortune on his wife. Visions of castles, yachts, and foreign travel rose before her eyes; even paragraphs in English newspapers danced before them—"the famous American beauty, who has eclipsed the fairest daughters of Albion"—and, under such aspects, to vanity, the prospect of gilded wretchedness had its charms.

Marian did not absurdly overrate her personal appearance. She knew that she was not beautiful. She was graceful, however, and her figure would be still better at twentyfive. Her features were regular, and her eyes fine. There was nothing to hinder her being accepted as a belle, if some social power would only proclaim her to be such. Everything, she said to herself, went, in that set, by fashion. But these were vague chance-touched visions. More and more, she was occupied with her really tangible scheme. She believed that she could keep her head. Her faith in herself was positively sublime, especially considering the numerous snubs she still almost daily received, through or by some of those inimical girls, and the undeniable fact that, beyond her position as Mrs. Rushton's guest, she made slight headway. However, these things roused her obstinacy, which was considerable. She told herself that those fashionable girls would not dislike her, unless they had recognized, in her, material for a dangerous rival. But this reasoning, though soothing to her vanity, had no foundation in reality. At the beginning, three or four were antagonistic, because she had come in between them and Mrs. Rushton. Others had adopted the dislike, without much thought; and now it had grown into a habit. She was not popular, and never would be. To that extent, being with her fashionable friend could not help her.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE WORLD'S WAY.

BY LERA M. STEYM.

Smiles always greet a smiling face,
  Jest answers unto jest;
And those who have an airy grace
  Are ever liked the best.
The world holds out a ready hand
  To those who need no aid;
And he who feels no wish for friend
  Finds friendship ready-made.

While sombre face and tearful eye
  Touch no responsive chord,
The careless throng will all pass by
  Without a cheering word.

There is no lack of people who
  Will join us in our mirth;
The friend who shares our hours of woe
  Is surely of great worth.

If we are robed in costly dress,
  None pass us with disdain;
Amid the throng they even press,
  That they may look again.
But tattered robe, on meagre form
  Is passed with downcast eye,
As if the poor might work some harm
  Unless passed quickly by.

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MR. GRIMSBY'S COAT.

BY JAMES T. PRICKETT.

MR. GRIMSBY was a poor hardworking farmer. His farm was a sterile tract of land, composed of two hillsides and the hollow between them. He had tilled this soil all his life; first as a boy for his father, and then for himself, when he came in possession of it on the death of the former; and, had the land been unencumbered, he might have got on well enough; but, alas! there was a mortgage, the result of a succession of bad seasons. This mortgage had been hanging over him for several years. But gradually, by close economy, he had managed to lay away, in the "town" bank, a sufficient sum to pay it off when it became due; and that time was now approaching.

Bright and early, one December morning, there was an unusual stir in Mr. Grimsby's house. Mr. Grimsby was going to town, on that day, for the money to pay off the mortgage; and his going to town always created a little commotion in the home-circle. Mrs. Grimsby was helping him on with his dress-coat. "I declare, Grimsby," she said, "you must get you a new coat, now that the mortgage is to be paid off; you've outgrown this entirely." And she tugged, and he tugged, till both were in a perspiration.

"Well, I sorter hate to part with it," he answered. "I've had it, let me see—nigh outer about ten year."

"Yes," said Mrs. Grimsby, "you have had it long enough to get rid of it. There's William, that wants a coat; and this one will jest about fit him." And she gave a last tug.

When all was ready, he walked out to the front-gate, mounted his old gray horse, and, with a parting look at his wife and children, who had crowded to the door, rode off, with a pair of saddlebags under him and his greatcoat over him.

The first thing he did, when he reached his destination, was to get his dinner at the hotel; and then, mindful of his wife's injunction, he went out and bought a new coat and waistcoat, which he put on at once. Next, he went to the bank and drew his money—five hundred dollars, in five one-hundred-dollar bills—which he carefully wrapped in a piece of paper and then placed in his inner vest-pocket, securely fastening the pocket with a pin.

It was late in the evening when he found himself back by the hotel-fire. He was easy in mind—for he had a new coat on his back and five hundred dollars in his pocket—but he was not easy in body. For it had begun to rain and blow, and the change in the weather had brought on neuralgia, to which he was liable at such times. So he determined to stay all night at the hotel, and not expose himself further by riding home in the storm.

"I am sorry," said the landlord, when Mr. Grimsby asked to be shown to his room, "to be compelled to place another man—an insurance-agent, a perfect gentleman—in here with you, to-night, though you can take separate beds. You see, this is Court-week, and I am somewhat crowded; but I hope the arrangement will suit you."

Mr. Grimsby expressed himself as satisfied, and began to undress. The landlord went out. Mr. Grimsby threw his trousers on one chair, and his coat and waistcoat on another, blew out the light, and went to bed.

After awhile, the other occupant, who seemed to be familiar with the room, came in, undressed, and groped his way to bed, without striking a light.

Mr. Grimsby lay awake all that night; for his neuralgia prevented him from sleeping. He rose early, leaving the insurance-agent still snoring, dressed by the first dim light of dawn, went downstairs, ate an early breakfast, and started for home.

Arriving there, he was half smothered by his wife's embraces; for she had been terribly frightened at his non-appearance, the evening before, fearing that he had been murdered on the way, for his money.

"That's your new coat, is it, Grimsby?" she inquired, looking admiringly at it, after he had dispensed with his overcoat. "Wal, it does look nice."

"Yes, this is the new one," said Mr. Grimsby, taking it off. "There's five hundred dollars in the vest-pocket, and I will jest hang it up in the closet."

"Don't you do any sich thing, Grimsby," she replied. "Somebody will steal the money, sure and sartin, if you hang it there. You'd better lock coat and money up in the trunk."

"No," said Mr. Grimsby; "if thieves should

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happen ter come about, the very first place they'd look for money would be the trunk, and they wouldn't suspect any to be in the pocket of a vest in the closet."

So he hung the coat and vest up in the closet, against the earnest expostulation of his wife, and put on the old ones he had taken off, the morning before, and went about his work.

In a few days, the mortgagee came to foreclose the mortgage.

"I have the money right here, in my vest-pocket," said Mr. Grimsby, going to the closet and taking down the vest. "My wife 'lowed that it would be stolen there," he continued, going back to the fire and sitting down in a chair, with the vest across his knee; "but I told her it was about the safest place for—"

With one sharp cry for Mrs. Grimsby, he broke off, and sank back in his chair, with a perfect look of stupefaction on his face.

"What in the world is the matter, Grimsby?" exclaimed Mrs. Grimsby, running into the room.

Mr. Grimsby could make no reply; he could only point and stare at the vest on his knee.

"What, Grimsby—the money ain't stolen, is it?" cried Mrs. Grimsby, picking up the vest, and ransacking its pockets in flurried haste. "I told you so, Grimsby! I told you so, Grimsby! Oh, Grimsby! Grimsby!" she reiterated, sinking down in a chair, with a look of horror on her face.

But it was only a moment until she was shaking Mr. Grimsby violently, and crying out, in a shrill voice: "Arouse yourself, Grimsby! Arouse yourself, Grimsby!"

Poor Grimsby was getting such a shaking, that he felt as if a first-class whirlwind had hold of him, and concluded the best thing for him to do was to come to his senses; which he promptly did, and made it known soon as he collected enough breath to call out:

"For goodness' sake, do stop, Mrs. Grimsby."

"Wal, don't sit there like you was a mummy, or had been struck dead all of a sudden," said Mrs. Grimsby, releasing his shoulders from her firm grasp.

The momentary deadly surprise being over, a vigorous search was made for the money. They hunted high and low; but it could not be found anywhere.

The mortgagee, who assisted in the search, kindly consented, on leaving, to extend the time of payment three months, if the missing money were not found; but, if the money were not forthcoming at the expiration of that time, the farm necessarily would be sold.

After his departure, Mr. and Mrs. Grimsby sat down and gazed blankly into each other's face, as if they did not know what to make of it. The change of ten years was in his countenance when he at last wearily said, as if to himself:

"I could almost believe the man I roomed with had stolen the money, if I had not lain awake all night with the neuralgia."

"Did you sleep with a man, in town?" inquired Mrs. Grimsby.

"Yes," said Mr. Grimsby. "But he did not take it—for I did not sleep a wink that night, and I am confident he did not stir out of bed. But," as if the thought had just entered his mind, "what do you think of your colored cook—Mary?"

"I do declare," exclaimed Mrs. Grimsby. "I bet you she has got that money."

So Mary was called in; but she protested, over and over again, that she knew nothing about it. She was finally sent out of the room, crying.

"I told you not to hang that vest in the closet," said Mrs. Grimsby, as they both began to search the room again.

Off and on, during the day, they took a turn about in ransacking the room and the pockets of Mr. Grimsby's clothes, without the least success.

"The money is clear gone," said Mr. Grimsby, after going over the room for the last time, as he sank despondently down in his chair, "and I firmly believe that cook of yours is the guilty party. You oughtn't to keep a thief about you, Mrs. Grimsby. I always did suspect her honesty."

"You oughtn't to have hung that coat up in the closet," retorted Mrs. Grimsby. "If you had done as I told you, she wouldn't have had a chance ter steal it. Why, five hundred dollars would almost tempt anybody ter steal." It was evident she was beginning to lose confidence in humanity.

The next day, Mr. Grimsby had Mary, the cook, arrested and tried before a justice-of-the-peace. As her guilt could not be proved, she was acquitted with clear hands. But, as her conscience did not appear so clear to Mr. Grimsby, he discharged her immediately after the trial. She went back to the house, collected and tied her scanty wardrobe up in a colored cotton apron, bade them all good-bye with tears in her eyes, and went away.

Mr. Grimsby gave himself up to despair. He did not work with his usual industry, and, in a short time, gave up work altogether. He sat about the fire all winter, bemoaning his fate, and very rarely talking to anybody, while his farm was going to rack and ruin. If it had not been

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for Mrs. Grimsby, who worked in and out of the house, and the unceasing effort of his eldest son—William—the family would certainly have perished for want.

But, as the time approached for the farm to be sold, he bestirred himself, and was constantly riding over the surrounding country, in the vain endeavor to borrow a sufficient amount to pay off the mortgage—coming back, at the end of each day, with the same sad careworn expression on his face and the demon of despair gnawing at his heart. As a last resort, he determined to try the bank, and went into town for that purpose. Again it was Court-week. His farm was to be sold at the end of the week, in front of the Court-house, if the mortgage-money were not paid before. But his application at the bank failed; for he had nobody to endorse for him, and the bank would not lend on land. "It is against our rule," the cashier said.

Hopelessly, he took his way to the hotel. With his head resting upon his breast, and his hands clasped in his lap, he occupied one corner by the office-fire, where he sat moodily till the time came to go to bed.

"Mr. Grimsby," said the landlord, as he led the way upstairs, "I am compelled to place you in here again, with that insurance-agent. You know, it is Court-week, and I have no other room for you."

"Wal, who is this insurance-agent, anyhow?" asked Mr. Grimsby.

"Quite the gentleman," replied the landlord. "He attends every Court, and has me to reserve this room for him. He doesn't care, though, if I do put a person in also—provided he's a gentleman."

Mr. Grimsby undressed, threw his clothes on two chairs, blew out the light, and went to bed. Sometime afterward, the insurance-agent came in, undressed, and groped his way to bed, without striking a light, as on the former occasion.

And, as on the former occasion, Mr. Grimsby lay awake all night. It was his mind, and not his body, that prevented him from sleeping, this time. He waited impatiently for dawn; and, when its first light began to glimmer in the room, he arose, dressed, went downstairs, ate an early breakfast, and rode slowly home.

He had been at home no more than an hour—had just returned from a walk about the farm, and was gazing sadly at the dilapidated condition of the front-gate, which was as forlorn-looking as himself—when a stranger rode up, in company with an officer.

"I have come on disagreeable business, this morning," said the officer, who was acquainted with Mr. Grimsby. "In short, I have come to arrest you."

"Arrest me?" exclaimed Mr. Grimsby, in astonishment. "What for?"

"Well, you see," said the officer, "this gentleman and yourself occupied the same room, last night, and, before going up to bed, he had fifty dollars in his pocket. This morning, when he went to pay his hotel-bill, the money was gone. Of course, he thinks you took it; but I told him you were the last man in the world that would do such a thing."

"You are the insurance-agent, are you?" Mr. Grimsby asked the stranger.

"Yes," answered that individual, "and I am sorry to have you arrested; but circumstantial evidence is against you. I had fifty dollars, last night, in a small pocketbook in the side-pocket of my coat. This morning, both pocketbook and money were gone—"

As the stranger spoke, Mr. Grimsby involuntarily thrust his hand into his side-pocket and drew therefrom a small pocketbook, which, on opening, revealed a fifty-dollar bill.

Mr. Grimsby looked at the pocketbook and money in mute astonishment; the officer looked at Mr. Grimsby incredulously; the stranger gazed at the officer with a look which seemed to say: "I told you so."

"I declare," said Mr. Grimsby, "I didn't know it was there; and how it did get there, I can't tell."

He handed the man the pocketbook, and was turning away, when suddenly he stopped and cried: "Hullo, stranger, see if you haven't a leather strap in your coat-tail pocket."

The stranger thrust his hand into his coat-tail pocket and drew out a leather strap.

"Ha! ha!" laughed Mr. Grimsby—the first time for many a day. "Don't you see, stranger, your coat and my coat are exactly alike, and you and me are about the same size; and, of course, this morning, by the dim light, I put on the first coat and vest that looked like mine, and so happened ter get yours—ha! ha!"

On comparing coats, the stranger saw they were precisely alike. He joined Mr. Grimsby in a hearty laugh, as he shook that gentleman by the hand. He then rode off with the officer, and Mr. Grimsby walked into the house.

The stranger had not been gone more than half an hour, when Mr. Grimsby suddenly jumped up from his chair, ran to the front-door, looked up and down the road, and then said, as he resumed his seat: "I do declare, if the stranger and me didn't forget to swap coats: he has on mine, and I have on his'n. It don't

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make no difference, though: one's about as good as the other."

That afternoon, the mortgagee came for his money. Mr. Grimsby could only tell, for the hundredth time, how he had lost the five hundred dollars. It was his custom to act whatever he related; and, as he was telling how he had wrapped up the notes and placed them in his vest-pocket, he threw open his vest and attempted to thrust his hand into its inside pocket. But the hand refused to go in: the pocket was pinned.

He removed the pin, thrust in his hand, and drew out—what? A paper wad. His hands trembled, as he unrolled the paper, and his eyes dilated, as five hundred dollars, in five one-hundred-dollar bills, became visible.

"I have found it! I have found it!" exclaimed Mr. Grimsby. "This is my money. This is the paper I wrapped it up with; this is the pin I pinned it with, because I give it a peculiar sort of bend, so it would not slip out. But," more slowly, "how did it get inter his vest-pocket? This is his coat and vest; for we didn't swap back, this morning."

"Ah, I see," said the mortgagee, who was greatly amused: "you kept your own coat."

"My own coat? Don't I tell you, this is his coat?"

"Perhaps," said the man. "But you say you exchanged coats, this morning: and you told me that you slept with him once before. Now, is it not likely you made a mistake, the first time, putting on his coat and vest and leaving your own? You then wore his coat and vest, and he wore yours. This morning, you recovered your own coat. Like yourself, I suppose this was his Sunday coat, as it does not seem to have been worn much: so he never found the money in the vest-pocket."

"I see! I see!" cried Mr. Grimsby, jumping up and dancing about the room.

After awhile, he sobered down a little, and said:

"I understand it all now. You see, the stranger always come into the room last, throwing his clothes on top of mine, which were on some chairs; and I always got up first, in the morning, and, putting on the first coat that looked like mine—you see, it was sorter dark in the room--I got his'n each time, as it was on top. I remember now, the merchant told me, when I bought mine, that he had sold a coat and vest, jest like mine, and exactly the same size, before I come in. But I thought it was a trick of his'n ter sell me my coat."

"Now, hand over that money to me," the man said, "and I will discharge the mortgage."

Mr. Grimsby called Mrs. Grimsby in, and told her the good news; and the good news spread all around and about the Grimsby house, and all the smaller Grimsbys came tumbling into the room.

Mr. and Mrs. Grimsby fell into each other's arms, laughing heartily, and kissing each other many times; and all the smaller Grimsbys clapped their hands in the wildest sort of glee.

Oh, what a happy family of Grimsby that was!

A HUNDRED YEARS FROM NOW.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

It is no use to fret,
  In this lower life of ours:
No human pathway ever ran,
  Through all its course, o'er flowers.
Our feet must press the thorns
  And stumble o'er the rocks:
Blessings come mostly single,
  But troubles come in flocks.
But 'tis the way 'twas planned,
  So keep a placid brow—
It will not matter aught to us,
  A hundred years from now.

Whether we dress in silk
  Or wear the beggar's gown;
Whether our coach-and-four
  Electrifies the town;
Or if we tramp the road,
  Barefooted and obscure,
Learning the lesson set for us:
  To suffer and endure;
Whether our name is traced
  High on the scroll of fame,
Or not, a hundred years to come,
  It will be all the same.

Then let us daily live
  Content in hope to wait—
Perhaps the unseen world
  May fully compensate
Us for the many ills
  That cloud our weary way—
The gloom of night may break
  Into the perfect day!
And, whether rich or poor,
  Or where we live, or how,
Will matter little to us all,
  A hundred years from now!

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MINETTE.

BY PROF. CLARENCE M. BOUTELLE.

CHAPTER I.

IN STORM.

It was snowing hard. Harold Barclay had been delayed by business, and so belated. He had promised to be at the Palmer House, more than a half-hour ago, to meet a friend.

Of course, with these thoughts, Mr. Barclay was in a hurry. With his head bent on his breast, the better to face the storm, he was hastening on, when his attention was arrested by a child's voice, saying:

"Please, sir!"

He stopped, and looked around.

A girl, slight and frail-looking, was standing in the deep doorway of a gloomy building near him. Pinched by poverty, cut by the cruel cold, half starved no doubt, poorly clad for a certainty, she was, nevertheless, a most beautiful child—or woman.

Child or woman—which? In size, she was a girl of fourteen or fifteen. Her cheeks and lips, used to harsh weather, no doubt, were the cheeks and lips of a child still. The bitter tears which had fallen, many, many times, over the cheeks, had not had power to spoil their wonderful freshness; the weary words which had fallen falteringly across her lips, for year after year, in hot summer-time and in the horrible cold of winter, had not been able to tarnish their bloom. She was a child—a very pretty child.

But her wealth of hair, coal-black and glossy, falling in a tangled mass of curls below her waist: was that the possession of a child? Her eyes, with their power, and with the record of pain seeming to look out from the soul behind them, through their liquid ebon depths: were they the heritage of any other than a woman—a woman who had known much of sorrow and anguish? Undoubtedly she was a woman—a very beautiful woman.

"Please, sir!"

"Well?"

He went a little nearer to her. She stooped, for a moment, her every movement full of a pathetic patience. When she stood up again, she had a violin in her left hand, a bow in her right.

"Please, sir, may I play for you? Will you give—" she began.

Harold smiled, and thrust his hand into his pocket.

"What is your name?" he asked. He was looking at the girlish cheeks and lips now, and was forgetting that he had just decided that she was a woman.

"Minette," she said; "and I assure you I play—"

"What besides Minette?"

"Nothing; just Minette. And I have earned nothing this—"

"It's too cold for music," interrupted Harold, "and, besides, I'm in a hurry. But take this and welcome."

He held a silver dollar out toward her.

Minette drew back, proudly.

"Thank you," she said, quietly; "but I didn't mean to beg. Unless you let me earn—"

He turned away impatiently, and hurried on, while his dollar fell with a sharp clang on the icy stones. Something like a groan followed. He turned back, struck with sudden remorse.

"She is proud," he said to himself, "but she is suffering."

He addressed her kindly:

"Play for me, please."

The woman or girl, whichever she was, looked at him. There were tears in her eyes.

"You mean this, do you?"

"I do."

She placed the violin carefully in position. Evidently, she was no ordinary street-musician.

"Shall I sing, too?"

The tone was purely commercial. If she sang, she hoped for more pay than she would receive if she merely played.

"Yes, sing, too," he replied.

She raised the bow, with a graceful sweep; she let it fall upon the strings, with a masterly touch, and then sang and played "Annie Laurie"—sang and played with a power and pathos which were a revelation to Harold Barclay.

She finished. Silence fell. She was waiting.

Harold did not look up. New emotions were stirring in him. He wondered what it was, which had come over him. He handed her another dollar, and reached his hotel without further adventure.

"Well," said his friend, Mr. Jasper Canton, "you are certainly a most provokingly slow fellow. What have you been doing?"

"I've been everywhere. I've been doing

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business. And I've had an adventure; let me tell—"

"Not now. I'm too hungry. Tell it while we smoke, after supper."

"Come," said Canton, after the supper, "I am ready to listen now."

Harold found it strangely difficult to begin.

"It wasn't much, after all," he said; "a girl asked to be let play and sing for me, and—"

"Where?"

"In the street."

"In the street? Such an awful night as this?"

"Yes. And I offered her money, telling her I couldn't wait. But she scorned it. She would earn it, or she would not have it."

"Proud, eh?"

"I think so."

"And then?"

"And then I turned back and let her play and sing for me."

"Ah! What did she favor you with?"

"'Annie Laurie'; and I never heard it so well done in all my life."

"No? 'Annie Laurie,' did you say?" Canton's cigar was out. His face was as white as the ashes he awkwardly scattered. He leaned breathlessly forward. His eyes, shining like coals of fire, seemed to be the only sign of life about him. His lips scarcely moved as he went on with what he was saying, and Harold had to bend nearer to hear his whispered question: "What sort of—of—a—girl—a—woman was she?"

"Beautiful, wonderfully beautiful."

Canton drew a long sighing breath.

"Light?" he asked, with assumed carelessness.

"Dark, very dark. Eyes like night, hair like a storm-cloud, and—"

"That will do. Poetry is a little out of your line. Did you happen to learn her name?"

"I did."

Canton tried to speak carelessly, as he asked a question:

"What—what was it?" he demanded.

"Minette."

Canton shut his teeth tightly. He couldn't trust himself to speak for a moment or two.

"Minette? And—and what else?"

"Nothing else; just Minette," said Harold.

"I—I am tired, to-night," said Canton, suddenly. "I—I think I am not well. I—I will retire." He abruptly left Harold, as he spoke, and went upstairs, as if to go to bed.

Harold went to the theatre. The play was a good one: the acting was superb. But he saw little of it, and heard less. For he saw, coming ever between him and the love or despair which came and went so easily on the faces of the actors, the pathetic face of the street-musician; he heard, rising above the notes of the orchestra or the immortal words that genius made new again, the rise and fall of the passion-filled notes of "Annie Laurie."

And, at last, when the play was done, when the great audience filed out, when the lights were extinguished, he turned his footsteps, not toward his hotel, but, in spite of the storm, toward the place where he had left Minette. He faced the wind and snow. He did not mind the darkness. His heart kept him warm, despite the cold.

He found the wide doorway, where he had met her, but it was empty now. The sweet presence, which had filled it with song, was gone. The drifting snow had buried the sidewalk, but the icy stones in the doorway were almost bare.

Harold went down upon his knees. He searched long: he searched eagerly, hopefully, doubtingly. And, at last, he sprang to his feet, in exultation.

"True," he cried, holding in his hand the dollar which had touched her fingers once, but scarcely more—the dollar she had flung down—"she meant what she said: she did not pick it up after I had gone. Thank God! And I—I—"

He might have finished differently had he known that Jasper Canton had been hurrying frenziedly up one street, and dashing wildly down another, for hours. He might have finished differently had it been possible for him to hear Canton's frequently-repeated: "Curse Jim! If I can only find her, I'll be even with him yet—curse Jim!" But Harold Barclay had no doubt—why should he have?—that Jasper Canton was in his bed and fast asleep.

And so—

"I—I—I will find her, if it take me all my life," was what Harold said; and he drew a deep breath.

CHAPTER II.

IN SUNSHINE.

One year passed away—two, three. Harold Barclay had grown older, but he was not old enough yet, fortunate fellow, to regret the years as they slowly drifted into the past.

Harold Barclay, with his frank and honest face, his good and generous heart, his pure and open life, his excellent education, his fine social qualities, his wealth, need not have gone alone along his pathway in life if he had chosen otherwise. There were good women—beautiful women, women grand in all the qualities which men revere in womankind—who could have been

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won by him. There were some of them, indeed, whose hearts beat faster when he was by, and who loved him in secret. But he did not know it: he did not guess it. It would only have pained him to have found it out.

Jasper Canton sneered at Harold. He had told some of the young man's friends something of the story of the wonderful singer who had so impressed Barclay that winter's-night, during an ever-memorable visit of his to Chicago.

"An outcast, doubtless," Mr. Canton would say, with a cruel emphasis and an unpleasant look about his eyes and lips: "a woman who had nothing but her voice and her beauty left then, and who must have lost both, long ago, in her life in the streets."

But Harold paid little attention to his sneers. He still remembered, with a thrill, how Minette had sung "Annie Laurie." He still had the dollar she had so proudly spurned. He was still looking for her—not exclusively and absorbedly, but with steadfast faith and persistence. For him, there was just one woman in all the world, and her name was Minette: and that was why the smiles of others had no fascination for him.

Harold visited Chicago often; he hardly knew why. It is true, he had found Minette there; but that was no sign she was there still. Yet where else to look for her? Canton would have sneered with even more than his usual bitterness could he have seen this active young business-man standing at night, in winter or in summer, before a broad deep doorway—waiting and watching. But he haunted the doorway vainly—the ever-empty and desolate doorway. Perhaps his search might have led him elsewhere, and have been pursued with more earnestness and constancy and neglect of other things, though with less hope, if he had known how Jasper Canton spent the hours of that evening, when he pretended to be too tired and ill to go to the theatre. But Jasper Canton, sneering and cynical, never told of that.

It was now the third summer since Harold had found Minette—three years and a half since she had sung "Annie Laurie" for him. Business had called him into a little village in the West—a town hundreds of miles beyond Chicago, and nearly two thousand from the city which was his home and Jasper Canton's.

It was near the close of a beautiful day. Business was done, and Harold, being at leisure, walked slowly out into the countrylike suburbs of the village. The grass was green, the trees waved lazily in the slight breeze, there was a pleasant shade all the way. He paused finally at some gates, which gave admission to the extensive grounds of a large mansion. Attracted by the arrangement of the trees and shrubs, the curves of the walks and drive, he ventured in, and, sauntering leisurely along, did not notice how near he was to the house until he was almost in front of it. He had, in fact, relapsed into a sort of day-dream—a thing not unusual with him—a day-dream in which Minette was a central figure, and so had strolled on unconsciously.

Suddenly he looked up, and saw her!

She stood on the piazza, the roses and vines which clustered everywhere about seeming to form a frame for the beautiful picture which she was. She was dressed in a long flowing gown of some lustrous rich creamy-white material. There were jewels in her ears and at her throat. She was as much handsomer than she had been when he first met her as wealth and happiness could make her. There was still, however, the child-like delicacy on her cheeks and lips which had so moved him and puzzled him in the past. But now there was no shadow of pain, or sorrow, or doubt in her deep dark eyes. It needed only one glance into their liquid depths to convince one that he would be fortunate indeed who should succeed in winning this peerless creature. And Harold Barclay, looking her in the face, caught his breath painfully. He had found her—God help him, he had found her. And now, what would life be to him if he had come too late?

She knew him at once. She smiled quietly and cordially. She took a step or two forward. She held out her hand.

"This is an unexpected pleasure, Mr.—"

"Barclay—Harold Barclay," he said, with a low bow.

"But none the less a pleasure. Will you walk in?"

"Thank you—" he began, and hesitated for a name.

"My name is Black," she said.

"Mrs. Black?" blundered the poor fellow.

She laughed—a merry birdlike laugh.

"Not at all. I am Miss Black."

"Indeed, I am glad to know that," as indeed he was. "I remember that you were only just Minette when I knew you before." As though "knew you before" was at all the truth.

She laughed again, and they were friends at once.

"Will you walk in?" she inquired.

"Thank you; I think I prefer the outside sunshine. May I sit here, on the piazza, for a little time?"

She pointed to a chair. She took another herself.

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"How did you find me out?" she asked, at length, with innocent frankness.

"I—I don't think I found you out at all. I merely entered these grounds out of curiosity. Ten minutes ago, I had no idea that my search—I—I—I mean, I had no idea of finding you here."

"This is a contrast to the scene of our former meeting," she said, to relieve his evident embarrassment.

"It is indeed," he said.

"It would be natural for you to wonder at the change."

"It would," he replied.

Just the faintest sigh stirred the woman's lips.

"It's not a very long story—perhaps not a very strange one. I sometimes think that your coming was the beginning of my good-fortune. You were the kindest and most generous person I had ever met, in all the long horror of my Chicago life. You are the only man who ever turned back after having passed me by."

"I am glad," said Harold.

Perhaps it was not exactly what he meant; but perhaps she understood him.

"I was lost, or stolen, when I was a little child," she said, "and long and costly search failed to find me. I don't know all the facts; my cousin has never fully explained the matter to me. Perhaps there are some circumstances so painful, that he is not willing to cloud my life with a knowledge of them. At any rate, he is the only living relative I have in the world. He found me—half starved, half frozen, almost ready to die—wandering aimlessly about, the very night I sang and played for you. He was very kind to me; he has been very kind always. He sent me to a pleasant school. Since I finished there, this has been my home. I have servants; I have money; I am not made to feel dependent in any way. Mr. Black has business in the East. He comes to see me once in three months, sometimes oftener. He says that, when he dies, I shall have all he owns. But," with a sudden blush, "I don't know why I am telling all this to a stranger. Let me sing and play for you: I hope I have lost none of my skill."

"Please do. I should be very happy to hear 'Annie Laurie' again."

She stepped in at the open window. She came back with her violin. She played and sang more skilfully, more movingly, than even before. The sunshine had faded out of the sky; the warm colors of sunset were gone; the stars were rapidly coming into sight; and Harold Barclay rose at last, unwilling to go, though knowing he must stay no longer.

"May I come again?" he asked.

"Certainly. I would be very glad to have you call whenever you wish. My cousin is on the train which is due in an hour; I had a telegram from him this afternoon, sent from the station where the train stopped for dinner. If you will come, to-morrow afternoon, you will find him here; and I shall take pleasure in making you acquainted with him."

"Thank you; I will come; good-night." He held her hand just a little longer than was necessary, on the part of so recent an acquaintance.

But she either did not know, or did not resent, it. "Good-night; I shall expect you, to-morrow," she said.

Harold wandered meditatively about the village for the next hour, smoking reflectively, and pondering on his adventure and the future it might—or might not—lead to.

"What manner of person was Mr. Black, the cousin of the Minette he had lost and found?" He expected there would be several men on the train, who would stop at this village. He would undoubtedly have to wait until to-morrow, to be sure how Mr. Black would look and act—and to learn what he would say. Still, it would be something to be able to exercise his imagination on something more tangible than a mere name; so he walked down to the station, and was in the waiting-room when the train came in.

Only one man got off. But, instantly, a disreputable-looking fellow, with heavy jewelry and flashy clothing, sprang forward to meet this passenger.

"Good-evening, Black," he said, as they shook hands.

Then the two men hurried away together, but not before Harold had had a momentary glimpse of the face of the newcomer; not before the newcomer had seen him, though Harold did not know it. There was no possibility of mistake; the newcomer was Canton. Minette had said her cousin was coming that night; only one man had come; he had been called "Black" by a man who seemed to know him well. But, nevertheless, Harold Barclay had known this man for many, many years, had even been his intimate friend. And his name, or at least the name Harold had known him by, was Jasper Canton.

CHAPTER III.

CANTON WINS MUCH.

HAROLD'S sleep was broken that night. Suspicions, which had never come before, now rose thick and fast.

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He lay wondering what it could all mean. He recalled Canton's agitation, when he had told him of finding Minette; the search he had evidently made, under cover of his pretended illness; the finding of the girl. Could it all be explained to Canton's credit? Was the truth something to make him proud that he had known Canton? Or was it the opposite?

The girl was honest, good, pure. No one could look in her eyes and doubt that. And she undoubtedly believed in the story she had told, that Jasper Canton's name was Black, that he was her cousin, that he was the only living relative she had in the world.

There might be honest reason for Canton's wishing to be known as Black, in this Western town. Harold knew of no relatives of Canton's anywhere, and had no means of knowing that part of his story to be other than he had told Minette. He had found the girl, educated her, cared for her. He had not forced his attention upon her; he had not compelled her to spend her waking-hours in his presence; he had visited the home he had made for her only occasionally. His story to her might be true; his intention toward her might be manly and generous. Yet what did it all mean?

Harold had put his once friend upon the track of the missing girl—the lost or stolen girl, as she had called herself. Canton had kept her existence, in a pleasant home under his care, a secret—even from him. Why was this? Harold remembered the man's sneers. He remembered the unkind words which had been uttered—doubly unkind, when falling from the lips of one who knew himself a liar when he spoke them. Harold remembered Canton's cruel face. He remembered how it had grown more and more cunning, and crafty, and cruel as the years had gone by. But he said:

"To-morrow, to-morrow, to-morrow! I will know it all to-morrow."

After that, he slept at fitful intervals: a sleep which was uneasy and dream-invaded. Sometimes he woke because of his own thoughts and fancies. He rose late. He breakfasted leisurely. He took much time in writing several letters, some of them quite unnecessary ones. It would undoubtedly be hard to wait until afternoon. But to go earlier was not to be thought of, he knew.

As soon after dinner as he felt was allowable, he set out. The day was unlike yesterday; there was a dampness underfoot and in the air; the sun scorched; the trees seemed chary of shade.

He went in at the wide-open gates again. But he noticed that the smooth greenness of the lawn had been broken and marred since yesterday, by deep ruts, as if from the wheels of loaded wagons. He hurried on, now, excitedly. He came to the piazza. Wind or lightning had sent a chimney falling down, in a storm at early dawn. The piazza was a wreck beneath its weight. The roses and vines were torn and ruined, and the scorching sun had blasted and withered them. A broken violin lay among the débris. A bit of bright ribbon hung on a thorn. And, in the window, was this notice:

"FOR SALE OR RENT, READY-FURNISHED,
APPLY TO
THOMAS SMART, AGENT."

This was the reality which followed on Harold's last-night's dream of a to-morrow. This was the answer he found to his questioning, pro and con, regarding the merit and motive of the cousin called "Black." This was the blow that Jasper Canton had dealt at the heart of the man who had dared to find him out.

"Empty, desolate, storm-stricken," moaned Harold. Was it the house, of which he spoke? Or his heart? Or both?

CHAPTER IV.

ON FIFTH AVENUE.

It was nearly a month after the time when Harold had found Minette, far out West—found her one day, only to lose her the next—that a man walked slowly up Fifth Avenue, in New York City, looking at house after house, and doorplate after doorplate. It was getting on to be dusk, the street-lamps were beginning to be lighted. He stopped, at length, before a door which contained the name of "James Canton," on a brass plate.

This man had been handsome once, and a superficial observer would have called him so yet. Nor had he passed middle-age. But there was too much of cruelty, cunning, craft in his face. There were too many wrinkles—fine and light, to be sure, but real and lasting—which had their story of dissipation and debauchery and unscrupulousness to tell.

He now ran up the steps of this house. He tried the handle of the front-door; and, finding it yielded, he did not ring the bell, but walked boldly in. He glanced about him, as he hurried through the hall.

"Eighteen years have made little difference," he said to himself.

He opened the door of a room to the right—a room fitted up with shelves of books, tables, desks, every convenience for reading and writing and study. An old man, a very old man—a man with snow-white hair, with bent shoulders, and

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with a look of pathetic sorrow in his face—sat at one of the tables, writing, by a shaded lamp.

This old man looked up as the door opened. He half arose to his feet; then he sat down again. He had grown suddenly white about the lips, and his face was convulsed with agony.

"So you know me, do you, Uncle Jim?" said the newcomer, with a sneer.

The old man made no answer, but staggered to his feet and tottered toward a telephone, at the side of the room.

"Don't be a fool, Uncle Jim," said the visitor, interposing himself between the old man and the telephone. "I know you'd like to call for the police: but you don't—"

"I told you never to darken my door again, Jasper Canton," said the other, sternly.

"I know you did. I know you'd like to call the police now, and give me in charge: only you don't dare. Let me tell my story: Eighteen years ago, you were rich—a rich old widower—with an idolized child of two years of age. I was young, poor, cursed with luxurious taste, and fast—as men of thirty, who have never had to work for a living, are likely to be."

"And you—"

"Wait! I am coming to it. I denied it all then. But I am here to tell you the truth now. I gambled: I lost. I needed money. You had never denied a request of mine before, so I came to you in my need. You refused me the money I would have given my life to obtain. I signed your name to certain notes. I sold them. You paid them without a word. And then you kicked me from your door: you sent me to starve—"

"And why—"

"Don't interrupt me. For three years—three long years—I haunted this neighborhood. I stood before your window, hundreds of nights. I watched for some sign of relenting in your face: it seemed as though your sweet child should have taught you the lesson of forgiveness; but you grew harder and more implacable as time went by."

"I—I believed—"

"Don't speak again. Keep silence, unless you wish me to go away, with half I have to say unsaid. I watched you grow to love your daughter more and more. She was a child of peerless beauty. She was a natural musician. I have seen you train her baby-fingers to handle the violin. Later, I listened to the power of her childish voice. On such a song as 'Annie Laurie,' for instance, she could shame one-half the professionals, before she was five years old."

The tears were running down the old man's cheeks like rain.

"Don't—don't!" he cried.

Jasper did not seem to notice the interruption.

"I married a bad woman," he continued; "a very bad woman. I am very thankful to her for some things; she taught me some sorts of wickedness I should never have dreamed of unaided."

"Such as—as—"

"Ah! You begin to guess, do you? One day, your little girl went out with her nurse. The woman turned her head, for a half-minute, hardly more than thirty seconds or so by the watch, to speak to a friend; when she looked back again, the child was gone." The old man gave a start. A sardonic sneer was on Jasper's face, as he went on. "Ah! you begin to guess," he said. "You suspect what is coming. Yes, you love her, and you have never seen her since. You have spent fifteen years, meantime, in a search which has grown more and more hopeless as the time has gone on. You have spent half a million dollars. You have had no moment of peace. And I—I have had my revenge!"

"Oh, you wretch!" shouted the old man, shivering and shrinking in the chair into which he had fallen back; "and I never suspected you. I never dreamed that you could be so guilty as that—"

"Probably not. You didn't know the sort of wife I had."

"My curse—"

"Hold on! For whom? Curse the woman, if you like; I'll approve of that. But hear me through, before you decide whether blessing or cursing is to be mine.

"My wife and I didn't get on very well together. She sometimes went to see the child, and had marvelous tales to tell regarding her beauty, her voice, her wonderful ability with the violin. I never went. I couldn't bear to go. The woman and I quarreled about that, finally, and about other things."

"And—and then—"

"And then, one day, she killed herself. She left a note for me, which contained some things which a man doesn't like to read, under such circumstances. But she concealed the name and location of the family which had charge of Minette."

"And you—you came here to tell me this? You came here to tell me that my child lived and thrived for years, that she may possibly be alive now, and to tell me nothing else?"

"No, I did not. If that had been the end, I should never have come here. Minette was eight years old, when my wife died. I had been an outcast for six years. I left New York. I

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went where I was not known. I lived two lives: one to the world of society and fashion, the other to the world of—something else. I had friends among the good and the wealthy. One of them helped me to an important discovery, between three and four years ago: no less than the finding of Minette."

"You found her?" said the old man, starting up. "You found her?" he cried, in a hoarse whisper. "Where? How?"

"As a street-musician in Chicago; half starved; half frozen; weary and discouraged with life; but as good and pure and—"

"Thank God for that!" said James Canton, sinking back again into his chair.

"And I gave her a home—for a purpose. I gave her every comfort—for a purpose. I educated her—for a purpose."

"Bless—bless—"

Jasper Canton held up his hand in expostulation.

"Say nothing of either blessing or curse, until I am done. Your daughter lives. You will probably meet her again. But there are conditions."

"Yes; speak on—I grant them all."

"First, then, Minette was married yesterday morning. But her husband left her at the altar; left her without even a kiss, to catch the next train for New York, where he had imperative business, that would not permit delay. She is to come more leisurely, with her maid. Her husband has engaged passage for himself and wife, for Europe. You cannot find her, or know who he is, without my help. But—for this is the point—you may make the acquaintance of your long-lost daughter, to-morrow morning, if—"

"Well?"

"If you will give up to me those forged notes with which you threatened me eighteen years ago."

"And if I will not?"

"Then you will never meet Minette again, in this world."

The old man, seeming older—much older—than when his nephew first came in, walked wearily across the floor, to one of the desks. He unlocked a drawer. He took out a package of papers. He looked them over very carefully. Then he handed them, without a word, to Jasper Canton.

The crafty wretch examined them all with care. He counted them, nearly a dozen in all. Next he took a match from his pocket, drew it sharply along the top of a table, touched the mass of papers to the tiny flame, and watched them slowly turn into smoke and ashes. Then he spoke:

"I shall keep my promise, Mr. James Canton, and no more. Your daughter will come here, with me, to-morrow morning. She knows nothing of you; I shall tell her nothing. She knows me as Augustus Black. I shall introduce you to her, calling you by your true name, her by the one she believes to be her own. I shall stand by you two as you talk. Say one word, make one sign, do the least thing to excite her suspicion, and I will ring the bell. I shall bring a physician with me, who is in my interest, and who will come in and say that you have suddenly gone mad. You may look in her face, hear her voice, study her soulful expression, realize what she could be to you in your old age, for just five minutes. Then I shall take her away. You shall see her no more forever. I am your son-in-law, James Canton," and he turned toward the door, adding with sardonic mockery: "It is me she married. Good-night, dear Uncle Jim!"

CHAPTER V.

HAROLD WINS ALL.

MINETTE was in her parlor at the Fifth Avenue hotel, having just arrived by train, when a note was brought to her, that read as follows:

"You know you were lost when a child. You have been told that your name is Black. You are, or think you are, married to a man who calls himself Augustus Black. He has told you he is your only living relative. You have believed it. He has been kind to you; you were grateful; and, hence, you agreed to marry him. His statement is false. Go, this evening, with the messenger who brings this, to No. — Fifth Avenue, and you will find your father, a gentleman whose name is James Canton."

This was a strange message, and a policeman came with it. The clerk of the hotel vouched for the genuineness of the policeman. It was strange, strange—very strange. She could not understand it.

And yet there was something in it which stirred her deeply—a hint of something which she just failed to remember. Behind the horrible life in Chicago, she knew there had been one only less horrible, somewhere else. And behind that, in years so far removed from her present that they seemed almost as unreal as though they had belonged to another stage of existence, there had been a happy love-filled and love-blessed life, a shadowy memory of which sometimes flitted through her brain. Could this message really refer to her father? Was there no trick in it?

"Fifth Avenue." She had read the name

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hundreds of times without memory or emotion, never connecting it with her past. But now—now—it almost seemed to speak to her of a long-lost home. "Fifth Avenue." Yes, certainly that was where she had once lived, when a little child.

"Father." She half believed, also, she could remember a noble man, who had taught her baby-lips to call him that; she vaguely recalled, as in a dream, his features. Oh, if it were only true—if there were no trick in it!

"James Canton." Was it so? She wasn't sure, but it somehow seemed so: that the man who had been so much to her, in those forgotten years, had been called that by the men who had been his friends.

She sat twirling the paper in her fingers, hesitating between these conflicting feelings and thoughts. The policeman stood watching her, and waiting. What should she do? New York had many snares for unwary feet, many pitfalls for the ignorant and careless. But she—she had gone safely through greater danger than there could possibly be in this; she had braved more, infinitely more, scores of times. Why should she not go?

If it were true, this charge against her husband, was it not her duty to herself to prove it so, and in season? If it were false—

She shuddered. But she got no farther than that. If it were false? God help her, she already more than half believed it was true.

Should she not go? Ought she not to go? Must she not go? She would. She rose.

"I am ready," she said, simply.

There were others in the hall of the house to which she and the policeman went. But, as the hall was not yet lighted, she could see only dark shadows, that whispered together in a corner at the far end. Could it be that they had business there? That they had been about to enter the room at the right, from beneath the door of which a light showed brightly? That they had drawn back and retreated, to let her go first?

She laid her hand upon the door-knob. It turned silently. She flung the door open.

There were two men in the room. One sat, in seemingly crushed helplessness, in a deep armchair. The other, who was turned half toward him, so that his back was to the door and to her, was saying something cruel, something horrible and wicked: "I am your son-in-law, James Canton. It is me she married. Good-night, dear Uncle Jim!" These were his words.

And then the woman sprang straight past the man to whom she had promised love and obedience as long as life should last, and buried her head upon the breast of the other one, while his trembling arms closed tightly about her. For, all at once, as by a flash of lightning, the past was revealed to her. She knew that face: it was the face of her long-lost parent.

"Father!" she cried.

He, too, recognized her; he knew her at once—knew her, in spite of all the vanished years.

"Minette!" he faltered.

She released herself from his clasp, after a moment, and held out the anonymous message toward him.

"Do you know anything of this?" she said.

But Jasper Canton sprang forward, caught it from her hand, read it, crushed it into a shapeless wad of paper, and threw it into the fire.

"Harold Barclay's writing," he gasped; "I would know it anywhere. What does it mean? What can—"

But, at this instant, Harold himself opened the door from the hall and came in. It was he, with others, who had been waiting in the hall, seeming but shadows.

"Shall I tell you what it means?" he said. "It means that, if you had been a half-hour later, this good old man would never have been put to the torture you have inflicted upon him: that I was admitted, long ago, by a servant, and have waited in the vain hope that you would go before Minette would arrive: that, when you left the city where I found her, left in the night, I set to work to discover all about you: to know why you fled: to learn where you had taken her: to discover your plans. And I think I have made a prêtty fair success of it."

Jasper glared at him sardonically.

"Doubtless," he said, "you know I am hardly the man to whom you would care to resign the woman, to whom you were fool enough to lose your heart, that stormy night, in Chicago. But I think you have discovered nothing of which the law can take hold. And the law gives me Minette. Minette, leave the room and the house: go to your room at the hotel at once. Go, I say!"

"Oh, Minette, Minette," cried her father, "how could you ever marry this man?"

"I—I was deceived," she stammered. "He—he had been kind and good to me. And—and he said that Mr. Barclay cared—cared nothing, and—and—"

With both her hands, she suddenly covered her face, now dyed in blushes, as she spoke.

"Minette," thundered Jasper, "leave this house at once, or I will—"

"Wait," said Harold; "I have a story to tell. Once upon a time, a bad woman got tired of living with a man who was worse than herself.

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So, one night, when the tide was running swiftly out to sea, she left a loving message for the man she feared and hated; left her bonnet and shawl down near the black water—and took the next train for the West. It has been a difficult job to trace her; but it was done. Mrs. Canton," turning toward the door, "I think we are ready for you."

A woman came in, at sight of whom Canton started back, holding up his hands to ward her off, as if she had been an apparition.

"Jasper Canton," said Harold, "I wish you no worse fate than to spend the remainder of your life with your lawful wife, whom, I see, you recognize. You have engaged passage for yourself and wife, on an Atlantic steamer, which leaves port to-morrow. You expected to have a very different companion from the one you will have. It is well. Go! Take the journey you had intended, and take your real wife with you. If you ever breathe the air of America, after twelve o'clock to-morrow, I will see if the law has any claim upon you. I happen to know some things about you, which will bring you within its clutch, in spite of what you say."

"Come," said the woman, laying her hand upon Jasper's arm. "Your game is up. Come."

He went with her, without a word, out into the darkness and the night, for he knew that Harold spoke the truth, and that there were things he had done, which, if known, would bring him within the clutch of the law.

"And now, Minette," said Harold, stepping forward to her side, while her father looked smiling on; "dear Minette, here is the dollar you let fall upon the stones, that awful night in Chicago, so long ago. I offer it to you again. Will you take it? Wait. Do not be too hasty. If you take it, it must signify that you take me too, with all I am and all I have. Minette, will you take it? Remember, the ceremony with that villain was futile. It had no legal force. It was a fraud. You never were really his wife."

Minette's memory was now clear, not only as to the house, not only as to her father, but to other things. She walked slowly to a niche in the wall, before which a heavy curtain hung, a curtain she now remembered well, which had not been lifted since the day when she was stolen. She raised it now. She took, from its place there, a violin. It was the one on which her father had taught her to play, in those bygone days, and which he had kept carefully tuned every day since, that it might be ready for her when she should come home again—if she ever came.

She moved slowly, gravely, thoughtfully, back. She came and stood beside her father. She looked straight across it, at Harold; looked as she had never looked before: as she would never look at another man.

"I will take your money, Harold, your money and all the rest," she said, sweetly, "when I have earned it." And she began to play.

Let us go now. Let us go out softly, and close the door behind us. Let us go away into the darkness, glad that the stars shine through it, and that we know the end, while the air quivers and beats with the tender notes of "Annie Laurie," played and sung as none but Minette Canton ever played and sang it.

THE WIFE'S DISCOVERY.

BY JEAN LINTON.

You have no secret, dear, from me?
Then, surely, I may look and see
What here you keep so carefully?

What treasure does this casket hold?
Only some letters—yellow, old—
And curling tress of shining gold.

And here, within this velvet case,
What do I see? A fair sweet face,
In which I find some nameless grace.

Ah, these are treasures that you prize!
And now, confess: you thought it wise
To keep them hidden from my eyes.

And yet they tell but what I know
When first my heart went out to you,
When for my hand you came to sue.

I knew that you had "loved and lost,"
On passion's tide been tempest-tossed,
Ere ever I your path had crossed.

I knew that I could but re-light
The flame that once had burned so bright
Upon your hearthstone, day and night.

And do I now, you ask, repent
That, when you wooed, I gave consent?
Nay, love; you know that I'm content.

I bless the hour when first we met;
Nor must you think that I regret
That, for her sake, you keep these yet.

Could you forget her? Then I must
Put in your love but little trust:
And I, too, one day, shall be dust.

The past was hers; nor do I care
That you still think 'twas sweet and fair,
Since I the present with you share.

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ROSE-GERANIUM.

BY EMILY LENNOX.

LORING RICHARDS was an artist—not an amateur one, but one who depended on art for his daily bread, and as yet was pinching and starving his way to fame, with very little to show for it.

It was a hard life, which was at its worst, one airy April morning. He had worked so hard, all winter, and had been so enfeebled at the last by a fever, that inspiration was at its lowest ebb. He sat at the window now, looking over the way at a new Queen-Anne cottage that had come up with the spring-flowers, and reared its red gables among the old forest-trees still standing in that out-of-the-way street.

"He has some taste—that fellow," he mused. "The little latticed window, with the rose-geraniums in the earthen pots, and the elm-boughs coming down from above, is pretty enough to paint— Ah!"

This exclamation marked the appearance, at the window, of a young girl, with a watering-pot in her hand. She was a very pretty girl, of the blonde-blondine, dressed in blue and white, with a kerchief around her neck and a bewitching little cap on her head.

Loring watched her with a sense of beauty and pleasure while she tended the flowers—turning the pots around to the warm sunlight, plucking off the dry leaves and dead blossoms, and sending down, on their upturned pink-and-white faces, a warm grateful shower.

She had pretty hands and wrists, that curved gracefully while she plied them. Loring had a sense of loss when she was gone, and he turned away from the latticed window, back to the unfinished letter lying on the open window-ledge.

"Dear Binks," this letter read: "I have about made up my mind not to go in for the Academy-prize. I owe fifty dollars now, at Toole's, for material, and I couldn't pay the fee or have my picture framed decently. Besides, I am worked out, and haven't the ghost of an idea. I was hard at it, all winter, you know; and then came that confounded fever, that pulled me down to the last notch. I am a mere wreck, at present. There is no use talking—a fellow can't do any good work, unless he has some comfort to make his mind easy. If that idiot—Finney—"

Here the letter paused. Loring wondered about finishing it. Somehow, he did not feel so despondent as when he began it. He would wait awhile, he thought; and he amused himself by scribbling over the half-written sheet.

A bank of blustry clouds was rising in the west, and sent a fresh breeze through the window. It tossed Loring's dark curls about and fanned his cheeks, till, in sheer delight, he closed his eyes and drifted away into dreamland.

While he slept, the clouds massed themselves higher over the April sky; the wind rose so fiercely, that the latticed window over the way was quickly closed; and Loring's unfinished letter, over which he had written his name repeatedly, went whirling out into the street.

A dash of rain on the roof awakened him. He found his correspondence gone, but did not concern himself about it. "I had made up my mind not to send it," he said. "It's a good riddance."

There was an empty stretcher on his easel. He turned to it, with a sudden impulse for work. "I will paint the face of my pretty neighbor," he said. And, as the days passed, and Loring continued to catch glimpses of her, he worked more energetically. He had already blocked out the window and the tree with a great mass of burnt-sienna and chrome-green, and was just outlining the face, when he received a mysterious letter through the mail. It contained money—more money than Loring had ever had at one time—a hundred-dollar bill. It was folded, too, in his own letter to Binks, which had whirled out of the window three days before. There was a little card with it, inscribed with delicate writing, in these words: "From a friend of art. The beautiful things are hardest in the achievement."

A subtle fragrance came from the folds of this mysterious missive. Loring smelled it, sprang to his feet, and cried exultantly:

"Rose-geranium!"

Foolish fellow that he was, he felt his heart bound; and, seizing his brush, he began to paint, excitedly saying:

"My angel! Her face shall win me fame, or I will never paint a line again."

From that hour, he worked in a frenzy of zeal. The picture grew into perfection, till the latticed

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window, full of its flowers, and with the lovely girlish face bending over them, was painted in every detail as Loring had seen them.

He called the picture "Rose-Geranium," and sent it to the Academy, where it was fortunate enough to be hung on the line.

On the first day of the exhibition, only invited guests were admitted. Among them, however, were Mr. Henry Stratton and his daughter Dora.

"I don't think much of these daubs, my dear," said the former, who was a fine critic.

"Let us go into the north gallery," said Dora, who had been scanning the catalogue.

Mr. Stratton followed her. They soon came face-to-face with Loring Richards's picture.

"Why, bless my soul," cried the old gentleman, "Dora, that is you! Why didn't you tell me you were posing?"

"I didn't know it, papa," she said, blushing deeply. "I—I believe Mr. Richards has his studio across the street from us."

"Humph! He has, has he? Well, he hasn't made a bad stagger at a picture. That's you, to a dot, Dora—by Jove! We must have that picture, if money will buy it. 'Rose-Geranium'—ha! ha! The young scamp knows what he is about. 'Richards,' did you say? Dora, my dear, you will make that fellow's fortune, with your flower-pots."

How Dora's little heart fluttered with pride and joy, at all this. She did not tell, however, how she had watched behind the latticed window, to see the pale-faced artist, with the dark hungry eyes and earnest thoughtful brow, go out and come in. He looked so frail and forlorn, and he would have been so handsome if he had been well!

But what a triumph it was for Loring, when the first prize was awarded him, and all the newspapers began to rave of his picture, of his method and finish, the grace of his subject, its execution, etc., etc. That would have been glory enough. But, when he came home in a fever of excitement, he found a letter from Mr. Henry Stratton, asking him to call at his house that evening.

Loring had only two suits of clothes, his now shabby everyday-outfit and a full-dress suit of broadcloth. He donned the latter, though not without many misgivings as to its appropriateness. It served one end, however, for he looked very well in it, and Dora thought him handsomer than ever.

She came forward to meet him, and her soft white gown made a graceful sweep over the carpet. She was very simply dressed. But, at her belt, she wore a bunch of pink-and-white rose-geraniums.

"Mr. Richards," she said, holding out her hand, with a pretty kind of confusion, "I am glad to see you. My father will be down in a moment. Will you be seated, please?"

Loring sat down. He was trembling in every limb, and a strange feeling of weakness came over him.

"Miss Stratton," he managed to say, "I think I ought to beg your pardon for having stolen your face, as a model; but—"

"Oh!" interrupted Dora, generously, "I was very much flattered, I assure you; and papa is so much pleased, that he wants to buy your picture."

"You are very kind," faltered poor Loring, whose head seemed to be going around in a strange way: the room, with all its luxurious appointments, its Turkish drapery, pictures, and bric-a-brac, was like a kaleidoscope.

"I—I think I have to thank you for something else," said Loring, with a great effort. "I received the letter and—the money. I know it was you who sent them, and—and—believe me, I am very grateful."

"Hush!" said Dora, softly, laying her hand on his arm. "My father is coming."

Loring heard Mr. Stratton's step. He rose and shook hands with him. How the room did whirl! Mr. Stratton said a great many kind things; but it was all very vague in Loring's mind. He remembered that the last thing Mr. Stratton did was to put a check in his hand. He saw the figure was quite large, and then everything faded away. Like a dream, he heard Dora's voice saying:

"Put him on the sofa. He has fainted."

Then came weeks of blank existence, followed, at last, by a day when he opened his eyes and saw, beside him, the face that had haunted his fever-dreams, yet always eluded him.

He reached over, and took Dora's little white hand, that rested on his pillow. She blushed, but did not draw it away.

"I thought I had lost you," he said, touching the pink finger-tips to his lips, "and I was very unhappy. I have been quite sick—haven't I?"

"Yes; very sick," she answered, tenderly.

"And you have nursed me?"

She smiled assent.

"How good you have been! You seem destined always to do something for me. I wonder what it will be next?"

"What do you want me to do?" she said, bending her head aside, so that he could not see her face, though he looked at it earnestly.

"I want you to love me," he said, boldly, "though I have no right to ask it."

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"I have done that already," she said. "Ask me something else."

"I dare not ask you what I wish," he said, trying weakly to draw her face down close to his. "Won't you kiss me, Dora?"

She turned her sweet face now, and, bending over, did what he asked, with the ready compliance of a loving heart. He put his arms around her.

"Darling," he whispered. "Would you be willing to promise to marry a beggar like me, if someday he were able to marry you?"

"I would marry you," she answered, without hesitation. "I don't need to care about money, though I shouldn't, anyhow. I am rich, Loring, and, 'with all my earthly goods, I thee endow' in exchange," with a saucy smile, that changed to a look of ineffable affection, "for the happiness which you alone can give me."

"Nothing succeeds like success" is a true saying. When Loring Richards and his young wife went abroad, and Loring sent home the fruit of his study in Rome, the honors of the Academy were showered on him, and he is now considered the best young American painter living—of his own school, at least.

LOVE THE BEGGAR.

BY MRS. HARRIET TROWBRIDGE.

"CHILD, beware! Have a care!
Love is false, and love is fair,"
Says the grandame at her weaving.
"If he come with timid wooing,
Or with bolder words pursuing,
Listen not: he is deceiving,
For your future hurt and grieving—
Love is ever false and fair!"

"Love is false, love is fair—
Trust to me to have a care!"
Says the maiden; "I believe her;
And if he, the bold deceiver,
Dare to come with lips a-smiling,
Or with honeyed words beguiling,
I will flout him! I will scout him!
All his witcheries reviling,"
Says the maiden, gayly smiling,
"Trust to me to have a care!"

"Let me in! Let me in!
For sweet pity, let me in!"
Cries a voice in woeful pleading.
Quickly now the maiden, speeding,
Opes the door, and there is lying
Beggar-boy a-sobbing, sighing,
Locks of gold, wet with dew,
Rosebud mouth, eyes of blue,
Seeking hers in mute appealing,
Dimpled hand in hers a-stealing.
To her breast, silken nest,
Tenderly the maiden folds him,
Crooning softly as she holds him,
Till he gently sinks to rest.

"Child, beware! Have a care!
Any semblance love can wear!"
Cries the grandame at her weaving.
"Watch him well, bid him tell—
Though, for that, there's no believing—
What his name, whence he came,
For perchance 'tis love deceiving!"

"Naught care I what his name,"
Says the maiden to the dame.
Flaming up in sudden passion.
"Better far, I trow, 'twould be,
If your speech took other fashion,
Than to rail at charity.

"As for this poor babe a-sleeping,
Even now in dreams a-weeping—
Pretty dear! have no fear,
Naught to harm shall come a-near—
If 'tis love, as you say,
He will show his wings some day,"
"To your rueing and undoing,
Show his wings and fly away."
Wings the fleetest—hush, my sweetest—
"I will bind past all untying,"
Says the maiden, softly sighing,
"Love shall never fly away."

"Love is false, love is fair,
Silly maidens to ensnare,"
Sighs the grandame at her weaving;
"Love brings ever bitter grieving,
Sorrow sore past all believing,
And a weary weight of care."
"Love is true! Love is fair!
Every ill of life beguiling,"
Sings the maid, with lips a-smiling,
"Love is tender, true, and fair!"

HE BABY'S EPITAPH.

BY JAMES W. PHILLIPS.

A YEAR on earth, given to condensing love;
A week of pain, the boon of Adam's race;
A baby carried to the burying-place;
An angel waiting in the home above.

Oh, who can guess how lovely it may be
To feel the gentle frost of Azrael's breath,
When nothing but the little brook of death
Lies between Beulah and the nursery!

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THE MILLIONAIRE'S DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1885, by Miss Ann Stephens, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

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CHAPTER XXXVIII.

DAYTON bent his head somewhat haughtily, as he replied to Chapperton, saying:

"When I know the object of this conversation, it may explain what seems to me a little remarkable. You may have an intimacy with the Brooks family which warrants a discussion of its affairs. I have nothing of the kind."

Chapperton smiled incredulously, and again smoothed his mustache, while he regarded the face in the glass with keen interest.

"Ah, that will never do, my fine fellow. It is well known that a very prosperous opening has brought you into close relationship with this new millionaire; and you have been received with such especial grace by the young lady, that she is losing all ambition for the grand social success that lies before her."

Dayton did not speak; but a swift indignant change came over his features. He partly rose from his chair, but sat down again, as if resolved to hear all that the man had to say. Chapperton went on:

"Mrs. Brooks—a charming woman, who has a great regard for you—is troubled about the scandal your attention to her daughter has occasioned, and, in strict confidence, has spoken to me about it. Indeed, it is almost with her sanction that I have sought this interview. She is inclined to believe that you will withdraw quietly from all intimate association with her daughter, when once informed of the rumors that it occasions; for the gossip of a mésalliance like this would fall like frost on her daughter's brilliant prospects. I do not mean to hurt your feelings, my dear fellow; but you must admit that the duty of a high-minded man would be to withdraw, at the first hint, from a position of this kind."

Dayton turned quietly, and looked Chapperton in the face.

"You say this to me in behalf of Mrs. Brooks?"

"As her friend and—and yours," stammered Chapperton, rather disturbed by the glance he received.

"And she knew that, in some form, I might be addressed on the subject?"

"She knew that, as a friend to all parties, I might think it best to inform you, I suppose; but the thing was not directly spoken of."

Here Chapperton seemed to struggle with himself awhile. Then his face cleared up with an expression of frankness. Leaning forward, and placing one hand on Dayton's knee, his manner became more confidential.

"The truth is, my dear friend, I have undertaken this affair, altogether, in order to prevent the most ruinous blundering. Mrs. Brooks is greatly exercised, and may be rashly imprudent. Fortunately, she has made me her confidant just in time. The other day, there was a grand scene in the household. That pretty angel-faced girl, who sometimes appears with Miss Brooks, has been denounced for leading the young lady into the dangerous frivolities of your society. Miss Brooks, in striving to defend her protégée, was charged with forgetting her high station, in a preference for her mother's agent, and ordered to dismiss him from her acquaintance forever. I do not know, exactly, how this was met by the young lady; but it ended in a charge of some secret engagement between you, and almost in an oath that, if it should terminate in a marriage, not one dollar of the mother's great wealth should ever go to the daughter or her husband. This threat Mrs. Brooks repeated to me with bitter emphasis, and she is a woman to carry it out. This is the reason that I have taken the liberty of speaking to you. Up to this time, Miss Brooks has refused to dismiss you, or to promise anything that her mother demands, and it seems that Brooks himself sustains her in the stand she has taken. She denies that you have secretly, or in any other way, proposed for her hand."

"One moment!" exclaimed Dayton, rising from his chair. "The conversations you may have had with Mrs. Brooks were confidential or otherwise, as you may choose to regard them; but there seems to be a shadow of dishonor in listening to them. As to the young lady, I cannot permit her name to be mentioned here.

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It should have been sacred to you, as it is to myself."

Chapperton arose also, blandly and with a gentle smile. He did not, in the least, seem to feel the rebuke that lay as much in Dayton's manner as in his words. All that he wished had been accomplished. The young man was aroused, his pride wounded, his sense of honor touched painfully. The very pallor of his countenance was a proof of this, that filled the crafty diplomatist with satisfaction.

Turning to his image in the glass, to which he was constantly appealing for sympathy, he gave it a look of self-gratulation, before his visitor had fairly left the room.

"If that does not force things to a crisis, nothing will," he said, talking to his image aloud. "I got in enough about the girl to let him understand that she is ready to defy the world for his sake, and, upon my word, I think she is; nothing else could make her so careless of all the honor we are ready to give her. That will lend him courage to stand the chance of forgiveness, with all the plunder, when the old lady relents—as if such women ever did relent! They should be cajoled, flattered, fawned upon. I only hope this high-toned young fellow will put in his proposal now, when her vanity is in full force and her wrath at fever-heat. Then Brooks would step into the contest, and be swept away with the rest; and I— Well, about that, we shall see—we shall see. It will go hard if a life spent in behalf of society should not have some reward."

Here Chapperton smiled knowingly on his image in the glass, and it smiled back upon him with such lively appreciation that the original felt as if it must be rubbing its hands, out of sight, in full sympathy with his own velvet palms.

Dorothea was alone, meantime, and so unhappy that the sumptuous rooms in which she strayed to and fro seemed like a prison to her—a prison with open gates, which she did not care to pass, lest the one being who haunted her thoughts might come and find her absent.

Day after day she had refrained from joining the throng downstairs, where her mother went more frequently than usual; and, in her absence, Mrs. Humphrey Vose was permitted to hold her morning receptions with a renewed lease of popularity, for the rival she had begun to dread and hate with equal fervor seemed to have disappeared from the scene.

One morning, Dorothea had been wandering from window to window, looking into the street to see nothing that interested her, attempting to read, but unable to fix her mind on the book she held, or throwing herself down on one of the couches, in absolute weariness of life.

She had been lying in this state of dreary disappointment some minutes, with her eyes closed and her heart aching, when a servant opened the door, and, while he was announcing that gentleman, Dayton followed him into the room.

Dorothea had been striving to keep the tears back; but, when she sprang from the couch, they were trembling on her lashes, and she began to shrink with terror lest he should know their cause, and stood before him almost like a culprit.

Never had the young man approached Dorothea Brooks so reverently, never had he felt so keenly the superiority of her conduct over his own. How trivial all her girlish faults appeared, compared with the stubborn pride that had considered the barrier of wealth sufficient to justify a silence unworthy of them both.

"It is happiness to see you again, greater happiness to find you alone and—I hope—a little glad to see me."

Dorothea had given her hand to his so quietly that it chilled him a little; but he held it so close that his own swiftly-beating heart sent a thrill to hers, which began to flutter like a bird disturbed in its sleep.

"I have been away so long," he said, "making myself miserably unhappy. Have you cared for that? Have you missed me at all?"

She struggled a little, and drew her hand away from him. All this came so suddenly upon her that her pride took alarm.

"Do not shrink from me. If there is anything to forgive, be generous and forgive it now; for I love you, Dorothea, better than my own life, better than my own soul. I did not know it; perhaps it was not true when we first met, and since then I have tried to strangle the passion that self-respect and the pride of manhood forbade to me. Tell me, tell me. Oh, am I explaining all this to you in vain? Have you not known how dearly I love you?"

Dorothea looked at him earnestly. She had convinced herself so completely of his indifference that the passionate earnestness of this language almost frightened her, and drove back the full tide of happiness that rose and swelled through her heart afterward.

"You cannot believe me. You are angry that I have said so much, or dared to speak at all, now that the inequality between us is so great."

Dayton spoke humbly, for great love had made him doubtful.

"It seems so strange that you should say this. I cannot realize it all at once. I cannot believe it even now. I am bewildered. Anything that

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I might say would have so little meaning," said Dorothea. "All is so different from my old life, when it seemed natural that people should care for me. Then, perhaps—perhaps—I expected it; but here, I doubt if there is any such thing as love."

"Yet, Dorothea, it is here that I have learned that love is the one great blessing that God has given to His creatures; here, the happiness of my life must be confirmed or destroyed by a word from your lips. I love you—I love you so much, that this one minute of doubt is torture. Tell me—tell me that this great love is returned, or drive me forth an humbled and bankrupt man."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

All at once, Dorothea's whole spirit was aroused; her face lighted up, her lips curved into a smile. With a thrill of delight that ran through her whole being, she comprehended in full that this man loved her. The thought had been too sudden for belief. Her intelligence grasped it now, as waves seize upon the reflection of a star.

Clasping both her hands, she reached them out to him.

"This is my answer," she said; "this is my answer."

Dayton took the clasped hands in his, drew her closer to him, and gathered a sweeter answer from her lips. Just then, the door opened, and Mrs. Brooks came into the room. She paused a moment, regarding the scene she had disturbed with a look of cynical scorn, from which Dorothea shrunk, crimson with agitation.

Dayton did not release her hands; but, undismayed, advanced a step nearer to the mother.

"You have come, madam, to witness the seal of my engagement to your daughter," he said, with calm dignity. "We only await your sanction, if it may be graciously accorded, before entreating the consent of Mr. Brooks."

Mrs. Brooks stood motionless a few moments, after this appeal had been made, regarding Dayton with a cold and almost insulting stare. Then she drew off her gloves, and tossed them upon the nearest table.

"I have expected this, in some form," she said; "but the audacity of this proceeding is more than I believed possible. If this young lady has consented to marry you, of course she must have named the only condition under which you can enter my family."

"No, no," broke in Dorothea; "I have said nothing. I did not know that the time would ever come when that threat, made in a passion, would be mentioned again."

The poor girl trembled from head to foot, and a look of piteous pleading broke through the love-light that had shone in her eyes, a minute before.

"It was hardly fair to tempt my agent to commit himself to an empty engagement, without informing him that I have already warned you that not a cent of my money will ever reach him after his marriage with my daughter." Then, turning to Dayton, she said: "A marriage that will insure Dorothea Brooks's disinheritance is not exactly what you seek, I fancy; and, when I repeat this assurance, you need have no hesitation in withdrawing. I suppose you," she said, turning to her daughter, "will not insist on considering this farce an engagement, now that he is honestly made aware of the only condition on which it can ever be carried out."

"I would not hold him by the finest silken thread that was ever twisted," said Dorothea, drawing her hands from Dayton's clasp with an impulse of tender pride. "It is true, he did not know of the bitter threat you have just repeated; and a proposal made in such ignorance is, of course, void. Mr. Dayton knows that he leaves this room as free as when he entered it."

"All that you have told me, I was prepared to meet when I entered this room," said Dayton. "Indeed, but for the information given to me by one of your own friends, madam—intended as a warning against my presumption—I should not have been here. The certainty that you had made a threat which, from my own knowledge of your indomitable will, I was sure you would not swerve from, removed all the scruples that have kept me silent so long. I feel now that Miss Brooks and myself meet on equal terms. It is for her to choose between the wealth you can bestow—and the position in fashionable life it will, no doubt, insure to her—and the entire love of an earnest man: which is not, after all, so unworthy of acceptance as you seem to consider."

Mrs. Brooks made a gesture of disdain.

"I have made a love-match myself, and know all that it implies. If my daughter chooses to imitate that experience, she has my free consent; but only on the terms already pronounced. Take your choice, Dorothea Brooks, and let us have an end of this scene."

"My choice was made when I gave both my hands to Mr. Dayton, only a few minutes ago. I did not consider your power to enrich us then, I do not implore it now. The consent you have given is enough, only let us feel that it is cordially bestowed. Your blessing, dear mother, will be worth more to us than all the riches you withhold."

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"If my agent values the consent that comes to him with an empty-handed bride, he is welcome to it," said the lady, with a disdainful wave of the hand. "Only make as little scandal about the affair as you can. My own part in it shall be thoroughly understood. That of my husband will soon be ascertained. If he repudiate the whole thing, as I have, well and good: if not, you will probably find how much his approval is worth. I am waiting with just a little curiosity to see where all this will end."

"It is possible that Mr. Brooks may know—for he is one of the directors of the company—that I do not offer myself to his daughter without possessing all reasonable means for her support in any place where our fortune may be cast. The modest services I have rendered that company have at least met with this reward—a fact of which you may not have full knowledge. Believe me, madam, I should not have made this proposal for your daughter, had I not been prepared to do it as an independent man."

"I know nothing of that. How our company deals with its agents and employés is no concern of mine. For once in his life, Mr. Brooks has made himself of some use in my affairs, and saves me the trouble of inquiry into its method of doing business. In the formation and conduct of the corporation, he has managed everything for me. It gives him position almost as if he were a capitalist himself; but he may as well remember that a day of accounting will come, swift and sure, when he presumes too far on the power I have given him. When that accounting shall be demanded, his position may be very much like your own."

Here Mrs. Brooks made a low salutation, with which she intended to overwhelm Dayton with contempt, and, entering the next room, shut the door.

Dorothea started forward with an exclamation of distress; but Dayton drew her back, folding her for a moment in his arms, and kissed the tears from her pale cheek.

"Do not entreat—do not even ask—anything more than the consent she has flung at us. Once spoken, she will not revoke it. Now I am free to approach your father. Have no fear of the result. He is my friend. Before another day is gone, I will tell him everything. Till then, let us be hopeful."

CHAPTER XL.

As fortune would have it, when Dayton went down the steps of the hotel, intent on this purpose, he saw Mr. Brooks himself driving up, in his road-wagon.

"Ah, Dayton: the very man for me," cried Mr. Brooks, as he pulled up. "Come, jump in: I am going to the lake. You have nothing on hand for a couple of hours, have you?"

"Your driving-up is quite opportune," said Dayton, as he sprang lightly to a seat beside the other. "I was coming to seek you: I have something serious to say."

"Wait a minute," answered the other. "That nigh mare is pulling the very arms off me, and, till I get her down, I shall have my hands full. There—she is all right," after the lapse of some minutes, during which they had left the avenue and reached the road to the lake. "I am at your service now. What can I do for you?"

"What I have to say is soon said," was the answer. And he proceeded, frankly, to speak of his love for Dorothea, and of his hopes.

Brooks listened in silence; only, now and then, he gave the off sorrel a flick with his whip.

"I have come to you at once," said the young man, with some little embarrassment, "as the only honorable course. Of course, I have spoken to your daughter. In—in fact, I have her permission to mention the matter to you."

Brooks gave the sorrel another flick, and then asked, with sudden seriousness:

"What does her mother say about it?"

"Her mother will not hear of it. At least, she says, if we marry, she will disinherit Dorothea. Of course, that does not influence me. But I wish, if possible, to win a more willing consent from her, and I thought you might influence her. I don't want the money: you know me well enough to know I am not a fortune-hunter."

"Yes, I know that. But, my dear lad, it is best to be frank at the beginning. I, personally, like you well enough—you have long been aware of that. I believe, too, that marriage should come by mutual affection, and not be based merely on conventional consideration. If my child loves you—and she is of an age to decide that matter for herself—nothing would give me greater satisfaction than to bestow her on you, if I alone were to be consulted. But her mother's opposition," and now he spoke with even more seriousness, "puts a different face on the affair. Long ago, I made up my mind not to oppose my wife in anything I could avoid: and Dorothea's marriage is a case in point. That is, I will not insist on 'yes' when she wishes to say 'no.' Of course, I would never force my daughter to marry against her will. But I think," reflectively, "a mother has some rights."

"Perhaps, when you talk with her," said Dayton, "she may—"

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"Perhaps," and he spoke kindly; "but I doubt it. However, let that rest for a moment. I also have been wishing to consult you. It is a proof of the high consideration in which I hold you—a proof that I will do all I can to forward your wish—that I take you into my confidence."

"You consult me?" The question was asked with surprise, but also with evident gratification. The young man's face, in fact, flushed with pleasure.

"Yes. You know Mr. Burritt, the father of my wife. I need not disguise from you—for you must have seen it for yourself—that he is in an uncomfortable position. For the parent of one as rich as his daughter, he is living quite beneath him, so to speak. There are also other persons, whom you also know, that I wish, if possible, to help: they are Mrs. Hilton and her daughter."

"I understand," said Dayton, seeing that the other paused. "I quite appreciate your wish."

"Up there in the valley, all alone in his old-age—perhaps thinking he is neglected, even forgotten—life is a weary thing for him. Now, what I propose is this: it is to bring him down here. I have heard of a cottage on the lake, which, I think, will be the very thing for them: for I mean that Mrs. Hilton and her daughter shall come also, and shall live with him. I am going to look at it now. The lease is as good as executed, provided I like the place. We can have the villa to-morrow, if we choose. There is but one drawback: the ground has been let for a garden-party, next week; but that will not interfere with any inmates the house may have; and I said, at once, that this would be no objection. In fact, Mr. Burritt and the others may come at once."

The cottage, when they reached it, proved to be a very picturesque affair, built on the margin of the lake, from which it rose, story on story, with a tower over all, the ground terraced all around it. It looked, as Dayton said, "like a bird's-nest stuck against the hill." Flowers were everywhere. They bloomed in clusters: they rambled over porches; they draped the entrances to grottoes. At one side, where the ground was more level, there was quite an extensive garden.

"It is here the garden-party is to be," said Brooks. "You see, it will not interfere in the least with the occupants of the cottage."

"Certainly you could not find, anywhere, a prettier place," said Dayton.

"I will write to-night," remarked his companion, as they drove back to Saratoga. "In fact, I feel I cannot do too much for Mr. Burritt. The truth is Dayton, I must tell you something of my past life, or else you will hardly understand exactly how I feel—not only in regard to these people, but as to my wish to get my wife's free consent to Dorothea's marriage."

"Your confidence is a high honor," replied the young man. "But is it necessary? I have no right to inquire into your private affairs."

"As to that, you, as a suitor for my daughter, have as much right to know about my antecedents as I have to inquire about yours. In these cases, there should be mutual trust: and trust never goes without knowledge."

"At least, I will respect your confidence."

"Just so. I am, as you know, English-born. My family is an old one, and not without fortune. But, of course, as in all such families, the estate goes to the eldest son; and, as I am only the third son, I was comparatively portionless. In spite of these narrow means, however, I committed the unpardonable fault—in my father's estimation, at least—of falling in love with the daughter of the clergyman with whom I was boarding, as a pupil. There were two daughters, both charming; but it was the elder whom I loved. The attraction was mutual. Both the girls had been, as it were, like sisters to me; we read, sang, walked, boated together; there was hardly an hour, when I was not engaged over my books, that we were not together. It all came on me, at last, like a flash. What I thought friendly regard, I discovered, one day, to be passionate love. The father—a bookworm, if ever there was one—had never suspected such a thing; but, when I went to him with my confession, he said, promptly and decisively, that there must be no promise on either side until I had seen my father. So I went home on my bootless errand: for of course you guess that my parents would not hear of it. My father stormed, until I feared he would have an attack of apoplexy, and ended by virtually casting me off. 'I will give you a little money,' he said, 'which is all you will ever get—enough to carry you to America and start you there; but you need never expect another shilling, unless you mend your ways. My advice to you is to be off by the next packet and forget your silly idyl. If you do that, and I find I can rely on you, I will do more for you, in time. Great heaven! to think of your throwing yourself away on a girl without a penny—when, with your name and position, you might have the pick of half the heiresses in the county!' And, with that, he rang the bell and had me shown to the door.

"I did what most young men, in hot blood, would, I fear, do, under similar circumstances. If my father had put a term, even of years,

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before me, I would have waited, hoping to win his consent at last. But this imperious style of his angered me beyond description. I do not defend myself. I hurried back to my sweetheart, found means to see her secretly, and persuaded her to a runaway-match. But, no sooner was the ceremony known, than a letter came from my father's solicitor, enclosing a sum of money, with the statement that 'it was all I would ever receive.' As to seeing me or my wife, no entreaty, I was informed, would ever move my parents to it.

"It was then that I resolved, in part, to take my father's advice. I would come to America, I said, but not to forget my love—on the contrary, to make a fortune for her; for, at that time, in England, we all thought America an El Dorado, with the very roads paved with gold."

The speaker stopped, and, for a while, drove on in silence. Evidently the emotion called up by the past was, for the time, too much for him. At last, just as the hotels at Saratoga were looming into sight, he resumed:

"There is not much more to tell," he said. "I did not find America the El Dorado I had expected. And I had not been here long, before I heard the most dreadful news from home: my wife was dead. I had no longer anyone to love. I had no object left in life. At this time," hurrying on, "I was at Mr. Burritt's, where I made the acquaintance of his daughter, my present wife. More than a year passed. In a word, things came around in such a way, after awhile, that I asked her hand in marriage, and she accepted me. I owe her, at least, consideration. She knows she was not my first-love. As I gave her but half a heart, my duty is to thwart her as little as possible. That is why I do not think I ought to cross her, in this matter. That is why I counsel patience—waiting—in hope she will come round. I have never spoken to anyone before, Dayton, as I speak to you now. I do not know what it is that draws me to you. You seem to me already like a son. But here we are at the hotel. Good-bye, for the present."

True to his word, Mr. Brooks wrote his letter that night, informing Mr. Burritt of his plan, and urging him to come at once to Saratoga and bring Mrs. Hilton with him. He also wrote to Rue, at Lake Luzerne. Having thus committed himself irrevocably, he sought his wife, in order to tell her what he had done; for he knew that, if she objected, it would be best to be able to say that it was too late to draw back.

His suspicion that she would oppose the scheme was fully borne out. He did not go so far even as to say he had sent for her father—he knew her weakness, and that she would be ashamed of the good old man, before her fine acquaintances; but he told of his hiring the house, adding: "I intend it for Mrs. Hilton and Rue: Rue is such a friend to Dorothea, that it will be a good thing for our girl; and Mrs. Hilton and her daughter both will be better for a few weeks on the lake." But, though he had thought opposition probable, he was not prepared for the rage into which his wife went.

CHAPTER XLI.

The next day, when Chapperton visited Mrs. Brooks, she proposed another walk, and, when quite alone by themselves, in an unfrequented place, took him into her confidence.

"This man—my husband, I mean," she broke forth, forgetting all wifely and even womanly reticence, "has insulted me—yes, grossly insulted me. He has hired a place for that woman and her daughter—"

"Mrs. Hilton, the schoolmistress, you mean," silkily interposed Chapperton. "We have spoken of her before."

"Yes, Mrs. Hilton. He has hired a place, I say, out on the lake—that pretty cottage near the end—the one with the terraces and esplanade—the one where Mrs. Humphrey Vose is to have her garden-party, next week: and he is going to establish the woman and her daughter there, on the pretense that Dorothea is such a friend of Rue's, and that it is a good thing that they should see each other often. Did you ever hear of such hypocrisy? Oh!" twisting and untwisting her fingers, in her passion, "that I should have to suffer this indignity! But I will have my revenge yet."

Her companion said to himself, with inward exultation: "She is getting jealous. The game is my own." But, aloud, he said, in his usual insinuating manner, ignoring what she meant:

"It is part of a plot, you think, to make his daughter take the place which you should occupy. We talked of that, too, the other day."

"It is more than that."

"Ah! I see. But the other is bad enough. Let us discuss that first. It is you, my dear Mrs. Brooks, who should be receiving the homage of society—I mean its homage to a greater extent than even now—for, already, as I know, on all hands, you are its favorite, and destined to be its queen. It is not the daughter, but you, who has the future. Instead of the unformed manners of a young girl, you have those of a woman of the world." He could hardly keep down a smile, at the simpering look of consciousness with which this gross flattery was received.

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"Instead of the awkward carriage of raw seventeen, you have the imperial grace of a Eugénie. Put your daughter at the head of society, when you are by? My dear Mrs. Brooks, as I told you in our other interview, it is impossible. The man must be insane."

"No, he shall not do it," cried the angry woman, pausing in her walk, and stamping her foot passionately. "More than that. He shall not, as I said before, insult me in other ways. I will have my revenge. Yes, I will get a divorce. You hinted at such a remedy once. You spoke of the fact that he contributed nothing to my maintenance, as furnishing good ground for it—"

"Yes, and the way is easy enough. Buy a cottage at Newport, and become a nominal resident there—getting what the law calls a domicile. Divorces are easily obtained in Rhode Island. Besides, my dear madam, you ought to have a social success there, as well as here: and I think I could insure you such a success. I know the very villa for you: a beautiful one, just now for sale, in consequence of the death of the owner. As I have already told you, the fact that your husband has not contributed to your support is a sufficient ground for action, in the Newport court. More than one divorce has been granted there, on that ground alone."

There was still some sense of justice left in this woman, so she answered, hesitatingly:

"But wouldn't that be a trick, at least in this case? I said this to you, I think, before. I never expected Mr. Brooks to support me; I was always better off than he: and, now that I am so much richer, it would be absurd. No, the other way is the best; and, besides, it will give me my revenge."

"But it would cause a scandal."

"What do I care?" She spoke recklessly, her anger at Mrs. Hilton getting the ascendancy. "I am not the one who would be affected. Let the guilty suffer."

"But your daughter? Though innocent in every way, the affair would make a talk, and would injure her more or less. It always hurts a young girl to be connected in any way with a scandal."

"Dorothea is so disobedient," replied her mother, obstinately, "that it would only be serving her right."

"Well, it would not be pleasant for you, either. Stay," for she looked up angrily: angrily at him, even: "let me finish. What I mean is: that it would gall your pride—now, honestly, would it not?—to have people know that your husband had deserted you for another. Why, therefore, put yourself in such a position? Take the course which will be equally effective, but which will avoid scandal, or even publicity; for the affair could be managed so quietly, that very few would hear of it, outside of those immediately interested."

For the first time during the interview, the woman seemed to be influenced by her companion's argument. She answered, hesitatingly:

"There is a good deal in what you say."

He saw he had nearly gained his point, and went on, urging home his argument:

"Your wish to be divorced from Mr. Brooks is not only natural, but justifiable. Why should a lady like you—accomplished, beautiful, rich—be tied forever to a mere clod, as it were: a man who has no ambition, who is content to vegetate in his humdrum life, and who is striving to drag you down to his own level? Free yourself, my dear madam, and in the easiest and quickest way: which is the one I have pointed out."

"You really think that the best?"

"Yes, altogether the best: for, among other reasons, it is a sure card."

"What do you mean? That the other is not? Don't you believe me?" She spoke with an angry intonation in her voice and an almost purple flush on her cheeks.

Now, Chapperton was just as sure as he lived that there was no foundation for the jealousy of Mrs. Brooks; but it was not his interest to say so, hence he replied:

"Believe it? Of course I do. How else could his conduct be explained? Why else should he bring her here? But, my dear, dear lady," and here he turned and looked her impressively in the face, "it is one thing, as your enlightened intelligence will see at once, to be sure of a person's guilt, and quite another thing to be able to prove it in a court-of-law. We form our conclusions in daily life from hundreds of little things, most of them from circumstantial evidence. But, when we go into court with an accusation, we must have witnesses—witnesses to actual facts: and these are very hard to procure. Where can we find any direct testimony, in this matter? Mere insinuation will not do. Our own personal belief will go for nothing. Now, I don't mean to say you would fail—I am sure, you ought not to: for your cause is that of a greatly-wronged woman." In his enthusiasm, he took her hand and pressed it; and the pressure was not only not resented, it was returned "But a wise general is always prepared for a reverse. How would you feel, if you failed? Would you not regret, at least, that you had not taken my advice?"

He looked at her with his full bold eyes, till

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her own fell beneath them. Her bosom fluttered like that of a young girl. For a moment, she was so embarrassed she could not answer. A reassuring pressure of his hand at last gave her voice.

"I—I," she stammered, still looking down, "will do as you say. I put myself entirely in your hands."

"God bless you for those words, my dearest lady," said Chapperton, with an assumption of earnestness which might have deceived even a more experienced woman than his companion. "They give me courage to say what I have long wanted to say. Have you not seen how I love you? Follow my guidance in this matter, and in a very little while you shall be free—free to marry some man of your choice, more worthy of you than this present husband of yours—free to wed, let me hope, myself."

A pressure of the hand was his answer; and now he went on, in assumed rapture:

"God bless you again for that sweet assurance," returning the pressure of her hand. "I see before you, my darling, a future that queens might envy. With your wealth, your style, your beauty, your imperial air, assisted by my influence, the world of society will be at your feet. A quiet divorce will leave no loophole for talk. We should have the world before us. My dear angel," with enthusiasm, "the triumphs of Mrs. Langtry, at her prime, were nothing to what yours will be."

CHAPTER XLII.

Old Mr. Burritt, as was his custom, was early at the post-office, the next day, hoping for a letter from his daughter. There was none from her, but one from her husband.

He read it with a beating heart, for it was the letter announcing the lease of the cottage, and inviting Mrs. Hilton and Rue to live in it with him.

"Now, this is too good of him," he said. "To think of me, up here all alone, when there is so much at Saratogy to make him forget. He said he would do it, but I hardly thought he would. I must go and tell Mrs. Hilton at once."

Mrs. Hilton was as much pleased as the old man. Not for herself exactly, but for Rue, whom she knew it would delight.

"It is very kind," she said. "From any other, I could not accept such a favor. But from Mr. Brooks—"

"Yes," interrupted the old man, in his eagerness, "it is just like his kind heart. He is always thoughtful for others. And, as you say, you can accept the offer from him, when you couldn't from a stranger. Why, he's been just like a brother to you."

"Though I have seen so little of him," said Mrs. Hilton. "In one sense, he is hardly an acquaintance. He says he has written to Rue. I will write to her myself also, and at once, and tell her how glad I am to go. Till she hears from me, she will naturally hesitate to answer."

"Do," replied Mr. Burritt, "and, while you are writing, I will go and tell our good old friend, the blacksmith, the news."

He found Burnside at his forge, for it was one of the days on which, as he said, he must go back to his old work, or die. He was holding a ploughshare in the fire, while an apprentice blew the bellows. The smith listened to the reading, still holding the iron in the fire; but, when the letter was finished, he let go the tongs, and began to untie his leather apron.

"Ah! that's good news—the very best," he said. "I allus said that your son-in-law, Mr. Burritt, was an honest man and a true gentleman, though many a one, after what he disapp'inted me in, would have had a grudge agin him. There," as he flung aside the apron, "I've done with work for to-day. Jim," addressing his apprentice; "put up the things, and take a holiday. If Farmer Bowles comes for his plough, say that important business has called me away. Perhaps I may not be back for a week. For, do you know, neighbor Burritt," turning to the old man, "this is such good news that I've a mind to jine your party, if you'll let me, and run down to Saratogy with you for a day or two. I've never seen the place, and they do say that, for big hotels, and fine horses, and handsome women, and diamonds, there's no place like it in the world, not even the court of Queen Victory."

So it was arranged that the blacksmith should accompany Mr. Burritt and Mrs. Hilton; and when, two days later, answers from Rue and Mr. Brooks were received, appointing the following afternoon for meeting them at the depot at Saratoga, preparatory to driving out to the cottage, the party of three set forth, and, in due time, arrived at the rendezvous. As Mr. Brooks had already engaged the two servants which the modest household would require, the whole four persons were comfortably settled, by the lake, before nightfall, enjoying the unrivaled scene before them, as the sun declined in the west.

The garden-party, in the grounds of the cottage, was to take place on Monday, and it was Saturday when Mr. Burritt and his party arrived. The intervening day was spent, by them, in resting. They had been informed of the festival, but, as it was not to be held in the

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house, they took no interest in it, except Rue, who was to be one of the guests, and even she but very little.

Mrs. Humphrey Vose, who was to give the party, had spared no pains to make it a success. The effort of Mrs. Brooks, backed by Chapperton, to displace her as a leader of society, had secretly angered her—though, openly, she affected to laugh at the pretension of "that vulgar farmer's daughter," as she called her rival. Mrs. Brooks had made several efforts at entertaining, which had been more or less praised—parties on the lake, suppers at Moon's, dinners in Saratoga—and it was Mrs. Humphrey Vose's determination that this garden-party should eclipse them, not only in size, but in splendor. Invitations had been issued to all the notable people at the springs, including several foreign celebrities—an English marquis, an Italian prince, and a French duke among them. Of course, Mrs. Brooks was to be one of the guests. Much as the two women hated each other, it would not have done for either to have omitted her enemy at a party where the invitations were so general; and, besides, Mrs. Humphrey Vose had a natural desire that Mrs. Brooks should see for herself the magnificence of the entertainment, and especially the aristocratic foreigners present. It was a woman's mode of revenge, which women will understand.

Had Mrs. Brooks supposed for a moment that her father would make his appearance on the scene, she would have remained away—much as she desired to show herself at such an exclusive entertainment—much as she wished "to put down" her rival, to quote her own words, by the magnificence and costliness of her own newly-received Worth costume. She knew he was at the cottage; for her husband had told her.

Mr. Brooks had even asked her, on the Sunday, to drive out there; but this she had curtly declined. She fancied the old man would be only too glad to escape the noise and excitement by burying himself in his own room, if not by absenting himself for the day. The latter, indeed, had been his intention; but one thing and another had delayed him: and the party was in full progress, when he took his hat, and, opening the cottage-door, began to descend the steps, followed by Burnside.

Mrs. Brooks had purposely delayed her arrival, so as to come on the scene when the crowd was the greatest. Thus it happened that she entered the grounds just as her father was descending the steps of the cottage; and, as her way led her directly past them, he saw her at once. In the gladness of his heart, at beholding her so unexpectedly—for he had not connected her with the garden-party—he rushed up, extending a hand.

Mrs. Brooks was on Chapperton's arm. She took no notice, at first, of the old man, unless it was to draw back, as if for him to pass.

"My dear, I am so glad—" her father had begun. But, observing her manner, he stopped and looked inquiringly from his daughter to her escort.

Dorothea, who was following her mother, came forward, at this juncture, and took her grandfather's hand, which had fallen limp and nerveless at his side.

"Oh!" she began, as if in apology, "oh! dear grand—"

"There is no call for excuse, my dear," said the old man, in a hurt tone, which he tried vainly to disguise. "Your father sent for me, or I would not have come. I am sorry there is any mistake, and am ready to go away."

But he looked piteously at his daughter, as if hoping she would tell him to remain.

Meantime, Chapperton had been glancing with an amused stare of inquiry, from Mr. Burritt to Mrs. Brooks, more than half suspecting the truth. The latter saw the look, with angry annoyance. To make matters worse, Mrs. Humphrey Vose, who had been promenading on the arm of the English marquis, came up, at this inopportune moment, to welcome her guest. She also comprehended, at a glance, something of what she afterward called "the inimitable comedy." Seeing all this, and coloring with mortification, Mrs. Brooks turned to Chapperton, saying:

"Was there ever anything so ridiculous? Excuse the man's ignorance of his position: he is the hired-man who has charge of our farm. I suppose Mr. Brooks sent for him on business." She had raised her voice, so as to be sure that Mrs. Humphrey Vose should hear: and now, addressing her father, she said, in a tone of rebuke: "You forget yourself, sir; you should not speak to me in that way." With that, she began fanning herself violently.

The old man made a deprecating gesture, and was moving quietly away, though with a sad, appealing look in his eyes, a look you sometimes see in a dying hunted animal's. But the stout blacksmith, taking him by the arm, and stepping forward, gave vent to his honest indignation.

"Why, Marier Burritt, it is you, certain enough," he said, as if in unspeakable surprise. "But I never s'posed, when yer went barefooted with me, blackberrying, ever ter see yer in sich

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fine clothes, and among sich grand company. Cur'us, isn't it," looking around on the spectators, "that she's grown so short-sighted that she don't know her own father, but takes him for old Farmer Condit, who's been dead these two years—wal, it beats natur, I must say. But I've heerd that people do lose their eyesight, and can't see their old friends, when they get inter fine society: it's the fashion, they say. Yes, look at me well, with that cur'us glass you've got, and see if yer know me."

For Mrs. Brooks, having first clutched Chapperton's arm and turned to fly, and having found escape impossible, because Mrs. Humphrey Vose, with her marquis, deliberately stopped the path, had now, thus brought to bay, lifted the eyeglass, with its long tortoise-shell handle, which, in the fashion of the time, she wore by a golden chain at her side, and was deliberately surveying the blacksmith through it, as if he were some strange creature, quite out of ordinary experience, and such as she had never heard of before, much less seen.

"Dear me," she said, as if in an aside to Chapperton, but loud enough for Mrs. Humphrey Vose to hear, "there are such strange people, living up among the hills. They are so dreadfully rude. They know nothing of good-manners. This fellow mistakes me for somebody else, or even he, I suppose, wouldn't be so—so—unspeakably insolent."

Burnside had been quietly regarding her, all this time, returning her stare with a half-amused smile, and waiting for her to finish. Now he said, sarcastically:

"Marier, did I ever? Making believe not ter know me, who has hauled you on his sled, many and many a time, from Sunday-school; has took yer to apple-parin's and quiltin'-parties; has druv yer to Fourth o' July picnics, and sung with you in the choir. Why, she and me," turning to the crowd, for quite a number of spectators had now been drawn to the scene, "were once kind o' sweethearts. Leastways, she was a sweetheart o' mine. Don't you remember, Marier, when we pared the apple together! Why, many and many a moonlit night, we'v walked down her father's lane, between the rows of maples, till we got to the old mill, and have stood there listenin' ter the water ripplin' by, till—well, till the moon went down behind the trees, for we'd forgot the time. And now—cur'us, isn't it?—she doesn't know me, which don't count. But she doesn't, it 'pears, even know her old father, as good a man as ever lived, one of God's chosen elect, as the deacon says. It's enough to make one believe that gettin' rich and goin' inter good society, as I've heerd it often said, turns the heart into stone."

Mrs. Humphrey Vose, after all, had not a heart of stone, for even she, by this time, began to pity her rival.

"Shall we leave this?" she said to the marquis. "I think," with a light laugh, "we have seen enough of the comedy. And yet I really feel for the poor mortified woman. Only, she has brought it all on herself."

"But look here," said his lordship, as he followed her bidding, "do all your peasants, you know—for I suppose that fellow is what we call a peasant—talk as well as he does? How he gave it to the woman! What a contempt he had for her snobbery. Ashamed of her father—good Lord! He has a natural eloquence, you know, that—that—you know—"

But his lordship broke down here, from want of words, as so many of his class and nation do: only, as he and his fair companion receded in the distance, his phrase, "you know, you know," might be heard, intermittently, for a long time.

Meanwhile, the blacksmith, with a mock bow to Mrs. Brooks, which was purposely exaggerated, had drawn the old man away.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"THE TIDE IS RACING DOWN."

BY ALEXANDER A. IRVINE.

I row with all my might and main,
To reach the landing-place. In vain!
The tide is racing down.

By wooded bank and grassy lea
My skiff drifts helpless to the sea.
The tide is racing down.

The lighthouse on the point draws nigh—
The light, the point, behind me lie.
The tide is racing down.

And, swooping, screaming, for their prey,
The sea-birds follow all the way.
The tide is racing down.

Fast, fast the rushing breakers come,
O'er sunken reefs that churn with foam.
The tide is racing down.

Hark, near, the buoy's dirge-like bell!
Toll! toll! Oh, children dear, farewell!
The tide is racing down.

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MRS. FANSHAWE'S GIFT.

BY GUSSIE M. WATERMAN.

DELLA HOLMES was standing, with her black curly head leaning upon her plump little hand, gazing rather sorrowfully out of the open window. There were apple-tree boughs close to the window, loaded with apples ripening in the August sun; but Dell was not contemplating these; for, beyond the trees, was a brown clay road that led to a little bridge, and, over this, a covered buggy was rolling, and Dell's mournful eyes were following the buggy.

"I think it's just shabby," she said, at last, when the carriage could no longer be seen. "She had such lovely things, and didn't wear half of them while she was here; and she could have given me something, if it was only a half-worn necktie. She knew I had only that old faded blue thing, that doesn't become me a bit."

Mrs. Fanshawe, of whom Della was thus speaking, was Farmer Holmes's cousin, and had been boarding at the little farmhouse, by the river, for a month or two. She was rich, comparatively; had always lived in town; and was rather exacting in her demands. Complying with these had fallen to Della, who often grew restive at it.

"Have patience, child," her mother would say, however. "Cousin Fanshawe will be sure to give you a nice present, when she goes away; it'll be very strange if she don't."

Della had often, after this, stolen longing glances at Cousin Fanshawe's rose-colored ties and creamy laces, and secretly wished that some of those beautiful things might be given her, as her mother hinted. She even ventured to hope that a shimmering summer silk, which Mrs. Fanshawe often wore, would be hers at that lady's departure, for had not her guest asked her, one day, if she had ever owned a silk dress?

But Cousin Fanshawe had gone without giving her even an invitation to come and see her. Stay! She had given her something. When Dell went upstairs, to help pack the big trunks, Mrs. Fanshawe had tossed a pile of magazines to Dell, saying:

"Here are some books you may have to read. Celia put them in my trunk, thinking I would want them; but I've not cared for reading, in such hot weather."

Dell had placed the magazines on a chair by the window; and now, suddenly seeing them, she flung them upon the floor.

"She might have given me five dollars to buy a new dress, or one of her dozen to make over. There's that picnic coming off next week, and I've really nothing fit to wear, and everybody going, too!"

Now, when Dell said "everybody," you could tell, by the way the flush rose on her cheek and mounted clear up to her glossy black hair, that she meant "somebody," and that somebody was Mr. Jay Wescott, the young clerk in Harding's store, over at Brookfield Corner, two miles away.

The young man was considered quite a "catch," by the fair damsels in the vicinity, who put forth every possible effort, in the matter of apparel, in order to make themselves attractive in the eyes of the new clerk.

Yet Dell Holmes, in her ill-fitting gown of dull-gray, had reason to believe that Jay Wescott, in his fastidious attire and with his Chesterfieldian manners, regarded her with more favor than any of the other young ladies of Brookfield. And Dell had been hoping so for a gift in the shape of something nice to wear to the picnic, that she might not offend Mr. Wescott's fine taste by her old-fashioned shabby dress.

"The same old polonaise and blue tie, I suppose," she said, wearily. "I don't even know how to fasten the tie in a different way, for a change, like Celia Fanshawe does. Just to think of her having all those spring and summer and winter suits, that her mother told about, and I with only one I can wear anywhere."

But Dell was a sensible girl, after all; and her wrath, having thus boiled over, subsided, after a while, as it generally did. So, that afternoon, after the work of the day was over, she donned a clean calico dress and collar, and, with her knitting in one hand and the pile of magazines in the other, she went to her favorite seat under the oaks, by the little river, and proceeded to examine her present.

She had never indulged in any lighter reading than that which the village Sunday-school library afforded. She knew almost nothing of the recreative delight of healthy fiction, especially after monotonous hand-labor. Her recreation, even now, was to knit "store-mittens," which were to be sold, that she might buy a Sunday-hat, next winter. But the coarse gray yarn and coarser needles fell down from her lap, and rolled into

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the clump of raspberry-bushes near, as soon as she opened the magic pages of "Peterson's Magazine."

"Oh, what a pretty suit!" she cried, presently. "A capital idea has just struck me. I'm sure I can make over my polonaise into a basque like that. And here's such a lovely collar! I declare, if mother would give me her old, old white lace veil, I could make one something like it! What elegant styles of hair-dressing! I'll try my braid that very way, when I wear it. And I could alter my hat-brim to look like this one by adding an inch of cardboard and a velvet binding. A fig for Cousin Fanshawe! I don't want her now to tell me what the fashion is."

Thus she delightedly exclaimed, as she found patterns of new and beautiful things which she had never seen before. And, when she came to the stories, she almost forgot where she was, and that there were buckwheat-cakes to be made for tea. She was so absorbed, that she did not see her mother coming across-lot, on her way home from the "mothers'-meeting," and who shook her head doubtfully when she saw how her daughter was occupied.

"I don't know what Aunt Mercy will say to your reading such books, Della," remarked Mrs. Holmes, after a pause. "What are they?"

"Oh, mother! why, they're 'Peterson's Magazine'—the very one you told me you used to love to read, when you were a girl, at Aunt Morse's. And—do you know?—I can get so many ideas out of it! I can make my dress over, like one of the figures I noticed; and there are collar-patterns, and patterns for everything. I never knew before that one could dress so as to appear slim, when she is stout, by dressing in rough dark fabric, and wearing perpendicular trimming and stripes, instead of horizontal ones. I shall act on those hints; for I am so short, and not very slim." She added this laughingly, looking down at her figure. "Oh, mother, I am so very glad that Cousin Fanshawe left me these!"

And the tired mother, looking down on Dell's glad bright face, thought of the careless days of her own girlhood, when she had watched for "Peterson" as for an ever welcome visitor.

"I am glad," she said, "for anything that makes you happy, dear." And she stooped and kissed her child.

Della, during the following week, appeared to be developing a latent power in the art of making over old and worn articles of wearing-apparel; and the consciousness of this newly-found capacity and ability made her sing gayly at her work, till her father asked: "What good news has the child heard?" And, one morning, when she came downstairs, in her stylish skirt and basque, her white lace collar and dainty bow, manufactured from the old tie and some bits of lace, and her pretty hat, brightened by a few deft touches, he fairly stared with surprise and admiration.

"Why, child, you must be a witch," he said, "to fix yourself up so fine, without askin' me for any money."

"Oh! a witch helped me," answered the girl, laughing. "Or, rather, a fairy I have upstairs. An old fairy, yet always new. Some books Cousin Fanshawe left me," she explained, seeing his puzzled look.

"Look here, Kate," said one village-girl to another, that day, at the picnic at Brookfield Grove. "Do you see how smart Dell Holmes is dressed? I guess her cousin must have given her some of her old fixin's, when she left. My!" said she, jealously, as Dell and her escort came in sight, "I guess Jay Wescott thinks there's nobody else in the world but her."

"I don't believe you're right, Jen, about her having her cousin's things; I guess it's her old gray dress made over, and her old brown hat too; but it puzzles me where she learned to fix anything over so stylish."

As Della went on exploring her treasure-mine, she found help, not only in toilet-affairs, but in matters pertaining to home comfort and beauty. The glaring old paper on the parlor-walls, and the uneven floor, did not appear as dreadful as formerly: for had she not discovered charming tidy and lambrequin patterns, and designs for rugs and cushions, which she could simplify and adapt to her means, and employ to make the room really pretty?

She no longer made fun of her great-grandfather, Zenas Holmes, for painting the front entry-walls bright-blue, the floor red, and the stairs yellow, and grumbling over the deeply-worn track in the middle of stairs and floor. Instead of complaining about these things, she was ever planning something new and pretty, wherewith to brighten and make the old home cheerful, pleasant, even beautiful.

By and bye, Farmer Holmes's birthday came around. Della's gift was a pair of slippers, embroidered in Berlin-work, from a pattern she had found in one of the old magazines her aunt had given her. Her father was delighted with her gift. At supper, he said:

"What a fust-rate puddin' this is. And seems to me, mother, everything is fust-rate nowadays, ain't it? Things look smartened up more than they have for a good while, and you all seem pootier and better every day. There's mother now, with that white jigamaree on her neck.

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Makes her look younger a good deal. Where'd you find out how to do all these things, Dell?"

Mother smiled, as she went into the pantry with the doughnuts left from tea, and Della slipped into the parlor, to bring out the most attractive of her precious magazines, which she laid on her father's knee, saying:

"There's the good friend who teaches me everything about making things nice and pretty," she said. "The pudding-recipe, and the collar-pattern, and all, I found in its pages."

"It beats all," said Mr. Holmes, turning over the leaves. "What's the readin'? All love-yarns?" asked he, looking up, quizzically.

"Oh, no, father. There are articles that you would enjoy reading: sketches of travel and historical pieces. But," added she, laughingly, "I don't believe but what you'd relish a good 'love-yarn,' once in a while, as well as I."

"Look here, now," cried Farmer Holmes, laughing back, "there's something in the wind, I'm certain. You're trying to coax me into subscribing for this book—now, ain't you?" And he looked mischievously into Dell's blue eyes, for she had the unusual beauty of black hair, fair complexion, and soft blue eyes.

"It's just this, father," said the girl, placing her arm about his neck: "this magazine has shown me how to make over a number of my winter things, so I will not have to ask you for any money to buy new clothes. But I want you to give me, instead, two dollars, to subscribe for the book for next year. You see what it has done already."

"Have you consulted Aunt Mercy yet?"

"Aunt Mercy can see for herself, when she comes; I'm not afraid of her," laughed Dell.

So, of course, Mr. Holmes gave Dell the money. And oh! what a source of joy and pleasure that cheery monthly magazine was, to the Holmes household. And how they welcomed it, and devoured its contents. Even Timothy, the hired-man, sitting sleepily over his pipe, would rouse himself and stretch out, toward Jim, his rough hand, for a "look at them picters."

Aunt Mercy came, one day. She bustled into the parlor, where Mrs. Holmes and Dell had concluded, of late, to sit of afternoons, instead of in the darker kitchen. The visitor began to sniff a different atmosphere, as soon as she entered.

"I've got my fall work all done, 'ceptin' puttin' new gussets in Josherway's Sunday-shirts; 'n I thought I'd bring my work over here, fur the rest of the day," said the old lady, removing her bonnet and shawl, and proceeding toward her usual rocking-chair.

"My, my! B'en fixin' up yer cheer, Jedidy?" she cried, turning to Mrs. Holmes, in amazement; for the chair was gay with a cover and cushion of black yarn, darned in a pretty pattern of roses and leaves.

"Dell did it. She learned lately," smiled Mrs. Holmes.

"Well, that's nice! And yer've got a new rug," she said, surveying the floor admiringly. "Dell's work, too, eh?"

"Yes, Aunt Mercy," answered that young lady; "Isn't it a pretty pattern?"

"The pootiest I've seen; 'n you've got some new picter-frames 'n gimcracks up there," she continued, pointing to the mantel. "Yer must ha' b'en pooty busy, lately, a-fixin' up. Hope yer hain't b'en neglecting necessary work."

"Oh, no!" said Dell, smiling, "I can refer you to mother about that."

Just then, Aunt Mercy's eye fell on some new magazines, lying on a little stand.

"Where did you get them trashy things?" she said. "All love-stories and sich nonsense. Makin' you forgit your work."

"Now, Aunt Mercy," said Della, "I've done my work, of late, far more easily and cheerfully than usual, just because of those very magazines. After drudging all day, and getting dull and tired, I find an interesting tale takes me into another place, and gives me a nice rest and variety, and I go back to my scrubbing quite gayly. You see, these things are like the flowers—oh! so refreshing. I can thank God for small blessings as well as for greater things, can't I, Aunt Mercy? And see: Here are the patterns and directions by which I made those additions to our room, which you have been admiring so much. You will find patchwork patterns here, and knitting-patterns too. You're a famous knitter, you know. And here are recipes for cake and pickles, which would do your heart good. Wait till you taste my nice sponge-cake, that I made by that book."

"Well, yes, I declare, here is a beautiful pattern for embroidery," cried Aunt Mercy, over a colored design that quite won her heart. "And here's a knittin'-stitch would do fur them wrist-things Josherway sez the fellers wear nowadays. I mean to knit him a pair for Christmas. Well, I guess I shan't say nuthin' agin yer books, Dell, if they've got as useful things as these."

Della smiled, and she smiled again when Aunt Mercy praised her cake at tea-time. And when Della, as Mrs. Jay Wescott, had a house of her own, there, on the pretty centre-table, lay always the latest "Peterson," which, with all the adornments of the dwelling, was the happy outcome of "MRS. FANSHAWE'S GIFT."

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EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1—Is a walking-costume, of plain and striped ocean-serge, the plain being dark-green, the stripe green and crimson. Combinations of blue and red, brown and cardinal, navy-blue and écru or white. Any of these combinations will make an effective costume after this model. The underskirt is of the striped material, perfectly plain, and finished with a plissé at the edge. The overskirt is simply draped en-tablier in front, the lower edge being turned up with a band of the stripe, as seen in the illustration. At the left side, where the apron-front joins the back-drapery,

No. 1.

No. 2.

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a handsome bow of crimson and green satin ribbon is placed. The back-drapery is very bouffant. The bodice is made of the plain serge. It has a long plaited vest, enclosed by revers of

No. 3.

the stripe. Standing collar of the stripe. The back of the bodice is plaited to correspond with the front. This, however, is entirely optional. Eight yards of plain, eight yards of striped serge twentyfive inches wide, one and a half yards of satin ribbon, will be required for this costume.

No. 2—Is a walking-dress, of myrtle bouclé woolen and velveteen to match: bouclé is a rough woolen cloth, loosely woven. The long pointed bodice fastens at the left side by green carved-wood buttons or oxydized silver. The standing collar and cuffs are of the velveteen. The overskirt of the woolen is arranged to fall in a leaf-shaped piece on the front of the underskirt, and is put in full at the waist. The sides are long and flowing, and the back is very much puffed. The underskirt is of velveteen, mounted on an alpaca foundation. The velveteen should be cut to cover the foundation about twentyseven inches deep.

No. 3—Is a stylish combination of plain and plaid material, either in woolen or cotton goods. The underskirt is of the plaid material. The front and sides are laid in large box-plaits. The overskirt is mostly of the plain goods. There is a long apron-front. The sides are gathered on the hips, as seen in the illustration, and the back-drapery is partly of the plaid and plain, as may be seen. The bodice is a plain round basque, with a full vest of the plaid. Cuffs and collar of the plaid. Ten yards of plaid, five yards of plain double-width goods, will be required for this costume.

No. 4.

No. 4—Is a traveling or walking ulster, of waterproof serge. It is simply made. In the back, it fits the figure, the fullness of the skirt being put in hollow plaits below the waist-line.

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The fronts are double-breasted, the edge bound with worsted braid, which is continued around the buttonholes. The ulster fastens with wooden buttons. The sleeves are fulled at the wrist into a straight velvet cuff. Collar also of velvet. Four or four and a half yards of serge-cloth will be required, double width.

No. 5.—For a girl of five years, we have here a walking-costume, of dark-claret cloth. The skirt is mounted in wide kilt-plaits, and has a vel-

No. 5.

vet waistband to match; this skirt is attached to a close-fitting waist and sleeves. The cape and the hood are separate; both are lined with a changeable claret-and-gold surah silk or satin.

No. 6.—For a girl of four years, we give a pretty little costume, made of striped cloth or serge, blue and red. The yoke, collar, and cuffs are of dark-blue velvet or plush. Red bone buttons. Sash of velvet to match.

No. 7.—For a boy of six years, we have a stylish suit of Scotch tweed. Knickerbocker

No. 6.

No. 7.

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No. 8.

pants and jacket. The jacket has revers turned back in front, with simulated buttonholes and buttons. The jacket buttons with a flap under the revers. The edges of the jacket are bound with worsted braid; waist-belt, pocket-flaps, cuffs, collar, etc.

No. 8—Is a new model for a costume for a young girl of twelve to fourteen years. It is made of any self-colored soft woolen material. The skirt is made very full, and edged with a band of pin-striped goods, in variegated colors, or many rows of fine worsted braid. The skirt is mounted in box-plaits, upon a yoke-waistband. The overskirt forms a pointed apron in front, with the back-drapery slightly puffed. The waist is close-fitting, with a box-plaited ruffle forming the basque, which is put on under the belt. A full piece, edged with the braid or stripe, trims the front of the bodice. High standing collar and cuffs to match. Eight to ten yards of plain double-fold goods, two yards of striped for trimming.

DRESS-PATTERNS FURNISHED.

PATTERNS for any dress, either in this number or elsewhere, furnished complete, *neatly fastened together etc.*, on receipt of price. Address, for terms, etc., MRS. M. A. JONES, 28 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia.

DESIGN FOR BELLOWS, IN BRASS-WORK.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We give, in the front of the number, an extra colored plate, being a design for the top of a pair of bellows, in repousse-work in brass. We do this in consequence of numerous requests, the result of our "design for a brooch," in repousse, in the July number.

We will begin by saying that, for repousse-work in brass, two kinds of brass are used: the rolled, which is sold by number—the higher the number, the thicker the metal. This is made in long lengths, and of various widths and thicknesses. Sheet-brass is four feet long by two feet wide, and is usually sold by the pound. This kind is the dearer of the two; but it is more easily worked—is more malleable. For trays, the rolled brass, being thicker, is the better of the two. For the design of bellows-top given here, sheet-brass is better.

The following tools are necessary: they are sold in sets generally, but separate tools can be bought: a hammer—a silversmith's chasing-hammer is the best; a mat for dotting the background—see design of bellows; another mat, to form a second ground-pattern; two tracers—one curved, the other straight; a flattener, three inches long—the flat face being of steel, a quarter of an inch square. This is used in a similar manner to the mats, but not for making impressions; on the contrary, it is employed to flatten any undue rising of the brass. A hard-headed wooden mallet for using with mats and flattener, and, with the tracers, for outlining the design.

A design is necessary for repousse-work. If you use the design for a bellows, you must first enlarge to the size you wish, which will be quite easy for anyone who can draw at all. As no two pairs of bellows are of the same size, it would be useless for us to give a pattern larger than this. This design can be pasted on the brass; and, when dry, the lines can be gone over with one or the other of the tracers through the paper on to the brass, the paper afterward washed off.

Any work that has to be done within the outline of the design—such as feathers or feathery foliage, or a face—must be done before the out-

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lining is attempted, or the design would be flattened if otherwise done.

The brass sheet, either rolled or sheet brass, must have some bed or under-surface to work the metal upon it. It may be of wood or lead, or a bed of composition made chiefly of pitch laid in a tin or other vessel capable of keeping the metal firmly fixed. On wood, the brass can be punched and screwed down at the four corners; or a block of wood, with a smooth sheet of lead less than a quarter of an inch thick screwed on to it, and on this the brass is also screwed down, quite flat and firm.

The design is worked by flattening the ground with the mats entirely round the pattern, and this flattening of the ground pushes up, in relief, the principal figure. The head of a steel nail, placed on the brass, and hammered on its point, is a mat; this forms a depression, and a succession of these constitutes the dots or ground; but, if the nail were hammered point downward, it would perforate thin brass.

If ladies take up this brass-work, they may make a set of door-plates, small trays, plaques, for centres of panels in old oak furniture, and for other purposes that fancy suggests. We give this design as it is comparatively simple, and, therefore, good for young beginners.

It is hardly necessary to say that the dotted surface is all produced by the punch. This gives the necessary relief to the pattern, without which it would not be effective.

EMBROIDERED WORK-BAG.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

This bag is made of olive-colored satin, with an embroidered outside cover of black or bronze leather, nine and a half inches long, and six inches wide, the corners of the leather being rounded into the required shape. The embroidery is worked with gold thread in satin-stitch, point-russe, and French knots, and outlined with a cord of the gold thread, bronze, and red silk twisted together. The edge of the leather cover is formed by a border made of olive chenille and gold cord. Twisted silk cord is used for the handles. The silk or satin is used for the inside bag. This same design can be made up in other materials: cretonne, linen, or canvas, embroidered or braided, or even outlined with any simple design in either crewel or silk.

WHISK-BROOM HOLDER.

BY MISS E. J. WELSH.

A pretty and novel idea for a whisk-broom holder is given in the front of the number, in the form of a racket. It is on the same page as the umbrella-case.

The foundation for it is sawed-out pine. The handle is gilded, or lacquered, or bound around with ribbon, and the lower part covered with plush. A band is made of a darker shade of velvet, ornamented with crescents and balls cut out of bright-colored felt, plush, etc., etc., and appliquéd on with bronze tinsel; the tinsel is also carried from one to the other, at irregular intervals, giving it a very bright effect. This is covered over a pasteboard band, and lined with silesia. It is attached to the back on the ends only. A large bow of satin ribbon, the color of the plush, is tied on the handle. This whisk-broom holder would make a nice Christmas present.

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GIRL'S COAT, WITH SUPPLEMENT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, this month, for this department, the newest pattern for a girl's coat; and, folded in with the number, a Supplement, with the several parts of the pattern, full size. These diagrams are for a girl of eight years, ordinary size; but they can be easily adapted to fit a smaller or larger girl. To do this, cut out each pattern from the diagram, and fit the whole on the girl; enlarging or reducing, as necessary. This is a process, in fact, requisite for all patterns, as no one can be cut to fit exactly, unless on the person, or unless altered on it. There are four pieces, viz:

1. Half of Front, With Skirt.
2. Half of Back.
3. Full Sleeve.
4. Cuff.

The front, it will be seen, has the skirt attached. The dotted line shows where the pattern turns over, giving the fullness for the skirt at the back. The coat is double-breasted, and may be turned back, with a revers at the top, or buttoned the entire length.

The collar, cuffs, and patte at the back may be either plush or fur. Our pattern is in cloth, but plush or velvet may be used, without trimming. The letters and notches show how the pieces are put together. The sleeve is cut all in one piece, and fulled into the cuff.

We also give, on the Supplement, three designs in embroidery, for descriptions of which see elsewhere.

CORNFLOWERS: COLORED PATTERN.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In front of the number, is a new and pretty design of cornflowers, buds, and leaves, printed in colors, designed especially for "Peterson." Two shades of blue for flowers, two of green for stems and leaves, white or yellow for centre of flowers. The bird may be blue, or other colors may be used.

The work is to be done in Kensington-stitch, solid, or the design may be done entirely in half-outline. Either way, it will be pretty. Work in crewels or wash-silks. The hearts of the flowers may be done in white, as in our pattern, or, if preferred, in yellow.

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EMBROIDERY-PATTERNS ON SUPPLEMENT.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We give, on the Supplement that is folded in with this number, three new and beautiful patterns for the work-table.

1.—Balsam Pillow. This is one of the latest crazes. The design we give is the prettiest of the many designs for embroidering the cover, that have come out. The pillows are made like a sachet, one-half yard one way, but not quite so long the other: this that the pillow may not be exactly square. Take two laps of white wadding, fold them the proper size, and, between the folds, fill with fir-needles. You must be careful, before filling, to see that the fir-needles are quite dry, as, otherwise, they will crinkle the cover with their dampness. Cover this with cheese-cloth. The outside cover can be of pongee, Tussore silk, or China crape. The design is done in outline-stitch, with three shades of wood-color filoselle. The darkest is used for the branch, stems, and motto. Darkest and medium for the needles, lightest for the cones. Individual taste may decide for the proper shading. Tussore silk, in bright-yellow, will require darker shades of wood-color than pongee. Finish the edge with a brown silk cord. Three plush balls at each corner, and a bow of brown satin ribbon ties the end of the pine-branch, which bow is securely fastened to the pillow to keep it in place. For a chair, the cushion is tied in the middle, the two ends brought down on the chair-back. The faint aromatic odor of these pretty pillows is agreeable to most persons, and great variety of design and coloring can be used in making the cover. In the China silks, bright-yellow, shrimp-pink, or terra-cotta colors are the best. Longfellow, Bryant, and Whittier furnish no end of woodsy texts for the lettering.

2.—Corner of Tea-Cloth. This is also quite a new design. It is to be worked in outline-stitch.

3.—For Dessert-Cloth. A very appropriate design, to be worked in outline-stitch.

JAPANESE WORK-BAG.

BY MISS E. J. WELSH.

The quaint-looking bag for carrying fancy-work in, which is engraved for the front of the number, is composed of Japanese crepe paper, which comes in panels, six by nine inches. Four of them are needed to make a bag of this style. Select those with a great deal of red and yellow in, and those that are darker on one end, as it is more effective to have it darker on the bottom. Cut three of the pieces pointed on one end. The fourth one is divided in three parts, and one of these parts pieced on the top of each of the other three. Sew them together in a seam on the wrong side. The lining is cut out of thin silk, in three pieces of similar shape, only a trifle smaller; these are joined and basted in the bag; the top is hemmed over to where it is pieced, and a place for the shirr made there. Orange-colored silk cord is used to draw it together, and is also sewed on all the seams. A scarlet and orange plush ball is sewed on each point and at the sides; four are attached to the cord at the top. A bag like this can be gotten up cheaply.

CASE FOR CARRYING UMBRELLAS AND CANES.

BY MISS E. J. WELSH.

In the front of the number, we give a design for an umbrella-case, which will be found very useful for traveling-purposes, or when away from home, as it can be hung in the closet or on the door. It is made of gray linen: the back and front are cut together, out of a double piece of linen, measuring sixtyeight inches by three and a half. A piece of wiggan, for an interlining, is cut the same proportion; this is cut the shape of the case seen in the design. For the pockets, cut two double pieces twentyseven inches long, and four and a half wide; cut these in a point on the top, and slope them gradually toward the bottom; bind them on the top and bottom, with dark-brown braid. They are then basted on the back, and the case is bound all around with the braid. Pieces of the braid are sewed on the side, to tie it together. If it is to be ornamented with embroidery, it must be done before it is joined.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

QUITE "MIDDLE-CLASS."—Recently, at one of our most fashionable watering-places, a gentleman was seen driving out with his wife. "Oh!" said a snob, whose ambition in life was to imitate the English aristocracy, "what bad form! Quite middle-class, you know."

What did he mean by "middle-class"? For, in this great republic, there is no "middle-class," because there is no "upper class" or "lower class," for all alike are equal. Yet, he meant something. Let us try to suggest what it was. He meant that, in England, and on the Continent of Europe, the "nobility and gentry"—as Mrs. Jarley, of wax-works memory, would have said—did not consider it "good form" for a man and wife to drive out together. And why? Because "my lord" drove out with some other man's wife, with whom he was flirting, or else with somebody he could not introduce into decent society; and because "my lady"—well, we will not say what "my lady" did: "Ouida" tells that, in her novels; and the divorce-courts are full of it. But heaven save us, here in America, from following such examples!

Alas! our "snob" is not alone in his snobbery. The number of people, in our great cities, who have become suddenly rich, grows larger every year; and the proportion of these who ape European manners, and imitate the follies of European social life, is also on the increase. The ambition of such persons is to marry their daughters to men of title, English if possible, after that to German, French, or Italian. They despise, in their secret hearts, republican manners and republican institutions. They would have these United States converted into a monarchy, especially if they could themselves become counts, or earls, or marquises, or dukes. They are never so happy as when dining some titled guest. If they can catch a prince, especially a prince of the blood-royal, and have him at their house, they think their "success" is made for life.

They seek, also, to imitate the manners of such persons. Now manners are, more or less, the outcome of morals. The state of society in which it is "bad form" for a man to drive out with his wife is not one to be recommended on the score of morals. Once for all, let Americans be Americans, and follow the example of their God-fearing ancestry, instead of imitating foreign and dissolute aristocracies.

ONE OF OUR COPYRIGHT NOVELETS, for next year, will be by Mrs. John Sherwood, whose "Parlor Readings" were such a notable "society" event, in New York, last winter. The story is called "The Professor's Daughter." No lady is so eminently qualified, by either ability or social position, to write a "society" novel, as Mrs. Sherwood. Other notable novelets will also be given. See full announcements next month.

"WHERE CAN IT BE HAD?"—This is a question often asked us, when, if the writers would read our advertising-pages, the article desired would be found advertised there. There is hardly anything, which a lady wishes, that is not advertised in "Peterson."

NOW IS THE TIME to send for a specimen of "Peterson," in order to be early in the field in getting up a club for 1887. We always send specimens, gratis, when written for by persons really desirous of getting up clubs.

THE LATE MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.—Just as these pages go to press, we receive intelligence of the death of Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the seventyseventh year of her age. With her, the last of what may be called the first generation of American female authors passes away. She was a younger cotemporary of Miss Sedgwick, of Mrs. Sigourney and others, whose reputations were made half a century since. These are not the columns, nor this the time, to discuss her place in literature. But it can be said of her—and it can be said of no other—that there are readers, this year, of her "Millionaire's Daughter" whose grandmothers read "Mary Derwent" and "Malina Gray" when they first appeared, more than forty years ago. It would be difficult to decide which of her stories is best. Her "Fashion and Famine," which was published first in this magazine, under the title of "Palaces and Prisons," before being rewritten and enlarged, had the most extensive sale of any novel of the day—paralleled only by Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin"—and never equaled since. Personally, we preferred her historical novels, of which one of the best was "Anne Boleyn," which also appeared in this magazine. She leaves behind her one story of this kind, to our certain knowledge: for it is already in our hands, and will appear, next year, in these pages. The heroine is Joan d'Arc, and the novelet possesses far more than ordinary interest; for it embodies the latest psychological theories as to the "Maid of Orleans," as well as avails itself of the very extraordinary historical documents discovered by the Abbé Vignier at Metz. There may be other novels by her in MS.; but of this we have no positive knowledge as yet.

WE GIVE, IN THIS NUMBER, and will follow them up in succeeding numbers of the magazine, several designs for the work-table, by Miss E. J. Welsh, which will be quite inexpensive to work, and most easily accomplished. It will not be at all necessary, in many of them, to adhere strictly to the material designated, or to the pattern drawn; but, in these days of great variety in fancy-work, every woman can adapt suggestions, and so secure unlimited variety in ornamentation. Our designs will all be suitable for birthday or Christmas gifts, fairs, or home-use; and we begin, thus early in the season, to give our patterns, in order that the hands which find so much to do that is not ornamental may have the Christmas-work ready to pick up at idle moments.

"CONSIDER THE LILIES OF THE FIELD."—The very fine steel-engraving with which we open this number is from a celebrated picture by A. Golz, the eminent German artist. Compare the steel-engravings in "Peterson" with the "two-penny affairs," lithographs, etc., etc., which appear in other magazines. One of our engravings, like "Consider the Lilies," costs as much as half a dozen of those trumpery imitations.

WHEN PEOPLE ECONOMIZE, they often, if not sufficiently refined, do it on books, periodicals, etc., etc. Now, food for the mind is certainly more important than the pampering of the body. It is a sign of a low state of culture when eating and drinking, etc., etc., are indulged in at the expense of the higher qualities. No: economize in anything, rather than in your magazine.

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THE "BOOK OF BEAUTY," AND OTHER PREMIUMS.—On the second page of the cover, this month, we announce a new and very beautiful premium *to persons getting up clubs for "Peterson"* for 1887, viz: the "Book of Beauty." This unrivaled gift-book will be a book of poetry, devoted to fair women, and will be illustrated with steel-portraits of celebrated beauties, etc., etc. It will be bound in patent vellum or morocco, gilt, and will be an ornament for any centre-table. Every lady should have a copy of it. To earn a copy, it is only necessary to get up a club for "Peterson."

Another of our premiums will be a large steel-engraving, size twentyone by twentyseven inches, called "Mother's Darling." To secure it also, you have only to get up a club for "Peterson." See second page of cover. Or both it and the "Book of Beauty" can be had by getting up one of our larger clubs.

Another of our premiums will be *an extra copy of the magazine for* 1887. Many persons will prefer this to any other premium. But it, and one or both of the other premiums, can be earned by getting up one of the larger clubs. See, again, second page of cover.

In short, for 1887, "Peterson" will not only be more desirable than ever, but the premiums for getting up clubs will be more beautiful and costly. *Now is the time to begin getting up clubs.*

AMONG THE LITTLE ADJUNCTS TO FASHIONABLE DRESS, the lace boas may be mentioned as being popular. With the high bonnets—many of them without strings—the large picturesque hats now coming into vogue, and the turned-up hair, something full round the throat is required to take the place of the becoming winter fur boas, and so these dainty lace ones have been introduced and warmly taken up. Each consists of a very full plaited ruche round the throat, composed of two lengths of edging-lace joined together in the middle, and ends depending in front, varying in length, but all reaching to the knees, and terminating with bows of ribbon. These ends are generally composed of a close cascade of lace, laid on to a narrow band of black net; although some of them are ruched, the same as round the throat. A bow of ribbon fastens them at the throat; and sometimes the ends are long, falling loosely over the lace cascade, and finished off with another bow at the waist, generally to one side. As a rule, however, the boas hang down loose and long.

FOLLOWING THE FASHION, which some crusty old bachelors denounce as absurd, is really both sensible and womanly. Of all things which a real lady should avoid, that of being or looking conspicuous or eccentric comes foremost; and to be dressed differently from others of her sex always makes her liable to this charge. "To be in the fashion" is, therefore, to be unobtrusive, instead of the reverse. Somehow, too, when a girl dresses out of the fashion, she seems like a "guy," to most people, no matter how good her costume is, in the abstract; and this because her eccentricity makes her conspicuous, and sets everyone talking of her, to her disparagement.

"FAR IN ADVANCE."—The Providence (R. I.) Star says of this magazine: "The summer-number is far in advance. Mrs. Lucy H. Hooper has a weird story in her usual style; Frank Lee Benedict a pretty tale; 'A Story of Two Kisses' is capital. Such literary work as this will, no doubt, increase the subscription-list, especially as the clubbing-rates are remarkably low."

"THE BEST AS WELL AS CHEAPEST of the lady's-books," writes a correspondent from Iowa, "is, after all, my old friend, 'Peterson,' who never breaks a promise." And so write hundreds of others.

THERE HAS BEEN A RETURN to the fancy for colored pocket-handkerchiefs, many of these having the middle of color and the border of white, thus reversing the usual fashion of white middle and colored border. The new embroideries are very pretty when they take the form of tiny wreaths of flowers, which stray over the kerchief, from the centre to the border, at their own sweet will. The newest way of marking them, for plain handkerchiefs, is to embroider the owner's name, in plain satin-stitch, across one corner, in the fac-simile of the owner's handwriting. Generally, the whole name is given; but, sometimes, only the manner of writing the Christian-name.

MORE NEW WRITERS OF MERIT have made their first appearance in "Peterson" than in any other American magazine, old or new. No contributor is refused, simply because he or she is unknown. Of course, most of our writers are those of acknowledged ability and long-established reputation; in this respect, we have always taken the lead; but merit, after all, is what we seek principally, and hence our well-deserved reputation for giving better original stories than any other monthly or weekly.

HATS FOR LADIES are still very high erections, but the trimming has changed its place, and the brims are all narrow at the back, and wider in front. Veils are worn reaching to the mouth; the net of which they are made is thin, and they are spotted with beads or silk.

BACK NUMBERS CAN ALWAYS BE HAD by writing to us, and enclosing the price, viz: eighteen cents for each number. News-agents often will not take the trouble to order back numbers, and hence reply that they cannot be had. In such cases, remit to us.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

The Magic of a Voice. By Margaret Russell Macfarlane. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. New York: Cassell & Co.*—If this pretty little romance had appeared as one of Mrs. Wistar's translations from the German, we would have accepted it as such quite as readily as we have accepted her "Old Ma'mselle's Secret" and others: for, in every respect, it is like one of them. The scene of the story is laid in Mechlenberg, and the knowledge of German customs, the description of the scenery, and everything that gives local color are as perfect in this as in them. Yet the author, we understand, is an American. The story is a romance, rather than a novel, and ends happily, as all love-stories should.

The Curse of Clifton. By Emma D. E. N. Southworth. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—This story is even more powerful than "The Missing Bride," by the same author, which we noticed in our last number. It not only arrests the attention of the reader at once, but maintains it to the end of the last chapter. Few novels have such breathless interest. The volume is one of some seven hundred pages, and is printed in large clear type—and a copyright, also—yet is sold for seventyfive cents.

The Secret of Her Life. By Edward Jenkins. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.*—The author of this story never made but one really good hit, and that was in his "Ginx's Baby"—which, after all, was only a "jeu d'esprit." His present effort wants unity, and even interest, and is in every way a failure.

Beatrix's Bargain. By Mrs. Alexander. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. New York: Henry Holt & Co.*—Not so good as "Her Dearest Foe," or even "The Wooing O't," the two best love-stories of the last decade, but still quite worthy of its author.

Don't Marry. By Hildreth. 1 *vol.*, 16*mo. New York: J. S. Ogilvie & Co.*—Hardly a correct title for this little book, which rather advises how and whom to marry, than not to marry at all.

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OUR ARM-CHAIR.

"PETERSON" THE BEST. BUT TO BE BETTER STILL, IN 1887.—The universal verdict of the newspapers, as well as the ladies, is that "Peterson's Magazine" is *the cheapest and best* of its kind, and therefore the one to subscribe for before all others In 1887, we propose to make it even better, especially in the literary department, by the introduction of new writers of mark—though it has always greatly excelled others in the superiority of its stories, illustrated sketches, etc. The Hastings (Mich.) Democrat, for instance, noticing our last number, says: "The reading-matter is up to the standard that has long made 'Peterson' the leading story-magazine of the day." The Alvarado (Texas) Signal says: "Besides being one of the best authorities in this country, on everything pertaining to fashion, 'Peterson' has one of *the finest corps of writers* of any magazine in America." The Syracuse (N. Y.) Journal says: "The original stories are the best of their kind." The Cape May (N. J.) Star says of the September number: "The stories are exceptionally good, notably 'John Compton, of Colorado,' 'Elizabeth,' Frank Lee Benedict's 'Miss Manners's Discoveries,' and the novelet, 'The Corsair's Captives,' which ends happily, in spite of the Algerines." The Peterboro (N. H.) Transcript says: "The stories are unusually good: so is the interesting article, 'Venetian Glass,' illustrated." The Dubuque (Iowa) Herald says: "Increases in value and usefulness, and, to ladies, has become indispensable." The Oxford (Iowa) Journal says: "Filled from beginning to end with choice reading, and no lady can afford to be without it." The Richmondville (N. Y.) Phœnix says: "'Peterson's Magazine' for September is a splendid book—really, one of the very best on our table." We have crowds of such notices just received. But, superior as "Peterson" is already, in 1887 it will be even better, especially in its stories and illustrated articles. Tell your friends this; begin to canvass for subscribers: and send in early. Try who can get the largest club.

HOW BAKING-POWDERS ARE MADE.—While rival companies are disputing as to what ingredients are to be found in the "best baking-powder," the public will be interested in the following definition of these now indispensable articles, as given by "Appleton's Cyclopedia," the acknowledged American authority:

"The best baking-powders are composed of bitartrate of potash—cream-tartar—tartaric acid, carbonate of ammonia, and soda bicarbonate, bound together by a little starch."

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

FISH.

Chowder.—A chowder is always made in a deep iron pot. Cut six ounces of pickled pork into dice. Put it, with two large onions sliced, into the pot; fry till the onion begins to brown; remove the pork and onions. Slice five or six medium-sized potatoes, and three pounds of fresh cod or other firm fish. Put, into the pot, a layer of potatoes, then one of fish, seasoning each layer, as you proceed, with a sprinkling of the fried onions and pork, also a little sweet-herb, pepper, and salt. Pour on cold water enough to barely cover the whole, and boil twenty minutes; then add three large ship-biscuit soaked in milk, also half a pint of hot milk. As soon as it boils again, remove it from the fire, and serve it at once. A cup of claret is sometimes added; but, in that case, the milk is omitted; or clams are frequently used instead of fish, in which case a layer of sliced or canned tomatoes is added.

Fried Fish.—No way is more successful for cooking the cheaper kind of fish. Plaice, ling, hake, haddock, small fresh-water fish, conger—all are good. The essential thing is to fry them properly. Cover each piece with egg and breadcrumb, or dip it in a thick batter of flour and water; have perfectly fresh fat or sweet-oil, and plenty of it; let it be sufficiently hot, and serve the hot fish nicely garnished with lemon, and with slices of brown bread and butter, and, whatever its name, it will disgrace no table. Conger, however, must first be parboiled, or it will not be done enough. As for other fish, it is wise to cut them into strips or filets. There is no occasion, because a fish costs little, to serve it in large unappetizing lumps, and so to proclaim its name at first sight.

Fish Toast.—Toast six rounds of bread, about the size of a large tumbler, and spread them with butter and anchovy or bloater paste. Put, in a saucepan, the yolks of two eggs, one gill of cream or milk, and any cold fish cut small. When it is thick, spread it on the toast, sprinkle some breadcrumb over, and brown it in a very quick oven. Serve very hot on a napkin.

MEATS AND POULTRY.

Stewed Chicken with Tomato.—Cut up a chicken and fry it slightly; take out the pieces of chicken and dredge a little flour into the fat they were fried in; add sufficient water to make the sauce, and one pound of skinned and cut-up tomatoes, with a medium-sized onion also cut up, and a little chopped parsley, cayenne, and black pepper; season to taste with salt, and stew until all is well amalgamated. Put in the chicken with three ounces of butter, and stew for a couple more hours; then put in a pint of well-washed rice, and stew another hour; serve with the sauce.

Veal Cutlets in Tomatoes.—Beat two cutlets, and fry them in one tablespoonful of boiling lard; fry, on both sides, to a light brown; cover the steak with water, and let stew for one hour; cover the pan tightly. Then add one and a half dozen tomatoes, that have been skinned; strain off the seeds and water. Let it stew for one hour slowly, and then serve. Season with pepper and salt, and a few slices of onion.

Mutton Steak.—Cut the steak from the leg half an inch thick. Wash it, and wipe it perfectly dry. Have ready a heated griddle; put the steak upon it; turn it constantly, and baste it with butter. When done, place it upon a heated dish; put a small piece of butter on it, and pour on it a tablespoonful of boiling water, and serve immediately.

VEGETABLES.

Stuffed Tomatoes.—Take as many large tomatoes as you require for a dish. Take out the inside—not too close to the skin. Strain them, to get out the seeds, which give them their acidity. Then stew them sufficiently, with a little onion, salt, pepper, breadcrumb, an atom of parsley, and a lump of butter. When cooked, put them in the skins, with breadcrumb on top, and bake them a nice brown.

Salsify, Boiled.—Scrape the roots, cut them in short lengths, and throw them into vinegar and water as they are being done. Boil them till tender, in salted water; drain them, toss them into a saucepan with a piece of butter, a little lemon-juice, and some minced parsley; add salt, and serve.

DESSERTS.

Rice and Raisin Pudding.—Wash a teacupful of rice, and simmer till tender, in about a pint and a half of milk; sweeten it to taste. Place a thick layer of Sultana raisins in the bottom of a pudding-dish, pour on them the boiled rice; place two or three tiny bits of butter on top, to prevent burning, and bake for three-quarters of an hour. When quite cold, it should be firm; gently disengage it with a knife from the sides of the dish, and turn out, when, if the rice was carefully poured in, all the raisins will be on the top. The pudding-dish should be buttered before using.

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Apple Boston.—One pound of apples, one quarter-pound of breadcrumb, the rind of a lemon, three eggs, sugar to taste; line a dish with paste, and bake. Apples prepared as for apple-sauce, in layers, with cold rice-pudding cut thin, butter, sugar, and almond-flavoring; or between bread and butter, with a little cold custard—egg and milk—sugar, and flavoring, make a nice light pudding, baked with breadcrumb at the top.

Baked Apple-Pudding.—Grate three large apples, add three ounces of sifted loaf-sugar, two ounces of melted butter, three eggs well beaten, the juice of one lemon, half the peel grated; mix all well together, line a dish with puff-paste, and bake.

CAKES.

Norfolk Buns.—Half a quartern of white-bread dough, six ounces of fresh butter, six ounces of lump-sugar, pounded and sifted, and four eggs. Beat the sugar and eggs together, and mix them well with the dough; if it is stiff, the best plan is to beat it with your hand; but, if not, a spoon will answer the purpose. When this is done, add the butter. Put the mixture into tins or cups, and bake for about twenty minutes in a quick oven.

Fried Bread-Cakes.—Take any pieces of bread you may have left after meals, soak them in milk, or milk and water, until perfectly soft; mash fine; add two eggs, pinch of soda, salt to taste, and enough flour to make them fry nicely; drop the spoonfuls into hot butter or lard. These are inexpensive and good.

Brighton Ginger-Cakes.—Half a pound of butter, warmed and beaten up with four eggs, half a pound of flour, half a pound of powdered loaf-sugar, and two ounces of powdered ginger, mixed in by degrees. Roll out and cut into biscuit with a tin or wine-glass. Bake in a cool oven for twenty minutes.

OUR ARM-CHAIR.

PERFUMES HAVE CEASED TO BE LUXURIES, and are among the necessities of the period. A choice extract not only perfumes, but purifies at the same time, and it is this hygienic characteristic, as well as the odoriferous, which has run a line of choice extracts—that of Messrs. Colgate & Co.—far beyond the product of all other manufacturers, until to-day the world uses and endorses the Colgate extracts as the best. Their "Cashmere Bouquet Perfume" is now all the rage.

"THE HIGHEST AUTHORITY ABROAD."—The Genesee (N. Y.) Democrat says, in regard to 'Peterson's' superiority as a guide in fashion: "A very noticeable feature of this magazine is the 'Paris Letter,' monthly, on the fashion, written by Mrs. Lucy H. Hooper, the wife of the American Vice-Consul, and the highest authority abroad on such a subject. The price of this necessary lady's-book is but two dollars a year."

"ALONE WORTH THE PRICE."—The Luling (Texas) Signal says: "The elegant steel-engraving in 'Peterson' for September is alone worth the price of the number—which, besides, sparkles with interesting stories: every family should have 'Peterson.'"

IN THE GARDEN.

STARTING BULBS.—All tender plants that are to be protected during winter should be got up and placed in pots before the end of October; they may be put in a pit, frame, greenhouse, or conservatory. When, however, these are not available, any room—one with a north aspect is best—will do very well for protecting them through the cold months, until the time for planting out again comes round. When the plants are well established in their pots, and placed in their winter-quarters, they will require but little more attention; after relieving them of any superabundant foliage, they may be left almost untouched for several weeks at a time, only giving them just sufficient water to keep them from becoming dust-dry. Dozens of geraniums may be kept in this way, throughout the winter, in an empty room; and, when stimulated by returning spring, will, when brought into the sunlight, begin to grow, and rapidly form really handsome plants, by the time the season for planting out again arrives. Good sandy loam is better than rich material or compost for wintering these plants in, to be repotted, if necessary, into better soil in the spring.

Where it is desired to have a succession of blooming bulbs in pots, for the room, conservatory, or greenhouse, potting should now begin, and be continued at intervals of about a fortnight until the end of the year. When the potting is complete, the pots should be placed on a hard level dry surface of sand, coal-ashes, well beaten down, or small cinders, in an open situation; the whole should then be covered to the depth of about a foot, with cocoanut-fibre refuse, spent tan broken quite small, or some such material. Instead of the open ground, the pots may be packed close together in a dry cellar or shed, or some other outbuilding, and covered as just advised. By placing a number of pots containing bulbs in such a bed, any time from now till the middle of the ensuing month, there will be a temperature sufficient to promote a vigorous growth.

The great secret in forcing all kinds of bulbs is to stimulate the growth of roots before that of leaves and flowers, and this can only be done where the heat of the sun cannot reach to cause the bulbs to produce leaves before they have put out a sufficient number of roots. In about eight or ten weeks from the time of starting as above, the pots will be full of roots, and such plants as are showing for bloom through the blanched leaves may be selected and placed, for a time, in a shady part of the greenhouse, or in a sitting-room where the sun cannot shine upon them, until the leaves have become quite green.

One highly important matter to be attended to, after obtaining good, sound, plump, hard, heavy, but not necessarily large bulbs, is to see that all the pots in which they are to grow have perfect drainage, which is only to be obtained by having plenty of pieces of broken flower-pot in the bottom of each pot, to allow the water to filter slowly but thoroughly through; two inches of the material should lie at the bottom of each pot. The soil also must receive careful attention. This should consist of turfy loam, leaf-mold, sand, and thoroughly rotten manure, such as may be got from old hotbeds. It is also highly desirable that the bulbs should be obtained from a reliable source, or the floral effect, when the plants come into bloom, may be entirely destroyed by their not coming true to color, height, etc. When grown in glasses, the bulbs of hyacinths should not be allowed to touch the water, but be as near it as possible without doing so; when in the glasses, the bulbs should be placed in some cool spot, where light cannot have access, for five or six weeks—until, in fact, a sufficient quantity of root has been produced, and the plant above starting well into leaf and flower-bud; the glasses, which are best of a dark color, may be gradually brought into the light. There is no occasion to change the water; the glasses should be filled up from time to time, as occasion may require; it is beneficial also to have a piece of charcoal in each glass.

Tulips, single and double Van Thol, for early blooming in pots, may be started now, and treated just the same as directed for hyacinths, removing them in November into a gentle heat. The bulk need not be got into pots until the

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end of October, and the final planting of tournesol or Rex rubrorum the last week in November.

One of the most beautiful and hardy plants for the window is Cyclamen Persicum. Of late years, these plants have become extremely popular, and tints in great variety are offered by the florists; but, however beautiful these flowers may be, they do not possess the interest which attaches to plants that we have raised ourselves. Cyclamen is one of the easiest plants possible to raise from seed, as it may be done in any ordinary window, with the usual appliances of the house-garden. Those plants which flowered this spring, and have one or two seed-pods left on, should now have this seed ready for sowing. A small circular seed-pan or one or two flower-pots may be got ready to receive the seed; the pots should be quite clean, ample drainage provided at the bottom of pot or pan, as the case may be, and then filled in with good soil, peaty loam, with an admixture of sand. The seeds will require the ordinary care of watering and keeping in a growing state by sufficient warmth. To keep a suitable degree of moisture in the soil, it is as well to place a piece of glass over the pot.

As soon as the plants are large enough, they should be pricked out into single pots, not large ones, as it might be found inconvenient to find place for them during winter. In planting, when they are pricked out from the seed-bed, the corm must not be buried under the soil, but be placed in it to about half the bulb or corm's depth; the young plants must not be exposed to frost, but be kept in a temperate atmosphere, and receive regular supplies of water, and every other care to keep them in a growing state. By next summer, they should make young plants ready to be pushed into flower, the following winter. The natural habitat of the cyclamen is in the woods, and this may serve as a guide to its cultivation; but, although a little shade is grateful to cyclamens, and prolongs their period of bloom, they must not be allowed to suffer from damp; in fact, there is no doubt that, were our winter climate a dry instead of a humid one, the cyclamen might, with care, be left in the open ground all winter. Wet, in fact, destroys more plants than frost, or perhaps I might rather say wet debilitates and weakens, filling the plants to overflowing with watery juices, that they fall much more readily a prey to severe cold.

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

☞ Everything relating to this department should be addressed "Puzzle Editor," PETERSON'S MAGAZINE, P.-O. Box 328, Marblehead, Mass.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN SEPTEMBER NUMBER.

No. 285.

Water-sprite.

No. 286.

1. Rose. 2. Lilac. 3. Pink. 4. Daisy. 5. Aster, Verbena.

No. 287.

P
E R A
P R O S E
A S K
E

No. 288.

Aye-aye. [Two, or II.]

FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.

FIG. I.—WEDDING-DRESS, OF BROCADED SILK AND WHITE ILLUSION. The skirt is made of three deep plaited ruffles of illusion over white silk, the two upper ruffles falling in deep curves in front. The bodice, short tunic in front, and train are of the brocaded silk. The tunic is caught up with clusters of orange-blossoms. The bodice has a plaited vest of the illusion, with lace revers at the sides. The sleeves are open, on the outside of the arm, over an illusion sleeve, which is full at the elbow, and trimmed with sprays of orange-blossoms. Orange-blossoms at the throat and in the hair, from which a long veil of illusion falls.

FIG. II.—WALKING-DRESS, OF VERY DARK GRAY CASHMERE. It is made in plaits all around the skirt, with side-panels of plaid velvet. The close-fitting bodice is made with two revers of the velvet, both placed on the right side, and coming to a sharp point in front of the waist. Collar and cuffs also of the velvet. Gray felt hat, with ribbon and wings of the colors in the plaid velvet.

FIG. III.—EVENING-DRESS, OF LIGHT CANARY-COLORED SURAH. The skirt is trimmed with many narrow flounces, with a pointed apron-front of white lace, nearly to the bottom of the ruffled skirt. The train is plain, and trimmed with white lace. The bodice is cut with a sharp point, both front and back, and is ornamented with folds of the surah and white lace on the left side. Puffs of canary-colored ostrich-tips and ribbon form trimming. Yellow bird in the hair.

FIG. IV.—EVENING-DRESS, OF POPPY-RED SILK. The skirt has a narrow knife-plaiting at the bottom. The back falls in large plaits, with a short full tunic over them. The front is trimmed with drooping rows of black lace, with long loops of poppy-colored ribbon. Paniers of black lace at the sides. The high bodice has a jabot of black lace down the front. Bow of red ribbon on the left side of the neck. Red poppies in the hair.

FIG. V.—WALKING-DRESS, OF DARK-BLUE WOOLEN MATERIAL. The skirt falls in straight plaits at the back, with a short tunic over it. The front of the skirt at the bottom is trimmed with a broad band of striped blue-and-red bouclé material, and it is plaited into the waist. The bodice is made with a sharp point, with a reddish-blue velvet waistband, revers, and collar of the same material. The vest is of the striped bouclé. Dark-blue felt hat, trimmed with a red bird and wings.

FIG. VI.—WALKING-DRESS, OF GRAY WOOLEN, with underskirt of striped gray-and-crimson woolen. The bodice is made with a double-pointed vest, fastening with small silk buttons. The fronts on each side of the vest are trimmed with a row of larger buttons, placed on a folded band, which is stitched all round the basque. The side-pieces of the back are finished with pointed tabs and buttons to match. The vest is a little open near the neck, to show a folded cravat of crimson surah. The overskirt is very full, and is plaited into the waist, being drawn high on left side, and a little puffed at back. The edge of overskirt is finished by a fringe of itself, raveled out and knotted. If this effect is not liked, the edge may be cut in small vandykes, to each of which a woolen tassel could be sewed.

FIG. VII.—WALKING-DRESS, OF NAVY-BLUE WOOLEN, trimmed with blue-and-white striped woolen. The pointed bodice has fancy revers of the stripe and a plaited upright collar. The sleeves are finished with turned-back cuffs of lace. The front of overskirt is arranged in two deep double tabs, slightly gathered at waist. These tabs are lined with the stripe, and trimmed near the front-edge with a crossband of the same. The back-drapery is long and straight, and forms a puff by a row of gathering about two-thirds down. The underskirt is plain, and trimmed with a crossband of the stripe.

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FIG. VIII.—WALKING OR TRAVELING PELISSE, OF THIN GRAY CLOTH, trimmed with plush to match. The garment is close-fitting. The fronts are trimmed, their whole length, with bands of plush; bands of the cloth may be substituted, if preferred. The neck has an upright collar of plush. The back is arranged in deep plaits, and at each side-seam are handsome loops-and-ends of gray plush ribbon, headed by a plush button. The sleeves, which are rather full at wrists, have narrow cuffs of plush.

FIG. IX.—WALKING-DRESS, OF BLACK CASHMERE, trimmed with Astrakhan. The jacket is cut with round basques, and has a vest imitated by Astrakhan laid on flat in front. This Astrakhan vest narrows to the waist, and is continued all round the edge of jacket in a band. Pointed tabs of Astrakhan trim the three back-seams. The fronts fasten by invisible hooks-and-eyes. Pointed cuffs of Astrakhan, upright narrow collar of cashmere. The overskirt is simply draped en-tablier in front, drawn up high at sides, and joined to the back-circle drapery, which forms a graceful loop below the waist, falling thence in straight folds on the underskirt. This is of cashmere, mounted on a foundation of alpaca, and has a band of Astrakhan placed round it, about two inches from the edge. A similar band trims the middle of front-breadth.

FIG. X.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF VIOLET WATERED SILK AND HELIOTROPE CASHMERE. The skirt has, in front, a long pointed piece of violet-colored watered silk, and the sides and back are laid in deep side-plaits, which fall straight from the waist to the bottom. On either side of the front-piece, are panels of the heliotrope cashmere. The back of the bodice is of the violet silk—except a pointed piece in the middle of the back, which reaches from the neck to the waist. The sleeves and the front of the bodice are of the heliotrope cashmere, the sides being laid in lengthwise plaits. The vest is of violet watered silk. A large bow of violet-colored ribbon ornaments the skirt at the back.

FIG. XI.—HAT, OF BLACK STRAW, faced with black velvet, ornamented with jet, and trimmed with jet leaves and bows of corded ribbon at the back.

FIGS. XII AND XIII.—PELERINE MANTELET: FRONT AND BACK. It is made of brown bouclé cloth, is short at the back, where it fits the figure, has a cape trimmed with woolen fringe to match, and a brown velvet collar.

FIG. XIV.—WALKING-DRESS, OF DARK-GREEN WOOLEN. The front is of plain dark-green silk, with tabs of green plush meeting in the centre. The sides and back are laid in plaits, and a short bunched tunic falls about half-way down the back. The bodice is pointed, and trimmed with a band of plush at the edge. Vest is of dark-green silk, with tabs of plush about half-way down it. A row of buttons on each side of the vest. Sleeves trimmed with green plush tabs. Hat of green felt, trimmed with a band of plush and green feathers.

FIG. XV.—BONNET, OF BLACK VELVET, pointed in front, and trimmed with poppies.

FIGS. XVI AND XVII.—FRONT AND BACK OF CAPE, OF EMBOSSED VELVET. It is lined with quilted satin. It has an inserted piece of black Astrakhan—velvet may be substituted—which is pointed both back and front. The hooks-and-eyes which fasten it in front are invisible. The collar is of Astrakhan.

FIG. XIX.—JERSEY-BODICE, OF BROWN, with revers, and a blouse-vest of cream-colored surah silk. The revers are trimmed with large buttons.

FIG. XX.—BODICE OF DRESS, OF GRAY SILK. The front is made with folds of the silk, reaching from the shoulder to the front of the waist. The vest, collar, and cuffs are of cream-colored lace. The bows on the sleeves and right shoulder are of gray satin ribbon. The broad belt is fastened with a mother-of-pearl buckle.

FIG. XXI.—BODICE, OF BLACK JERSEY-CLOTH, with revers, fastened with two rows of buttons, cut away at the bottom in front to show the vest, which is of poppy-colored jersey-cloth.

GENERAL REMARKS.—All shades of blue and brown, except the very lightest, are represented in the new woolen goods for autumn-wear; but green, dark-red, and gray are equally worn. Of course, the light mauve, heliotrope, etc., that were so popular during the summer, are out of season now, except for house-wear. But few silk dresses are seen on the street, though silk is often combined with woolen goods.

The vests and plastrons, which have been so popular for a year or so past, have paved the way for introducing the full bodice of various kinds, which is now in fashion. Or, if the bodice itself is not full, it is trimmed in such a way as to produce that effect.

Trimming on one side of the bodice is very popular, but not liked by all persons. The styles of trimming bodices are as innumerable as the fancies of the wearer, and no one thing can be said to be more fashionable than another.

Sleeves are not nearly so close-fitting to the arm, and some are cut much wider at the top than those lately worn; but the puffed sleeve does not find much favor. Sleeves are also made longer for street-wear, and are prettily trimmed about the wrist with bands of jet embroidery, bows of ribbon, etc., etc.

Skirts are made with much less drapery, and more simply than those worn for some time, and the fullness at the back is somewhat decreased. But we have given so many illustrations of the various modes, that it leaves us but little to say of them.

Black dresses, especially black lace dresses for house-wear, retain all their well-deserved popularity. These black gowns are by no means intended for mourning, and are usually elaborately trimmed with jet, and are worn by old and young. Where the wardrobe is limited, a black dress is the most useful one that can be worn.

Tailor-made dresses are very simply draped, but are more elaborately trimmed with braid, etc., etc., than formerly.

Sashes belts or corslets are very much worn, especially by young women and girls, but are by no means confined to them. They are usually made of velvet.

Wraps are still worn short, for all dressy occasions. Some are only capes, some are small mantelets, others visites with sleeves. They are usually much beaded. For colder weather and real service, quite long jackets, cloaks, etc., etc., are predicted.

Bonnets vary but little in shape, continuing narrow on the face, and frequently pointed above the forehead—though this is by no means universal. High trimming in front is, however, worn without exception. Beaded and jet bonnets, for more full-dress occasions, are in great favor. Felt and velvet bonnets are in all the new colors. Some of the velvet bonnets are dotted with small contrasting colors.

Feathers, birds, and ribbons are all employed to decorate winter hats, and aigrettes and pompons are higher and fuller than those worn last season.

The hair is still worn high on the top of the head, notwithstanding the predicted Russian braid at the back. The latter requires a great amount of hair, either natural or false, is stiff and heavy, and not becoming, as it covers the back of the head like a saucer. The high coiffure is stylish, and requires but little hair.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

RUE DES PETITS CHAMPS.

The first novelties in millinery for the fall and winter season have made their appearance — without, however, furnishing anything very marked or singular in the way of shape or style to tempt the pen of the chronicler. Bonnets will still be worn in the smallest and most com-

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pact form, with very high trimming in front. Hats are still shown with high sloping crowns. The brims are wider than they were last spring, and are picturesquely turned up at the side, instead of at the back, as was the fashion last season. These wide brims are lined with material differing from that of the hat itself, and, in some instances, of a different color.

The chief novelties of the season, so far, are to be found in the material employed, the newest being a soft felt imitating leather, and shown in the shades of undressed kid; a basket-cloth, in two shades of gray; interlaced stripes of velvet, in two shades of brown or gray; mottled plush, in black and white, called "tiger-plush"; and black velvet, figured with small raised dots in white silk. For trimming, are shown small round balls in colored passementerie, called "chestnuts," but no larger than the teasing little burrs that stick to one's feet and garment when a promenade is undertaken in the woods. These are dotted over velvet hats and bonnets, in the same shade with the velvet. They come in all varieties of the fashionable colors. So, too, does another oddly-named novelty, which consists of cockades, composed of floss-silk, and called "onions": though why or wherefore, I cannot imagine, as they resemble that ill-smelling vegetable in no particular whatever. They form a very pretty trimming for a velvet bonnet, especially when massed around the brim or in front of the crown. Gray velvet, embroidered in small set figures, and with the design enhanced with small steel beads, makes a stylish bonnet. The brim is bordered with a gray bird-breast, in the centre of which is set a crescent of cut steel. I regret to notice that birds of all styles and tints of plumage form still a popular trimming for very dressy hats or bonnets. Ostrich-plumes are very much in vogue. Shaded ones are again worn, the dark tint being at the tip, and the color growing paler toward the stem. A new material for demi-toilette bonnets is changeable plush, the ground being in one color, and the pile, which is very long and silky, in another. With the ground in scarlet, and the long pile in marine-blue, a bonnet in this material, trimmed with blue and scarlet faille ribbon, is very tasteful and stylish. Bonnets are now shown with the wings of a bird forming the sides, and the head and breast of the same bird placed in front of the brim, the rest of the bonnet being composed of velvet assorted to the plumage. Thus, the head and wings of the peacock-pheasant are made up in this manner with emerald-green velvet.

White felt bonnets, trimmed with dark-gray or dark-blue velvet, and with birds' wings to correspond, are very popular. The bonnets in network of fine cut jet, which were so popular last spring, are lined for the winter season with scarlet velvet, the trimming being loops and folds of the velvet, intermixed with jet ornaments, while the strings are in scarlet ribbon, on one side faille, and on the other velvet. Hats in black felt are now manufactured with an inner surface of scarlet, so as to avoid the necessity of lining the wide brim, which is raised at one side to show the red surface.

In the way of colors, the tendency of the season is altogether toward neutral tints—heliotrope, tobacco and Havana brown, and various shades of gray being the most fashionable. There is also a new and very lovely color called "old pink," which is something between crushed-strawberry and crevette-color, and which is especially attractive in velvet. It goes well with dark-red, and also with pale-blue. A peculiarly pretty shade of light-brown, called "amadou," is also among the novelties of the hour.

The newest toilettes of the season are composed of a corsage and overskirt in some dark plain color, in foulard or surah, opening up one side to the waist, and drawn forward so as to show an underskirt in cream-white, figured with a set pattern in colored flowers. This underskirt is composed of a material woven expressly for this purpose, and may be either in muslin, light woolen stuff, or foulard. A very graceful and novel toilette is in dark velvet, which forms the corsage and full plain underskirt. On one side of the dress is set a demi-polonaise in black or cream lace, starting from the left shoulder, and laid in folds to the right side of the waist, where it is met by a curved tunic of the lace falling over the underskirt. Another style shows the underskirt laid in flat plaits at one side, and draped in curved folds at the other, a full drapery at the back meeting curved panier-draperies at either side. This form is especially graceful when made of cashmere. The pretty, graceful, full vests in folds of crape, or surah, or étamine continue very popular. As they can be changed at will, a costume in black or Havana-brown, with a series of vests in pale-blue, pale-pink, and pale-yellow crape, and one of scarlet surah, can be infinitely varied at small expense. The newest morning-gowns are made Princess at the back, and have, in front, a full frontage in plain or satin-striped silk gauze of the same color as the robe itself. This frontage extends from the throat to the feet, and is confined at the waist with a ceinture of narrow satin ribbon. Side-panels of cream-white foulard, figured with very large velvet spots in olive-green, dark-red, or marine-blue, are worn on skirts of cream lace.

The newest shoes of the season are in silver-gray linen, tipped with patent-leather. Richelieu shoes of patent-leather are also much worn with silk or thread stockings matching the dress in color. The newest stockings are in dark-red, dark-brown, or marine-blue, embroidered with tiny stars in white or in gold-color.

Silk muslin is a very popular material for the earlier ball-dresses of the season. It is usually employed in pure white, both plain and embroidered, and is made up over colored satin. It is also used for the frontage of dresses composed of a corsage and train in brocade or satin.

The favorite flower of the season is the dandelion, intermixed with its foliage and with the round plumy heads of its seed-vessels. A dress in black tulle, with the train bordered and looped with clusters of these novel blossoms, is one of the latest creations of Worth. It is to be sent to Spa, for an Austrian archduchess.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—GIRL'S COAT, OF BROWN CLOTH. The front falls quite straight. The back is cut in a point at the waist, and the skirt is put on in side-plaits. The cape can be worn, or not, as is desired. The pockets, cuffs, and large collar are of gray Astrakhan. Brown felt hat, trimmed with brown ribbon and gray feathers.

FIG. II.—GIRL'S COAT, OF BLUE CHECK WOOLEN. The body is plain at the back, and the skirt is set on in full plaits. In front, there are three lengthwise plaits, laid the length of the right side. The cuffs, collar, and belt are of blue plush. Pointed hat of blue plush.

FIG. III.—COAT, OF LIGHT-GRAY CLOTH. The front falls straight, but is fastened with black brandebourgs. The back fits the figure to the waist, and the skirt is laid in full plaits. At the top of the plaits are black brandebourg-ornaments. The very large square pockets, the cuffs, and big collar are of black Astrakhan. Gray felt hat, trimmed with velvet and gray feathers.

FIG. IV.—GIRL'S HAT, OF BLACK FELT, faced with black velvet, and trimmed with ribbon bows and gay quills.

FIG. V.—GIRL'S CAP, OF NUT-BROWN PLUSH. The long end which falls over the side is trimmed with a tassel. This cap may be made to match any costume, is very jaunty-looking, and usually becoming.

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Painted by Sir J. E. Millais R.A. Engraved & Printed by Dalziel Brothers

A MESSAGE FROM THE SEA.

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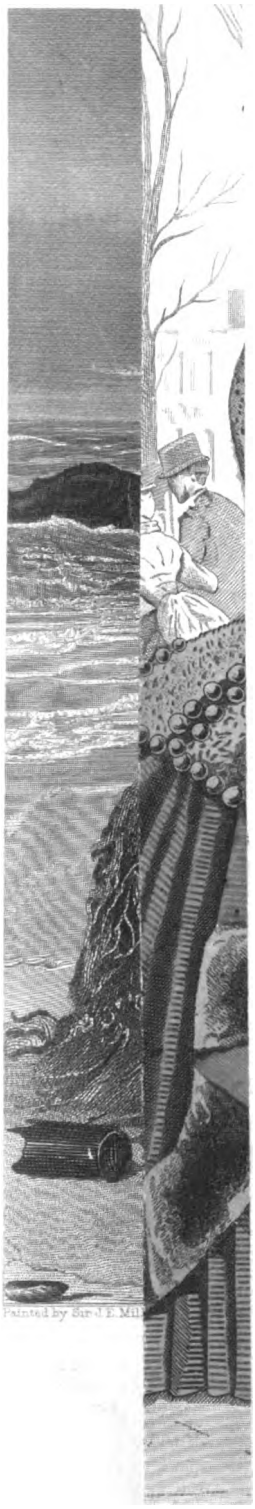

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Embroidered Slipper: Forget-me-not

"Lady Del."

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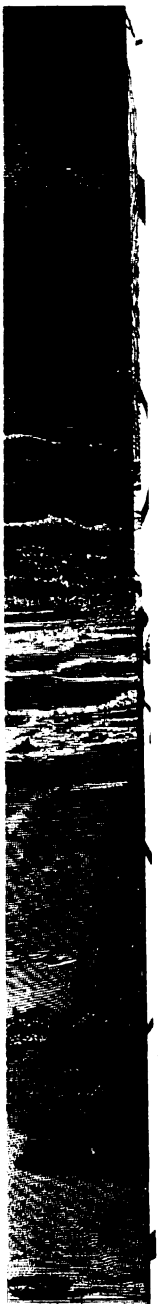

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"SAUCY, MOCKING KATY." [*See the Poem, "Katy Did."*]

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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER. TOQUES.

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WALKING-DRESS. VISITE. MUFF.

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HOUSE-DRESSES. SLEEVE.

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WALKING-DRESS. FRONT OF JACKET. BOA.

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WALKING-DRESS. BACK OF JACKET. SILVER FOX BOA.

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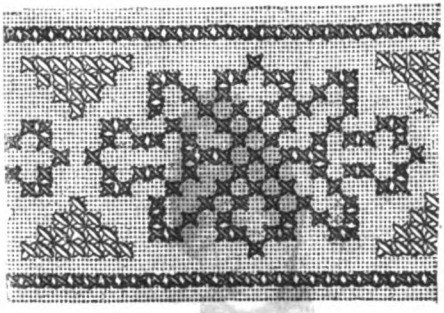

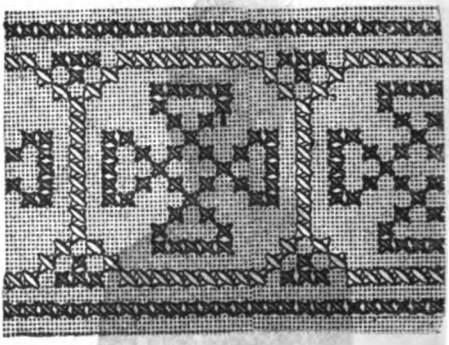

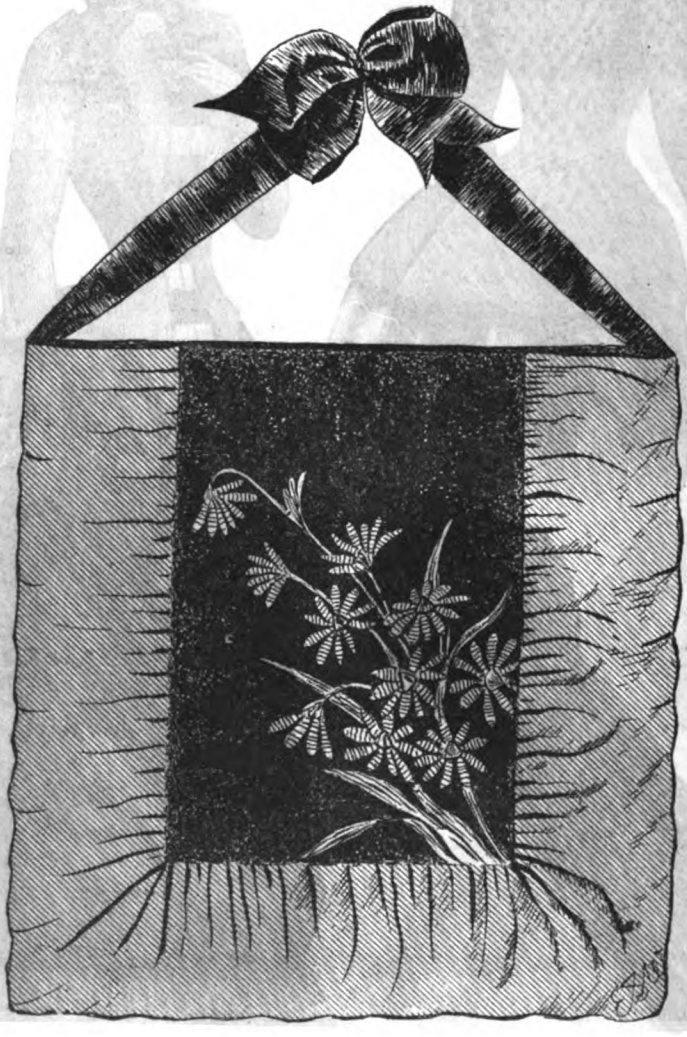

NEW-STYLE BAG. BORDERS IN CROSS-STITCH.

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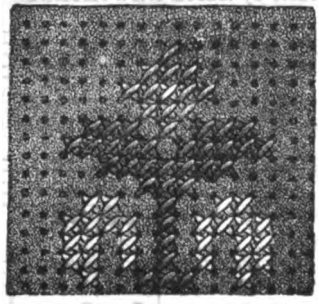

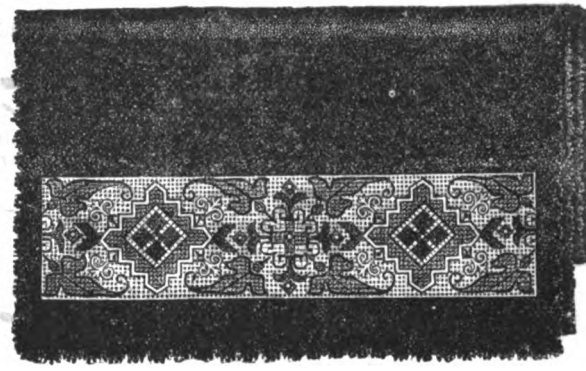

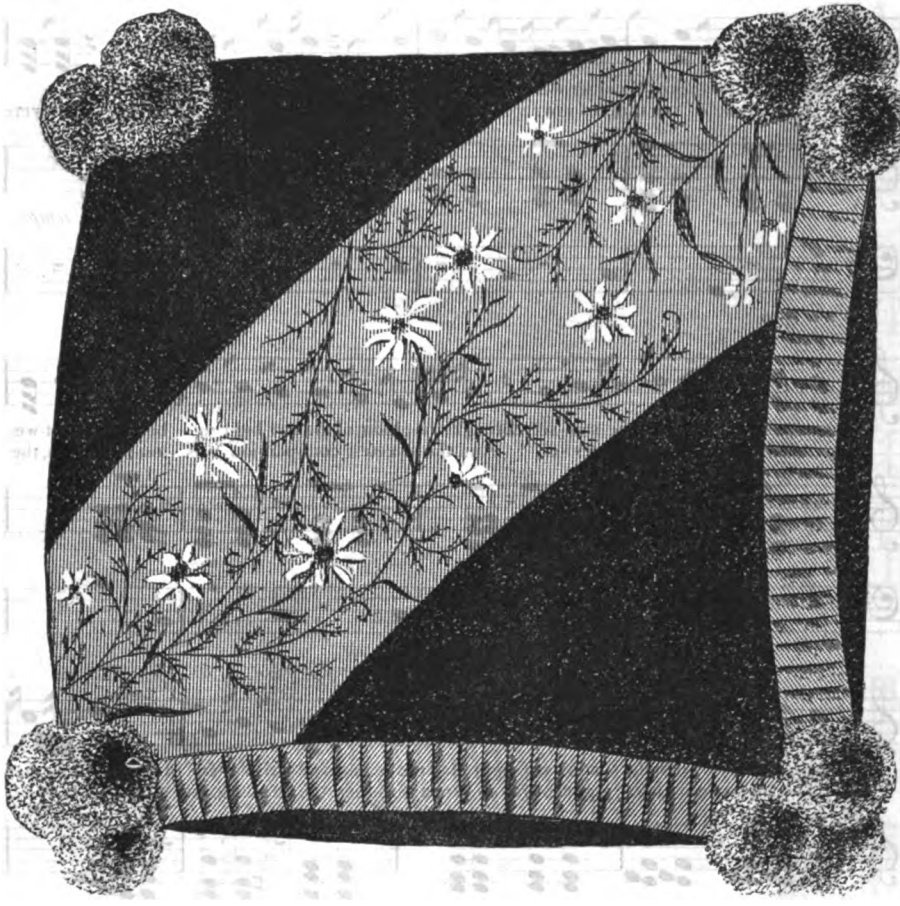

SOFA-PILLOW. SCARF-COVER FOR OBLONG TABLE: WITH STITCH.

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A GARDEN OF ROSES.

As published by SEP. WINNER & SON, 545 N. Eighth St., Philadelphia.

Words and Music by ALICE HAWTHORNE.

Moderato.

Voice.

Piano.

1. In a garden of ro-ses I met her, On a beauti-ful bright after-noon, And the
2. In a garden of ro-ses we laid her, On a sorrowful morning in Spring, But the

rall. *tempo.*

mild, balmy breezes of Summer were sweet From the meadows and flowers of June. We
bright sunny fields, nor the meadows again A comfort-ing so-lace could bring. We were

rall. *tempo.*

wandered a-round as the sun-set Brought the gloom of the twi-light a-bout, But we
part-ed at last and for-ev-er, And the sweetest com-pan-ion was lost; Ah, the

part-ed at last when the shadows of night Had the beauties of day blotted out..... Oh, that
world seemed a deso-late region of gloom When we buried the one we loved most..... A-

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beau-ti - ful gar - den of ro - ses On my mind hath its sweet pic-ture set; And the
las! for the hearts that are broken When near ones and dear ones are gone; A -

moments, sweet moments of pleasure enjoyed In its beauties I nev-er for - get. I
las! for all sigh - ing and weeping is vain When we find we are left all a - lone. In a

nev - er for - get for a moment Those eyes that en-chant-ed me there, Nor the
gar-den of ro - ses I'm sigh-ing, Nor peace for the fu - ture I see, Yet I

rall. *tempo.*

charm of that voice, so per - sua - sive to joy, In that gar - den of ro - ses so fair.
rather would grieve for my dar - ling so dear Than that she should be weeping for me.

rall. *tempo.*

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HAT AND BONNETS FOR FALL AND WINTER.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XC. PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER, 1886. No. 5.

SWITZERLAND AND THE ALPS.

BY HENRY J. VERNON.

THE ST. BERNARD DOGS.

OUR first view of the Alps was from the heights above Lyons. It had been a day of rain; but, in the afternoon, the sky cleared, and we went up to the hill of Fourvières, on the north of the city, to see the view. Suddenly, what had seemed an ocean of tempest-tossed clouds, to the eastward, began to change, as in some fairy phantasmagoria. Jutting headlands came out; deep valleys opened up; white summits soared into the sky; black fathomless abysses opened beneath terrific precipices. It was near sunset, and, as the great orb declined, the whole scene became illuminated with color. The heights shone like opals; the chasms turned to purple amethyst; the faces of the vast cliffs glowed as if living rubies. Over all and above all, two or three peaks, snow-crowned, shot into the heavens. We could compare it to nothing but the white walls of some gigantic city, with its battlements and towers, stretching along the vast horizon, and shining in the setting sun. "It is the New Jerusalem!" we cried, in our enthusiasm.

That was our first view of the Jura Alps—a range hardly Swiss, and scarcely conceded to be Alps, in the critical sense. They are partly French and partly German, beginning on the frontier of France and Switzerland, on the southeast, and stretching northeast until lost beyond Lake Constance, in Germany. The Alps proper are confined to the Bernese Alps, north of Lake Geneva, with Interlaken as their centre, and to the Savoy Alps, on the south of that lake, including Mont Blanc—"the monarch of mountains"—as Byron calls it. But Mont Blanc, after all, is so buttressed in by lower heights, which crowd close up to it, that you only see the top, and do not realize its enormous size. But, in the Bernese Alps, the view of the Jungfrau, as seen from the Wengern Alp, has not this drawback. The Wengern Alp itself is seven thousand feet high, and you look across a deep valley, to see the Jungfrau range rising on the opposite side, fourteen thousand feet into the air. Stretching, with its colossal battlements, along the horizon, white with eternal snow, it gives one an idea of immensity such as no other mountain-range we have ever beheld.

Travelers generally approach the Bernese Alps from Basle; and, on the whole, there is no better way. We took this route. The first halt is usually at Zurich, and there we staid several days, making excursions up and down the lake. From Zurich, we drove to Interlaken. This we found to be a sort of fashionable watering-place, dropped down on a plain between high mountains, and insufferably hot by day, though cool enough at night. It possesses no very great attraction in itself; but the hotels are good, and the price, especially "en pension," comparatively

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THE STAUBBACH AND VALLEY OF LAUTERBRUNNEN.

cheap. It is, however, the best point from which to visit the famous Falls of the Staubbach, in the valley of Lauterbrunnen, and to cross the Wengern Alp; and, therefore, no tourist in Switzerland, however hurried, should fail to go there, in order at least to see the Jungfrau in its glory.

It was on a fine morning, in early August, that we left our hotel at Interlaken, to drive through the valley of the Lauterbrunnen to the Staubbach. The valley itself is often little better than a narrow pass, on either side of which the hills rise almost precipitously. The air was slightly damp, as in all such mountain-valleys, and full of the resinous fragrance of pines. A fresh exhilarating breeze was blowing. Occasionally we heard, far away, the soft tinkling of cow-bells. The twitter of birds was all around us, the gurgle of running water, the rustle of leaves. Now and then, the strange melody of an Alpine horn rose and died in the distance. Our spirits were of the highest. Suddenly, turning a corner, we saw, high up on the face of an enormous cliff, a thin wavering line, like a bit of lace stirred by the wind, floating out on the air, and terminating, as it descended, far below, in "a dust of silver spray," as some writer has poetically said. This was the famous Staubbach waterfall.

The cataract, if we may call it such, comes from a considerable stream, though hardly one to be called a river, that plunges, without break, down the cliff, which is between eight and nine hundred feet high. The water leaves the top in a solid mass, but, long before reaching the bottom, is dissipated into spray. Travelers are generally disappointed at first. But, though not a Niagara, the Staubbach is one of the most picturesque waterfalls in the world, and leaves an impression on the imagination never to be forgotten.

We left the carriage, at a little inn not far from the Staubbach, and took horses to ascend the Wengern Alp. The horses were but little better than ponies, and, at the first steep rise, the guide coolly informed us that it was customary to dismount and walk, the work being too hard for the animals. It grew hotter and hotter, as the day advanced: and, if there is a hot place anywhere, it is to be found on a Swiss mountain, when the sun shines unclouded down, at high-noon in August. We were not sorry, therefore, after a toilsome ascent of several hours, most of the time on foot, to reach the châlet on the summit, where we were to take lunch. Here, the magnificent view of which we have already spoken fully compensated us for our fatigue. After refreshing ourselves with cutlets of chamois and other eatables, we flung ourselves on the grass outside, under the shade of some pines, and gave ourselves up, for an hour or more, to the sublime spectacle before us.

We had not been there long, however, before we heard what appeared to be distant thunder, though the sun was shining brightly and not a cloud was seen anywhere. We called to our guide for an explanation. "It is the avalanche," he said. "Look, and I will show you one." He pointed, as he spoke, to a cliff, high up in the region of eternal snow, on the opposite range of mountains, probably ten thousand feet above the sea, and miles and miles away. We followed the direction of his staff, and saw what seemed a puff of flour, blown from a quill, shooting out from the precipitous side of the mountain. "It looks small," he said, "but it is tons and tons of ice and snow—enough to bury a châlet, if not a village. Listen, and you'll hear the noise, in a minute more." As he spoke, there came a sullen smothered detonation, and we recognized the muffled sound which we had thought, distant thunder. We waited awhile, when there came

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another puff, and another distant reverberation. "You see," said our guide, and he wiped the perspiration from his brow as he spoke, "the sun is hot, here in Switzerland, in the middle of the day in August; it melts the snow and ice overhanging the precipices; the mass slides, topples over, and, puff! you have an avalanche."

We had read a great deal about avalanches, and heard how they had frequently buried unsuspecting travelers; but we had never quite realized before exactly what they were, or how they happened. We had often wished to see one. Now we turned to one of our companions, and said: "Why, we have seen hundreds of avalanches at home." For the process going on before our eyes was exactly the process that goes on, only on an infinitesimally small scale, every year, from the roofs of houses and barns in New England, when the winter snow begins to melt, and the crust of ice and sleet overlapping the eaves breaks off and tumbles down. In the latter case, it is a few pounds only that fall, and nobody is ever hurt, even if hit. So we think nothing of it. But, when tens of thousands of tons topple over from a precipitous cliff for five thousand feet of sheer descent, sometimes burying whole villages fathoms-deep, it is a different matter. Then you have an avalanche, and not a mere snowslide. And yet the biggest avalanche, after all, is only a simple snowslide.

From the Wengern Alp, we descended, on the other side, to the village of Grindelwald, where we saw our first glacier. The latter part of the journey was but a repetition of the earlier. As our guide had then told us that it was cruel for anybody but a lady to ride up the steepest places, so now he informed us that the strain on the fore-legs of a horse was too great in the descent. Commend us to a Swiss for impudence, in fleecing a "forestiere." We found our carriage waiting for us at Grindelwald, having driven around from the Staubbach. But we delayed setting out, although the day was rapidly fading—and the sun sets early, in those Alpine valleys—until we had inspected the glacier. There it lay, quite filling up the valley between the mountains, spreading out like a vast ice-meadow directly in front of us, and stretching far off and up, until almost lost in the mist that was now fast gathering about the higher elevations.

"And you say the glacier moves," asked one of the ladies of our party, addressing the guide: "this enormous mass, millions on millions of tons of ice and snow, and miles on miles long?"

"Yes," was the reply; "every year, it is seen to come further and further down. In some parts of Switzerland, the advancing glaciers have swallowed up once arable fields, and have even devoured villages."

She looked far up the narrow mountain-valley, where the glacier wound in and out, sinuous and narrow, and then turned away with a shudder, saying:

"It is like some horrible gigantic snake. I cannot bear to look at it."

We had, up on the Wengern Alp, realized what an avalanche was: we now realized what a glacier was. Just as the avalanche was, on a larger scale, the same thing as the fall of snow and ice that overhangs the eaves of a barn or house, so the glacier, on an even vaster scale, was like the slipping downward of the snow and ice that had lain on the roof all winter.

How often, as a boy, had we watched the process. For months the chill mass had lain

AN AVALANCHE.

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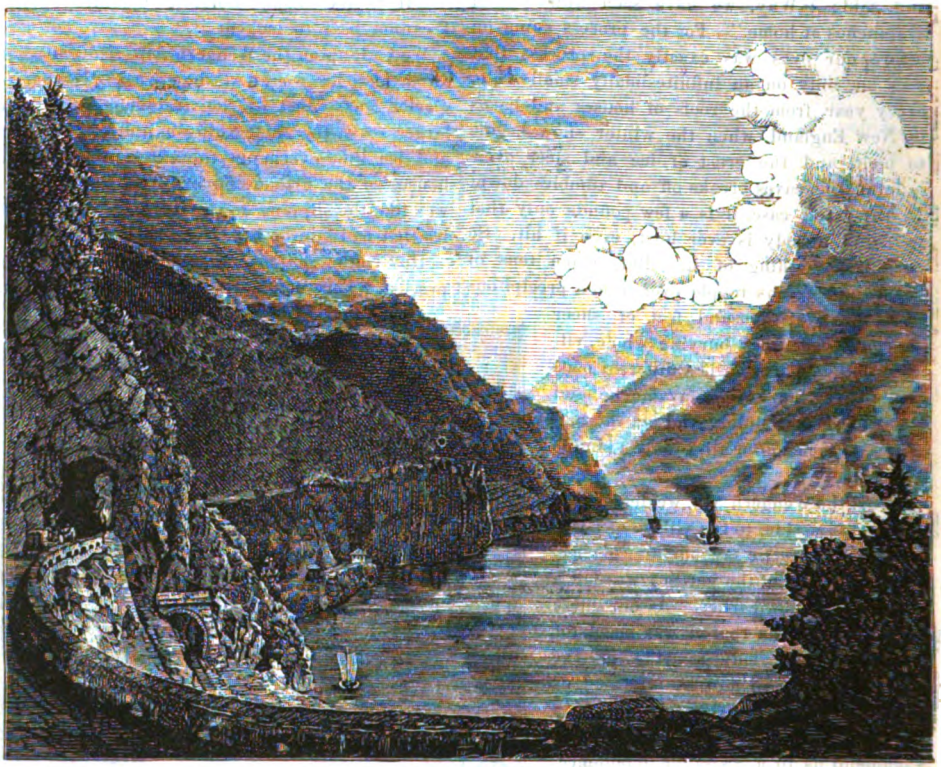
there, frozen fast. But, when the warm days of spring set in, it began to melt, not only on the surface, but below; to slide slowly down the angle; to overlap the eaves; and finally to tumble off, avalanche-like. The glacier was but the slipping, down the sides of the mountain, of the ice and snow deposited there in winter—a sort of river of ice, flowing imperceptibly, as it were. For, when heated and loosened by the summer sun, its own weight pushed it onward: its magnitude and consequent tremendous power enabling it to carry with it the enormous rocks, often weighing tons, that we saw on its surface. Geology tells us that large portions of the northern United States once had their glacial epochs, and that the vast boulders, which we so often see scattered on the lowlands, were transported from the higher hills, and often for hundreds of miles, in this way. "How simple," we said, with these thoughts in our mind, "are the operations of nature, when we understand them: the same process which pushes the snow downward on the roof of a barn, and which we hardly notice, is that which, on a larger scale, propels the glacier, and awes us with its power and sublimity."



THE UNTER SEE.

We drove back to Interlaken, to a late dinner, under the light of the moon. The air was full of aromatic scent: the breeze was cool and invigorating: we were all in the highest spirits, in spite of the exertion of the day. The air of Switzerland, indeed, is so exhilarating, that one can go through fatigue, in ascending and descending its mountains, that would break one down almost anywhere else.

The morning after this excursion, our courier came into our sitting-room, bringing a delicate wind-blown flower, which he offered, with a bow and smile, to the matron of our party. "Oh! that must be the eidelweiss," she cried; "I am sure of it, though I never saw one before." Yes, the courier said, it was the famous Swiss flower, only found on the highest acclivities, growing amid snow and ice, often on the edge of almost inaccessible cliffs, the solitary haunt of the Alpine eagle. "Not unfrequently," he added, "life has been lost in attempting to gather it: your guide of yesterday brought this in, and he has doubtless risked his neck to pluck it." All which hinted at a handsome douceur to the guide, as we well knew, and one sufficiently large to enable the courier himself to have a commis-

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THE EBENFLUH AND MITTAGHORN, WITH GLACIER.

sion. But we paid the tax, without a murmur. Indeed, we would never have been forgiven, if we had not; for was it not the first eidelweiss the fair queen of our party had ever had?

We made the tour of all the Alps, that summer, including Chamouni and Mont Blanc. We even extended our visit to Italy, crossing by the Splügen Pass, and coming out at Chiavenna, with its magnificent chestnut-groves, returning by Lake Como and the Gothard Pass. On subsequent visits, after the tunnel under the Alps was built, we went over much of the same ground again, extending our excursions also to the Bavarian Alps on one hand, and the Austrian Alps on the other. We have traversed the awful Via Mala. We have been on the Devil's Bridge, where Austrian and French, in the fury of battle, flung each other over the parapet into the horrible abyss below. We have slept at the hospice on St. Gothard, and caressed the famous mastiffs, which here, as well as at St Bernard, used to be sent forth to rescue travelers lost in the snow. We have ascended the Righi; sailed on the Unter See; stood in the market-place at Altorf, where Tell shot the apple from his son's head; crossed Lake Geneva; and descended to Bonnivard's dungeon, at Chillon.

No notice of the Alpine region would be complete which did not take in the lakes, large and small, which everywhere diversify the mountain-scenery. By many travelers, Lake Geneva is regarded as the most imposing. Personally, we prefer Lake Luzerne. Standing on the shore, at the town of Luzerne, you see Pilatus before you, up whose craggy mist-enveloped sides, as legend tells us, Pilate, an exile, and tormented by remorse, wandered till he died. Turning to the left, you behold the Righi, equally grand, if not equally terrible. Between the two, stretch the usually placid waters of the lake. Nowhere else, even in that magnificent Alpine country, is the combination of land and water, mountain and lake, so perfect or so picturesque. If you take a steamboat, and ascend the lake, you pass the little chapel, on a rocky promontory, marking the spot where Tell leaped on shore, to escape from his captors. In the old time, landing at the head of the lake, you took the diligence, or a post-chaise, to cross the Alps to Italy, by the famous St. Gothard Pass. But now the tunnel has destroyed this mode of travel, except for the few who care more for scenery than for rapid transit.

These tunnels under the Alps are as wonderful in their way, as the Alps themselves. The Alps show us nature at her grandest. The tunnels show us what the human intellect, what human energy, can do. Of the two tunnels, the St. Gothard is the more extraordinary, though not as a triumph of original genius; for that of Mont Cenis, it must be remembered, had first shown the way. The St. Gothard tunnel is nine and a quarter miles long, and takes about twentythree minutes to traverse. You enter it in the chill of apparent winter—for snow is all about you; you emerge from it to vineyards, chestnut-groves, under the bluest of summer skies. Those twentythree minutes carry you through twenty degrees of climate. It is like a transformation-scene in an opera. You leave a wild mountain-region, where Alps on Alps are piled above and around you, at the entrance of the tunnel at Göschenen, and, in less than half an hour, are looking over the wide far-stretching plains of Italy, that bloom before you like the gardens of the Hesperides.

The southern outpost, so to speak, of these great Alpine fortresses, is Monte Rosa, and it is perhaps the most beautiful single peak of the whole region. On favorable days, it is visible at a vast distance, dominating the hither mountains and the illimitable plains beyond. If you watch it till sunset approaches, you will see the

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snowy summit become rosy in the fading radiance, until it glows like some colossal ruby blazing in the forefront of Eternity. Hence its name.

Yet, notwithstanding the splendor of Monte Rosa, we always went back, with increasing admiration, on every successive visit to Switzerland, to our earlier love, the Jungfrau range, as seen from the Wengern Alp. The magnificent amphitheatre of mountains and glaciers, that you behold there, has no parallel of its kind, even in Switzerland. The Eiger; the Monch; the Jungfrau, with its dazzling Schneehorn and Silberhorn; the huge precipices of the Schwarz Monch, rising abruptly from the valley; the wall of the Ebenfluh, with its conical peaks, to the left, and its mantle of spotless snow; the Mittaghorn, the Grosshorn, and all the mighty battalions of mountains marching on as if to conquer unknown worlds. What is there like it, in grandeur or sublimity, anywhere else, what so awe-inspiring? Or what that gives you such a sense of over-mastering and eternal power?

Nor is Grindelwald, just over the Wengern, less interesting, though in a different way. The air is so delicious, the walks so picturesque, the distant scenery so impressive, that there one is sure to fall in love with Switzerland, as elsewhere one learns to admire it. It is a climb of about an hour and a quarter to the upper glacier at Grindelwald. Three gigantic mountains bound the valley on the south: the Eiger, thirteen thousand feet, or so, high, and the Schneckhorn and Wetterhorn, each more than twelve thousand feet; and between these lie the two glaciers, the upper and lower. These glaciers form the source of the Black Seutschine, that runs through the Grindelwald valley. An artificial ice-grotto, renewed every year, is shown here to strangers who never cease to wonder at the lovely colors of the ice, and its transparency and thickness. At the end of the grotto is a boudoir, "quite large enough to make love in," as a lady of our party said. "If," said a gentleman, "the temperature is not too discouraging." On that first visit, we drove back to Interlaken in the moonlight, as we have said; and it was like fairy-land, or a bit out of the islands of the blest.

We recall another drive equally memorable. The valley was bathed in sunset; the Seutschine dashed along its rocky bed: on either hand the beautiful green pastures; and above all, receding in the distance, rising, one above another, like stairs to Paradise, the illimitable mountains. At last the sun went down. Suddenly, one of our party exclaimed: "Look!" Glancing upward,

ENTRANCE TO THE TUNNEL AT GÖSCHENER.

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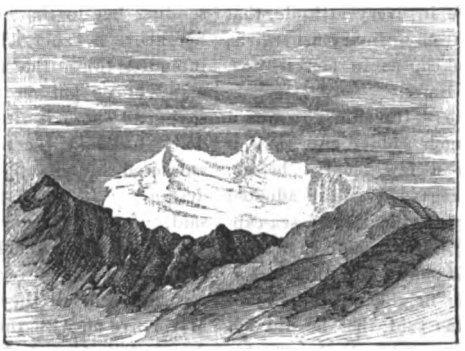
we saw the Jungfrau, without a cloud, in the clearest of atmospheres, bathed in the after-glow. Oh, the glory of it all! Not one of us, for awhile, could speak. At last one whispered, awe-struck: "Such interviews with nature are a foretaste of the heavenly world."

We remember also another day. We had stopped, for a morning, at a pension, on the lake, near Interlaken, but the lights and shadows, and the beautifully-tinted water rippling and dancing in the sunlight, tempted us to stay for a week. It was a still peaceful Sabbath. We could not see the Jungfrau from our windows, but the Eiger was more beautiful than ever, looking, from its peculiar shape, as seen from that point, even higher than it is. When evening drew on, its summit became rose-colored, a band of fleecy-tinted clouds encircling it. "It seems to touch heaven itself," said one of the ladies. It was just as we had seen Monte Rosa, years before; and the same thought had come into our mind then as on this hushed Sabbath evening; and we said, reverently:

"Yes, it seems to touch heaven itself."



MONTE ROSA IN THE AFTER-GLOW.

THE BEAUTIFUL LAND OF MY DREAMS.

BY AGNES L. PRATT.

There's a beautiful realm, where the flowers ne'er fade;
Where the sunlight, undimmed, ever gleams;
Where the birds trill forever their happiest lays—
'Tis the beautiful land of my dreams.

There the world and its troubles are all left behind;
There the burdens I've borne through the day,
Like the leaflet that floats on the breast of the stream,
Are lifted and wafted away.

In that beautiful land, all my loved ones I meet;
Yes, their spirits come down from above,
To comfort and cheer me, and walk by my side,
And to bless me again with their love.

For we wander at will o'er the beautiful land,
Hand in hand, on the shores of its streams,
And we live o'er again the bright days that are past—
In the beautiful land of my dreams.

It is summer always in that beautiful land,
And, while there, to my lone heart it seems
That Heaven is only a few steps away
From the beautiful land of my dreams.

For enrapturing music is borne to my ear,
On the breeze that floats over the streams,
While voices of angels sound sweetly and clear,
In the beautiful land of my dreams.

"KATY DID."

BY HERBERT W. JONES.

Katy said she wouldn't—
Katy said she couldn't—
And yet Katy did!
What could saucy mocking
Katy find so shocking?
What did she forbid?

"By the moon above you,
Dear," I said, "I love you."
Kissing eyebrow, lid,
Till her sweet lips to me
Stole, and—thrills ran through me!
That's what Katy did.

Then, above, around us,
As if spies had found us,
Sprites in treetops hid,
"Katy did!" came shrilling,
Mocking, laughing, trilling,
"Katy, Katy did!"

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A MESSAGE FROM THE SEA.

BY H. G. MAXWELL.

ONLY a barefooted little girl, with a high Norman cap on her head—a mass of tangled tresses—and a basket slung to her back. Only some poor fisherman's daughter, you would say.

And yet there was a certain refinement in the face, a certain grace in every attitude, that gave her a different air from ordinary fishergirls, while the lace cap looked, as in fact it was, a survival from better times.

Yes: poor little Marie! Her life now was a very different one, a much sadder one, than it had once been. Only a few months before, indeed, she had been regarded as the adopted daughter of Pierre Manout, the richest sea-captain and ship-owner at Evreux, and envied by half the town. The old man's devotion to her was the talk of all the neighbors. She could not express a wish, it was said, that he did not at once gratify. Most persons attributed this devotion to her sweet temper and graceful ways. But there were a few of the older inhabitants who shook their heads. "That may be so," were their sinister words; "but blood is thicker than water. You were too young to remember; but there was a talk, a dozen years ago, about Pierre's worthless son, and some girl away at Brest, whom the lad betrayed. She died of a broken heart, when the son was drowned off Newfoundland, with the fishing-fleet." And then they would shrug their shoulders, and look unutterable things, as they added: "It was just afterward that Marie made her appearance here: put that and that together."

The "unutterable things" found tangible voice when, about a year before our story opens, Pierre was lost at sea, while commanding his own brig, only one sailor escaping to tell the tale. The shipwreck happened in the Bay of Biscay. The solitary survivor had jumped overboard, with a hen-coop as a life-preserver, just before the brig foundered, and the last object he saw was Pierre at the helm. Five minutes later, the craft disappeared, with all on board of her.

The relatives of the lost ship-owner lost no time in swooping down on the old man's possessions. "Marie," they said, "has no legal claim on the estate." This was, alas! only too true. Even her best friends had to admit it, among them the curé of the parish, with whom she had always been a favorite. The old man tried to intercede for her with the heirs. "I have no doubt," he expostulated, "that Pierre intended to make such provision for her as the law would allow: he was a just man, and would not have brought her up as he did—sending her to the nuns' school, and educating her above a fishergirl's station—unless he had intended this. But alas! he put it off, as so many of us put off things, from day to day, saying: 'There is time enough—to-morrow will do.' And now, see the result." But the heirs answered, indignantly, that Pierre had no such design. "If he had, why didn't he," they said, "in all these years, settle the matter?" These heirs were old Pierre's sister and her children. The sister had married a miserly husband, and all they would agree to was to let Marie live on with them. In fact, they did not dare to turn her adrift, public opinion being too strong, and so they compromised in this way.

But they made existence miserable for her, nevertheless. She was the drudge of the household. All the hardest work was put on her, much that was beyond her strength; and, if she failed in any part of it, she was beaten, and then beaten again. When her tasks in-door were over, she was driven to the shore, to gather prawns. She was never allowed a moment for rest, much less for play. She would hear the shouts of the children romping in the garden, as she set forth, but did not dare to join them, or even stop to look on; even if she had joined them, she would have been repelled: for they had been taught by their mother to look on her as a menial. Their jeers cost her many a night of tears, when she recalled them, up in her bare garret, whither she had been banished from the dainty little chamber below, which old Pierre had furnished for her. Woe to her, also, if she returned from the shore without a sufficient quantity of prawns. "You idle worthless ne'er-do-well, I'll teach you to waste your time," the virago would say. "Take that, and that, and that." Her poor little back was a constant bruise, from these blows.

This very morning, she had been beaten even more cruelly than usual. "You beggar's brat," cried her mistress, "why are you not off to the shore? Take your basket and go at once. If I served you right, I'd turn you out-of-doors.

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You're not worth your salt. But we have hearts, Jacques and I, and keep you out of pity. You'd starve, you're so lazy, if it wasn't for us." And blow had followed blow, till the poor child was only too glad to seize her basket and rush off to the shore.

But prawns were scarce that day. After an hour's fruitless work, she gave up her weary task in despair.

"I'm so tired I can hardly stand," she said, bursting into tears, and sinking on a boulder near. "I don't care what becomes of me. I will rest myself awhile, no matter what happens: they can't whip me more than they will, anyhow; but oh! I wish I was dead—I wish I was dead."

Yet she scarcely meant all this. Her young blood was too vital for that, her enjoyment of mere living too keen. In a few minutes, therefore, her tears began to dry. The air was balmy, the sea sparkled in the sunshine, the waves that came rolling in seemed to sing a soft lullaby. Everything had a soothing influence on her. For awhile she forgot her trouble. The gulls dipped, and soared, and dipped again. "Oh! how free they are," she cried, "and how happy they must be." A sail or two glistened white on the far horizon. "If I was only on board of one of them," she thought, "sailing away and away, never to be beaten any more. Dear, dear papa Pierre," clasping her hands imploringly, "can't you come back from the dead, and help your poor Marie?"

Suddenly, she noticed a small dark object, bobbing up and down, just outside the low breakers. "What can it be?" she said, with childish curiosity. She sprang up, and ran down to the edge of the water, the better to determine this question. "If it is a fish, what a funny one!" She said this half aloud. "I never saw a fish like it before. No, it is not a fish; for, if it was, it would have seen me, and dived out of sight. Now it is in the breakers. It is coming in. Why, it looks like a bottle. I wonder where it can have come from. A bottle in the breakers—how odd!" and she laughed gleefully. "I'll have it anyhow." With this, she ran, bare-legged as she was, only holding up her skirt a little, down into the water. "Ah, here it is; and there appears to be something inside."

For she had held the bottle up to the light, and now, as she spoke, she saw distinctly what looked like a bit of crumpled paper in the bottle.

"Oh," she cried, "I know what it is: it is a 'message from the sea'—a letter from some shipwrecked sailors. I have often heard papa Pierre tell of such bottles, thrown overboard from sinking ships."

She gave a little gasp at this, feeling that she was on the eve of discovering some great tragedy perhaps, and that it would be her duty to inform the curé of it, and get him to discover the families of the lost seamen and tell them the sad news. But first she would be sure it was really a "message from the sea." It might only be a practical joke, she thought; she had heard papa Pierre tell of such, also. She broke the bottle, and, taking out the paper, began to read.

All at once, she was seized with trembling. For the handwriting of the letter was one she knew: it was none other than that of Pierre. She looked at the end. Yes: there was his signature; she had seen it a hundred, if not a thousand times.

"What does it mean?" she cried, quivering with a strange excitement. "What can it mean?" And eagerly she began to read.

"In the name of God. Amen," said the letter. "We are in a fearful storm; the brig has sprung a leak. I fear we shall never reach port. If we be lost, my property will go to my sister, and not to my little Marie, my dear grandchild, whose rights I have neglected all these years, though I always intended, in time, to declare the truth about her. Yes, she is my legitimate heir, and to her I wish all my possessions to go. My only son, Jean, did many things to anger me; but the worst of all, as I persuaded myself at the time, was his marrying a poor girl, without a 'dot,' at Brest. He knew I would be wroth at the marriage, and so kept it concealed from me, and went to sea with the fishing-fleet, as usual. When news came of his loss, the wife sent me word that she was destitute and about to become a mother. I went down to Brest accordingly, not a bit softened toward her, but saying to myself it would not do to let her starve. When I reached Brest, I found she had died the day before, having given birth to a daughter. I took the child away, at that time determined never to acknowledge it; but the little thing grew on me, with her pretty ways, and I changed my mind. I educated her even above her station, and did everything to make her happy. I resolved also to publicly declare her rights. The marriage is on record at Brest, where her parents were united by the civil ceremony one day, and by the church the next. It was at Saint-Marie-by-the-Sea that the religious ceremony took place. There will be no difficulty in proving all this. Alas! I put off, from day to day, doing this plain duty; and now it may be too late. But, if ever this comes to land, I do implore the

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finder, as he has a soul to be saved, to send it to the curé at Evreux, in Normandy: who will, I know, see my pretty Marie righted. I am called to the helm. So I close this, and shall throw it overboard, as I go up. Pray for me, who has neglected a great duty, and do a dying man's last request.

PIERRE MANOUT."

For a few minutes after finishing the letter thus sent to her—a "message from the sea"—as if by the direct intervention of Providence, Marie sat, her hands clasping the paper to her heart, dumbly gazing out across the deep. She was dazed at first, and hardly took it all in. Gradually, however, its meaning dawned on her: she was Pierre's own grandaughter, and not merely a child of charity. "Oh, how glad—how glad I am, to know this!" she cried, clasping her hands in a sort of ecstasy. For she had loved him with a strange love; and now how blessed it was to feel that she had a right to love him, not as a mere stranger, out of gratitude for his kindness, but as one of his own blood—as her very, very grandsire. She did not put this to herself in so many words—she was too young to analyze her emotions; but that is the way she felt. Then, after awhile, came another thought: If she was Pierre's grandaughter, she was his heiress also.

She sprang to her feet, now, in a tumult of joy. "Oh!" she cried, clapping her hands exultantly, "I shall be no longer poor: they can't make a drudge of me any more. I can go back to my dear books again."

But she soon sobered down. She was ahead of her years, in many respects.

"Ah," she said, "I must take care, before I go home, to go to the good curé with my story."

And to the curé she hurried.

He crossed himself when she told her tale, saying, reverently:

"Verily, the hand of God is in this thing: the wicked shall not always triumph." Then he took her to the notary. "For this is too important a matter," he said, "on its business-side, for me to handle alone. I must have counsel from one learned in the law."

The notary soon set his doubt to rest: for both he and the curé recognized Pierre's handwriting; and the notary promised to start, the very next morning, for Brest, in order to get the legal proof of the marriage. This was easily obtained, and, in a few days accordingly, he came back triumphant.

Meantime, Pierre's sister had been informed of the truth; and, though she now hated Marie more than ever, she and the whole family became as cringing to the young heiress as they had been cruel before. Marie charitably forgave her all, and not only that, but would also have been willing she should stay in the house. "For I am going," she said, "to the convent at Caen, to finish my education, and shall not want the house till I return."

But the curé and the notary, who had charge of her affairs, declined to consent to this. "It is our duty," they said, "to husband your estate; the place must be rented; your aunt had better return to the house she left." And to that comparatively humble dwelling she had to go, nobody pitying her, in fact many saying that she was only "served right."

Our little heroine has long since grown to woman's estate, is happily married, and has now children of her own. To these, she often tells the strange romance of her life.

They are never tired of hearing it. And she always ends by saying:

"Never, my dears, doubt an overseeing and protecting Providence. He feeds even the ravens. He delivered me from bondage, by sending that MESSAGE FROM THE SEA."

THE BONBONNIERE.

BY MINNIE IRVING.

'Twas gilded wickerwork, entwined
With satin ribbon, bright and neat,
With softest silken tissue lined,
And filled with many a dainty sweet:
Pink sugar-roses, creamy hearts,
All bonbons to a maiden dear.
Ah! Cupid, with his rings and darts,
Oft hides within a bonbonniere.

With shining eyes and sunny curls,
And mouth—a red pomegranate cleft—
Young Rose, the loveliest of girls,
Bent down above the pretty gift—
And lo! a perfumed note she found,
Traced in the hand to her most dear,
And with a true-blue ribbon bound,
Deep hidden in the bonbonniere.

"Sweet Rose," it ran, "though many a sweet
I send you, yet you are to me"—
And here her heart began to beat—
"More sweet than any sweets can be.
Oh! learn this lesson in love-lore:
I love you, love you, love you, dear!
Let me provide forevermore
The sweets to fill the bonbonniere."

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MARIAN'S FASHIONABLE FRIENDS.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 323.

CHAPTER VI.

One day, Marian met, by chance, an old acquaintance of her father, who was delighted to cultivate Dr. Newkirk's daughter. Mrs. Whitney was a weak kind-hearted woman, though not "in society," and, happily for her, without longing therefor. She called on Marian, and was so impressed by her surroundings, her prettiness, was so admiring and eager, that it pleased the girl to return her visit, in Mrs. Rushton's coupé. She found her father's friend well established, as the wife of a successful business-man; and she thoroughly enjoyed the morning, for the incense of unlimited praise was sweet.

She took Mrs. Whitney to drive, the carriage being at her disposal for several hours, and, when they reached Riverside Park, they descended to walk for a little. Philip Hamilton caught sight of Marian, as he rode by, and she looked so pretty that he got out of his saddle, gave his horse to his groom, and joined her. He was duly presented to Mrs. Whitney, and made himself exceedingly amiable.

"I am a quiet elderly body, Mr. Hamilton," that lady said, before he left them, with what she deemed an inspiration, for she could weave romances too, and had decided that this elegant man was in love with Marian; "but Miss Newkirk has promised to come very often to see me: perhaps I can induce you, also, to call on me occasionally."

"I shall be delighted," Philip answered, "and shall certainly take an early advantage of your invitation."

Very soon, Marian got into the habit of going to her friend's house on certain days, and Philip Hamilton was tolerably sure to appear during her visit.

Hamilton was not following out any deliberate plan. The girl amused him, so he drifted on, careless whither the drifting might lead. The secrecy and accompanying romance appealed to him, as well as to Marian; and Mrs. Whitney, in her quiet fashion, enjoyed it equally; it was almost better than the novels with which she occupied so much of her leisure time.

Hamilton could talk well, and he often spoke in a dramatic fashion of some mystery which lay away back in the past, but still cast its shadow over his path; a mystery which had nothing to do with Mrs. Ventnor—Marian was positive of that. He did not make love to her. At first, their intercourse had been established on the brother-and-sister basis. But it was not long before he got so far as: "Oh! if I had known you long since; if I could have married a woman like you, how different my life might have been."

In this way, that dizzy brain of hers, which she still believed so steady, began to harbor the conviction that she was gradually nearing her goal. She was so touched, too, by the vague sketches of his suffering past and empty present, that the possibility even of loving him suggested itself. He talked freely about Mrs. Ventnor. There was a very old friendship, he said; the world had been unjust to call it flirtation; but she seemed to be slipping out of his life—he did not need her now.

Meantime, that crafty schemer—Louise Ventnor—heard of these meetings. She always found means to discover Hamilton's doings. But she offered no sign of her knowledge, and was very sweet to Marian and very patient with Philip. She had passed through more than one crisis similar to this. She knew that he must be left perfectly free and never reproached; indifference would not answer; just a little wholesome neglect, on the plea of engagements, might be judicious. He would come back, in time.

Of course, Hamilton's attention to Marian in public attracted notice, and drew upon her the fierce wrath of all the marriageable belles, beginning with May Livingston: who had, first and last, suffered a good deal on her indifferent cousin's account. But Mrs. Rushton made light of it.

"A serious affair between Marian and Philip Hamilton? Nonsense," she said; "utter nonsense. Miss Newkirk is no goose, let me tell you. She knows very well that Hamilton is the last man in the world to think of marrying any girl, unless he were forced to take a great heiress; and, luckily for him, there'll be no need of that: the vast Hamilton fortune was left tied up, so that he can't ruin himself if he would."

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Yet, engrossed as she was, she managed to look about. She noticed Philip's devotion, and took the trouble to speak a fresh word of warning to Marian. But, when that young woman intimated, rather airily, that she could take care of herself, her hostess said, coolly:

"Ah, well, I might have known you did not need advice, as those other girls would. Yes; you are quite able to manage your own affairs, my dear."

But Violet kept her eyes open, after this; and, when she saw the way in which her old enemy—Mrs. Ventnor—behaved, she began anew to contemplate certain contingencies which had often held a place in her mind as ranking among future possibilities.

"I have always said that Philip was a man one could consent to marry," was her thought. "Anyway, I'd like to see him free from the Ventnor. Let that little idiot—Marian Newkirk—be a cat's-paw, if she likes. Well, well: what will be, will be. Philip and I may come to terms yet."

All this while, Marian had been running up bills at her dressmaker's—ordering this and that new costume, and little thinking how much the aggregate would be—until, one evening, coming home from a ball, she found several bills from Madame Doran lying on her table.

She had long since not only exhausted the sum she had expected would last through her winter's campaign, but had drawn, in advance, on nearly the whole of her income for the year.

The bills were for various costumes and wraps which, as we have said, she had ordered, one by one, little believing they would amount to such a large sum, quite sufficient to swallow up Marian's entire income for at least eighteen months to come.

The next morning, she only saw Mrs. Rushton for a few moments, as that lady was obliged to go out early, on important business of her own. The Texas land was not sold yet, and an annoying loss in Wall Street had driven the widow to one of her temporary straits. But neither worry nor trouble ever disturbed her courteous exterior, and she appeared to listen attentively when Marian spoke of the bills she had received.

"My dear, I trust you have not embarrassed yourself: I warned you," was all she said.

Marian wasted no time in tears, however. She really possessed great courage and self-control for a girl of her age. She would not allow herself to be sorry for what she had done; in an effort such as she had undertaken, some daring was necessary. She would yet win, and victory would vindicate her. Meantime, she relieved her mind by dwelling on the rapidly-growing dreams of success which Philip Hamilton's manner and words had aroused.

CHAPTER VII.

But the money—she must have the money. Death would be preferable to letting any of her old friends or present acquaintances suspect the position in which she was placed. Indeed, a betrayal of her need would have been of no avail. She did not know a person to whom she could apply, even had she been willing to do so.

That evening, Mrs. Rushton gave a dinner, and Mr. Frothingham was among the guests. For a little while, the conversation near Marian turned upon mortgaging property, apropos to a story somebody told. Here was the opportunity Marian had wanted. The venerable Adonis was seated next her, and the questions she had wished to ask were easy enough to manage.

"I hope you're not thinking of taking out a mortgage on yourself—ho, ho!" chuckled Mr. Frothingham, in reply.

"Not exactly," she replied, with a laugh, which sounded rather nervous in her own ears. "But I like to know about all sorts of things. I don't see why I should be entirely ignorant of business, just because I am a girl."

"Very sensible conclusion, very sensible," Mr. Frothingham rejoined, in his pompous tones: "but I have discovered that you are an unusually sensible specimen of a young lady. But you have trustees—they manage for you, don't they?"

"No, indeed; I am just as free as you, or any of your sex. My father had faith in women's brains and judgment."

Old Frothingham sneered privately. His theories in regard to women were decidedly oriental. But, aloud, he said:

"Ah! I see. Well, if you ever need to put it in practice, be sure you apply to Messrs. Ford & James, brokers and land-agents, in Union Square—safe men, very." With that, he devoted himself to his salmi, as if the whole thing had been only idle curiosity on Marian's part.

Before she slept, however, Marian's plans were arranged. She had written a note to Mrs. Whitney, asking her to call as early, the next morning, as she conveniently could. That lady was very happy to be of service. Together, the two ladies went to Ford & James. They were received by the head of the firm himself. Marian explained her errand clearly and concisely. She wished to get a mortgage on some houses she owned, in a town near her native place, she said; and could the firm arrange it for her?

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Mr. Ford was very urbane, saying that, of course, he must first make inquiry; but he had no doubt the matter could be arranged, and their clients' affairs were always religious secrets. In a few days, Mr. Ford wrote that the examination had proved satisfactory, and that she could have the required sum at any date she chose to set. Another visit to the office, in Mrs. Whitney's company, finished the affair. Madame Doran was paid, and it was not until all was over, that Marian began to count the cost. Then she remembered that, in order to pay the bills and leave a margin for other expenses, she had mortgaged all the property she had. What would become of her, if, when the mortgage fell due, she had failed to win Hamilton? She would be ruined, utterly ruined, absolutely reduced to poverty. But this was a consideration which, after a moment, she put from her.

It was at this juncture that business took Robert Meredith to New York, and so unexpectedly that he had not even informed Marian of his coming. He arrived toward evening, and called at Mrs. Rushton's house; but that lady and Miss Newkirk had gone out to dine. He went to the opera, being a genuine lover of music, and, during the interval after the second act, he saw Marian enter a private box, with her hostess and several gentlemen.

The change in her struck him with a dolorous pang. She had grown handsomer, perhaps, but the face had gained a determined, almost defiant, expression, which made it look much older. He noticed her dress, too. He knew that her means could not afford such costliness, and the jewels she wore, though few, were evidently valuable. If she had placed herself under obligation to Mrs. Rushton, by accepting such presents, she must, he thought, have lost much of the independent spirit which had always characterized her. If the jewels and dresses had been bought with her own money, she must be recklessly squandering her principal.

He saw Philip Hamilton enter the box, and the man's bold eyes, as he bent over the girl, roused a wrath as hot as it was natural, but weak compared to the emotion which Marian's manner and blushes awakened. He heard, as he sat there, some people behind him talking of her and her companion. "Oh! that's the country-girl," said one, "that Mrs. Rushton has taken up, in one of her freaks. The chit's as fast as if she had been born in Paris. Yes, that's Philip Hamilton; and he's always about her—and for no good. His attention is enough to stamp any girl, for everybody knows he will never marry."

After a sleepless night, Meredith called again at Mrs. Rushton's. This time, Marian was in. He had little to hope for from the interview, now. But he was a brave man, and he resolved to know the worst.

CHAPTER VIII.

MARIAN had been sorry and troubled when she heard of his arrival. But, during the first instant of meeting, she forgot that, and was genuinely glad. This, however, did not last. The joy that sprang to his eyes, the eager words to his lips, at her welcome, warned her of the necessity of being composed and firm. She checked his passionate words at once, and began to talk flippantly about the opera.

"Please stop," he said; "I can't bear to hear you talk like that. Oh! do you know how changed you are?"

"I think not," she answered, haughtily; "it is only that you see me under circumstances which have developed my real self."

"If I could honestly believe that, it might be well for me," he said, soberly.

"Why?" she asked, thoughtlessly.

"Because it would convince me that I had only loved an ideal. More, it would give me strength to overcome this affection, which is so powerful in my life, so wasted on you."

She thought she had wished him to discover the necessity for resigning hope; yet it hurt, somewhere down in her heart, under her pride and ambition, to hear this threat; but, at whatever cost, the opportunity must not be neglected.

"I was always sure of your first statement," she said, playing with her fan, and trying for Violet's indifferent manner; "where the other assertions are concerned, certainly the remedy is in your hands."

"Do you mean all those words imply?" he asked.

But she did not reply. A lump rose in her throat. She tried to laugh, afraid that she should sob.

"I will have an answer, Marian," he persisted. "Do you want me to understand that this parting is final?"

"How very tragic!" she exclaimed, forced into poorer flippancy to hold firm. "I hope we shall meet often—be good friends, too, though you are so hard on me."

"Hard?" he groaned, then paused abruptly. No display of weakness could avail, he felt: it was useless to humiliate himself. "Marian, do you mean me to understand there is no hope—that you do not, never can, care for me?" he cried. "Don't hesitate. Don't trifle. That

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would be even beneath the woman of the world you aspire to be—worthy only of the most hardened coquette." She tried to take refuge in anger, but could not. His words stung. The pain in his eyes found a response in her own soul. But if she yielded in the least, she said to herself: if she temporized with herself or him, she should lose all that she had gained, all that she hoped for. "Answer me," he repeated, almost sternly. "Can you look forward ever to being my wife?"

"I cannot," she replied, coldly.

He rose, took her hand for an instant, and said in a low smothered tone, which long after rang in her ear like a knell: "This is farewell. I shall take care that we do not meet soon again. God bless you—God grant that you never live to repent this morning's work!"

He was gone, actually gone. Then she knew that, in losing him, something very precious had passed out of her life. But she would not retract. It was not yet too late to call him back. But she would not.

"It is romantic folly, not love," she told herself. "I love wealth and station. If I listened to what seems my heart's impulse, I should be wretched, desperate, when too late. I could never live that life again—never! There, it's all done with. Now to go steadily on! I shall triumph, I know I shall! I am no weak silly girl. I am a strong daring woman. I will succeed!"

When she met Philip Hamilton, he had learned, through Mrs. Whitney, something of Meredith's visit. He saw fit to assume such an injured reproachful tone, that Marian believed him jealous. He saw this.

"By Jove," he thought, resentfully, "she deserves, as Lou said yesterday, to have her vanity taken down a peg." Lou, of course, was Mrs. Ventnor.

Nevertheless, the girl had a charm for him, independent of the amusement, so pleasant to his vanity, of leading her on, and forcing her to do things which she disapproved of and was frightened at, from smoking a cigarette to meeting him without even Mrs. Whitney for a chaperone; for Marian had adopted the idea that, with such a man, a marriageable girl must go to certain lengths; imitate, somewhat, the wicked married women by whom he had been previously deluded; else her society would appear vapid and dull.

Meantime, Mrs Rushton turned Mr. Frothingham over to Marian more and more completely, until even our heroine, self-reliant as she thought herself began to be frightened. "Do the two," she said to herself, "mean to compromise me with him, if they can? Do they intend to do it, at least, in Hamilton's eyes? The selfish, pompous, disgusting old brute! Yet I can't insult him, while I am Mrs. Rushton's guest; and, short of insult, he will not cease his horrid attention. And I must remain Violet's guest, if I hope to succeed with Philip. I can't go home until he has spoken; and he is sure to speak before the winter is over."

One day, Mr. Frothingham had called; Violet was going out, and, quite as a matter of course, she said:

"I know you won't miss me, dear Mr. Frothingham. I should be really jealous of dear Marian, only I like you to have the best of things and people."

He staid so late, afterward, that Marian could not get up to Mrs. Whitney's, as she had intended, until Hamilton had been and gone. But there was the comfort of thinking he had promised to look in at a reception which Violet was giving.

To Marian's dismay and disgust, however, Mr. Frothingham appeared also. He was so seldom seen at such entertainments, that she had not dreamed of his coming What was worse, he took possession of her with a cool assurance which was maddening; for she wished to see Hamilton alone, at least for a few minutes, and explain.

While he was talking to her, Philip entered. Presently, he made her a sign. But Frothingham was deaf to her devices to get away.

"Sit still, sit still," he said; "you've always promised to entertain me, if I would venture into one of these crowds. You must keep your word—keep your word."

After a little, Hamilton sauntered up to the sofa, and attempted to dislodge Adonis by society-talk with Marian, and well-bred sneers at the elderly gentleman. But Mr. Frothingham was by no means a person to be sat upon, returning thrusts as sharp as he received, minus the good-breeding; and Marian, trying to manage the situation, got sadly at a loss, and sorely frightened, till finally Philip departed in dudgeon.

All through the reception, Frothingham kept close to her, wherever she went, regardless of rules or etiquette: and, at length, suspecting she wished to be rid of him, began to disparage Hamilton.

"Bad sort of fellow—worst sort," he said, with a sardonic laugh at Marian's attempted expostulation. "Why, it's well he has no fancy for marrying: I happen to know he couldn't. Oh! I know what I'm saying. I am always certain, when I assert anything."

He was a perverse old animal; and, having

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that evening begun to think seriously of proposing to Marian, he was angry at the possibility of opposition from any quarter. At last, a man of his own years came up. Marian thought, now, she was about to escape. But a question the gentleman asked Mr. Frothingham rooted her to her seat.

"So you've countenanced Ford & James in enlarging their business. Going to have a branch office in Chicago?"

"Yes," grunted Adonis, and it seemed to Marian that he was watching her.

"They can well afford to, when Mr. Frothingham backs them up—eh, Miss Newkirk?" pursued her unconscious tormentor, bent on playing the agreeable to the millionaire, and, no doubt, thinking the subject of money must be interesting to the young lady, or any other human creature. "Yes, yes, our friend is chief power in that quarter. I wonder where he couldn't be, if he chose."

Marian saw it all. It was to Mr. Frothingham she had mortgaged her property; she was in his power. She shuddered, for, at that moment, she beheld, as if through a red haze, his eyes fixed on her, while his coarse lips curved in a smile, half sardonic, half exultant, as if he knew that his prey was in his clutches. "Oh! he will not spare me," she said to herself. "He will exact his pound of flesh, and I shall have to marry him. If everything else fail, he will betray me to Philip. What shall I do? What shall I do?" Then she heard Mr. Frothingham say, in his thick husky voice:

"And a good house it is—a good house."

"Well, we knew that, from your having any part or lot in it. We are not exactly moles, are we, Miss Newkirk?" continued her persecutor, with the satisfied air of a man who feels that he has been both agreeable and witty.

Marian struggled to her feet. She was actuated partly by the feeling which makes a hunted animal try to escape, and partly by a dizziness in her brain, and a whirr in her ears, which warned her she must get out of the room while she had strength left.

She was conscious that Mr. Frothingham spoke to her, and she thought she replied that she would soon be back. She walked on mechanically. The floor seemed slipping from beneath her feet. She reached the hall after what seemed an age, then she remembered nothing further.

Presently a gentleman hurried up to Mrs. Rushton with the information that Miss Newkirk had fainted, and that they could not bring her to.

"Then why do they waste time trying?" said May Livingston, in Mrs. Ventnor's ear. "It's only her newest attempt at a sensation; but she got it up too late. Philip Hamilton has been gone this last half-hour."

CHAPTER IX.

A week had elapsed since Marian had been startled by discovering that Mr. Frothingham was her creditor. All she prayed for, now, was time. She saw Hamilton daily, and his poetical talk, his devoted manner, helped to keep up her courage. Oh, yes, he would speak before it was too late. Time—time was all she asked.

After awhile, moreover, the natural spring of her spirits returned. She even began to think that Mr. Frothingham had no knowledge of her transaction with his partners. Except that look of triumph, which she might have misinterpreted, he had never given any indication that he knew her secret. He came every day, and was always assiduous; lately, even chivalrous in manner, at least for him. As he took no active part in the business, it was not probable that he ever made any examination of the books in detail, and the sum she had borrowed was too insignificant, in his eyes, to have been mentioned among the firm. Still, sometimes, in spite of this reasoning, the feeling would return to her, that he knew he had her in his power, and with the horrible consciousness that this power would be ruthlessly used if she ever disputed his will.

Extra expenses seemed also to have come with her extra money. One day, too, Mrs. Rushton, contrary to her usual habit, told Marian of a speculation in which she proposed to take "a flyer." A goodly amount would be realized in a few weeks, she said, beyond a peradventure. Marian was so dazzled by the prospect, so eager to get out of Mr. Frothingham's clutches, that she begged Violet to invest for her likewise. But alas! the "sure thing" failed, as such "sure things" always do, and thus most of Marian's surplus went. She would have sold out, even at the great loss it involved; but Mrs. Rushton said: "Oh, that will never do. Things can't be worse. Hold on: the stock will yet go up." And she held on.

It seemed incredible that Lent could be so near. Marian said so one morning, to Mrs. Rushton, and that lady answered, in as nearly an irritated tone as she ever permitted herself: "For heaven's sake, don't remind me of the fact!"

She looked worried, but she never indulged in confidences, and Marian did not venture to speak. Mrs. Rushton was bound down-town. The bargain for the Texan land she wished to sell had not been concluded, and she was sorely

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pressed for money. She had nearly exhausted brokers, and even Jews. She knew that Frothingham would oblige her, but she was too much afraid of the keen-eyed tyrant to risk falling deeper into his clutches, even if she had to pawn her diamonds to avoid it. Besides, her strait was really only temporary; her land was certain to sell, she said: very soon she could dispose of certain stocks at a large advance—of that she had received dependable assurance from powerful Wall Street magnates.

Nevertheless, her errand that morning proved a failure. She heard on every side the agreeable information one usually receives in moments of pecuniary embarrassment, that "money never was so tight—never!" and the richer the speaker, the more lachrymose and aggrieved were his tones.

Mrs. Rushton's thoughts, in this dilemma, again turned toward Frothingham. But she would not yield to the temptation. "There must be other ways," she said to herself; "courage! courage!" She was thinking thus, as she drove through the street in which Mr. Frothingham lived. Instinctively, she glanced out of the window as she got opposite his house. He was just descending the steps. He saw her, and hastened forward—evidently, he wished to speak to her. She stopped, though she would gladly have avoided him just then.

"I was wanting to have a talk with you," he said, after they had shaken hands, "but you always have such a mob of people about that one gets no chance of a quiet word."

"You most ungrateful of men," cried she, laughing as gayly as if she had not a care in the world, and as cordial as if he were the one person of all others whom she was gladdest to meet. "These are my thanks for giving you, long ago, the freedom of my castle. The truth is, that, nowadays, you are always devoting yourself to pretty Miss Marian, and so you neglect poor me."

"I want to talk to you about her," he said.

"I could listen all day," she answered, with a beaming smile, which looked like a tribute of friendship to the young lady, but which was, in reality, an expression of profound relief. "Get in; we'll drive up the avenue, and you can talk at your leisure."

He took a seat beside her, and, as the horses started off, he said, with his usual abruptness:

"You look worried. What's the matter? But I know! You're in one of your money-bothers again."

"The chronic state of poor humanity in general," she replied. "But my affairs don't matter. You've something pleasanter to speak of—our pretty Miss Marian—"

"And you've been trying to borrow," he interrupted, with a chuckle that stung her like a whole nest of wasps.

"Yes, I have," she said, boldly now, for she knew that he would be answered.

"And you didn't succeed! Why didn't you come to me?"

"Because you have obliged me so often, I was ashamed to trouble you."

"Business is never a trouble," he said, with a horrible sententiousness peculiar to him. "You have good security to offer for what you want—nothing more is necessary." She sat silent, reflecting.

His proposal brought mingled anxiety and relief. But his next words left the field clear to the latter sensation. "See here," he said, "what would you think of my marrying Marian Newkirk?"

She comprehended that his obliging her depended on her lending her aid to this project. Brought so close, the idea of any girl's becoming his wife seemed dreadful. But Violet quickly consoled herself by remembering that she had long since ceased to believe that Marian had any heart. So she replied:

"I think she would be the luckiest young woman in the world."

"But would she think so?" he asked, in a tone which showed that the necessity for putting the question hurt his vanity.

"That is for you to find out," she rejoined, with a playfulness meant to hide her doubt.

He remained silent for a little, then said, brusquely:

"Help me, and I'll help you."

"You know how glad I am, when I can do anything to please you," she replied. Then the amount of his fortune rose before her, and, with the importance of money dazzling her eyes, she added, sincerely enough: "Any girl ought to be glad of such a chance as hers."

"So she should," he assented, "but vanity never blinds me as it does some men; I've been watching. That jackanapes of a Hamilton has turned her head by his confounded tricks—"

"No, no!" Mrs. Rushton broke in, as he hesitated in a sort of angry embarrassment, which sent an extra flush into his red face. "Of course, she likes his attention. It vexes the other girls, and the girls haven't been nice to her. But his nonsense means nothing whatever."

"I should think not," rejoined Frothingham. "Well, you sound her; anyway, stand by me, and I will stand by you."

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"You know I'll do that," Mrs. Rushton responded, and, aware that delicacy would be thrown away on him, and thinking that, since she meant to accept his offer about the money, she might as well do it at once, and end her annoyance, she added, in the same breath: "So you think you can manage the business for me?"

"Yes; I'll see Ford & James to-day. They'll let you have what you want."

She drove him down to the Hoffman House, where he had an appointment, and left him there, her mercurial spirits at full height in the reaction from her anxiety. Now that it was an established fact that old Frothingham wished to marry Marian, the increasing of her own pecuniary obligations was a matter of no consequence. On her way home, she called at the Livingstons', to beg some luncheon, knowing this friendly familiarity would please May. She found May at home. But Mrs. Ventnor chanced to be there, which was more than Violet had bargained for, though sunshine and flowers could not be brighter and sweeter than the lady showed herself.

The conversation turned on Marian; Miss Livingston frankly abused her; Mrs. Ventnor spoke in the kindest gentlest fashion, but owned that the young lady was not popular; a conclusion in which Violet was forced to concur. Still, she defended her guest, and really meant all she said. Within the last hour, a new respect for Marian had sprung up in her mind, for a girl who had it in her power to marry five millions was worthy of respect, even admiration!

"I believe Marian Newkirk will live to be a power in society," she said, with the glamor of Frothingham's intention before her eyes.

"She believes herself meant for one," returned May, goaded into a display of temper. "She has arrogance enough for sixteen girls. She was bad form from the first. Her manner is as pronounced as if she were forty—"

"Then, if she should happen to marry Mr. Frothingham, her manner would be very suitable," broke in Violet, thinking this a favorable opportunity to offer a hint of what might lie in store for her friend.

The suggestion of such luck, for the object of her dislike, exasperated Miss Livingston beyond endurance; but, of course, her wrath tried to assume the form of contempt.

"I dare say she would be capable of it—ugh! marry Adonis Frothingham!"

"I wonder how many girls would refuse him?" questioned Violet, sweetly, with her beautiful eyes, full of pensive meditation, fixed on Miss Livingston's face.

"That dreadful-looking old money-bag!" gasped the young lady."

"Once married, she needn't look at him," Mrs. Ventnor observed. "What one wants is money—all of us, great or little, practical or poetical."

"So long as one succeeds in getting it, the appearance of the bag that holds it is of slight consequence," rejoined Violet, feeling that she had said a rather neat thing.

She felt, too, that her hint of Marian's prospects had been a favor to the girl. But alas! she had, for once, committed a grave error. For, when Louise Ventnor took her leave, the latter was thinking:

"So that's the little game, is it? Well, I'll spoil it. I vowed that I'd punish that insolent creature, and I will."

All along, Mrs. Ventnor had been sure that Philip would never marry Marian Newkirk. But, in the absorption of his flirtation with her, he had stretched his tether so far, that Mrs. Ventnor began, at last, to fear that her own sway over him was being risked. This made her the more eager for revenge on Marian.

"Marry Frothingham, and ride over us all?" she said. Then a new idea started up, and one more unendurable than the contemplation of mere worldly triumph for the young woman: for, once she was married, might not Hamilton be quite safe in pursuing his flirtation? Oh, yes, she knew him; he would plunge into it with renewed energy, and the last shred of her own long-preserved power would go. "Never! never!" she said. "The girl shall never marry Frothingham. I'll hinder that, at least, in spite of Violet Rushton, or fate itself. I'll watch for my opportunity and find it yet."

CHAPTER X.

She did not have to wait long for an opportunity. The very next day, Hamilton called. After the first greeting, she said, abruptly:

"So your pretty Miss Marian has decided to be sensible and marry Adonis Frothingham?"

"What?" he cried, sneeringly incredulous at first. But, as Louise went on to give an exaggerated account of Mrs. Rushton's hints, he remembered how frequently he had been annoyed by the elderly gentleman's interference, and began to be angered by the probability of the truth of the story.

"I am very glad," Mrs. Ventnor continued; "for your philandering with her was hurting her, and I suppose she has the brains to see that. Of course she couldn't resist the old man's millions—not a girl of my acquaintance could.

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May Livingston was furious at the idea of seeing them snapped up before her eyes. Still, I own I am surprised. I fancied Miss Newkirk had more heart than head, and that you had turned both too completely for her to be worldly-wise."

Now, quite independent of other considerations, Hamilton detested Frothingham. He would have been only too ready, as he phrased it, "to put a spoke in the old buffer's wheel," when an occasion offered. But this! This! Why, it was sheer insolence. That old Shylock marry Miss Newkirk? His vanity, everything, was up in arms at the thought. Yet Mrs. Ventnor was persistent. "Mrs. Rushton admitted it," she said, and he went away, sullen and angry, and spent the night in drinking and gaming, as he always did when angered. Mrs. Ventnor had known her man only too well.

When Mrs. Rushton saw Marian, that night, she congratulated her, and was surprised at the girl's prompt denial. "I can only say," she said, "that if you have the opportunity to marry him, and don't, you will repent bitterly when too late. You know I never argue. Every person has a right to decide for himself or herself. By the by—forgive my mentioning it—people talk too much about you and Mr. Hamilton. That must not be."

"It is only Mrs. Ventnor's and May Livingston's wickedness," she answered, in a half-doubtful tone.

"Very likely," rejoined Violet; "only, be careful. And once for all, my dear, think well. At least, don't offend Mr. Frothingham. I can't afford to let you, for my own sake; and it would be very unwise for your own."

"Oh, I shan't," Marian replied, eager to end the conversation, and trembling at the reflection of Mr. Frothingham's power over her.

"She will marry the old man at last," Violet thought, as she saw the sudden change in Marian's face, and added aloud: "Well, since our wicked Philip's fascination has not dazzled you, I suppose your romantic dream holds its own. You will end by going back to your village-life and your stocking-weaving hero—what was his name?"

A visitor was announced, and Marian made her escape and went to bed. Fortunately, the next day, Mr. Frothingham was called to Washington, and would not return for several days; so she was free for awhile from his persecution. But, toward noon, news was telegraphed up from Wall Street which was anything but cheering to Mrs. Rushton, and struck a chill to Marian's soul. The stock in which they had invested was in a worse way than ever. If the two ladies did not wish to lose the sum they had already involved, they must raise more money without delay: in a word, must pay up their margins.

"I ought not to have let you go into it," Mrs. Rushton said. "But, after all, I am not to blame. You said you would go to somebody else if I didn't get the shares through my broker. And, when the shares sank low, awhile ago, I thought there could not possibly be any more loss, and advised you to hold on. I did it all for the best."

That very day, May Livingston had an afternoon concert at her house. It was ostensibly her mother's entertainment and her mother's dwelling; but the old lady was so completely a bit of wax in her daughter's hands that people scarcely remembered this.

Mrs. Rushton had, however, to go to bed with a headache, the result of the bad news from Wall Street. But she would not hear of Marian remaining at home, though the poor girl was really unfit, herself, to go. Violet praised Marian's costume, when the latter came in dressed for the concert, and observed:

"You were wise, after all, to go to Doran: she is horribly dear, but she has made another creature of you."

Marian was very unenthusiastically received by May Livingston, however: for the latter was furious at being deprived of the glory of Mrs. Rushton's presence. Marian's lovely dress was an added wrong. "Think," Miss Livingston said, "of the girl's cheek, in forcing herself in here, when her hostess could not come."

Mrs. Ventnor's greeting of Marian was cordial enough to atone for May's lack of warmth. If Marian had been the "worldly-wise" woman she thought herself, this warmth of manner would have made her suspect treachery. Miss Livingston noticed it.

"Louise must have some mischief in her head," she said to herself. "What a blessing!" And, with this pious reflection, she went about her duties as hostess in a serener frame of mind.

When the concert was nearly over, Philip Hamilton sauntered in. The instant Mrs. Ventnor looked at him, she knew that he had been drinking heavily, though, except to one very intimate, he gave no sign of it. But Louise understood the secret of the pallor which rendered his handsome face so tragically interesting, and knew what had kindled that strange sombre fire in his eyes, and rendered his voice slower, deeper, more pathetic even than his ordinary musical tones.

Long ago, she had become aware that Hamilton often spent the night at the gaming-table.

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"Ah," she said, with sudden inspiration, "I have her now." And a scheme flashed across her, which she resolved to carry into execution before the afternoon was over. "I see it all—I see it all," she cried, "and I am sure I can manage it."

She had beckoned him to a seat between Miss Newkirk and herself, and had heard him whisper to Marian. Her jealous ear had caught the words:

"I must speak with you before you go—I must!"

Marian's reply was inaudible. But Mrs. Ventnor heard distinctly again his autocratic answer:

"I won't wait. I've something important to say. You can manage easily enough. These creatures will soon be feeding. Slip into the conservatory, while they are in the dining-room."

There was a hurried argument, in still lower whispers, after this. Then Philip's voice changed to eager pleading, and he spoke louder; next he uttered enthusiastic thanks, and now Mrs. Ventnor knew that he was to have his way.

In the refreshment-room, the unscrupulous woman played the temptress to Hamilton, by asking him, more than once, to drink with her. She was not afraid that any amount he drank would visibly affect him, but she knew that each glass increased his recklessness. And it was on this she counted.

A collation after a musical entertainment is always very gay; owing, I suppose, to the reaction from the restraint imposed by the performance; and the buffets to-day were admirably organized. Mrs. Livingston's daughter never did things by halves.

Louise Ventnor was in great force. Her daring tongue ran on more freely than usual. But, whether uttering bon-mots, flirting, or eating, she never once lost sight of Hamilton or Marian.

There were numbers of notables present; among them, a foreign nobleman and a famous opera-singer. Naturally these, in their different way, two such important personages, were crowded about and listened to; and May Livingston was not best pleased, when she had secured the former to herself for a few moments, to have Louise Ventnor say suddenly, even eagerly, in her ear:

"Quick! I want you. Come with me into the conservatory."

"Nonsense!" May curtly responded.

"Come, or you'll be sorry," persisted Mrs. Ventnor.

In the meantime, however, the nobleman had been captured, or had escaped. Miss Livingston turned on her friend in exasperation.

"Have you been testing the men's Century Club punch?" she asked, with the pleasant freedom of speech in which the two allies often indulged.

"Come to the conservatory," was Mrs. Ventnor's eager reply, "and bring the Warner sisters. Old Hexam and Charley Frazer are with the girls. Bring them too."

"What nonsense—"

"Nonsense? Didn't you tell me you'd give your two ears to punish that Marian Newkirk?"

"What do you mean?"

"Come and see."

Miss Livingston's hesitation and ill-humor vanished in wild curiosity, rendered hotter by her dislike and malice.

"Quick! quick!" she exclaimed now, as eagerly as if she knew what she meant, seizing Mrs. Ventnor's arm to draw her on.

But that lady preserved perfect composure.

"Don't be in a hurry," she said. "Quietly, quietly, my dear. Somebody will notice. Besides, kitty never would catch the mouse if she made a noise."

Miss Livingston acted on the advice. They crossed the room, and stopped before the group which Mrs. Ventnor had designated.

"May is taking me to see that wonderful new plant her cousin sent from Australia," she said. "Do come and help me tell her pretty falsehoods about it. I'm sure in advance that it's a miracle of ugliness."

"Come and take my part, Mr. Hexam," added May. "The girls are certain to side against me, and of course Mr. Frazer will agree with Jane."

So the group passed along the hall, laughing and talking.

The conservatory, instead of being on the drawing-room floor, was up a flight of stairs; the flat roof of an apartment only one story in height serving as the foundation for a veritable greenhouse.

"This lovely old-fashioned mansion is my delight," Mrs. Ventnor said, as they reached the landing.

They crossed the library. The gentlemen drew back the heavy draperies which hung before the conservatory-entrance. Miss Warner and May Livingston were in advance. They entered. Suddenly, the latter uttered a little cry, which her companion echoed. The rest peered eagerly in over their shoulders.

"What on earth is the matter?" demanded old Mr. Hexam, fumbling for his glass to aid his unfortunate short sight.

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"A charming tableau," laughed Mrs. Ventnor; "but it wasn't on the bill."

Marian had yielded, in a good deal of alarm, to Hamilton's petition to speak with her privately. She had not the slightest suspicion of his state, and feared that he had met with some misfortune, which he desired to communicate at once; and that he chose her for his confidant was as flattering as it was hopeful. It did not occur to her that, if seen, her step could cause any remark. To stray into the famous conservatory seemed natural enough; but, indeed, she was too much flurried to think at all. Hamilton's incautious whispers, uttered in such close proximity to Mrs. Ventnor, had disturbed her sorely.

"Do tell me what has happened," she exclaimed, as soon as they were in the conservatory. Hamilton's hasty movement had swept the draperies down behind them; but she did not notice this. "Are you in trouble—oh, what is it?"

"Trouble?" he echoed. "When I hear that you are going to marry old Frothingham? Sacrifice yourself to that old Shylock? And I, for the time, tied hand and foot, and can't do what I wish! Trouble? Was any man ever in so great?"

He burst into a tirade which frightened her, greatly as it gratified her; he raved brilliantly, and ended by swearing that he would kill her and himself, before he would allow any person or thing to part them. As he spoke, he flung his arm about her and strained her to his breast—the first time he had ever ventured on any such show of affection—repeating excitedly: "Say you love me—say you do!"

Before Marian could release herself, she heard the curtains parted, and the wondering affected cry of the girls. She saw malicious eyes fixed upon her; caught Mrs. Ventnor's cruel gibe; and in that first instant of stupefaction, unconsciously to her and himself, Hamilton's arm was still about her waist.

His hand dropped suddenly. Then, through her terrible confusion and suffering, Marian realized that, if he did not give a satisfactory explanation, her enemies would turn this scene to her dire injury. "Tell them we are engaged," she gasped, in a choked whisper.

If she had only had the hardihood to say it herself. Plenty of society-girls placed in her position would have done it. But she could not. And Hamilton stood dumb, staring at the intruders, half in anger, half in satisfaction at this triumph to his coward vanity.

"We have been most inconsiderate," May Livingston called out. "Miss Newkirk, if you wished to do private theatricals in our conservatory, you should have told me—I owe you a thousand pardons for the interruption."

The group disappeared—the draperies settled back—the low laughter of six united voices broke the stillness.

Marian stood as if withered by a stroke of lightning. Presently, she moaned:

"Why didn't you speak? Why didn't you speak?"

"Never mind them!" he cried. And, in his half-crazed, always wicked brain, started up a diabolical plan, of which he had never before even ventured to dream.

"I love you," he said; "trust me—"

"Oh, go and tell them!" she sobbed, though her burning eyes were dry: "go and tell them!"

"I can't, you see," he hurried on. "But, if you'll get away from them all for awhile, we'll sail for Cuba to-morrow! Don't go home Violet Rushton will be furious. I shall soon be free—trust me—you shall never repent it!"

"Married now—at once—how can you manage it?"

"My darling—haven't I explained? We must wait for that just a little—"

A low cry, half pain, half horror, rang in the poltroon's besotted ears; then, with a sweep of her arm, which held a strength beyond her own, Marian brushed him aside, and fled.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

FAIR GATHERER OF SMILES.

BY JASPER BARNETT COWDIN.

Her eyes are deep-blue of the tenderest hue,
And the shadows that in them lie
Are dainty shadows, like those on the meadows
Tossed from an April sky
Young cavaliers dance in the light of her glance
Like butterflies, caught by her wiles;
But she counteth their worth by a toss of her curls,
Thou gatherer fair of smiles.

Bright maiden! I know, by the light on thy brow,
Roguish wisdom is there to espy
The false from the true: nay, the whole man's in view
Under that dark-arched eye.
And the heart that is brave in his wooing can have,
Though he travel for miles and miles,
No faithfuller spouse than she'll be in his house,
Thou gatherer fair of smiles.

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WIEDERSCHEN: "SEE AGAIN."

BY HARRY BOLINGBROKE.

YEARS ago—ah, how many!—when I was a student in Germany, it was a favorite pastime of mine to wander off alone into the wildest and most unfrequented regions, and spend whole days rambling about, with my fowling-piece over my shoulder and wine-flask and sandwich-box in my pouch. Free and happy days were those, when care was unknown and life a long uninterrupted dream.

One glorious June morning, as the vapors were lifting from the lowlands and slowly creeping up the hillsides, I came upon a road so little traversed that the grass and shrubbery were fast obliterating all traces of wheel and footprint. I had not been long on this neglected highway when, about a mile off to the right, I caught sight of a charming little village nestling amid lindens and tall poplars. The prospect was suggestive of a good breakfast, to say the least—a meal to which my sharpened appetite was capable just then of doing ample justice; so I determined to turn aside at the first cross-road leading in that direction. As I walked along, with somewhat quickened pace, I found that the road I was traversing gradually curved toward the village, and in about a half-hour I found myself in the midst of its quaint houses and still quainter inhabitants.

I had seen many odd old-fashioned places in my excursions, but never any more antique and peculiar than this. It seemed as if it had long ago stranded on the "shores of time." The road that led me to it formed its principal or main street, and, to my surprise, was scarcely less grass-grown than that over which I had passed. The houses had a mouldy mildewed appearance that was quite remarkable and not unpicturesque. Indeed, only in art-galleries had I ever seen anything resembling this quaint unique little village.

Although early in the day, the people appeared to be all up and active. Not that they were engaged in any occupation, for it seemed to be some kind of a gala-day—everyone being attired in his best and determined on a day's enjoyment. In fact, it struck me they were costumed for a fancy ball or antique parade. My curiosity being as keen as my appetite, I stopped a frank-looking young fellow about my own age, whom I saw coming toward me at a swinging pace, and asked him if he had time to answer three questions. He halted, and looked curiously into my face.

"What is the name of this village?" I asked.

"Wiederschen," he replied, after a few seconds' hesitation.

"What are the people celebrating?"

"Their centennial."

"Where is the gasthaus?"

"Beyond the pump yonder, under the old linden. My father keeps it. Go, and welcome. Eat and drink; all is free to-day."

"Ha! How fortunate I am," I exclaimed, "to have come here on this occasion."

"Fortunate, yes," the young man said, with a shrug; "if you leave in time."

"Oh, well," I replied, a little taken aback by this rather uncivil remark, "as for that, I have plenty of leisure and am in pursuit of enjoyment. If I am pleased with the place and people, I may prolong my visit till to-morrow."

"To-morrow?" echoed the young man, ominously. Then, turning abruptly, he resumed his journey with increased speed.

My curiosity being still more piqued by the young man's manner of reply, I went on, as he indicated, till I came to the pump, around which I found a crowd of eager children, drinking as if well-nigh famished. Close at hand was the gasthaus, or tavern, with a linden in front. The door being open, I walked in. Passing through a flagged passage, I came to a small courtyard in the rear, around which the house had been built, after the fashion of centuries ago. Balustraded galleries, into which the chambers opened, ran around two sides of the courtyard. The whole had an air of antiquity, if not of decay, that was almost dream-like in its effect. Returning to the front part of the house, I seated myself in what appeared to be the public room, at a table, without further ceremony. The apartment was quite spacious, and appeared to be dining-hall, bar, and kitchen, all in one. At the further end, in a sort of recess, was a large open fire-place, where a couple of greasy cooks were busy with their pots and pans. About a score of men, in singular costumes, were lounging around, chatting with earnestness and good-humor, and quaffing great mugs of beer, which was dispensed to them from behind the bar by a severe-looking

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old man with a remarkably purple face and an abundance of tawny hair, that gave him very much the appearance of a trained lion.

Though a stranger, my presence seemed to be entirely ignored by all of them, even to the very pretty girl who was deftly waiting on the guests. Growing impatient at last, I rapped smartly on the well-worn deal table, and immediately the girl came dancing over to me. In all my life, I never beheld a more lovely creature. Her complexion was the purest pink and white. Her soft blue eyes had a most bewitching expression, perfectly indescribable, and such as I never met with before. Her light-brown hair fell in two braids down her back, and her short dress displayed a shapely foot and ankle. As she stood before me, with her head tipped coquettishly on one side, waiting for my order, I was so charmed with her marvelous beauty that I really forgot my hunger, until her question "What would mein Herr?" awoke me to consciousness, as it were.

What would I, indeed! With that vision of loveliness before my young and beauty-adoring eyes, it seemed almost a profanation to ask for bread and beer; but I managed to intimate that anything she might serve in the way of breakfast would be most acceptable. At this she skipped away, soon to return with a tray of cold meat, bread, cheese, and beer; and, spreading the viands, stood regarding me with an intentness that was quite embarrassing. I thought she might be waiting for the pay, so I drew out my purse; but she quickly touched my hand, saying: "No, mein Herr. No pay to-day—no pay."

"I'm a lucky fellow to come here to-day," I said, returning my purse to my pocket. "Your centennial, I understand?"

"Yes. Who told you?" she demanded, a little pertly, I thought.

"A young man I met as I came along."

"Ach! That was my brother."

"Your brother, was he?" I replied. "Yes, I think I can trace a family-likeness—very slight, to be sure; for you, fräulein, are the—"

"Ach, my poor Max!" she exclaimed, interrupting my burst of admiration. "He will be disappointed, I fear me."

"How so?" I asked.

"Ach, in not finding his lady-love; and, if he should not come back in time, how dreadful it would be! I should never see my poor dear Max again!"

"Indeed! Not see him again?" I exclaimed, in some surprise.

"No, mein Herr; not see him any more," she said, sorrowfully.

"Has he gone so far away as that, then?" I inquired.

"Yes, mein Herr. His lady-love lives—if she does live—more than ten miles away. Do you suppose he can return before midnight?"

"Twenty miles is a pretty long walk, to be sure," I answered; "but he appears to be a swift and strong pedestrian."

"Ach, mein Herr: love makes him strong—love makes him swift; but time is more swift and fate more strong. Ach, no: he cannot be here with his lady by midnight; and then I shall not see him any more." And her lovely face gained a new beauty—the beauty of sadness; but what would I not have done or given to comfort her?

"Oh, well," I said, in a reassuring way, "if he don't return to-night, he will be back to-morrow."

"To-morrow?" she replied, with a look of horror.

"Well, to be sure, he will be too late for the festival," I said; "but he will be home again, at all events—and, perhaps, bring you a sweet sister into the bargain."

She shook her head despondently. To divert her thoughts, I remarked that her food was excellent, and asked her if she was not surprised to see me eating so heartily. She smiled and shook her head again; and, seeming not to be in a hurry to quit my side, I inquired how, beside feasting they celebrated their centennial.

"Oh, there will be dancing on the green at noon, and a ball in this room in the evening," she answered.

"And I, a poor solitary wanderer," I said, looking at her appealingly, "can only be a silent spectator."

"Oh, no," she replied, with averted gaze and a slight blush; "you need be neither silent nor solitary."

My heart gave a great bound. What could she mean but to offer herself to me as my delightful companion for the day?

"If you think so, fräulein," I said, "then I am satisfied, and shall gladly share in your festivity. But there is only one that I should care to have for my partner."

She looked at me archly. "But you are a stranger; you have not seen our people."

"Very true," I replied, with as much expression as I could throw into my words and looks; "but I want to see no other. You are all I want," I said, impulsively catching her soft little hand, which she allowed me to retain an instant and then suddenly withdrew, glancing nervously round at the old bartender.

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"Your father?" I asked, nodding in the direction of the old man.

"Yes, mein Herr; and—"

"Don't say 'mein Herr,'" I whispered, grasping her hand again.

"What, then?"

"Say 'freund.'"

"Ach, Gott!" she exclaimed, twitching away her hand. "My father must not see. My father is terrible in anger."

I could well conceive it, from his fierce leonine aspect; and I pitied the poor child, from the bottom of my heart.

"Is your mother living?" I asked.

She shook her head, and tears filled her eyes.

"Stay a moment, fräulein," I said, as she turned away. "You haven't yet informed me who is to be my partner."

She looked at me reproachfully, as much as to say: "Why should you ask that question?"

"And, fräulein," I said, "I don't know your name."

"Nor I yours," she replied, with a little laugh.

I told her my name.

"Then you are not German?" she exclaimed.

"Oh, no."

"English?"

"No: American."

"American? I never before saw an American," she said, looking at me as a great curiosity. "You are as—" hesitating and blushing.

"As—"

"As white as we."

"And why not? Do you suppose I should be an Indian? I am of Anglo-Saxon blood, fräulein."

She shook her head, as if it was beyond her comprehension; then, after a moment's reflection, she asked:

"Are not your people fighting for their liberty?"

"Oh, we have gained it, generations ago," I answered.

She looked surprised and pleased.

"Oh, I am rejoiced, for your sake," she exclaimed. "Liberty must be sweet," glancing timidly toward her father.

"One word more, fräulein," I said: "you have not yet told me your name."

"What matters it?"

"Ah, but you have mine!"

She laughed roguishly. "Very well; I will tell you by and by," she said, skimming out of the room like a swallow.

Never was there a more pronounced case of love at first sight. She had captivated me, body and soul. She was the most charming creature I ever met, and I felt that it would be impossible for me to exist without her. The craving of appetite being satisfied, I lit a cigar, and sat back to observe what was going on, and await, with what patience I could, the return of my love; for my love she certainly was, if I understood my own heart. It must be remembered that, at that time, I was young and ardent and remarkably susceptible to female beauty.

The intensity with which the people around me appeared to be enjoying themselves was quite remarkable. They had none of the slow phlegmatic manner of villagers in general, and Germans in particular; but all seemed to be wonderfully alert and on the qui-vive, as if determined to get all they possibly could out of the occasion—to crowd the day with its full measure of happiness. I had time to note not only the people, but the place, which was even more quaint and antique than appeared at first.

It was a large low-studded room, and both ceiling and walls were of a rich chocolate-tint, the result, evidently, of age. There were several pictures round the walls—one of some ancient potentate with a crown on his head, and another that possibly represented the "Holy Family"; but both were so dim with smoke and neglect as to be hardly traceable. Over the mantel, was a stag's-head with wide-branching antlers, ingeniously made to serve the purpose of chandelier. In one corner ticked an ancient clock, whose hour-hand, slowly approaching noon, reminded me of the sports on the green, which I desired very much to witness. From the window, I could see the villagers, old and young, hurrying past; and, while interested in their odd appearance, I became aware of someone standing near me. I turned, and there was the pretty girl, with a coquettish little hat on the side of her head. "Ah, then; so you are going, too?" I exclaimed. She nodded assent.

"And may I have the pleasure of accompanying you?" I asked.

Again she nodded.

I placed my gun and pouch in a corner, and together we set out.

"You haven't yet told me your name," I said, as we walked along.

"My name is 'Gretchen'—'Margaret,' you know."

"Ah, I love that name."

She smiled and shook her head.

"I fancy that Goethe had just such a girl as you in his mind's eye, when he wrote his immortal drama, I said."

"Goethe? Who is Goethe?"

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"Goethe? Why, your greatest poet. Surely you have heard of the author of 'Faust.'"

She shook her head. "No, never."

"Is it possible? Nor of Schiller, either?"

She stopped suddenly, and looked at me in surprise. "Do you know him?" she asked.

"Whom?"

"Why, Herr Schiller."

"Oh, no; he died before I was born."

"What! Herr Schiller?"

"Certainly."

"Why, mein Herr—"

"Please call me 'Henri'."

She smiled and shook her head. She had a pretty way of shaking her head and smiling at the same time.

"But I mean to call you 'Margaret'," I said, taking her by the hand.

"'Gretchen' is better," she replied.

I pressed her hand gently. "What were you about to say of Schiller when I interrupted you, Gretchen?"

"Ach, Gott!" she sighed, with a most pitiful expression.

"You admire him, then? Which of his works do you most like?"

She looked indignant. "None! I hate him!"

"What! Schiller?"

"Even so—I hate him!"

"How strange!"

"Ah, if you but knew!"

"Why, yes: I should very much like to know the cause of your aversion to such a great genius as Schiller."

"You said he was dead. Ach! I wish he were. I do not—I cannot love him."

Suspecting that she must have someone else in her mind beside the author of "William Tell," I asked Gretchen if Herr Schiller lived in Wiederschen.

"Oh, yes; he is the richest man in the village. He is old. He has been a widower many years; but I cannot love him."

I began to suspect what was the trouble.

"But perhaps he loves you, Gretchen," I said.

"Loves me?" she cried, with a look of indignation. "How can he love?"

"Does he want to marry you?" I inquired.

"They want to sell me," she said, with a dramatic wave of her hand in the direction of the inn.

"I see: your father wants you to marry old Schiller. Is that how it is?" I asked.

"Of course."

"But you won't?"

"Ach, Gott! What can I do?"

Poor little thing, how I pitied her! I saw the whole matter: her selfish and tyrannical old father was about to sacrifice his lovely daughter on the altar of Mammon. Could I prevent the horrid crime—I, a poor student and a foreigner? At least, I should make the attempt; I was resolved on that.

We had, by this time, reached the green. It was a lovely spot—as smooth as velvet, and with a fine old wood at the further end. Groups of gayly-dressed young people were scattered about, and the musicians, at the foot of a stupendous old oak, were tuning their pipes preparatory to the dance. For myself, I felt no desire for dancing—my heart was too full of love for Gretchen, and my brain too busy with schemes for her rescue. I felt as if my life would not be worth living, without her. At all hazards, she must be mine. But it behooved us to act in such a way as not to excite suspicion, and so defeat my purpose in the outset. I asked Gretchen if Herr Schiller would be at the dance.

"Oh, no," she replied; "he is too old and rheumatic. But he will be at the ball, to-night; and he will claim me then, I suppose."

"By Jove! not if I can help it," I exclaimed.

She looked at me with a startled and timid expression.

"No, Gretchen; Herr Schiller will not have you, if I can help it—and I think I can," I said. "You tell me he is a widower. How old may he be?"

"Ach, Gott, I can't tell! He must be as old as my father: but he is rich, very rich," she replied, with a despondent shake of the head and a deep sigh.

"Tell me more about him. What is his business?" I asked.

"Ein bierbrauer. He drinks half the beer he brews, one would suppose: for he is always drunk. He may be so drunk, to-night, that he cannot come to the ball," she said, with a sly twinkle of the eye.

"I hope so, with all my heart," I replied. "Anyway, whether he shall be there or not, I will be there," I added, catching her hand and pressing it to my lips. Still holding the hand, we wandered far away from the merry dancers into the shade and stillness of the forest.

"Gretchen," I said, "I haven't much to offer you but myself. I have not the wealth of Herr Schiller; but I have as much love as he has—and youth, that he has not. Will you accept me as your lover?"

"Mein Herr—"

"No, call me 'Henri,'" I pleaded.

She shook her head sadly.

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"Gretchen, for God's sake, don't refuse me!"

"How can it be?" she asked, as if revolving the matter in her mind. "I must talk to Max. Oh, if Max should not come back!"

"If not to-night, dearest, will you not promise me to-morrow?" I implored, passionately.

I shall never forget the woeful expression of her face, as she echoed my last word: "To-morrow."

"Oh, Gretchen," I exclaimed, "if you would only give me some hope; I could wait for ages. Call me even 'Henri.'"

She walked along, with her head bent and her finger on her lip, as if to prevent it saying what the heart yearned to express. In a few moments, she paused, placed her hand lightly on my arm, and, with a look of infinite tenderness and love, whispered the name: "Henri." That instant, she was in my arms: she was mine.

When we came back to the green, the dancers had all dispersed, save a few children skipping about to the music of their own voices. I left Gretchen at her door, with the promise to meet again in the evening. In the meantime, I wandered about the village, revolving various schemes for snatching her from the clutches of Schiller. As the day wore on, the people appeared to become more and more excited, and the interest in their sports to become more and more intense. I had time and curiosity to note other peculiar features of this strange village. I saw no indication of business or traffic of any kind; nor had I yet seen one of the common domestic animals, if there were any—dog, cat, or fowl. Neither did I meet with cow, horse, or sheep. In the grass-grown streets, I observed no print of hoof nor rut of wheel; and what the people ever did, beside enjoy themselves, was nowhere apparent. I resolved to inquire into the cause of all this singularity, the first opportunity.

When I came to the church of the village, I found the door open—as, indeed, were the doors of every house I passed. The interior looked cool and inviting, and, feeling a little fatigued, I walked in; but, in all my travels, I never saw such a musty, dusty, mildewed old place of worship It was more like an enormous tomb than a church, and its dim religious light would have satisfied "El Penseroso" himself. At first, I supposed the seats were upholstered with thin gray cushions; but, on further examination, it proved to be a thick coating of dust! And the floor, so soft to my tread, was carpeted with the same volatile material. Full of surprise and disgust, I turned to leave, when, in passing through the belfry, I caught sight of a remarkable-looking figure—a gaunt old man, his head and face covered with long white hair, through which a pair of singularly eager bright eyes gazed at me. He stood as silent and motionless as a statue, his large bony hands grasping the bell-rope. At first, I was really startled with the apparition; but, summoning courage, I stepped up to it, and was almost inclined to address it in the language of Hamlet:

"Bringest thou airs from heaven, or blasts from hell?"

But, as I thought I detected a thoroughly human and even good-natured twinkle in the eyes, I said: "You are the sexton, I suppose?"

The figure nodded its head.

"I am sorry," I said, "I cannot compliment you on the appearance of your church. One would suppose it had not been dusted for at least a hundred years."

It shook its head.

"And this, I suppose, is the only church in the village?"

It nodded its head.

"Then your people must expect to reach heaven by a less dusty road," I remarked, jocosely.

It shook its head.

"How many years is it since a congregation gathered beneath this roof?" I asked; for I was eager for information concerning the place.

The old man—as I suppose I must call him, spectral as he was—stared at me as if unable to comprehend my meaning. "Possibly he is deaf," I thought. Remembering that the following day was Sunday, I shouted: "Will there be services here to-morrow?"

But only a ghostly echo answered back—"To-morrow!"

A few seconds longer the venerable sexton kept his eyes fixed on me, and then, turning to a narrow lancet-window, so mutted with dust and cobwebs that the rays of the setting sun could scarcely struggle through, he watched till the last faint pencil of light had disappeared. He then grasped the rope, and, bending almost to the floor, brought forth out of the rusty gearing, away up in the belfry, a most dismal shriek, followed by a deep and solemn "Boom! boom!"

Again he pulled, and again came those weird and awful tones, sounding to me like "Doom! doom!"

"She speaks! she speaks!" exclaimed the sexton, finding his voice at last—and a strange, boyish, gleeful voice it was, not at all like what might be expected from such a venerable personage. "She knows I'm here!"

"Who?" I demanded, glad to find this a being with whom I could converse. "Who knows you are here?"

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"Die Glocke! Hark!" he exclaimed, giving a mighty pull. "Listen to that! Could you not hear that voice leagues away? Could you not?"

"Doubtless," I replied. "But tell me how often you ring the bell."

"How often?"

"Yes; how many times a day?"

"At sunrise, noon, sunset, midnight. Did you not hear her to-day?"

"No; I didn't enter the village till after sunrise long enough."

"Well, but at noon?"

"At noon? At noon, I was far away in the wald beyond the green."

"But you could hear her in the wald. You were listening to some other voice," said the old man, slyly.

"Ah! yes, indeed!" I replied. "A much sweeter one than your dismal tocsin, be assured."

"No! there is no sweeter voice than that of Die Glocke. Listen to this! It will be the last before midnight." And again came the doleful "Doom! doom!" making my flesh creep and my blood run cold. I could endure it no longer. There was something so weird and uncanny about the place that I quitted it with a shudder.

When I reached the tavern, I found the large room already well filled, the tables being removed and the chairs set against the wall. Gretchen was not present, and I could perceive no one that seemed to be my "hated rival," Herr Schiller. A young man tended the bar, whom I recognized as Max—the father, probably, needing rest. Max himself looked fatigued, as he well might after his twenty-mile walk. So far, however, things seemed favorable for us: Gretchen's brother was home; the father asleep, perhaps; and Herr Schiller under the influence of his own brew. When the company should become excited with the dance, surely it would be easy for us to slip out and effect our escape from the village.

Soon the music struck up, and the dancers took their places, entering with astonishing vigor into the spirit of the occasion.

As the hands of the solemn old clock crept toward the hour of eleven, and I yet could see nothing of my love, I grew impatient and apprehensive. "What if Herr Schiller, the horrible gouty old reprobate, had already taken her off?" I conjectured.

But no: precisely at eleven o'clock, I saw, to my great delight, Gretchen making her way toward me. She looked pale and excited; and, when I grasped her hand, it felt cold and clammy.

"Are you not well, my love?" I inquired, anxiously.

"Oh, yes. I have come to dance with you," she frankly replied.

I passed my arm around her trim waist and pressed her gently to my side. "So Max has come," I said.

"He has—yes."

"Have you spoken with him yet?"

"Yes. He has not brought his lady-love. Poor Max!"

"Why?"

"Ach! he could not find her. No one knew of her."

"Very strange."

"Poor Max!"

"Has he come?"

"Who?"

"Herr Schiller."

"No, he has not come. We will dance before he comes."

"But when he does come?"

"I suppose he will look for me."

"And then?"

"We shall be far away. Come, let us join in the dance."

In an instant, we were spinning round the room. But, as for me, my thoughts were by no means in harmony with the music, however correctly my feet may have kept time to it. No: they were centred entirely on the lovely creature who was so soon to be mine; for I doubted not we could easily effect our escape.

We had not been dancing more than fifteen or twenty minutes, when Gretchen seized my hand, and drew me eagerly through the wildly-excited crowd to the open door.

"Come! come!" she cried, almost pulling me along.

I grasped my gun and pouch, and followed her out the door and along the deserted street. The night was calm and serene, the deep-blue heaven sprinkled with countless throbbing stars. With my lovely guide still holding my hand, we hastened out of the village by the way I had entered. She seemed unwilling to converse, answering me only in breathless monosyllables—her chief desire and purpose being, apparently, to get away as speedily as possible.

We were soon beyond the village; and, leaving the road, Gretchen led me across a stubbly field to a great rock near the edge of a dense wood. Pointing to a ledge or cavity some feet above my head, she told me to climb up to it.

"But how can you reach it?" I asked, perplexedly.

"No matter. I must go back. You will soon hear the bells. Wiederschen!"

Saying this, she waved her hand and fled

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back over the field, disappearing from sight in the direction of the village, the lights of which I could plainly see, from my lofty perch.

Not a little bewildered by Gretchen's action, I could only sit with my eyes fixed on the twinkling lights and wait.

It was not long before I heard the bell in the old church. I counted twelve; and, at the twelfth stroke, every light in the village instantly disappeared, and what seemed a white fog or vapor suddenly spread itself all over the place.

I grew extremely anxious for the return of Gretchen; and though, in my constrained position, my limbs were beginning to ache, I dared not leave the rock, fearing lest, in the darkness, I might lose sight of it, and perhaps never meet my darling girl again.

It was the longest and dreariest night I ever spent in my life: I thought daylight would never come. My teeth chattered with cold and anxiety, and my clothing was saturated with dew: but it was not till the first rays of the sun shot above the distant hills that I dared venture from the rock. I crossed the stubble-field, and trotted down the road toward the village, but soon found myself mired in a swamp or morass. Retracing my steps, I struck off in another direction, under the supposition that somehow I had missed my way. But nowhere could I find any trace or sign of a human habitation.

Faint, weary, and heartsick, I was just about to fling myself down by the roadside, when I saw a man approaching, in the garb of a peasant.

"My good man," I said, as he came near, "I have lost my way. Can you tell me in what direction is Wiederschen? I've been looking for it ever since sunrise."

"Wiederschen?" he exclaimed, in amazement.

"Yes. I am anxious to reach it as soon as possible. I spent the day there, yesterday," I said.

"In Wiederschen?"

"Yes, yes," I answered, impatiently. "In which direction does it lie from this?"

"Ach, Gott! you will never see Wiederschen."

"Never see it? What do you mean?"

"I mean, you will never see it—unless you live a hundred years longer. Wiederschen! Why, yonder swamp is Wiederschen. The village appears only once in a hundred years, and then for only twentyfour hours. No: you will never see Wiederschen again—never! never!"

TWO PAIRS OF HANDS.

BY R. C. PARKS.

Dainty, and small, and white,
Beautiful hand.
Made to wear diamond rings,
And to toy with the costly fan,
Lying so listless and frail,
Like thistledown,
Into a mossy bed,
By zephyrs blown.

Made to be petted and kissed,
Made for the mansion-home.
Away from the busy world,
Where trials come,
Forth from the mystic keys,
Wonderful melodies fall,
Awakened by beautiful hands,
Dainty and small.

Shapeless, and large, and strong,
Sunbrowned hands.
Made for the workday-life,
On other stands.
Made, through this journey here,
Part of the burden to bear.
Made for the cottage-home,
And the lot of the poor to share.

And yet, who could justly judge
The highest worth of these hands?
Sunbrowned, and large, and strong,
Or the ones with golden bands.

THE BROKEN THORN.

BY MINNIE C. BALLARD.

In a garden I roamed one day,
At the time the sweet flowers were born,
And I saw and loved a lilywhite rose,
But under its leaves was a thorn.

And so, though the rose was fair,
And I longed for it night and morn,
I dared not reach out my hand to take,
For fear of the wound of the thorn.

At last, all blinded with tears,
Made bold by my love so forlorn,
I seized and I clasped the lilywhite rose,
And lo! broken had hung the thorn.

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A PAIR OF DRAGONS.

BY ADELAIDE MERRIMAN.

I was forty, and my sister Elizabeth forty-three. We had a handsome income, and thought we would go to New Orleans, especially as the Exposition had just opened.

When we unfolded our plan for traveling to our married sister, Matilda, she said:

Oh, then, I shall let you take Mabel with you. The child has nearly worried the very life out of me. Only last night, she was escorted home from school by five young men—or boys, I suppose I should say. Think of it, and she barely seventeen. They are continually sending her flowers and candy, and I opened one of her school-books, the other day, and found it full of silly sentimental notes. It was the ruination of Mabel, my letting her go to the seashore, last summer, with George's sister Lizzie. You know she hasn't a grain of sense, and she let Mabel receive attention just as if she were a young lady, and out in society. The child actually came home and told me she had had a proposal. I declare, my hair fairly stood on end, when I had fancied her playing in the sand and romping with the other children."

To make a long story short, we started for New Orleans, with Mabel in charge, before the week was out. The night before we set off, Mabel nestled up to me, saying:

"Now, Aunt Roxy, you know you have always been my friend, and you must not believe all mamma says about me. Think of poor little me, going away off down there, in the clutches of two cross old dragons. I know you too well, though; you are going to let me do just as I please, and help me to have as good a time as I possibly can. As for my being too young, that is nonsense. Do you know I am almost eighteen? I will tell you another secret, too, if you will never tell, not even Aunt Elizabeth. Only last week, I was engaged. Now talk about my being too young."

"Mabel, my child!" I exclaimed, feeling myself turn pale, "can it be possible that you, a mere infant, are engaged to be married, while your father and mother don't know it?"

I was so distressed that Mabel's face grew sober at once, and she hurriedly said:

"Oh! I am not engaged now, auntie, and I never once thought of getting married. I was only engaged for a week, and that was on account of Maude Burlingham. She is engaged to Gus Whitehouse, and she's younger than I am, and she put on such insufferable airs, and bragged so about it, that Joe Huntington and I agreed to be engaged for a week, just to take her down. She can't boast any more now, for I have been engaged, and broken it off, and returned the ring. Just crushed her entirely, you see. Joe borrowed one of his sister's diamond rings for me to wear; but Maude did not know it, and she fairly turned green when she first saw it, for her engagement-ring is only a little old pearl, and a dirty-looking pearl at that. We all tease her by saying that Gus found it in his oyster-soup, and had it set for her. There is somebody, though—"

Just then, sister Elizabeth came to look for me, and Mabel's astonishing confidences were brought to a close.

The next day, we started. The motion of the cars always had a soothing effect upon Elizabeth, and she was soon dozing in the corner. I was about to follow her example, when my attention was attracted to Mabel, who sat facing me. She seemed to be committing to memory the book she was reading—a copy of "Marcus Aurelius" Elizabeth had given to her as "improving"—as she would frequently glance off her book, letting her gaze rest upon something behind me. Then she would suddenly drop her eyelids, and again seem deeply interested in the volume. Yet there was something in these glances—a demureness and brief showing of dimples—that made me suspicious, and caused me to glance over my shoulder, the next time Mabel raised her eyes

A very handsome young man sat behind me, facing Queen Mab. He was apparently reading a newspaper; but he, too, seemed to be committing something to memory. At any rate, his brown eyes were visible over the top of his paper, every time Mabel glanced from her book.

Here was something which must be stopped at once. I could be firm when circumstance demanded it, and I was firm on this occasion.

"Mabel," said I, leaning forward, "I want you to change seats with me." I spoke sternly. She glanced at me, and saw I was in earnest. With a saucy little pout, and a farewell glance in the direction of the newspaper, she obeyed.

Presently, the young lady complained of being

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very sleepy. She proposed, therefore, to take a little nap in the opposite section, which no one occupied. I assented, but was careful to accompany her. But instead of composing herself to a nap, she looked up mischievously, after a while.

"See!" she said, "see Aunt Elizabeth. Would you ever have thought her capable of such a thing? To pretend to go to sleep, in order to get us out of the way, and then to scrape an acquaintance with a strange young man. She can never say anything to me, after this."

Mabel's eyes were fairly dancing with fun. I looked in the direction she indicated, and then rubbed my eyes and looked again. I thought, at first, I must be dreaming. There was my staid and sober sister Elizabeth, engaged in animated conversation with the owner of the newspaper and handsome brown eyes!

Mabel happened to glance at my face: which, I suppose, wore a look of positive horror. She burst out laughing once more.

"Oh, you needn't be worried about Aunt Elizabeth," she said. "He wants to get acquainted with me," she continued, with unblushing candor. "Isn't he clever, to manage aunt so nicely? Now, in less than an hour, I will be introduced to him, and, when we reach New Orleans, we will have had a jolly little flirtation. I will tell you all about it, auntie, and you will enjoy it almost as much as I will."

"Mabel, my dear child, he is a perfect stranger," I cried: "you know nothing about him. Why, he may be a gambler or burglar—a-a-anything. Promise me to have nothing to do with him. Only last week, I read—"

"Nonsense, auntie. Aunt Elizabeth would not talk to a gambler or burglar. Now, don't you worry: anyone with such lovely eyes cannot help but be nice."

I felt quite powerless; and, in less than an hour, Mabel was introduced to the stranger—introduced by my own sister, at that. Elizabeth was charmed with the young man.

"He is delightful—a young divinity-student," she said to me, later on. "He is traveling on account of his health. He is really the most intelligent young man I ever met. I should never have allowed Mabel to speak to him, had it been otherwise. I dropped one of my books in the aisle," continued my sister, "and he sprang up and restored it to me. As he did so, he glanced at the title. I was reading Ruskin, and he said he could not help speaking to me when he saw I was perusing one of his favorite authors. He said it was so seldom that he met a lady who could appreciate Ruskin, and that it was a rare treat to converse with one who enjoyed the beautiful ideas embodied in his works. He is such a charming conversationalist, I quite forgot he was a stranger. However, I flatter myself I am a judge of character; and he is no ordinary young man, depend upon it. I told him of our young charge, and he said he had a most excellent course of reading marked out, which would be just the thing for Mabel. Really, for Mabel to be thrown with such a companion will be of great benefit to her. I hope she will remember and profit by his conversation."

I happened to be seated nearer Mabel and the divinity-student—Read was his name—than my sister. I caught scraps of the conversation, now and then. It struck me as being anything but edifying. I wondered, also, how a divinity-student came to have such an intimate knowledge of the german and the theatre.

By the time we reached New Orleans, Mr. Read evidently considered himself a member of our party. Sister Elizabeth and Mabel were quite infatuated; but I always felt a little doubtful in regard to him. Yet I confess that he was of great assistance to us in arranging a mistake about our rooms, in New Orleans—a fact of which my sister always reminded me when anything was said against Mr. Read.

The morning after our arrival, we went to the Exposition. Mr. Read accompanied us, quite as a matter of course. If he had not assured us to the contrary, I should have been convinced that he had visited the Exposition before, such intimate knowledge did he seem to have of everything, and so easily did he guide us from one place of interest to another. We were just emerging from the building devoted to Mexican exhibits, when Mabel darted away from us, exclaiming:

"There are Randolph King and Harry Church."

She was enthusiastically shaking hands with two young men, before we could utter a word. One of them was a stranger to me; but Randolph King was the son of an old and dear friend, and I had been quite intimately acquainted with him from the time he was a small "shaver" in knickerbockers. I must confess, I was almost as glad to see him as was Mabel.

As we went out, Randolph King dropped back beside me. I saw he wanted to speak confidentially, and gradually slackened my pace.

"Where did you pick up Read?" he asked, in a low voice, nodding in the direction of the young man, who was walking beside Mabel.

"We did not pick him up: he attached himself to us, as it were," I responded. "But what, pray, do you mean? Is there anything wrong about him?"

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"No; nothing wrong, to my knowledge: only he doesn't exactly belong to Mabel's set."

"No, I suppose not," I said, innocently. "He is studying for the ministry, and of course does not go out into society much."

"Studying for the ministry?" cried Randolph, with a sniff of scorn. "Did he tell you he was studying for the ministry? If that is not just like him! He never studied for the ministry in his life. He is a drummer for a tobacco-house at present, and he was expelled from college for knocking a professor down, one night, when he had taken a drop or so too much."

I really felt quite faint, at this revelation. We were nice chaperones, indeed. Matilda had done well in trusting her lovely daughter to our care.

"What shall we do to get rid of him?" I asked, in trembling tones. "He has deceived Elizabeth entirely. She thinks him the most intelligent young man she ever met."

"You can do nothing now; but, when you leave New Orleans, you need not mention your intended departure to him, and can easily give him the slip."

I resolved to follow Randolph's advice. We would only stay three days in New Orleans, instead of a week, as we had planned. We would leave without informing anyone of our intention. I concluded not to tell Elizabeth of the baseness of her protégé, fearing her wrath might find vent in an explosion. I sought an interview with Mabel, however, and laid before her my awful discovery. She received the intelligence in the calmest possible manner.

"I knew it all along," she said. "It wasn't his fault about the college-scrape, and I am sure the tobacco-business is as good as any other. He told me he did not mean to tell that story about his studying for the ministry; but, from something Aunt Elizabeth said, he could not resist, knowing it would fix him 'so solid,' he said. I think it's a good joke, and that he is as jolly as can be."

I fairly groaned. We must escape to Florida as soon as possible, that was very evident: especially as we returned from the Exposition, the next night, reinforced by two more young men—Seymour Johnson and Dick Guy—whom Mabel had met at the seashore, the summer before. They all took their meals at the Saint Charles Hotel, and they persisted in waiting in the parlor for us, so we all could breakfast and dine at the same time. Oh, if Matilda could behold us, I thought, with a shudder, when we filed into the dining-room—Elizabeth, Mabel, and I—with five young men bringing up the rear, and a constant danger of more reinforcement.

I took Elizabeth aside, after dinner, and laid the whole thing before her, with the exception of Mr. Read's perfidy. She, too, decided that flight was the best thing. We determined to start the next morning. There were some little arrangements we could not very well make ourselves, however. I concluded to take Randolph King into our confidence, for he undoubtedly would gladly assist us in our departure, I said.

The next morning, not without some rebelling on the part of Mabel, we found ourselves in the carriage, speeding away toward the depot and the train that was to bear us to Florida. As the carriage drew up before the station, we saw Randolph King on the platform. He sprang forward and opened the carriage-door. As he led us to the waiting-room, he whispered in my ear:

"I am going with you. I have stolen a march on all the others. Of course, you didn't want them along; but I knew you wouldn't mind me, as I can be of great assistance to you on your journey."

I was a little startled at his audacity, but felt rather relieved, on the whole. He certainly could help us, and then he was such a favorite of mine. We would enjoy ourselves much more with his companionship—of that I felt assured.

I could not help a start of dismay, however, when the first person I saw, on entering the waiting-room, was Mr. Read: who came forward, his face wreathed with smiles, and blandly offered to check our luggage, buy our tickets, or perform any other little service of a like nature.

"How did he know we were going?" I said, in an aside to Elizabeth.

"I told him," replied my sister, serenely. "I knew that we should need the aid of a gentleman in getting off, and that he would be only too glad to help us. I wonder how that dandified King came to be at the station, though?"

I made no reply. I felt completely crushed. But I resolved to tell Elizabeth all about her divinity-student of the tobacco-house at the first opportunity. I was not surprised when he calmly announced that he, too, was going with us. After the train started, however, I almost had a turn when Messrs. Johnson, Church, and Guy strolled in from the smoking-car, each expressing great astonishment at seeing us, and remarking on what a singular coincidence it was that we all should have taken the same train. There was treachery somewhere. And was Mabel, who sat there the very picture of childlike candor and innocence, the traitor? That was

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a question which sister Elizabeth and I were quite able to answer. I could only gaze from the car-window in utter despair. There was but one consoling feature in the whole affair, and that was that we left before another day at the Exposition had added more reinforcements.

Elizabeth, too, began to look exceedingly grim. She was wondering what Matilda would say, could she behold what manner of chaperones we had proved to be. Mabel was getting quite beyond our control. I discovered, before long, that the young men were taking turns in conversing with Elizabeth and myself; and, while our attention was thus engaged, Mabel chatted and smiled and giggled with the others, in a way that almost drove me distracted.

The woeful time that we had in Jacksonville makes me shudder now, every time I think of it. I informed Elizabeth, as soon as we arrived, of Mr. Read's duplicity, and she was filled with wrath and indignation. She looked, henceforth, on all young men as base deceivers, and we both endeavored never to leave Mabel for an instant. In spite of our resolve, however, in some mysterious manner she would slip away, to stroll first with this one, and then with that. She was having a glorious time, she said. It was impossible to make her retire at a seasonable hour. There was a hop, or moonlight boating-party, or serenade, or something, every night. Elizabeth and I became perfectly exhausted for lack of sleep. We resolved to flee to St. Augustine. But our flight thither was similar to our flight from New Orleans.

Five young men stood leaning over the railing of the boat, awaiting us, when we drove up to the wharf; and that trip on the St. John River, from Jacksonville to St. Augustine, lovely as it is, was one of the most anxious journeys I ever undertook. Queen Mab was perfectly incorrigible. Elizabeth began to discuss the project of locking her in her room, but reflected that it would do but little good, with five devoted knights waiting to rescue her.

When we reached the quaint old town, we explored it in a body. We walked on the sea-wall, a long-drawn-out procession of eight. Eight of us filed into the old fort, and heard the sergeant's story. Mabel was presented with five sea-beans, five shark-teeth, five sets of fish-scale jewelry, five fancy braided-straw hats, five infant alligators, to say nothing of the immense bouquets of roses that were literally showered upon her.

"I am having the best time I ever had in my life," she cried. "You were such dear good aunties, to bring me with you."

Elizabeth glanced at me, and I glanced at Elizabeth. Those glances spoke volumes.

The next afternoon, we visited the interesting old fort once more. Queen Mab had donned her best array, and I had never seen her look so bewitching. She was fairly overflowing with fun and merriment. I could not but watch the skillful way in which she smiled on one, spoke a word to a second, gave a rose to a third, allowed a fourth to carry her shawl, and a fifth to assist her over rough places.

What will Matilda ever do with her, I wondered, if she possesses such skill while yet a school-girl?

We spent some time wandering around the old ruin. The view from the walls of the fortress was so beautiful that I forgot Mabel, after a time, and stood gazing over the blue sparkling waters, quite lost in reverie. This reverie was rudely broken by my niece, who came rushing up and crying:

"Auntie, come quickly," caught me by the hand, and hastened me toward the entrance of the fort, only pausing to beckon excitedly to Elizabeth, who was following with a dazed look on her face. She hurried us both in the direction of our carriage, and fairly pushed us into it.

"Drive to the hotel, as fast as your horses will go!" she called to the driver, who obeyed before we could ask the meaning of our flight. Mabel's cheeks were red as fire, and I saw she was greatly excited.

"Child!" I exclaimed, with a feeling of terror in my heart, "tell me, at once, what has happened."

"Why, nothing, auntie," she cried, laughing rather hysterically. "Nothing at all. It is only a joke, and such a good joke, you see, to start off like this, and go back to the hotel. How surprised they will be when they cannot find us. Such fun, you know, to make them hunt for us."

"I do not think it a joke, Mabel," I began, "but a very impolite—"

Here sister Elizabeth stopped me, saying grimly: "For goodness' sake, if the child has come to her senses at last, and is running away from them, instead of chasing after them, don't stop her, I beg."

I was about to reply; but Mabel gave me a beseeching look, and I said nothing. I knew, then, that there was something more in our flight than a mere joke. I followed Mabel to her room, when we reached the hotel. She closed and locked the door after us, and then turned and threw her arms around my neck. I could feel her trembling from head to foot.

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"Oh! auntie," she moaned, "I have done such an awful thing! I don't know what you will think of me; but I must tell you about it. I didn't mean anything. I have only been in fun all along, and they are—are—so silly, you know. They all proposed to me—yes, every single one of them."

I reached out, rather feebly, and grasped a chair for support, bracing myself as well as I could, for what might come next.

"Of course, I didn't care a straw for any of them." I breathed a sigh of relief at this. "But I wanted to have some fun, you know, and so—so I kept putting them off. Finally, it was hard to manage them, and I thought I would play a nice little joke on them. I did not think they would mind it, and get so furious. I never intended anything serious, you know; but oh! auntie, it is so dreadful," and she burst into tears.

"Go on, Mabel; this is no time for crying," I said, as sternly as I could, though I was trembling almost as much as the child herself.

"I—I told them all I would answer them to-day," my niece continued, tearfully. "I told each one the same thing. I know now it was wr-wrong; but I told each of them to meet me, at four o'clock, in that dungeon, not the one where the skeleton was found—of course I would not choose such an awful place as that—but another one. I was to give my final answer then, and, of course, each thought himself the favorite, and that I meant to slip away from the others, to answer him especially. I intended to get you and Aunt Elizabeth, and steal away from the fort, about half-past three; but I could not find you, and Mr. Read and Seymour Johnson went to the dungeon too soon, and I don't know what they said, or how much they found out; but I heard them using dreadfully rough language, and then Dick Guy went in, and I heard Read say something about shooting. That was when I came after you. They were terribly angry with each other, and— Oh! auntie," and the tears flowed forth afresh, "suppose they did shoot each other! It would be all my fault, and I could never be happy again, as long as I live. Please, please, auntie, get into the carriage, and hurry back. Tell them I did not mean anything, and how sorry I am, just crying my eyes out. Do go, auntie: don't wait a moment. If they all kill each other, I shall die!"

She hurried me toward the door, sobbing as if her heart would break, and pushed me into the hall. In a dazed bewildered manner, I called a carriage, and found myself on the way to the old fort again, hardly knowing what had come to pass. As my scattered senses returned, I began to reflect upon my alarming position. Here was I, a maiden lady of uncertain years, rushing off to prevent a duel, or a possible massacre, of five wrathful young men, who were bent on shooting each other to pieces. What was I to do? Was it my duty to rush in between the leveled weapons, in the approved stage-manner? I hoped not, reflecting that my chance of escaping from five bullets would be small indeed. If I did come off unharmed, what was I to say to them? Would it relieve their wounded dignity to tell them it was only a practical joke, perpetrated by my playful niece? Once more the dire thought of Matilda returned. It would be bad enough, horrible enough, to have one duel fought on her daughter's account; but to have five victims—words failed to express the awfulness of that. The carriage drew up before the fort and stopped.

Trembling like a leaf, fearing every moment to hear the sound of oaths—or, worse yet, the sharp crack of firearms—I entered. But few sightseers lingered. I thoroughly explored the fort, from the highest tower to the deepest dungeon. There was no sign of the wrathful suitors. With a relief too great to be expressed, I returned to the hotel.

Queen Mab was curled up in a most dismal little heap on the bed, shivering and sobbing by turns. I told her all there was to tell; but it was far from consoling her. The sun had given Elizabeth a headache, so I was the only member of our party at dinner, that night. It looked like a bad omen, to me, that none of the young men appeared. I was restless and uneasy, and, after leaving the dining-room, strolled out on the gallery. A moment later, I saw Randolph King approaching. I noticed, as he came near, that his face wore a very sober expression. I did not wait for him to begin.

"Randolph," I cried, "do tell me if that child's foolishness will result in any real harm? I assure you, I am nearly distracted about it."

"You know it all, then?" said Randolph. I nodded, while he continued: "She has been very imprudent, and—"

"But tell me," I interrupted: "is the quarrel very serious? Is there any danger of bloodshed?"

"Bloodshed?" cried Randolph. "No, indeed. Read ordered Johnson to leave the dungeon, at the fort, and, as he objected, they had a quarrel in consequence; but, when the others came in, and everything was explained, they—Read and Johnson—began to talk about Mabel in a very shabby way, and swore they would get even with

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her. I spoke up, and said that Mabel was nothing but a little school-girl, and that they should pay no attention to it; but they are quite cut up about it, and I think that the best thing you can do is to take Mabel away from here at once."

"I am worried beyond measure that it should have happened," I returned. "We shall leave here early to-morrow morning. Poor Mabel, she seems quite crushed: she never once thought of the probable consequence, and she has almost cried her eyes out of her head about it."

Randolph's face changed, and a tender expression came into his eyes.

"Poor little girl," he said, in a low voice. Then he drew himself up, saying resolutely: "Do you know that I mean to marry Mabel, some day?"

"Why, Randolph!" I exclaimed.

"I do," he persisted. "I know Mabel is only a school-girl now, and she has been very foolish, too; but I love her—love her very dearly. We are both too young, I suppose, to think of engagement or marriage at present; but I shall never give her up unless I see her married to someone else: though I am not much afraid of that, because I shall make her love me. You mark my words, and see if, some day, you do not have me for a nephew."

I was quite overwhelmed with the audacity of the young fellow, who stood there so resolutely before me; but he looked so handsome and manly, and determined withal, that I could not help myself, and cried enthusiastically:

"I hope you will, Randolph: for nothing would please me better. And oh! I know it is dreadful in me, when Matilda trusted Mabel to my charge, and told me not to let her speak to a young man; but I cannot help it. I shall always be your friend; and, if I ever have a chance to speak a good word for you, I know I shall speak it. You can be sure of at least one hearty 'Bless you, my children.'"

Randolph grasped my hand, and gave it a tremendous squeeze. It fairly brought the tears to my eyes: but I endured it with Spartan firmness.

We started for home the next day. Mabel was so subdued, that I hoped the lesson had done her some good. There was but one thing which seemed to revive her drooping spirit. Just as the train was leaving the depot at St. Augustine, a boy appeared, bearing a large box directed to her; and no sooner was the cover removed than the car was filled with the odor of the great bunches of roses, violets, and orange-blossoms it contained. No card was enclosed, but both Mabel and I recognized the writing of Randolph King on the wrapper; and I smiled to myself, as I noted that the orange-blossoms seemed to predominate.

We restored Mabel to the arms of her mother; and, then and there, both Elizabeth and I registered a solemn vow that never again, under any circumstance, would we undertake to play the part of dragons.

Mabel is much changed, since her return home. A year and a half have passed, and she is now nineteen. The other day, I found a sprig of orange-blossoms carefully pressed in her favorite copy of "Lucile," and was not surprised to see her come to me, yesterday, and confess, with many blushes, that she was going to marry Randolph King. I took her in my arms and kissed her, saying:

"My dear, I am so glad. Of all the young men I know, he has the most character, and seems to me the most worthy of a woman's love."

I am sure, indeed, he will make her happy. Only a masterful man, such as he is, can ever manage our irrepressible Mabel. Certain it is, no single dragon of a chaperone can: nay, as Elizabeth and I know, to our cost, not even a PAIR OF DRAGONS.

QUATRAINS.

BY BRAINERD P. EMERY.

LOVE.

SWEET roses hold love's quiver,
With which to hide its darts;
The roses fade and wither,
The darts transfix our hearts.

FEAR.

I feel above me, in the air,
Are spirits from another world,
With eyes of wild unrest, and hair
Unbound and by the night-wind whirled.

ADVERSITY.

Upon the ground lies naught but snow,
And yet next May the rose will blow.
The snow lies cold, but cannot blast,
The flowers break through the snow at last.

BIRTH.

With what surprise the sun looked in
Upon thy natal morning;
He thought the fairest flower of earth
Had oped its leaves at dawning.

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THE ADVENTURES OF A CAT.

BY A. M. EWELL.

CHAPTER I.

THERE was, once on a time, a Philosopher, who dwelt pretty much all alone, in a little house in the country, with no living things about him but an old servant-woman and a Cat. He was grave and dignified and wise-looking; he had a contempt for all women and most men; he never expressed any pleasure at anything, or very much displeasure; did not care greatly what he ate or drank; used to walk with hands behind him and bent brows; was given to meditation, and used to write down his meditations, too—yea, and to copy them off and send them out into the Great World for folk to profit by. He was fond of reading big, solid, dreadfully tough books.

The Cat was worthy of his great master; a big splendid creature, with long glossy fur, milk-white from head to tail, with eyes not yellowish, like some cats have, but a clear gooseberry-green. As to catching mice, I don't know about that. Such a vulgar amusement could not be to his taste; but, mice or no mice, the Cat was a most charming companion. "Ah, most convenient of pets!" The Philosopher would say, when, tired of reading, writing, or thinking, he sat stroking The Cat; for, strange to say, though he studied to conceal the fact, he was really an affectionate Philosopher. He would say, thou carest not two straws for me, I know, but what of that? Since affection breeds half the trouble in this world, we'll have none of it, my Cat. I give thee victuals and warmth—thou givest me thy fur for stroking, and thy soothing purr—and, though my heart holds a higher niche than thou canst fill, we'll be content."

But even such a cat is sometimes troublesome, even such wise men subject to ill-temper. One night, The Cat was sleeping on the sofa-pillow, and The Philosopher laid his head, in the dark, right down on the poor thing's body. There was a sudden yell, an out-darting of claws, a very naughty word from The Philosopher. The Cat had scratched his master on the cheek, who took The Cat by the neck, shook him as viciously as any common person may have done, and chucked him out of the window straightway.

"Me-e-w!" said The Cat, piteously, pressing hard against the glass. "Me-e-w! le-m-in!" But The Philosopher had lighted a lamp, and was washing the blood from his face.

"Confound you—get away! s-scat!" he said, just as you or I may have done, for all his philosophy; and the poor Cat presently did get down and get away—away out into the gray night.

It was a warm October night, real Indian-summer weather, with the stars shining like yellow diamonds in a purple-gray hazy sky. The southwest wind blew softly, the streams sang with full voice—and it was, in truth, a beautiful night, pleasant for rambles of cats or human-kind. Our Cat went on, straight away from home, as if resolved to leave forever. He went on and on till he presently came to a little house in a hollow, near which stood another very little house, a pigsty, a fodder-stack, and some trees, and here The Cat paused to look about him. A light and sound of voices came from the little house; the very little house hard-by was dark. But by the door was a deep spring, and the water seemed to run from it right under the very little house. With a soft ripple it ran, making low music, and The Cat, going close to listen, no doubt, found the door ajar.

"Aha!" thought he, "this is evidently one of those storehouses or dairies, wherein are kept milk, butter, and cream for the use of cats. The smell is inviting—I will go in."

A roll of butter was his first course; he ate half of it, then lapped cream from several pans of milk, knocking off the wooden tops very cleverly, then came to the large jar of cream for churning—a feast indeed. This was covered with a bit of board, and on that a stone; His Catship clawed and pushed hard, harder, till both cover and stone fell off splashing.

The jar stood open, The Cat fell to with a will, but not to enjoy in peace. For just then came a great racket from the larger house; the door flew open, and out came half a dozen people.

"Run! run! something's in the spring-house," cried one voice. "Let's go see."

"No, no; don't go. Robbers! tramps! We'll all be murdered in cold blood," bawls another.

"Oh, save my butter! Get the gun—the shovel—a kettle of hot water," wails a third.

"Nonsense," cries a fourth: "I'm not afraid. I'm going right in. Give me the lantern—here. My gracious alive!"

They were all women, and all screamed out at seeing The Cat, and what he had done. They

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beat him, drove him this way and that, half out of his wits, and, at last, clean off the place, threatening his nine lives with at least that many different endings. "A vile, wicked, nasty stray cat," they all called him. Poor Cat! And he hadn't meant one bit of harm, either.

Down the smooth level road, passing not far from the little house, came two people on horseback—a Young Man and a Young Woman. They had been out for a ride, and, returning home pretty late, ought to have been riding fast, but were not, at all: for they kept their horses at a slow walk, while they talked and talked in the most absurdly low tones, as there was not a soul to listen. Just now, The Young Man had come to a very important point in something he wanted to say, and had been wanting to say for a year at least.

"You must have guessed—you must know how I feel toward you—ah—what I mean," he said, leaning over her way. And The Young Woman laughed softly, her bright eyes flashing through the dusk.

"Indeed, I haven't an idea," she said: which was a dreadful fib, for she did know very well.

"Well, you must let me tell you," went on The Young Man, in rather a stupid rambling sort of way, "that the fact is—ah—that I—that you have inspired—that my feeling for—"

"Good gracious!" cried The Young Woman, suddenly: "what's that?" And The Young Man broke off in his most interesting speech with a jerk.

Something white ran across the road, just in front. The Young Woman's horse started ever so little, The Young Man's gave a great jump: and I'm afraid he was a monstrous poor rider, for he tumbled clean off into the dusty road, while The Young Woman laughed aloud, like a heartless thing as she was.

"Ah-ha-ha! What is it? Are you hurt? A cat—a cat, I do believe. I beg your pardon: but you did look—ha! ha! ha!" cried she.

It was The Cat, draggled and tired and miserable, running away from those irate females, and still away from home. He gave a sad little wail, slipped through the fence and away before The Young Man was well on his feet; and, as the latter was not much hurt, we will leave him to climb on his horse again, and finish his story—if so disposed—while we go along with puss.

Pretty soon, The Cat came to a house on a hill, with many tall fine trees around it, various outbuildings near-by, an orchard on one sloping side, a big garden on the other, and, close to the garden-wall, a graveyard—its white stones gleaming here and there through tall weeds and bushes. Lights shone from the house-windows; there was a sound of someone playing within, on the piano, the prettiest and gayest tune; but The Cat slunk away across the lawn into the bushes among the gravestones—where, being soon attracted by a chance for bird-catching that presented itself, he was well amused for awhile.

CHAPTER II.

PRESENTLY, from a cabin half-way down the hill, issued an old bent black woman, walking with a staff—who went, grumbling and toiling, up toward the big house.

"Oh, me! oh, me!" she groaned, sadly. "Oh, my po' back! oh, my po' side! oh, dis mis'ry in my stummick! All my life, I'se sarve an' sarve, an' dis what I'm come ter at las'. Kilt up wid ache an' pain, an' nary sup o' brandy ter save my soul. An' de stingy white folks— Lawdy! what dat?"

In among the tall headstones that she was passing just then—sometimes lost in black haze, sometimes gliding out into the starlight, flitting hither and thither right over the graves—was Something, really and truly Something, white.

The old woman stopped short, and stared with all her dim eyes. Yes, there it was; a ghost, no doubt. In a graveyard, at night, that white thing—what else but a "ha'nt" could it be? She leaned on her stick, her knees shaking, the cold chill running up and down her back, her gray woolly hair straightening up, her tongue past speaking, for one minute. Then "Ah-h-h! Ee-e-e!" cried The Old Woman, at which doleful screech the cabin-door flew open and another woman came running up the hill.

"My king! ole Mammy Jane, what de matter wid you, hollerin' dis way?"

"Hush, chile! Oh, Lawdy! I reckon you holler, too. Look you yonder: look at dat—ah!" She pointed with shaking staff. The Other Woman stared.

"My goodness," she said, "I don't see nothin'. Oh, yes, now I does: dat white thing movin' yonder. My soul! what you s'pose 'tis?"

"Sho's yo' bawn, dat am de ghos' of ole missis. Jest twenty year ago, dis night, she died; an' it's her ha'nt come back agin," whispered The Old Woman.

"Shuh! It 'pears mighty little, for any growed-up sperrit. Mos' like, it's little Marse Billy; tain't ole missis, dat size."

"You no-sense critter, you! What's de ghos' but de soul of any pusson? De body done rot, long 'go. Dat plenty big 'nuff for ole missis's soul—plenty big—an' goin' purty low on de ground, too. Her sperrit wasn't none too big

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for all her temper. Oh, stairs an' gyarters! it's comin' dis way."

"Shuh, you ole fool!" said Her Friend: "I ain't feared. Let 'er come. I isn't skeered; but yo' lemme 'lone. Don't hold me so tight, I say—lemme go! Come on. Oh, mussy!" And, though not afraid at all, she ran off into her cabin and shut the door, leaving The Poor Old Woman alone—who, helpless with fright, fell down in a heap, hugging her stick and moaning and mumbling. And, all the while, that White Thing came nearer.

"Oh, missis," she cried, "don't yo' hurt dis po' ole critter. Oh, missis, I didn't stole dat spoon—no, indeedy. I found dat spoon in de slop-bar'l, I did. I'll gib it up, missis—'fore God, I will—an' de chany dish, too. Oh, missis, I didn't mean ter tell yo' dem lies on Yaller Sam. Oh, Law!"

The Cat—it was The Cat, of course—ran right up to her with a loud wail, and The Old Woman screamed aloud; so loud, that the whole place was roused. The piano-music stopped short with a crash, the door of the great house was thrown open, and everybody in it came running to see what the matter was.

Now, in that house lived A Beauteous Lady, who was not only beauteous, but the most comforting reasonable person. She lifted up The Old Woman, heard her tale of terror, convinced her that 'twas no ghost of Ole Missis, or the Evil One, but a poor scared pitiful cat; then, taking them both into the house, she gave whiskey-toddy to one, and milk and bread to the other, like a good angel as she was. Graceful and noiseless in her motions, her skin like white velvet, her hair light and soft as satin, her eyes a clear greenish-gray, her hands soft and white and long, her teeth snow-white, sharp, and regular: ah, how handsome she was, that Beauteous Lady!

CHAPTER III.

The next morning being fine and sunshiny, The Beauteous Lady went out for a walk, taking with her The Cat, who was already, like most live things about her, her devoted slave. He followed her slow graceful steps, well content and purring gently; and The Lady, having lost her own pet cat not long before, was pleased to think that this one had come—just dropped from the clouds, as it were—to take its place. They had not gone very far before they met a gentleman walking along, with an alert air, as if seeking something; no less a personage than The Philosopher himself. He started and raised his eyebrows at sight of The Cat, and lifted his hat to The Lady, blushing and quite abashed for a minute, while The Beauteous Lady smiled and half paused.

"This is doubtless," thought she, "that Philosopher of whom I have heard so much, that very clever man who lives in the little gray house over yonder, at Bushy Level, who writes for 'The Weekly Slasher' and 'The Coldblood Review.' What does he want on my premises, I wonder?"

She soon found out, for The Cat ran up and rubbed himself against his master's leg, quite forgiving and delighted to see him. The Philosopher patted and spoke to him kindly, then said to The Beauteous Lady:

"I believe this fellow is my property. He strayed from home last night."

"And caused a great commotion at my home," said she; and then, being a True Lady, and not afraid of being civil without an introduction, she told him of The Old Woman's fright.

The Philosopher laughed, and said:

"It was not merely the interest of ownership that brought me looking for him, but some sense of remorse. I owe him an apology." And he briefly related his little scuffle with The Cat, and how he had turned the poor thing out-of-doors.

"Ah," said The Beauteous Lady, "you were hard on him for obeying a perfectly natural impulse—that is, to a cat, and perhaps to most men."

"A dog would have jumped up with a caress, would have understood the mischance," said The Philosopher, "yet my cat is a good comfortable sort of pet, and suits me, though that tender kindness that dogs and horses appreciate—and some people, perhaps—would be lost on him."

"You think so?" murmured The Beauteous Lady, looking earnestly at him with her sleepy gray-green eyes. "I cannot agree with you. Do not think that cats have no depth of feeling, no capability of devotion. I am sure they have. Be very good to this splendid fellow, for my sake, and, the next time you hurt him, and he scratches you, give him a chance to beg pardon." And then she patted The Cat good-bye very kindly.

"What a handsome woman! What a voice—what a smile!" thought The Philosopher, as he walked back home, with The Cat at his heels. "Singularly attractive!"

CHAPTER IV.

The Philosopher continued to think a good deal about The Beauteous Lady. Her smooth fair face, with its sleepy smile and greenish eyes,

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floated between him and the pages of his wise books, and he even dreamed of her sometimes at night. Finding out the church where she went on Sunday, he went there too; and, before long, a friend introduced him to her. Then, one day, The Cat ran off to pay her a visit, and his Master must go fetch him home, which began a visiting-acquaintance, kept up pretty regularly by The Philosopher, till gossip even said they were in love and going to be married.

You see, he was studying The Beauteous Lady's character, after the manner of Philosophers generally; and a charming one it seemed; but he still hesitated; he wished to be sure: he was, you see, a Philosopher.

Sometimes he would think that, even granting the absence of certain impossible qualities, in The Beauteous Lady, there might be the same advantage in having her for a wife, as in having The Cat for a pet: namely, convenience, comfort, a pleasant soothing influence; but he was troubled with an ideal and some high notions, and thought there was a place in his heart too high and grand for The Beauteous Lady—lovely and fair and kind as she was—to fill. And, all the time that his Master read and wrote and mused about The Lady and many other things, The Cat slept, ate, purred away as usual—the softest, whitest, most dignified of cats.

One night in early spring of the next year, when the March wind was roaring like a lion and bright moonlight flooding the earth—one night, as The Philosopher sat at his table writing something for "The Coldblood Review"—he heard a queer crackling noise overhead outside, and, rushing out, found that the roof of his house was on fire. No chance was there for putting it out, in that high wind, with no water near. It had doubtless caught from a spark, and now blazed up and waved like a great banner of red and orange and blue, roaring and crackling louder every minute. The old servant had gone away for that night, so The Philosopher and The Cat were the only living things on the place.

"Fire! fire!" shouted the former, lustily, though he knew there was no one at all likely to hear; then, rushing back into the house, he began to collect and remove his books, clothes, and other belongings.

While he was thus engaged, two people came running up—two rough-looking men, with slouch-hats and ragged clothes, evidently belonging, as The Philosopher noticed even then, to the great Tramp race.

"Hello, mister," one shouted, as they advanced; "yer want help, don't yer? We seed the light, and heerd yer holler. Let's help yer haul out them things. Come on, Bill."

"All right; come ahead. I've no help, and glad to see you," roared back The Philosopher, who was pretty busy running in and out, lifting and tugging at his possessions.

The Two Tramps marched into the house, into the sitting-room, where they looked all around, and then with a meaning glance at each other.

"Look sharp," said one, in a low voice.

"And be quick about it," said the other, nodding.

And, while The Philosopher was gathering up his papers in a great bundle, these two friends collected all the most apparently valuable things they saw: his gold watch, lying on the mantel-shelf; his silver pitcher and goblet, lined with gold; his favorite brazen plaque and candlesticks—thinking them gold, I reckon; his Turkish rug and silken couch-robe, even his hat and gloves on a chair: all these did they grab together, and were making off with them, when The Philosopher, looking up, saw somehow suddenly what sort of aid he had invoked. It was too much for even a philosopher to stand.

He jumped up, scattering his manuscript right and left.

"Here, you rascal: give me those things," he cried, leaping at the biggest and ugliest Tramp, who was well-nigh at the door with his plunder. The Philosopher was strong as steel, though slight, and had plenty of pluck. He got between the doorway and The Tramp, and gripped him tightly with his small white hands.

"I know what you are up to," he said. "Give me those things and get off the place, before I crack your skull against that wall."

"Keep off—blame yer! Who's doin' any harm? Here, Bill—quick. Lemme go, I tell yer," screamed The Tramp, snarling and shaking like a mad dog. The Philosopher blacked his eye, slapped his jaw, shook him this way and that, then flung him to one side, just as Bill, dropping his plunder, rushed to the attack. Bill was wiry and strong. The Philosopher grappled him, and they fell to the floor, wrestling and striking; but The Philosopher was on top, and soon got the best of it. He had The Tramp flat and helpless under him, and was pausing a minute, to take breath, when the other one came softly creeping up behind them, an evil look on his face, a small sharp knife in his hand.

One moment more, and there would have been murder then and there, but for a singular occurrence: The Cat, who had been screeching and jumping about the room in great fright and excitement, did a brave thing: he leaped, with

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claws outspread, right into the Tramp's ugly wicked face, and stuck there, scratching and howling. The Tramp yelled out with rage and pain, his knife glanced aside, and, instead of stabbing The Philosopher in the back, as intended, only gashed his shoulder: whereat, that gentleman sprang to his feet, and, in great strength and passion, rescued The Cat, conquered both his enemies, hurled them out of the house, and saw them slink away, cursing, out of sight. All this happened in less than five minutes; but the fire, meanwhile, had been burning and spreading fast. The roof must soon give way and fall in, The Philosopher thought, as he began groping and raking among his scattered valuables on the floor—he must make haste. But the blood from that nasty cut was running in a stream down his back, a deadly faintness overcame him, and he fell, face down, unconscious even of the flames overhead, with The Cat wailing by his side.

CHAPTER V.

When The Philosopher came to himself again, he was lying out-of-doors, on the grass, well away from the big red pile of embers that had been his house. The Cat was licking his hand; and, looking anxiously down at his face in her lap, was—could it be possible?—The Beauteous Lady.

"Where—what—what's the matter?" asked The Poor Philosopher, feebly trying to rise.

"There, there," said The Beauteous Lady: "never mind. It's all over now. I saw the fire, and knew where it was. There wasn't a soul to send to help you—that is, nobody not too old or too young—except me. I came, myself, across the field, running every step; and I found—"

"What?" asked he, sitting up eagerly.

"I found you in there, lying on the floor, all bloody, and, I thought, dead."

"And you brought me out of danger, all this way—you?" cried The Philosopher.

"Oh, I just dragged you along. You were not very heavy: it was nothing, really nothing. The cut on your shoulder has stopped bleeding; and how on earth did it happen?"

Whereat, he related what had happened: his fight with the two rogues, and the astonishing bravery of The Cat; on hearing which, The Beauteous Lady was much excited, and laughed and cried by turns, and embraced The Cat, crying: "Oh, you dear, dear! Oh, you splendid thing! You precious Cat!" till The Philosopher was quite envious. "But I am so sorry for your house being burned up, and everything lost. It is too bad," said The Beauteous Lady, presently.

"Oh, never mind," replied The Philosopher; "there was little of real value in the house. 'Tis not much loss. I carry most of my property in my skull, I believe; and owe it and my life to you."

He was thinking that he had just found something more precious than any house or furniture.

"And The Cat—don't forget The Cat, sir," said The Lady. "Now, was I not right as to the latent devotion, the nobility, of The Cat? Think of his saving your life. Will you take back every word you have said on that subject?"

"Yes," The Philosopher made answer. "I have done The Cat—indeed, all cats—a great injustice." And he very fervently kissed The Beauteous Lady's white hand.

Now, as The Philosopher was old enough to know his own mind, and not given to flirtation or kissing ladies' hands, we may all know that there was no little meaning in that kiss.

And so, surely, the stupidest reader can guess that this story, this catalogue of small events and catastrophes, has a most proper, natural, and philosophical ending.

ADELE.

BY FLORA ELLICE STEVENS.

We have gone our separate ways, Adele;
You have vowed a vow that you do not feel,
For you stood, last night, in your white brocade,
With orange-blooms in each golden braid,
While you vowed to love— Were you not afraid
That the lie would scorch your lips, Adele?

Your warm red lips would scorch, Adele,
As you swore him love for woe or weal,
The gray-haired man who stood at your side,
Whose gold had bought his winsome bride
To grace his halls so grand and wide,
For you had no love to give, Adele.

Nay, you had no love to give, Adele;
Ay, your pride against me you fain would steel.
Will you dare, then, to look at a violet,
With the dew of an April morn all wet?
Ah, I hold the mastery even yet—
You may not deny me that, Adele.

Farewell! I bear no ill, Adele.
But I would that I to-day might kneel
By a grave, and say: "She died in her youth,
In her girlhood's beauty and girlhood's truth."
Might dream of a face with no tinge of ruth,
As I kissed, on the stone, the name—Adele.

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THE MILLIONAIRE'S DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1885, by Miss Ann Stephens, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

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CHAPTER XLIII.

THE hopes which Mrs. Brooks had entertained of supplanting Mrs. Vose as a leader of society at Saratoga—hopes which had been fostered by Chapperton for his own purpose, as we have seen—came to an end with the garden-party at the cottage. The truth soon became known as to her real relationship to old Mr. Burritt; and, though society is never very exacting in its idea of filial affection, the cruelty of publicly disowning a parent, and of asserting he was only a hired servant, was too much even for the most cynical of the Saratoga habitués.

"It was as bad as Goneril," cried Mrs. Boardman.

"It was so snobbish," said Mrs. Norris, expressing the opinion, not only of herself, but of her set. "None but an essentially vulgar woman would have been guilty of it."

The result was that Mrs. Humphrey Vose regained all her old ascendancy, while everywhere the cold-shoulder was turned on Mrs. Brooks. In this social ostracism, however, her daughter did not share. Dorothea's behavior, during the encounter, was repeated from mouth to mouth, and was the subject of general praise. Even Mrs. Vose joined in the commendation.

"The girl, as anyone can see," she said, "has the inherent refinement of her father. He is a gentleman, at least—nobody can doubt that. The little peculiarities which we have observed in her have been the result of association with that vulgar mother. As she grows older and sees more of good society, she will get rid of them, and learn also to spend her great wealth gracefully, and not as a parvenu."

The speaker could all the more afford to be generous in her remarks, because she did not fear Dorothea's rivalry. The men she wished to captivate were not the men whom the girl would seek to win. Besides, she had a suspicion already of the direction which Dorothea's affections had taken. Finally, she well knew that, by this charitable way of talking about the young heiress, she could win a reputation for kindness of heart; while she showed, at the same time, that she entertained no jealousy of Dorothea.

Mrs. Brooks, writhing under this sudden unpopularity, which she saw and felt on every side, became, day by day, a more willing tool than ever, in Chapperton's hands. The arrangements for buying the cottage at Newport were pushed on rapidly, the bargain completed, and the deeds forwarded to Saratoga. As Mr. Brooks had charge of his wife's business-affairs, it became necessary to acquaint him with the purchase, in order that he might advance the money. Nothing, however, was said to him of the ulterior design as to a divorce, Chapperton having strongly advised that this should be kept back for the present.

"Of course, the money shall be forthcoming," said Mr. Brooks. "I wish you, Maria, to please yourself. You think you will like Newport better than Saratoga, you say. Well, there is no reason why you should not make the trial. I and Dorothea, you tell me, had better remain here. Let it be so, my dear, since you wish it."

For, indeed, the proposal came as a relief to the husband. The tension between him and his wife had become, at times, almost too great; she was constantly irritating his more refined nature by the vulgarity which her sudden access to fortune had developed; and it was as much as he could do to keep up an outward deference to her—which, as a gentleman, he felt was her due, as his wife—and which, up to this point, he had studiously observed. The strain, however, was very exhausting; and he was not sorry, therefore, for the chance which gave him a temporary respite even.

"We may meet again, in the winter, in New York," said Mrs. Brooks. "And perhaps, by that time, Dorothea will have come to her senses."

But, prior to Mrs. Brooks's leaving, an interview occurred between mother and daughter, which gave but little hope of the latter's coming "to her senses." It took place the evening before the mother was to set out.

"Mamma dear," said Dorothea, with some

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hesitation, just before parting for the night, "I have been wanting to talk to you for several days, about—about—"

"Oh, yes; I suppose I know," interrupted Mrs. Brooks, frigidly. "You needn't hesitate and blush. It's about that person Dayton, our head-clerk—"

It was the daughter's turn now to interrupt, which she did with flashing eyes. No woman likes to hear her lover spoken of disparagingly.

"He is no 'person,' no mere head-clerk," she cried, breathless with indignation. "You only say that to anger me."

"Indeed! What is he, then?"

"He is as noble a gentleman as ever lived, and has chosen me before all others, when he might have had so many. And I love him, and have promised to marry him, and will do so at all hazards." And now she looked her mother bravely in the face, straightening up her form in haughty defiance.

The couple regarded each other, for awhile, in silence. It was like two antagonists in a duel to the death, watching one another before making a thrust. The mother realized, for the first time in her life, that her daughter had a will not less firm than her own. Perhaps, too, a suspicion crossed her that it was a will less under the influence of impulse and more under that of reason, and therefore less likely, in the long run, to fail. Be this as it may, she knew that the power was in her own hands, and she did not hesitate a moment to use it. She would triumph, she said to herself, even if it broke Dorothea's heart; for she could not, with her baser nature, conceive that the girl, in the end, would sacrifice a great fortune for mere love.

"You have promised to marry him—you have the face to tell me so?" she said, icily. "Pretty conduct for a daughter! Do you know the curse that is pronounced on those who disobey their parents?"

"Oh—but, mamma!" implored Dorothea, moved, in spite of herself, by this reference to duty, "that cannot mean a case like this. Is not a woman, if she is a true woman, bound to marry only for love? Did not you do it yourself?"

"You know my decision," was the unyielding answer. "If you marry this fortune-hunter—"

"He is no fortune-hunter," broke in the girl, her indignation again mastering her.

"This fortune-hunter," coolly repeated her mother. "If you marry him, I disown you, from that day and hour. Never a penny of my fortune shall you have."

"It is not the fortune I care for," said Dorothea. "He and I are willing to take our lives in our hands, and work together as so many do, as nearly everybody has to do, in this country. We are young, and we do not fear. But it is your consent I wish. Indeed, indeed, mamma"—for, as reminiscences of her childhood came rushing over her, the love, even for such a parent as this, the love which nature has implanted in all of us, moved her inexpressibly—"it is your blessing I seek. I do not want to be disobedient—"

"A pretty way you have of showing it."

"Ah, mamma," putting up her hands imploringly, "why will you break my heart? You know I have always been, before this, a dutiful child. But love is the one great factor in a woman's life. If she is compelled to marry where she has no affection, if she is forced to remain single when her heart is given irrecoverably, her whole career, her happiness, her life, everything, is wrecked forever. Be pitiful to me, to us—"

"This is sheer nonsense," retorted the mother, finding she was touched in spite of herself, wondering where the girl got this eloquence from, and taking refuge in anger from it all. "You talk like a silly miss, who has been reading too many novels. All that stuff about sacrificing a woman's love is the merest fudge: as you, with your education, and what you have seen already of good society here, ought to be the first to see. For you are no fool: in fact, I begin to think you have more cunning than even I gave you credit for; you are taking this course, thinking to wheedle me into yielding."

"Oh, mother!"

"But it is of no use. You must choose between me and this designing adventurer."

Once more, and naturally, the proud girl flashed up. A touch of relenting on her mother's part would have softened her. The memory of her childish days, and of life at the old farm, before her mother had become alienated by success, had already moved her, as we have seen. But, like a true woman, any indignity to the man she loved, any insulting word, roused her to anger.

"He is no adventurer," she cried. "Papa does not think him designing. Papa would be willing," relenting a little, "if only you would." She put out her hand, as she spoke, to take her mother's dress, appealingly.

"Go to your papa, then," retorted the other, drawing aside the fold of her gown, and placing a sneering emphasis on the word. "He has a bit of good-for-nothing land left, worth probably a few hundred dollars, and doubtless he will give

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you that as your marriage-portion. Much luck I wish you." And she laughed scornfully. "It won't be long before you'll be coming to me, miss, for bread. But mind this," raising her finger, with a warning look, as she turned to break off the interview, "not a cent, not a single cent, will I give you, even to save you from starvation."

And, the next day, the angry woman left for Newport, without even a parting "good-bye" to her daughter.

"She has made her bed; let her lie in it," she said to herself, as she settled in her comfortable chair in the Pullman car; and with that she dismissed the subject from her mind, and began to think of possible social successes at Newport, that should quite eclipse those she had looked forward to at Saratoga.

Chapperton did not accompany Mrs. Brooks to Newport. He was too much a man of the world for that. But he had made all the arrangements, through a well-known caterer there, to have her supplied with a cook, a competent butler, and other servants, so that, when she arrived, she had only to drive to her cottage, with her maid, and take possession, her carriage and horses having been sent on before.

The next day, the local newspaper, with the accustomed Jenkinism of its class—a Jenkinism which would not be kept up, it is only fair to say, however, if it were not so popular—stated that Mrs. Brooks, well known in society-circles at Saratoga, and a millionaire in her own right, had arrived at her villa, the evening before, where she proposed to remain for the rest of the season, and where, it was understood, she would entertain extensively. "Mrs. Brooks," it went on to say, "has a charming daughter, who would have accompanied her, only she had to remain at Saratoga with Mr. Brooks, who is compelled, much against his wishes, to continue taking the waters there, for the benefit of his health; for, otherwise, he would have preferred, as Mrs. Brooks does, the more salubrious climate and the more highly-refined circles of our favored town, the queen of American watering-places, or, in fact, of the world."

But, though Chapperton did not accompany Mrs. Brooks, he followed her after a short and sufficiently decorous interval, and was seen, after that, driving in her Victoria with her, on the avenue, and out the sea-road, almost daily. He himself was as well known at Newport as at Saratoga, or anywhere else in the world of fashion. It was his interest, considering his plans for the future, to get as much social recognition for Mrs. Brooks as was possible, and he set himself in earnest to do it. But, though the doors of the most exclusive circles were freely opened, as always before, to himself personally, he well knew that it was only in less select quarters that he could gain admittance for Mrs. Brooks, at least till she became his wife. There are, even at Newport, people who fancy themselves quite in the "swim," but who really only look on, so to speak, from the shore. They dress as well, they drive as handsome equipages, they entertain as much, as the most refined and recherché of that aristocratic place; and they have their dinners and receptions described in the newspapers, even more at length, because they write the notices themselves. Such persons Chapperton had no difficulty in getting to call on Mrs. Brooks. He had her name also entered at the Casino. In short, before a week was over, she fancied she was on the eve of an even greater social success than that which had promised to be hers at Saratoga, and she looked back with contempt on her old life at the Hollow Swamp farm.

CHAPTER XLIV.

MEANWHILE, the summer passed. The season was over at Saratoga; the guests had taken their flight back to the cities; the hotel piazzas and parlors were deserted; and the great watering-place—which affords, during July and August, such a panorama of fashion, intellect, and beauty—became comparatively a desert. The guests of Mr. Brooks still lingered, however, at the cottage he had taken for them; and thither he and Dorothea themselves removed, when the United States Hotel was closed.

Varied by occasional visits of business to Swamp Hollow, where Burnside was always the first to meet him and to inquire after Mrs. Hilton and Rue, as well as after Dorothea, Mr. Brooks spent the entire autumn at this picturesque house, which had become indeed a real home to his daughter—dearer, in fact, than the farm had ever been. For, in the constant company of Mrs. Hilton and Rue, Dorothea breathed an atmosphere, not only of intellectual and social elevation, but of domestic duty and simple affection, that gave her a new insight into the possibilities of life and into the character and conditions of true happiness. Her love for Dayton, no doubt, helped to develop her mind and heart—as a pure first-love always does, either with man or woman; but even this love, unassisted by the example of the mother and daughter, would have fallen short of working the great change in her which had now taken place, or of giving her those nobler views of life which now controlled her.

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"What is there," she said to herself, one day, "that makes Mrs. Hilton and Rue so different from, so much above, the people I have known? If I believed in what they call blood and birth, I should be sure they were princesses in disguise, and that their delicate social tact, their exquisite refinement of thought, were the inheritance of generations of cultured ancestors. But I know different. I have seen it, more or less, in my dear father, but in no one else; Mrs. Norris, even Mrs. Boardman, had nothing in their manners of quite so exquisite a flavor. Rue, I have known all my life. I thought I knew her thoroughly: but I never knew her as I know her now. This daily and hourly intercourse has revealed traits in her that I never suspected. Ah, how good she is! How I wish I had such a sister! Her mother, I never knew familiarly. There was always a distant and guarded air in her, toward us all at the farm—a look, at times, when father would come in suddenly, like that of a frightened deer. But all that is now over, and she is just the dearest creature alive, with her white hair, that might be that of a woman of sixty, though she's hardly forty, and her complexion as delicate as that of a child."

Something of the same magic influence—the influence of a pure love, which had so transformed Dorothea—was now at work on Rue also, and partly explained, though not entirely, the change which her friend had noticed. Always sweet and lovable and self-sacrificing, Rue was now more so than ever; and this, partly because she was growing older, and her womanhood more fully asserting itself, but principally because she was in love. Her manner influenced all about her, as the perfume, subtle and all-pervading, that exhales from the heart of a rose. She went about the house singing unconsciously, in the exuberance of her happiness, and imparting to everyone around her a contagious happiness, in turn. For, since Hurst had been moved down to the lake, and especially since he had made the acquaintance of Rue, his health had rapidly improved: he was now not only able to leave his couch, he was capable of taking even long walks; in fact, he was being restored to perfect health. The cure seemed, even to himself, much more to his friends, almost a miracle. Hardly a day passed that he did not spend most of it with the girls. In these visits, while his conversation and attention were equally divided between the two, his glances were all for Rue: it was her voice that sent the blood to his cheek and kindled his eyes. Dorothea, only too glad to see her friend happy, did not resent this preference in the least. She was quite content to be of secondary importance in these interviews, reconciling herself by thoughts of the absent Dayton: for the latter, unless occasionally, was at Hollow Swamp, on the business of the company, all these autumn months. Day by day, she saw the love between Hurst and Rue deepening, and, in her own great happiness, rejoiced at it more and more.

For now there was understood to be no obstacle—at least, in the future—to her own union with Dayton. The latter had even talked, more than once, of having the marriage come off before Christmas. But Mr. Brooks had shaken his head at this proposition.

"No," he said, "not quite so fast. You have now my full and free consent, my dear boy. I no longer demand that your marriage shall depend on my wife's approval. But we must wait, we must wait," speaking with a certain oracular air, which was now quite frequent with him. "Time, they say, makes all things even, and perhaps even the mother may come round. We must give her a chance, at least. Personally, I don't believe she will always be obdurate. Besides, I really cannot spare my little girl yet. You must wait until spring; then, if my wife still objects, we will talk of it. She says she is going to stay at Newport all winter; but I think she will tire of it. She will begin to long, after awhile, for the society of her daughter. She will relent. You must not think too hardly of her, Dayton," laying his hand affectionately on the young man's shoulder; "for she was an only child, always indulged, and naturally she does not like to be thwarted. Patience, patience, my young friend." Ah, true and long-enduring husband—ah, loyal gentleman—little did you guess, as you thus spoke, of the thunderbolt that was preparing to be launched at you from that wife's ungrateful hand.

November had now come, and the last leaves were fluttering from even the oak-trees, when, one night, Rue and Hurst, with Dorothea and Dayton, were strolling by the lake; for Dayton had just arrived, that afternoon, on a three-days' visit to the cottage. The moon was at its full; and, as its beams made a pathway of light across the water, the breeze that ruffled the lake broke them into ten thousand silvery sparkles, as if of tiny arrowheads, that shot up and disappeared and shot up again. After a little while, Dorothea and Dayton stopped to watch the lovely scene, so that the others, still loitering on, found themselves alone. Suddenly, Hurst turned to Rue.

"What a heavenly night," he said. And, after a pause: "What a heavenly autumn it has been!

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But," with a sigh, "happy days cannot go on forever. To-morrow, I must return to work. In fact, I have come to say good-bye."

"Good-bye?"

It was a poor little faltering echo of his words. For, all at once, the very light had seemed, to Rue, to go out of the sky, while a dark and hopeless abyss of despair closed in around her fluttering little heart.

Now, during these halcyon months, Hurst, passionately as he adored Rue, had never dared to say to himself that his love was returned. It is always thus with men of the nobler type. They hold so humble an opinion of themselves, that they can hardly understand how any woman can love them — especially, as they exalt all women, and particularly the woman they adore, into something like an angel. Now and then, indeed, gleams of hope had come to Hurst. Something in Rue's manner — a look, a faint blush, even an avoidance of his eye — had occasionally made his heart beat high; but, when he came to reflect afterward, he told himself that his wishes had misled him, or worse than that, his foolish vanity. But the half-piteous way in which his words were now echoed, sent, for the first time, something like real conviction to his heart.

"Yes," he said, looking down on her and taking her hands, "I came to say good-bye. Do you mind my going?"

"Mind?"

She raised her lovely eyes to his, for one single instant — one single instant only. But, in that eloquent, thrilling glance, he read her answer. The next instant, his arms were around her.

"Oh, my darling," he cried, "I had hardly dared to hope. I have loved you so long — I have loved you so entirely. I may have had a passing fancy," and he blushed, as he thought of Mrs. Vose, "but I never knew before what love really was. And you do give me hope? But ah," with loyal frankness, "don't forget that I am a poor man. Every penny I spend, I have to work for."

"I am used to work," whispered Rue, as she nestled to him. "I shouldn't mind it in the least: especially — with — you."

"But I shall probably be a poor man all my life."

"I don't care for wealth. I have already seen, young as I am, that riches do not always make people happy."

"Yet it is a great power and a great boon," said Hurst, as if thinking aloud: "rightly acquired and nobly used, that is. But, to give up one's whole life to amassing it; to care for nothing but it; to use wealth for ostentation, or self-indulgence only: ah, that is base, that is degrading to one's manhood. Yet I gave up, deliberately and long ago, all hope of acquiring wealth: I elected to be a poor man. We authors — we poets, as we are sometimes called," with a smile — "are said to be proverbially impecunious. Do you really think you could consent to be the wife of such a man? I believe I can assure you against a garret," with another smile, answered by a pressure of the hand, "but I can never afford you Saratoga or Newport."

"Ah, but think what grand things you can write," cried Rue, giving way, in the assurance of his love, to the pride she had so long had in him. "Think what broken hearts you can comfort, what struggling and disheartened toilers on life's road you can cheer, what souls you can lift up into a nobler and higher existence, by your own noble and elevating thoughts. Is not that better than having millions? Oh, a crust of bread, shared with such a one, would be sweeter to me than the food of the gods!"

Hurst himself was carried away by her enthusiasm. He had always held his profession to be the grandest that any man could exercise; but this eloquence glorified it, in his eyes, even beyond his own imagining. He clasped her closer to his heart.

"Then we will live this noble life together," he cried. "Together, we will press forward and upward. We will exist for others also, and not merely for ourselves. Shall it not be so, dearest?"

And Rue, as she returned the first kiss of plighted love, answered, in her heart: "Amen, and Amen."

Ah, if thus, with aims so high, could all betrothals be but made!

CHAPTER XLV.

When Dayton returned to Hollow Swamp, Mr. Brooks accompanied him, some business of the company requiring his presence there also. The first person the travelers met, in the village street, was Burnside.

"Glad to see yer both," he said, "but specially yerself, squire. I was a-hopin' yer'd come back with our young friend. There's a dockyment for yer, at the post-office, which I take ter be about some law-business, from its envelope; and a letter or two besides; all post-marked Newport. They came last night. The postmaster wanted to forrard 'em to Saratogy, but I told him I had reason to expect yer to-day, and that he'd better wait and see; for, if you did come, and

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he'd forrarded 'em, jest that much time would be lost."

"Thank you," said Brooks, shaking hands with him. "I will go in and get the letters now." For they were passing the post-office at that moment. "Though what law-business I can have at Newport I cannot understand. I hope my wife, poor thing," he added to himself, as he moved off, "has not been getting into any trouble about the purchase of her house."

It was some time before he came back. Burnside, getting impatient, crossed the street, to see what was the cause of the delay; but returned directly, telling Dayton that Brooks was reading his letters in the vestibule of the post-office, and seemed very much agitated.

A few minutes after, Brooks himself was seen coming out of the post-office. He stopped at the door, looked up and down the street, in a dazed way, as if he had quite forgotten his friends. At last his eye lighted on them, as they stood opposite, waiting for him. A sudden recognition lighted up his face, and he crossed toward them, holding the letters open in his hands; but they noticed that his step was feeble, that he almost tottered, that his hands shook, and that his face was ashy-white.

"No bad news, I hope," said Burnside, his face, in spite of its weatherbeaten complexion, aglow with sympathy. "I wouldn't have told yer, if I'd thought it."

"The news would have come, all the same," was the reply, with the ghost of a smile. "Don't blame yourself, my old friend."

"Then it's bad news?"

"Yes."

"Marier isn't—dead?" said the blacksmith, pausing a moment before pronouncing the fatal word.

"No; she is not dead," replied the other. He was evidently making a great effort to pull himself together. The blow, whatever it was, had been a serious one.

"You are both my friends," he said, after awhile, "and I see no reason why I should not tell you at once, especially as it will be known everywhere within a day or two. My wife has applied for a divorce. This," holding up a long blue envelope, "contains the official notice of the suit. And this," exhibiting an ordinary-sized envelope, "is a letter acquainting me with the ground on which she proceeds." As he said the last words, he gave vent to a bitter ironical laugh, a kind of laugh that neither of his hearers, long as they had known him, had ever heard from him before, a laugh utterly out of keeping with his usual character.

"A diworce?" cried Burnside.

"A divorce?" repeated Dayton, with even more indignation and surprise.

"Yes, a divorce. Think of it. Poor Dorothea!"

For answer, Dayton took his disengaged hand and pressed it, as a son might do that of a father, when the latter was in trouble, and when words were powerless.

The blacksmith's answer was of a different kind. He first struck his two great palms violently together, and then swung his right one aloft, as if he had his heaviest hammer in it, and was about to bring it down on the culprit.

"I'd fight it ter the bitter end, squire," he thundered. "I'd never giv' in."

A faint smile crossed the face of the husband at this fiery outburst.

"I don't see the good of that," he replied, quietly. "My aim in life, since I married, has been to make my wife happy. It seems I have failed. If she wishes to be free, why should I oppose her?"

"But—but," stammered Burnside, to whose old-fashioned notion divorce, no matter what the cause, was a disgrace, "yer can't sit still and have yer character taken away. What does the critter—Marier, I mean—say?"

And then, thinking that he had perhaps alluded to something, that his old friend might have done wrongfully, and that his wife had heard of and was now taking revenge for, he colored even through his bronzed skin; for the blacksmith, unformed as he was conventionally, had the heart of a true gentleman in his bosom, as our readers must have seen long ago, and shrunk from inflicting pain.

"I don't know that my character will be quite taken away," retorted Brooks, with another feeble attempt at a smile. "The crime I have committed is not murder, or cruelty, or any other infraction of the decalogue. It is: that I contribute nothing to the support of my wife. On that ground the divorce is sought, and on that alone, as I learn from this accompanying letter."

"Base! infamous!" These words broke from Dayton, in hot anger; for it was impossible for his young blood to control itself.

Brooks replied silently to this outburst by a pressure of the hand, and then went on, addressing Burnside, and carefully avoiding Dayton's eye.

"You see, my old friend, there is Dorothea to consider far more than myself. It is always damaging to a young girl to be the child of divorced parents—"

"Darn her!" broke in Burnside. "Marier,

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I mean," he added, apologetically, wiping his forehead with his red bandana; for, though the day was cool, the perspiration stood in great drops on his brow.

"To be the child of divorced parents," repeated Brooks, not heeding the interruption; "and this, even if nobody has been to blame. In such a case, too, the more publicity given to the divorce, the worse it makes things for her—"

"It will never make any difference to me," whispered Dayton, returning the pressure of the father's hand.

"The worse it makes things for her," repeated the speaker. "For this reason, I shall make no opposition to the suit. The real reason why my wife seeks a divorce, I do not know. What I do know is that the charge is a trumpery one, and that, in the way it is put, it is degrading to me personally. Nevertheless, I shall submit to it, rather than have Dorothea's name bandied about in the newspapers. I owe something to you, also," he said, turning to Dayton. "I have no right to let my daughter go to you, with the finger of scorn pointed at her, if I can help it."

"God knows, I never thought of such a thing," fervently cried the young man. "Nothing could make her seem less saintly, in my eyes. Nothing could make me regard her father in any other light than as the most loyal and long-suffering of men."

That momentary suspicion, on the part of Burnside, that his old friend might have wronged his wife in some way, had been repented of bitterly, long ago. He was burning to make amends. He now brought his sledge-hammer hand down with such force on the two hands joined together, that Dayton, whose hand was uppermost, said, afterward, that he did not get over the pain for a week.

"Forgive me, old friend," he cried, "for them words—I didn't mean 'em. I didn't s'pose anybody or anything could take yer character away. You're jest the noblest of God's critters, old friend, and Marier is—well, darn her agin."

"I thought it all out, in the hallway of the post-office," said the other. "At first, I was, as you say, for fighting it to the bitter end. God knows, I have always tried to be just to my wife. It seemed such a cruel thing for her to do. It seemed so—what shall I call it?—so hard on Dorothea. But the thought of Dorothea recalled me to my duty. She, at least, must be spared. For her sake, I shall let the suit go on unopposed. Strangers might, perhaps, call it collusion on my part. But you two, at least, know it is not so." He spoke to both, but looked at Dayton. "For my part, whatever came, I should never have sought a divorce. To the end," and he gathered himself up with the air of a soldier on a forlorn hope, "I should have stuck to my colors. But now, if you will excuse me, I will bid you good-bye for the present, and go on to the brown farmhouse. I feel I must be alone for awhile."

They watched him, as he went down the street, and then Burnside said, almost in the words spoken of Lancelot, though he had never heard of the good knight in his life:

"There goes the truest gentleman that ever lived, and to think that he should be treated in this way. I can't make it out."

"I believe I can," replied Dayton. "You saw the man whose arm Mrs. Brooks was leaning on, at the garden-party, didn't you? Well, his name is Chapperton, and he's one of those fellows, well born, as the phrase goes, but without money; though, in his case, I believe he had a fortune originally, but ran through it. He forced himself on me, one day, in an interview, the purpose of which I could not, at the time, precisely make out. What was said, it is not necessary to repeat. But now I understand, I think, what his object was. He wished, in the first place, to alienate Dorothea and her mother; then to persuade Mrs. Brooks to get a divorce; and finally—you begin to see—to secure her fortune, by marrying her, after the divorce. In this way, he hopes to restore his broken fortunes."

"The infernal scoundrel," cried the blacksmith, with hearty rage. "I wish I had him here. I'd like to wring his neck. Can't we do somethin' to stop him?"

"I do not see what we can do. The decision of Mr. Brooks, not to oppose the suit, and which is wise, will really help the fellow. Ah! what a muddle life is. To see the right put seemingly in the wrong, to behold wickedness triumph—it almost takes away one's faith in a divine Providence and in eternal justice."

Burnside turned, quickly and sharply, on the speaker. Whatever he seemed to men generally, however careless in being seen always at church on Sunday, he was, at heart, of a deeply religious nature.

"Look here, young man," he said; "none of that! We stand in the valley: God stands on the mountain-top. We see only a little way ahead. He sees all around. What looks now like her triumph may be the very thing that will be her ruin. Yes," bringing his hand down on Dayton's shoulder, with a grip like a Hercules, and which made the young fellow wince and shrink, "you and I may yet live to see things come out right."

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CHAPTER XLVI.

A FEW months later, only long enough to enable the technicalities of the law to be fulfilled, and the divorce was granted.

"The respondent," said the lawyer employed by Mrs. Brooks, "makes no defense, your Honor. We have served notice on him properly, at his legal residence at Hollow Swamp, as we shall proceed to prove. But he is quite aware that the charge is true; that he contributes nothing to my client's support; and that she is legally, as well as morally, entitled to be released from him. We ask, therefore, for a decree by default."

The decree, accordingly, was granted, and the eminent counsel pocketed his large fee.

"Easily won," he said to his partner, "and they might have floored us so nicely. Our client, as we know," with a sly twinkle of the eye, "though she owns a house here, has not lived in it long enough to establish a legal domicile in Rhode Island. We hoodwinked his Honor on that point; but, if the husband had exposed our little game, we should have been blown to the devil." For divorce-lawyers, if those familiar with divorce-Courts know the truth, and are to be believed, are not supposed to be always either choice in their language, or in the means they employ to win a suit.

To Dorothea, the news of the divorce was a terrible blow. It destroyed the last lingering spark of affection for her mother, that still remained in her naturally affectionate heart. All the sweet recollections of early childhood, in which that mother had figured in memory, vanished before the injustice, the cruelty, the meanness of this act.

"Yes, meanness," she said to herself, clenching her pretty hands together, "the basest thing in it all. If she had any crime to charge him with, that would have been different. But to employ this pettifogging subterfuge! The act itself is bad enough. That ever I should have had a mother who wanted to be divorced! But to descend to such a trick, in order to get the divorce—oh! I despise myself, when I think that her blood flows in my veins." And she covered her face with her hands, for she felt herself blushing to the very roots of her hair.

To her grandfather, the intelligence was a deathblow. In one night, he aged twenty years at least. He had never been quite himself, indeed, since his encounter with his daughter, at the cottage. Her brutal disowning of him there haunted him constantly. After that, he no longer looked for letters from her. He never mentioned her name. He seemed to have lost all interest in life. He would wander about the house and ground aimlessly, talking incoherently to himself, twisting and untwisting his fingers, stopping now and then as if to look at the view, but with lack-lustre eyes utterly devoid of interest in it. Then he would rouse himself, with a start, and, with a feeble meaningless laugh, go on, muttering again. He had never been much of a reader; of literary culture, he had none; but he had once seen Forrest in "Lear," and the tragedy had greatly impressed him. He had bought a copy of Shakespeare, in consequence, and read and re-read the play, as if driven to it by some presentiment, until he knew parts of it by heart. Now he could be heard frequently muttering to himself "Goneril," "Regan," with broken snatches of quotations, as if the story were his own. But, after he heard of the divorce, he became much worse. His step grew as feeble as that of a man of ninety. He noticed very little, and hardly spoke to anyone except Dorothea, whom he seemed, in some strange way, often to confound with his daughter, when she was a young girl. He would watch her constantly with pathetic appealing eyes, or would follow her about the house like some faithful decrepit old hound. Sometimes, when she was sitting quietly sewing or reading, he would steal up behind her noiselessly and stroke her hair softly, as he had used to stroke that of his daughter when she sat on his knee, an innocent child. After awhile, he ceased entirely to go out, but was still able to wander about the house: which he did more aimlessly than ever.

Once, he came on a photograph of his undutiful child, taken a few months before, and which had been mislaid under some books on a side-table. The picture represented her in full-dress, as she had first appeared at Saratoga, and was one of which she had been very proud—showing it, in her vanity, to all her friends. He gazed at it, for a moment, and then, bursting into tears, let it fall to the floor. "Goneril, Goneril," they heard him say, as he tottered away.

This was the last day he was able to be out of bed. The next morning, he said weakly that he thought he would "not get up yet awhile." But, after that, he never got up. He would lie for hours, with his eyes fixed on the ceiling, muttering more incoherently than ever, twisting his fingers, occasionally turning restlessly to look, when anyone came into the room. But a smile always lighted up his face when it was Dorothea that entered. He had a fancy—was it real, or was he delirious?—of calling her "Cordelia." She would sit by him for hours, neither speaking

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he holding her hand and fondling it, she stooping, every now and then, to kiss him quietly. Once, waking from sleep, he looked at her curiously and murmured: "You are a soul in bliss." And then went on, brokenly: "But I am bound upon a wheel of fire." Burnside, who had been sent for, and who was present at the time, had to leave the room, with sudden tears chasing each other down his rugged cheeks.

The blacksmith had been sent for because of the long and intimate friendship between him and the old man. Burnside had come by the very next train, after the receipt of the summons.

"Is it so bad?" he said, as Mr. Brooks met him at the door.

"She has broken his heart," was the reply.

"And the end, then, isn't far off?"

It was not. It soon came. A low fever set in—the result purely of exhaustion, the doctor said; and, day by day, the invalid's cheeks grew thinner, the eyes more sunken. Happily, for most of this time, the old man slept that sleep of insensibility which nature so kindly sends to dull the ear to the footsteps of approaching death. At intervals, he would wake and recognize those about him. He so recognized Burnside, and grasped his hand; but he did not speak. For Dorothea, he always had a smile, that, she said to herself afterward, with tears rushing to her eyes, "grew more saintly daily."

At last came the night which the physician said would probably be his last. "He will go off toward morning, perhaps," were his words, "they generally do."

All through that night, they watched by his bedside. Just as the day began to break, and they could see the faint light of dawn brightening through the lace curtains of the windows, the sleeper stirred for the first time for hours. At that moment, a cock crew from some neighboring farmyard. The familiar sound seemed to quite rouse him: he opened his eyes and looked up eagerly. But his gaze did not rest on any of the group gathered about his couch: it passed beyond, with a curious far-away expression, toward the doorway of the room. He put forth his hands on either side, and, so supporting his body, half rose in bed, talking, as they thought at first, to himself disconnectedly. They could just make out that he imagined he was at the old brown house, and that it was morning, with the farm-work beginning to go on all around him. But, after awhile, when his utterance grew more distinct, they realized that he was speaking to someone—someone whom he saw, and whom they did not.

"Yes," he said, now quite clearly, "I hear and see you, dear. I am so sorry I am late. But I am coming now—coming—"

The last word was almost inaudible. He had been feebly attempting to sit upright, all this while; but now his arms fell powerless beside him, and he sank back, with a quick gasp, on the pillow.

Burnside stooped, eagerly scanned the face, and then looked up at the watchers.

"He is gone," he said. And, after a moment, he added, in an awe-struck whisper: "He thought he saw and heard his wife. I wonder if he did? She's been dead these forty year."

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

THE LOVERS.

BY H. K. WORTHINGTON.

I.

TWILIGHT, and cry of loon,
And yellow phantom of a moon
  Far out at sea!
Dark branches arching overhead,
The river flowing in the gloom,
And heavy scent of leaf and bloom,
  Making it just a joy to be!

II.

And, in the glow,
Beneath the branches drooping low,
  Two faces bent—
Bent in a swift and daring dream,
An ecstasy of trembling bliss,
And sealed together in a kiss—
  And the night, waiting, passion-spent.

III.

For this, the day
Swooned from its fiery skies away;
  For this, the night
Built up its stars and silences;
For this, the regal autumn came,
Wrapped in her gorgeous robes of flame:
  This moment passing on its flight.

IV.

Oh, twilight, stay!
A dreaming bird repeats the lay;
  The sea replies—
Perfume, and hush, and twilight dim;
But nothing as it was before,
Subtly and sweetly all made o'er
  With love's unsealing of the eyes.

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THE DEACON'S THANKSGIVING DONATION.

BY MAY VIVIAN.

"WELL, we've got to do something—that's all there is about it. The salary's pretty well behindhand, and there ain't no money in the treasury, so I don't see how we are going to pay it up very soon. If we give him a donation, why, of course, he won't be in no hurry. And Thanksgiving is a good time for a donation. What's your opinion, Deacon Moneybags?"

The speaker turned to a portly man, who stood in the centre of the little group which was settling the affairs of the church, in an informal manner, in the corner of the churchyard. Deacon Moneybags paused for a moment, that there might be an attentive silence, before he unburdened his great mind of its weighty opinion.

He was the bell-wether, so to speak, of the little flock which was under the pastoral care of the Rev. Septimus Goodfellow; and, wherever he led, the others followed him, without stopping to question the wisdom of his proceeding. He was the most prosperous man in the little community, and he was respected accordingly, though his wealth did but little good, he kept his purse-strings so closely drawn. There are, alas! a good many such men, even such Deacons.

"Well," he remarked, with an air of profound wisdom, "well, brethren, you know my opinion on these matters by this time, I hope. I hold to the Scripter way of doing things in old times, when the preachers were told to take 'neither staves nor scrip, neither bread, neither money.' To my mind, that proves pretty clearly that preachers oughtn't to be hankering after money, and expect to get pay for their work just like other men. They ought to be satisfied with working for the good they can do. But, still, as long as we've been in the habit of departing from the good old ways, I s'pose there won't be any harm in giving our preacher a donation; and I'll give my mite cheerfully with the rest of you."

"Deacon, ain't there some other place in the Good Book where it says 'the laborer is worthy of his hire'?"

It was the shrill voice of sharp little Miss Prissy, the village dressmaker, which propounded this question; and, for a moment, the Deacon looked slightly aghast at having his own weapon used against him: but he quickly recovered himself.

"There may be some such passage," he answered, after a moment's thought, "but there is a great deal in the Bible that we mustn't take literally, and that is one of the passages that we must put another interpretation on."

Miss Prissy's black eyes twinkled, and a retort was on the tip of her tongue, when the bell clanged its last discordant summons, and the Deacon sought hasty refuge in his pew, the rest following, one by one.

The day before the donation-party, the Deacon had to make a trip to town, to collect a note that was due him; and, as he put on his heavy overcoat, and surveyed himself in the glass, it struck him that the garment was rather too well worn and shabby for a man in his prosperous circumstances.

"I'll get a new one, to-day," he said to himself; and, with a sudden burst of generosity, he added: "I'll just let this go as my donation to-morrow night. It's something more than I expected to give, but, still, I can afford to be a little liberal now and then. To be sure, it's rather roomy for the preacher, but he can grow to it—he can grow to it."

And he chuckled with suppressed merriment at the ludicrous idea of the Rev. Mr. Goodfellow's slight figure ever filling out the ample proportions of the old coat.

He collected his note, and safely deposited the five new crisp one-hundred-dollar bills in the new wallet he had purchased, and then betook himself to a fashionable clothier's, to select his new overcoat. That eloquent functionary very soon persuaded him to buy a coat.

Very stylish and becoming it was, and the Deacon complacently resolved to wear it home, and ordered the old one to be securely wrapped up in brown paper, so that it would be all ready for him to take to the donation-party the following evening.

The donation-party came off very acceptably to everyone except the unfortunate Mr. Goodfellow and his wife, who saw their best china handled with reckless indifference, as the table was set by the guests for their own entertainment, and forced themselves to smile, as the house was invaded from cellar to garret.

"Dear me," said the wife to herself, "it will take a week to set things to rights. It will cost us more than it will come to."

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It was after twelve o'clock, before the young people would lend an ear to the admonitions of their elders, that it was time to go, and the clock struck one ere the last good-bye was said.

"Well, of all the messes I ever did see!" exclaimed Miss Prissy, as she stood in the dining-room doorway, looking over Mrs. Goodfellow's shoulder.

The table was loaded with the dishes that had been used during the evening, with all their débris piled high upon them, and a dark stream of coffee was slowly making its way over the snowy tablecloth.

"I'm glad I staid to help you side up," she continued, as she tied on a great apron, that covered her from head to foot, and prepared to make a vigorous attack upon the dishes.

While the ladies were thus engaged, Mr. Goodfellow investigated the penwipers and iron-holders that decorated the parlor-table, and then took up the overcoat, with a little sigh, as he realized the discrepancy between his size and its proportions.

"Put that on for a minute," called Miss Prissy, "till we see if it can't be taken in to fit you."

The minister obeyed; but, as he put his hands in the side-pockets, to draw it more closely about him, he discovered something in the way, and, drawing out the obstruction, produced a wallet.

He looked at it in blank amazement.

Miss Prissy could not restrain her curiosity, and, snatching it from his hand, she opened it, disclosing the crisp bills.

"Five hundred dollars!" she gasped, incredulously, and there was a moment's breathless silence.

"What does it mean?" said the minister, afraid to look upon the money as his own, lest there should be some mistake.

Shrewd Miss Prissy detested the Deacon as cordially as she loved the minister and his wife, and, with a mental determination that the close old man should be outwitted for once, she exclaimed:

"Well, if that isn't a neat way to make a nice little present. The Deacon said he meant to do something handsome for once, but I never mistrusted he would do anything as generous as this. And hiding it away so as to surprise you, too! Well, I'll change my opinion of him."

The minister and his wife were in an ecstasy of delight, and they were half fearful that the precious bills might vanish if they let go of them.

"They shall have them too, for they deserve them," said warm-hearted Miss Prissy, "and I'll fix it."

Early the next morning, she started out, telling everyone she met of the Deacon's generous liberality and delicacy, and she reached the Deacon's gate just as he had finished breakfast, and was in a most comfortable humor with himself and all the world.

"I just want to tell you what I think of you, Deacon," she exclaimed, warmly, seizing his hand. "You're the most noble generous-hearted man that ever lived, and the whole village is talking about you and praising you. I never knew your equal—never!"

"What do you mean?" stammered the Deacon, rather bewildered at this outburst, for he had always supposed himself a special object of Miss Prissy's dislike.

"Why, your donation!" answered Miss Prissy. "Oh, you needn't pretend you don't know what I mean, though we all know how modest you are."

"Oh, the coat," said the Deacon, beginning to doubt the sincerity of Miss Prissy's praise.

"Yes, the coat that everybody thought was such a stingy thing for a rich man like you to give; but we didn't any of us know, when we was judging you that way, what you had slyly hid away in the pocket. I expect Mr. and Mrs. Goodfellow got off to the city, on this train, to get some of the things they've been wanting this many a year. Five hundred dollars was a big thing to them."

The Deacon gave an inarticulate gurgle, and his rubicund face turned to a greenish pallor, as he grasped the gatepost for support. His five hundred dollars gone! He remembered now how carelessly he had left it in the pocket of his old coat. Miss Prissy didn't wait for him to speak, though her black eyes sparkled mischievously as she witnessed the effect of her intelligence. She knew that, if there was one thing the Deacon loved more than his money, it was the applause of his fellow-men, and she had managed so well that he could not recover his money without incurring the scorn and ridicule of his neighbors.

She trotted briskly off, and left him to himself, to get over his anger and grief as best he might. The Deacon was a wise man in his generation, and wise men always make the best of circumstances, so that is what the Deacon did. He realized that he had irretrievably lost the money, so he resolved that no one should ever know it had not been a free gift, and he accepted his neighbors' praises as if he had fully earned them, as well as the earnest gratitude of the minister and his wife. Only the Deacon and Miss Prissy knew it had been a mistake, but they never told the real truth about that THANKSGIVING DONATION.

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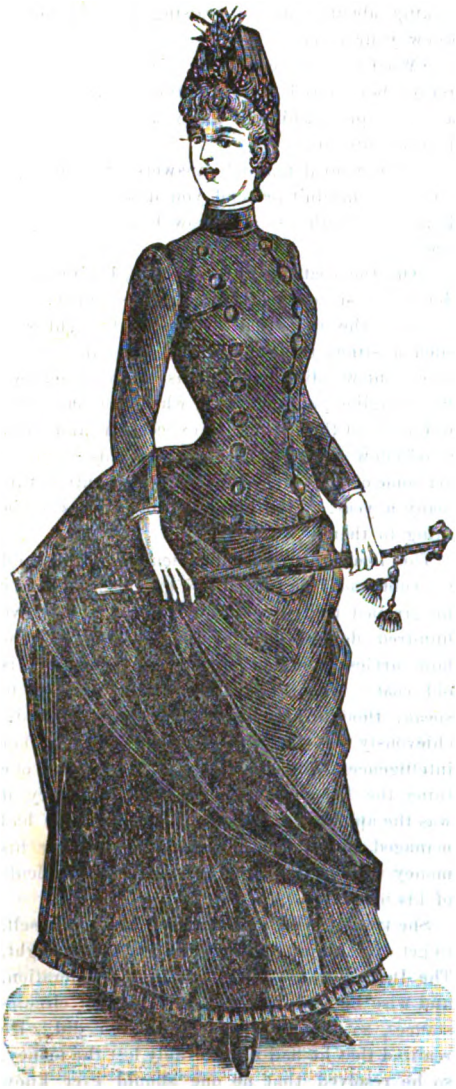
EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

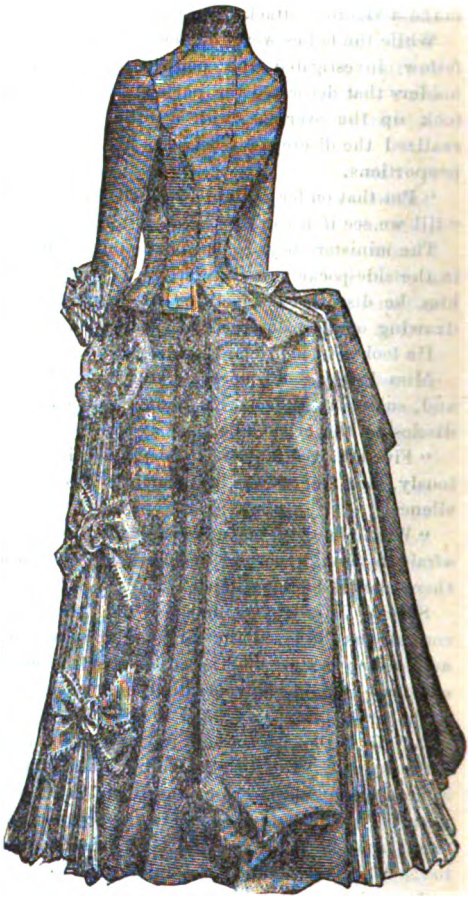
BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1—Is a walking-costume, for a young lady, made of any self-colored lady's-cloth, tweed,



No. 1.

serge, or camel's-hair, faced and trimmed with velvet or velveteen to match. Our model calls for olive-green serge and velvet. The underskirt is laid in large box-plaits at least six inches wide. This is mounted upon a foundation-skirt of alpaca, faced on the outside with a narrow band of velvet, which is edged with a narrow knife-plaiting of the serge. The overskirt has a simple round apron-front, cut long enough to allow for full draping. The under-edge is faced with the velvet, nine inches deep. This turns up on the right side, forming the trimming; and the front-drapery is carried up very high on the



No. 2.

right side. The back is hemmed and arranged in irregular puffs. A plain close-fitting basque, with velvet collar and cuffs, is worn for the house and under the out-door jacket. As may be seen

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by the illustration, the jacket is double-breasted, closing on the left side. Two rows of buttons ornament the front. High collar and pointed cuffs are the only other trimming. The back

No. 3.

of the jacket opens up the middle-seam to the waist-line, like a coat, and is finished by an embroidered crow's-foot, such as are seen upon tailor-made suits. The jacket may be lined with farmer's-satin, with or without an interlining of flannel, as may be required. Six to eight yards of serge, double fold, of fiftyfour-inch goods. Two and a half yards of velvet, cut on the bias, and one and a half dozen of buttons, will be required for this costume.

No. 2—Is a house-dress, of cashmere and grosgrain silk. Our model is for black silk and cashmere or camel's-hair cloth. The front of the skirt consists of one broad box-plait of the cashmere, with the side-panel of the silk laid in side-plaits, like kilting. Both sides are alike, and ornamented by three bows of picot-edged ribbon, disposed as seen in the illustration. The back has two wide plaits, with a kilting of the silk for the centre. The cashmere plaits are slightly looped near the bottom of the skirt, and they are joined like a bag, and turned over the tournure. The plain round basque of the cashmere has the edge cut in square tabs, finished with a flat binding of silk stitched on. Tight coat-sleeves, with cuffs of plaited silk, ornamented by a bow of ribbon matching the skirt. The front of the basque may have a plaited vest of silk to correspond with the skirt, or it may be simply buttoned with crocheted jet buttons. Collar of velvet. Eight yards of cashmere, ten to twelve yards of silk, and eight yards of ribbon, will be required.

No. 3—Is a combination-costume, of velvet and cashmere or camel's-hair. The entire underskirt is of velvet, made perfectly plain in front

No. 4.

and at the sides. The back is mounted in side-plaits at the top, forming a heading, which joins the basque just below the waist-line, as seen. The basque and front-drapery are of the woolen

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goods, finished on both sides by a band of velvet braided in beads. Collar and cuffs of velvet, also vest. Seal-brown velvet, with a lighter shade of woolen for the basque and drapery, will make a very stylish costume. Braid with iridescent brown beads, or worsted braid in a simple pattern, for the side-trimming. Velveteen may be used, instead of velvet, making an equally effective and less expensive costume, the velveteen now being made almost as light and soft as velvet. For quantity of velvet or velveteen, the length and fullness will be decided by height of the wearer. It is almost impossible to give exact quantity, but allowing for six widths of material would be safe. The

No. 5.

pieces coming off the side-gores will make cuffs, collar, and vest by careful cutting. Three to four yards of double-fold woolen for basque and front-drapery.

No. 4—Is a stylish ulster, in waterproof serge. It is cut with dolman-sleeves, and trimmed with bands of wide worsted braid—otherwise, the usual ulster-shape.

No. 6.

No. 5—Is a walking-costume, for a little girl of seven to eight years, made of plaid tweed in mixed colors. The skirt is kilted on to a close-fitting waist with sleeves, finished with a turnover high collar. The dolman-wrap is separate. It is to be lined with a gay plaid surah: hood also. The wrap is held in place by an inside waist-band, and is tied by ribbons at the neck.

No. 6.—For a little girl of four years, we give an entirely new model for a stylish costume, for either house or street wear. It is made of plaid cloth or flannel, with velvet yoke and deep cuffs. Wide velvet ribbon is tied around the waist, with long loops at the left side. With the addition of long colored stockings and boots, this model will be very elegant for out-door wear, in the early autumn.

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No. 7.—For a boy of five years, we give a new model for loose knickerbocker pants, blouse-jacket with added cape and hood. The suit is made of navy-blue tweed or flannel, bound with red

No. 7.

worsted braid. The cape and hood are separate and adjustable for out-door wear. A leather belt confines the waist of the blouse.

Nos. 8 and 9.—Designs for French blouse-aprons, for girls of two to four years: to be made of fine plaid nainsook, and trimmed with torchon

No. 8.

lace or Hamburg embroidery. No. 8 can be worn as a dress, with an under-gimp. No. 9 may be made of plain blue or red gingham,

No. 9.

embroidered with colored cotton, or edged with colored Hamburg.

BABY'S FIRST BOOT.

Make of white cashmere or cloth, and embroider with white silk. Bind the pieces with white silk braid, and overseam the top to the sole. Fasten with buttons and white elastic cord Interline with fleecy cotton flannel. A tiny bow of white corded ribbon ornaments the toe.

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OUT-DOOR JACKET, WITH SUPPLEMENT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

The purpose of this department, as our old subscribers know, is to give the very latest

fashionable article of its kind, with full-size patterns for the same, so that the patrons of "Peterson" may always be the best-dressed ladies of their neighborhood, having the newest and most elegant styles, direct from Paris.

For this month, we give an Out-Door Jacket, just the thing for full-wear. Folded in with the number is a Supplement, containing full-size diagrams, from which to cut it out. As we have often before said, it is best to cut out the several parts from old newspapers, etc., etc., and fit them to the lady who is to wear it, taking in here, and adding there. This before cutting into the material. The jacket consists of five pieces, viz:

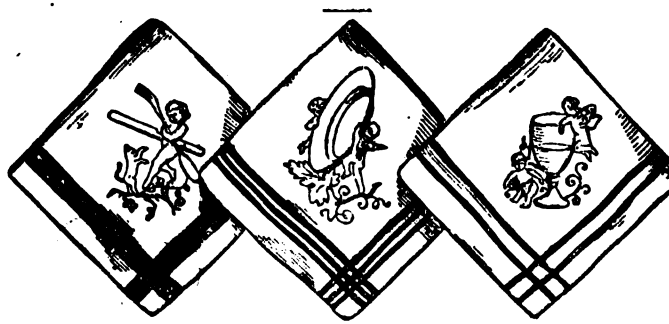
1. One Front.
2. Half of Back.
3. One Side of Back.
4. Upper Part of Sleeve.
5. Under Part of Sleeve.

A variety of demi-saison materials may be used for this jacket—bouclé or frisé cloth, Astrakhan, plush, velvet, or broché terry. The garment fits the figure closely, and is fastened with buttons beneath the chest, placed diagonally following the edge. A rever is marked on the front piece, and the trimming may be either fur or feather trimming. The cuffs are bordered to match. The back may be left open on the back seam, as indicated by the pattern, or plaits may be added.

We also give, on the Supplement, two designs in embroidery, etc., etc., for which see description elsewhere.

PANTRY-CLOTHS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



We give, here, three designs for pantry-cloths, for knife, china, and glass: very nice; to be marked by a simple design, in one corner, done in outline-stitch, with red or blue French working-cottons. A set of such pantry-towels makes a pretty present to any young bride just beginning to keep house. To make the design, repeat each pattern four times.

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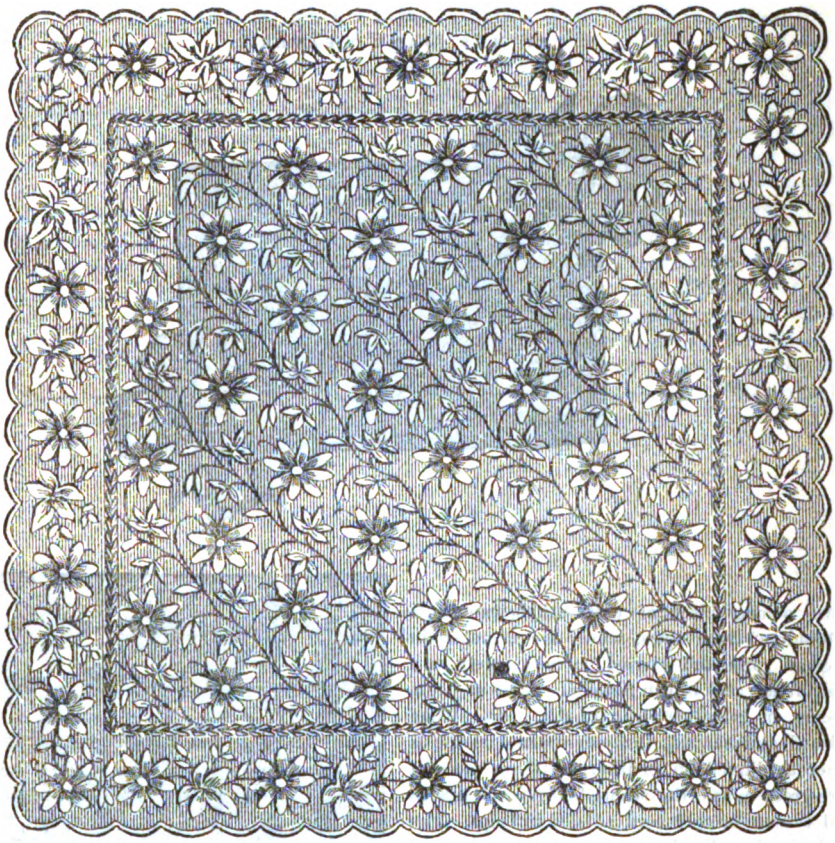
CHILD'S CARRIAGE-BLANKET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This blanket, which is very elegant, is worked on flannel or cloth. Baby-blue, pink, or brown is the most effective color for the foundation. The design of daisies is to be done in silk, in the natural colors of the flower; pale olive-green for the stems and leaves. The edge is buttonholed.

EMBROIDERED SLIPPER: COLORED PATTERN. FORGET-ME-NOTS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give a new design, from the Art School, for a full-size pattern for a gentleman's slipper, printed in the appropriate colors, representing forget-me-nots.

Work on gray or black cloth—or even velvet, if preferred. Use two shades of blue filoselle, for the flowers. Work solid, in Kensington-stitch. A French knot for the centre of flowers, in bright-yellow. Two shades of olive-green, for stems and leaves.

The shield is done in yellow, the same as centre of flowers. A monogram—that of the person to wear the slippers, of course—may be put on the shield, instead of the spray of forget-me-nots, if preferred.

Fine English crewel may be used for the embroidery, instead of silk; but, of course, silk makes the prettier work.

This would make a very appropriate gift for Christmas or New-Year, to any gentleman friend.

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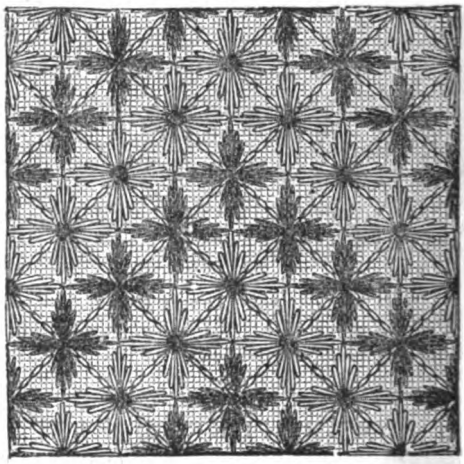
WORK-SACHET, WITH DETAIL OF EMBROIDERY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



An oblong piece of cross-stitch canvas is embroidered with stars, which are arranged in diagonal rows, and carried out alternately with gold thread and brown filoselle. Rows of back-stitches, in gold thread, unite the stars. When finished and shaped, the embroidered stripe is either appliquéd on, or inserted into a piece of olive-green plush, the seams being covered with gold thread, or gold cord twisted in loops. The whole is then lined with olive satin folded in the required shape, and edged with a cord of olive silk. Bows of olive satin ribbon, and a loop with button, complete the ornamentation of the sachet, which may be used either for gloves, handkerchiefs, or work.

SOFA-PILLOW.

BY MISS E. J. WELSH.

This sofa-pillow is copied from one of the handsomest that has appeared. It was made of a rich shade of maroon plush and golden-brown satin. The band of satin which crossed it diagonally was embroidered with daisies and fern in silk the natural tints. The corners and bottom were of the plush. Top and bottom were joined with a plaiting of the satin, two inches wide. Three silk pompons were sewed on each corner. A fancy cord could be added where the satin and plush are joined. The engraving of this sofa-pillow is in the front of the number.

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DESIGNS ON THE SUPPLEMENT.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

On the Supplement folded in with this number, we give, in addition to the patterns for the out-door jacket, two new and elegant affairs for the work-table.

1.—PHOTOGRAPH-FRAME: DESIGN IN CLOVER. This very beautiful affair would make a nice Christmas or New-Year gift. The material may be satin, plush, velvet, etc., etc., whatever is preferred. The clover and leaves are to be embroidered in the natural colors. The stitch should be outline or Kensington.

2.—COVER FOR BOOK, PORTFOLIO, ETC., ETC.: DESIGN IN SHELLS AND SEAWEED. Also very suitable for a Christmas or New-Year gift. It may be worked on coarse linen—or a richer material, if preferred. The color may be entirely black, or the natural color of seaweed and shells. It should be mounted on cardboard, for a portfolio, and lined to form pockets. Or it may be used as a cover for a book, which it is wished to preserve, making a kind of flat bag of it; or it may be made with two flaps, and tied with ribbon in front, to keep it in place. The design would be pretty for various other purposes. Employ outline or Kensington stitch. This design is particularly elegant, we think.

NEW-STYLE BAG.

BY MISS E. J. WELSH.

The bag shown in the front of the number is copied from one lately brought from England. The panels on the front and back are made of pasteboard, six and three-quarters by three and a half inches each. These are covered on one side with yellow silk, and the other with brown velvet. The front-panel is decorated with a bunch of cornflowers. The design is first stamped on, and the petals are made of narrow yellow ribbon. It is drawn in place with a large needle. The stems and leaves are worked in silk: this, of course, is done before covering. After the silk and velvet have been neatly overhanded together on all sides, the panels are joined with a puffing of yellow satin ribbon two and a half inches wide. It is gathered slightly on each edge, and overhanded, on the panels, on the inside of the bag. Brown satin ribbon is used to carry it by. Two pieces are sewed on at either side, and tied in a bow at the top.

SCARF-COVER FOR OBLONG TABLE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give a design for a scarf-cover for an oblong table, two engravings, one showing the scarf complete, the other the material and stitch to be employed. The material is olive-green felt, pinked-out all round the sides and perforated where the embroidery is to be worked with fast-colored cotton and filoselle in cross and Holbein stitch. It is not necessary, if any other pattern is preferred, to follow this one—though none could be more effective.

BORDERS IN CROSS-STITCH.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give two very pretty designs in cross-stitch. These borders are useful for trimming washing-frocks and pinafores. They are worked in cross-stitch, either with ingrain Turkey-red cotton, or a combination of red and blue.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

"PETERSON" FOR 1887. MAGAZINE BETTER THAN EVER! —We call attention to the prospectus for 1887, on the last page of the cover. We claim there that "Peterson" is both *better and cheaper* than any magazine of its kind. Hence it has now, and has had for years, *the largest circulation of any lady's-book* in the United States. But, for 1887, it will be greatly improved. Among these improvements will be new type, more embellishments, etc., etc.

Remember that "Peterson" is the only magazine that really publishes, *all the time*, steel-engravings; and a steel-engraving is the finest and costliest of all engravings. Its stories, too, are the best published: no lady's-book has such contributors: and new writers, when of sufficient merit, are constantly being added, keeping "Peterson" always "ahead." In its fashion-department, it is conceded to be pre-eminent; its styles are the newest and most elegant, direct from Paris, always; and its superb colored plates are printed from steel, and colored by hand, the only ones of the kind in the United States! Where but one magazine is taken, "Peterson" should be it; and every family of refinement should take at least one magazine.

We continue to offer four kinds of clubs. For one kind, the premium is the unrivaled illustrated "Book of Beauty," or the large engraving, "Mother's Darling," whichever is preferred. For another kind, the premium is a copy of "Peterson" for 1887. For still larger clubs, there are more premiums, for which see the prospectus. No other magazine offers such inducements for getting up clubs. Only our immense circulation enables us to do it.

Now is the time to get up clubs. Every lady will subscribe for "Peterson," if its merits and cheapness are fairly put before her. *Be first in the field.* A specimen will be sent, gratis, if written for in good faith.

ODDS AND ENDS OF WOOL may be knitted into single socks and stockings to be filled with little gifts at Christmastide. Any bright colors can be knitted up—the more the merrier. These odd hose are often kept as souvenirs of Father Christmas's or Santa Claus's night visit, long after the remembrance of the contents has faded away. All knitters know how these odd ends accumulate, and how often there is enough for one sock or stocking, and not a pair. Miniature socks in silk are now used as purses, with a clasp and snap sewed on at the top of the leg.

WE KEEP OUR PROMISES.—Subscribe for "Peterson's Magazine," and get a first-class lady's-book, instead of the trashy deceptions that make promises only to break them. "Oh, how I was taken in, by subscribing for another," writes a lady; "it promised everything, yet did nothing."

IF EVERY SUBSCRIBER for 1886, for "Peterson," would get us one more each, we should add more than one hundred thousand to our list for 1887. Can't it be done?

PORTRAIT OF THE LATE MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.—We give, in the front of this number, as an extra embellishment, a portrait of Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, for so many years a contributor to this magazine. The engraving is from a comparatively recent photograph, and has been reproduced with unusual fidelity. Three or four times before, we have given portraits of Mrs. Stephens, with those of others of our leading contributors, on title-pages of the magazine; but they were much smaller than this, and hence not so lifelike or expressive; besides, they did not represent her as she looked in her later years, but as she appeared twenty, fifteen, and ten years ago. The present portrait, in this and other respects, is the best, we think, that has ever appeared. We give, also, at the bottom of the portrait, the autograph of Mrs. Stephens, and a fac-simile of her handwriting.

This is the place, we may add, to correct an error into which many of our contemporaries have fallen, in saying that Mrs. Stephens was the editor of this magazine. She never officiated in that capacity, all her time being occupied on her writings. It was while on a visit to the editor—at his summer residence, at Newport, R. I.—that she died. The autograph, and the fac-simile of her handwriting, are from a letter to him: the last letter she ever wrote.

AMONG THE PRETTY NEW GOODS are the black satins, with a wide gilt stripe, very handsome; also pale-blue with a single silver stripe. In the pale satins, the silvered stripe is almost white, and the effect is beautiful. In the watered silks, the stripes are two inches wide, and are separated by tinsel-embroidered stripes of the same width, blue, shrimp-pink, or lavender, having either silver or gold in the embroidered stripes.

REPPED AND WATERED SILKS promise to be much used this winter. Stripes prevail in all new silken fabrics, and, in many of these, tinsel threads are interwoven, especially for light silks for evening-wear. There are brocaded stripes on satin or on gros-grain, sometimes a single stripe sufficing for a breadth to be used as a train or as panels, but otherwise there are not many brocades.

WOOLEN DRESSES will remain popular for general wear, and velvet will be the favorite for dress-toilettes. The preference for gros-grain for combinations is so evident that economists should preserve carefully any dresses of this material that were laid away when satin came in vogue, as they will be excellent for next season.

WE REPEAT OUR WARNING, that we do not give premiums to subscribers for subscribing. If any canvasser tells you so, know, from that fact, that he is a cheat. If a magazine is not good enough, in itself, for the price that is asked for it, it is not worth taking at all. That is a self-evident proposition to all people of sense.

AN EXTRA COPY OF THIS MAGAZINE will be sent, as a premium, for two subscribers at $2.00 each, or $4.00 in all. Or an extra copy will be sent for three subscribers at $1.75 each, or $5.25 in all. These offers are in answer to numerous inquirers, who wish to get up small clubs and say they prefer an extra copy.

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THE "BOOK OF BEAUTY," AND OTHER PREMIUMS.—On the second page of the cover, this month, we announce a new and very beautiful premium *to persons getting up clubs for "Peterson"* for 1887, viz: the "Book of Beauty." This unrivaled gift-book will be a book of poetry, devoted to fair women, and will be illustrated with steel-portraits of celebrated beauties, etc., etc. It will be bound in patent vellum or morocco, gilt, and will be an ornament for any centre-table. Every lady should have a copy of it. To earn a copy, it is only necessary to get up a club for "Peterson."

Another of our premiums will be a large steel-engraving, size twentyone by twentyseven inches, called "Mother's Darling." To secure it also, you have only to get up a club for "Peterson." See second page of cover. Or both it and the "Book of Beauty" can be had by getting up one of our larger clubs.

Another of our premiums will be *an extra copy of the magazine for* 1887. Many persons will prefer this to any other premium. But it, and one or both of the other premiums, can be earned by getting up one of the larger clubs. See, again, second page of cover.

In short, for 1887, "Peterson" will not only be more desirable than ever, but the premiums for getting up clubs will be more beautiful and costly. *Now is the time to begin getting up clubs.*

EIDERDOWN PETTICOATS are becoming more popular than they were, and a few women run a steel round the edge to keep the heavy winter skirt out. An elastic band placed inside, and secured to each side, keeps the petticoat back. These eiderdown petticoats are at once warm and light, and, therefore, excellent wear for winter.

"THE WORLD COME TO AN END."—Remember what the Gotham (N. H.) Messenger has said: "There are many magazines, but only one 'Peterson,' and there are some people who believe that the world may as well come to an end, if this magazine should cease to be published." With Shakespeare we say: "A Daniel come to judgment!"

BARRED VELVET promises to be a stylish fabric for the coming winter, in precisely the coloring in surahs used by the fashionable dressmakers for parts of summer dresses. Thus, dark-blue velvet has indented gros-grain bars of red an inch apart, or écru is on green velvet, or white on black.

NO OTHER MAGAZINE of equal merit is as low-priced as "Peterson." No other is, therefore, as cheap on the whole. No other gives premiums really as good, for getting up clubs. Get up a club, therefore, for 1887, and begin *now.*

"I COMMENCED TOO LATE."—Every year we receive letters, saying: "If I had commenced earlier, I could have sent you an even larger club, *but I commenced too late.*" Don't make such a mistake this year, but begin now.

"A PLACE IN EVERY HOME."—The Lake Village (N. H.) Times says of this magazine: "Each succeeding number seems to be better than the preceding. 'Peterson' should have a place in every home."

THERE IS MORE VARIETY in sleeves than there has been. Some are cut with separate undersleeves. These undersleeves are, however, gathered to represent wrinkles, like a Swedish glove.

"HIGHEST STANDARD OF EXCELLENCE."—The Whitestown (N. Y.) Herald says of this magazine: "No lady should do without it: it attains the highest standard of excellence."

OUR NOVELETS FOR NEXT YEAR will be, in many respects, without parallel. In the first place, they are of exceptional ability, as our readers will acknowledge, when the stories come to be printed. In the next place, each is typical, so to speak. For instance, one will depict the exclusive set of Boston, another the creole life of Louisiana, one New York's fashionable circles, another the aristocracy of England, etc., etc. Besides this, we have a series of shorter stories never equaled before. It takes a long while to gather together a staff of really first-class writers; and, in this respect, "Peterson" has advantages to which no other lady's-book can pretend. We are continually, moreover, adding new writers, when of competent ability, for everybody seems to be anxious to have the honor of being a contributor.

IN THE CUT OF DRESSES, or even mantles, there is not much new. The vest, in its many varieties, holds its place in feminine favor; in fact, scarcely any dress is now made without a waistcoat in some form or other.

GRAY, LAVENDER, RED, OR WHITE gros-grains, with a wide brocaded stripe of the same coloring in each breadth, will be very fashionable this fall and winter, used in combination with plain gros-grain.

"ONLY THE BEST GIVEN."—The Fishkill (N. Y.) Gazette says of this magazine: "Only the best stories are given." Yes, and for 1887 they will be better than ever.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

A Romantic Young Lady. By Robert Grant. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Boston: Ticknor & Co.*—The dearth of good novels is extraordinary. A great many are published, called original, that are mere rehashes of old material, and even more are reprinted from English authors, that are worse than third-rate, even. The present, however, is really a capital fiction. It is a story of life and manners, the result of acute observation, and is told with much spirit and force. Without exaggeration, it may be called a "story" book. It shows, too, quite an improvement on the writer's earlier effort, though that was exceptionally popular.

The Gypsy's Prophecy. By Mrs Emma D. E. N. Southworth. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.*—The continued popularity of this writer's romances is one of the most notable literary events of the times. Every author has, of course, a clientage. By those who like dramatic incidents, an absorbing narrative, and passionate love-scenes, Mrs. Southworth will always be admired. "The Gypsy's Prophecy" is one of her most powerful tales. The present edition is a marvel of cheapness, nearly five hundred pages, and the price only seventyfive cents.

Early Vanities. By W. J. Clodfelter. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. New York: Hurst & Co.*—A very beautiful dedication to the author's mother, which opens this volume, is a fitting introduction to the poems which follow, and which everywhere display the refined sentiment and religious conviction which might be expected from such an introduction. Mr. Clodfelter modestly puts most of them forward as only youthful attempts, but many of them, like "The Images," are thoroughly good work.

The Three Systems of Life-Insurance. By Merrin Tabor. 1 *vol*, 8*vo. Chicago: C. J. Johnson*—The level premium system, the natural premium system, and the assessment system are the three discussed in this volume. We recommend the book to all interested in life-insurance.

Irene. A novel. By Sada Bailey Flower. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. New York: H. W. Fowler & Co.*—A new aspirant for public favor here makes her bow, and one with considerable, even unusual, merit.

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OUR ARM-CHAIR.

SHOW THEM WHAT EDITORS SAY.—When our friends are soliciting subscriptions for "Peterson," it would be as well to show them what editors say. One and all pronounce it the cream of the lady's-books. Says the Watertown (Mass.) Enterprise: "Altogether, the best of the lady's-books: the most complete magazine of its kind published." Says the Yardley (Pa.) Broad Axe: "The steel-engraving in the last number is simply incomparable: as a whole, 'Peterson,' month after month, is unapproachable." The Ripon (Wis.) Free Press says: "A splendid number; the accepted authority on all matters of fashion; but it is not only good for its fashion-department—it is a household-necessity." The Dubuque (Iowa) Herald says: "The October number is full of good things for the ladies, including a steel-plate engraving, fashion-plates, patterns, poetry, and music. A number par excellence." The Barnet (Ill.) Herald says: "Exceptionally good." The Le Roysville (Pa.) Advertiser says: "A superb number, full of interest, fifty engravings, and the choicest reading-matter." The Fredericksburg (Va.) Farm and Home says: "The best of American magazines for the ladies; and its popularity attests the fact we assert. The number before us fully maintains its high reputation for excellence." The Anderson (S. C.) Journal says: "'Peterson' for October has a steel-engraving, 'Consider the Lilies,' that is alone worth the price of the number. We rarely see such a beautiful work of art, or a picture so impressive. There are two colored patterns for the work-table, one being an illustration in hammered-brass work, now so popular; a stylish double-size colored steel fashion-plate; and some fifty wood engravings. The original stories, for which 'Peterson' is famous, embrace a new novelet by Frank Lee Benedict, 'Marian's Fashionable Friends,' and a powerful tale, 'Minette,' by Professor Boutelle." Finally, the Hancock (N. Y.) Herald says: "The best thing to do is to send for a specimen and compare it with others, when you will be certain to subscribe." But want of space compels us to stop. Hundreds of such notices reach us every month.

T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia, have just published a fifty-cent edition of Alexander Dumas's great novel, "The Count of Monte-Cristo," complete in one large octavo volume of six hundred pages, unabridged and illustrated. It is the cheapest book ever published, and copies will be sent to anyone, to any place, post-paid, on remitting the price in a letter to the publishers.

THE NOVELS OF MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS should be in every library—indeed, in every family. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, Pa., will send a list of them to anyone writing for it. Every family, library, and book-store, we repeat, should have them.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

NEW SERIES.

BY ABRAM LIVEZEY, A.M., M.D.

No. 3.—DERANGEMENT OF THE BOWELS.

Both observation and experience in the weary round of professional life for over forty years have taught us that there is much more sickness among the very young now than a third of a century ago; and, in a few words in behalf of infants and children, we hope to point out to mothers the main cause, that they may profit withal:

If mothers will bear in mind that the infant's stomach, at birth, is about the size of, and not unlike in shape, a medium-size pear with a curved neck, she will see that the practice of overnursing or overfeeding by the bottle must be a great evil. Distention of the stomach causes colic, flatulency, indigestion, diarrhœa, and sometimes convulsions. In fact, the food is both too large in quantity and improper in quality. Molasses or sugar-and-water, at birth, and panada or "cracker-victuals," soon after, are simply abominations and the source of much mischief. Previous to the first dentition, the only proper food is that derived from the mother. Milk and farinaceous food—as wheat, oat, rice, farina, corn-starch, etc.—should constitute the chief diet up to the age of two, three, or even four, years. In fact, these articles, with a little ripe baked or stewed fruit, are all-sufficient till the second teeth appear. The lactated food prepared by Wells, Richardson & Co., containing sugar-of-milk, combined with the gluten of wheat and the nutritious product of barley and oats, probably is the best food in the market, for infants, in health or disease, and can be used in place of the cereals just mentioned. Irregular feeding or nursing of infants is also injurious to them, as it interferes with healthy digestion. Infants should not be nursed or have the bottle oftener than every two hours, and soon the period should be lengthened to three hours. The practice of allowing children fruit, candy, cake, pie, at will or at all hours, is most pernicious to their well-being. Such indulged children, you will observe, are more or less whining and complaining, and are, at best, of unpleasant disposition. Children from five to seven years of age should only be allowed one simple lunch, between meals.

The indiscriminate diet allowed children by their mothers is a most prolific cause of stomach and bowel complaint. For instance, in most families, children over two years of age, or as soon as they are able, are allowed to sit at the table and indulge in all the kinds of food that may be thereon—hot roll, hot buttered cake, sausage, salt fish, ham, cucumber, radish, rich cake, pastry of all kinds, cheese, preserve, etc.—not one of which is fit for the young child to eat. It is no marvel, then, that we see the organs of digestion break down, that children are sick on every hand, and that a fearful mortality between the ages of two and five years results.

How much sorrow and suffering might mothers prevent, how many precious lives might they save, by bringing up their children on milk-and-bread, wheat and oat grits or lactated food, sago, farina, tapioca, corn-starch, mush, soup, stewed fruit, baked apple, soda-biscuit, Graham wafers, baked potato, egg-custard, rice-pudding, etc., etc. And such was the custom, to a large extent, over a quarter of a century ago, or before the civil war, throughout the country; and then, as an old sexton of a country-church in New Jersey told the writer's brother, the death and burial of a child was comparatively rare. "Look over the headstones," said he, "and see how few of the little graves antedate the year 1860; but now, alas! our yard is rapidly filling up with the infantile race." And such is the fact. Our aged mothers and grandmothers reared large families, without a break in their ranks; but now there are seen great gaps on every side, and, in many cases, but one, two, or three reach adult-life. Here is food for thought, for mothers especially. Do not say it is the will or ordering of Providence, when you are bereft of your little ones—for it is evident to the most common mind, on reflection, that God cannot be just and will that the little innocents should die—but look for the cause in your treatment of them.

ADDENDA TO "CUTANEOUS DISEASES."

As this series of articles is written wholly for the use and benefit of mothers, and those under their care, I beg leave to add, as a supplement to my late article on "Cutaneous Diseases," and which was hastily omitted, without due thought, that correcting the secretions of the stomach, and the use of Pears'—or, better still, Glenn's sulphur—soap, are not sufficient in themselves to cure promptly most chronic affections of the skin, but, in addi-

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tion to their use and the proper living, pointed out in said article, a good alterative, such as Ayer's sarsaparilla (I know whereof I speak), is absolutely needed to free the system of impurities, and modify the condition of the blood, while Glenn's sulphur-soap, a very reliable article, is being used externally. Meanwhile, constipation must be avoided by judicious living or mild medicine, as a pill or two of Ayer's.

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

☞ Everything relating to this department should be addressed "Puzzle Editor," PETERSON'S MAGAZINE, P.-O. Box 328, Marblehead, Mass.

No. 289.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in wheat, but not in rye.
My second's in cake, but not in pie.
My third is in smile, but not in frown.
My fourth is in white, but not in brown.
My fifth is in strike, but not in blow.
My sixth is in sing, but not in crow.
My seventh's in string, but not in wire.
My eighth is in dirt, but not in mire.
My ninth is in dog, but not in cat.
My tenth is in lean, but not in fat.
My first four is done by all women on Monday,
Although 'tis avoided by them upon Sunday.
My last three is used by all dealers in coal.
A brave general's name is here given in whole.

Middletown, Conn. G. C.

No. 290.—PYRAMID.

[TO "IOLANTHE."]

1. A letter. 2. A kind of a snake-like fish. 3. Engaged. 4. A hanging bed. 5. Answers. 6. Accountable. 7. To effect a complete change in government or principles.

Centrals, downward, a state.

East Brady, Pa. NEPARO.

No. 291.—RIDDLE.

Silent and speechless, yet oft I fill
The human heart with rapture;
Sometimes a flood of tears will come,
Sometimes a burst of laughter;
Though wise, I've ne'er a word to say,
Though often praise or blame
Is in my very presence told;
Say, can you tell my name?

Chicago, Ill. STELLA BREWER.

Answers Next Month.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

FISH.

Baked Fish.—This is a good way of cooking any flavorless fish. Cut it in slices or pieces, and make a mound of it on a flat dish, sprinkling between each layer chopped herbs and parsley, cayenne, and lemon-juice. Melt one ounce of butter in a pan, add one ounce of flour and a gill of milk, and stir till it is very thick; squeeze in a little lemon, and pour it over the fish. Cover the whole with browned breadcrumb, and cook it in a good oven till the fish is done. Keep a little breadcrumb back, to sprinkle over any crack, and serve on the dish it is baked in. For the lemon-juice and breadcrumb, Parmesan cheese can be substituted, if it is liked. Scald and then chop a small piece of onion and a few sprigs of parsley. Butter a baking-tin, and sprinkle half the mixture over and half under a thick slice of skate or other white fish. Cover the whole with browned breadcrumb, and pour round a little stock or water, with a dessertspoonful of catsup or vinegar. Bake it for ten or fifteen minutes, and serve it hot or cold, garnished with parsley and cut lemon, and the liquor poured round. Baking is the most economical way of cooking fish, because it does not lose its flavor, and sauce is not necessary as when it is boiled.

Cold-Fish Cutlets.—Melt one ounce of butter, add one ounce of flour and a quarter of a pint of milk; let it boil and thicken. Then stir in the flavoring: lemon-juice or vinegar, salt, cayenne, a little anchovy sauce or paste—or, as a last resort, a tiny piece of bloater-paste. Last of all, add about a breakfastcupful of cold cooked fish, cut small. When this mixture is cold, shape it into cutlets or balls, egg and breadcrumb them, and fry in hot fat or oil.

MEATS, ETC.

Stewed Beef.—Take a piece of bacon, one large onion, some celery, parsley, pepper, and salt. Chop all together; cut slits in the beef, and stuff the mixed ingredients in it; tie up the beef very tight. Put on with two quarts of water, four or five carrots, ten cloves, one tablespoonful of allspice after it is ground, one gill of vinegar, two or three tablespoonfuls of sugar; and, when nearly done, dredge a little flour over it, which will brown. Let it stew for seven or eight hours. One hour before serving, pour off the gravy and strain it, saving the carrots to garnish the dish. Skim the grease; keep the gravy warm, to pour over the beef. The bone out of the meat should be cooked with the gravy.

Jellied Chicken.—Boil the chicken until the water is reduced to about a pint; pick the meat from the bones in fair-sized pieces, removing all gristle, skin, and bone. Skim the fat from the liquor, add an ounce of butter, a little pepper and salt, and half a packet of gelatine. Put the cut-up chicken into a mold, wet with cold water. When the gelatine has dissolved, pour the hot liquor over the chicken. Turn out when cold.

Bread-Sauce, for Poultry.—Boil some peppercorns with one onion, in half a pint of water, for about ten minutes. Then strain off the water, and put some grated bread in it, with about two ounces of butter. Boil all together for a little while, and add a spoonful of milk, which will give it a good color. It must not be too thick. Add salt, to the taste.

Turkey with Oysters.—Cut up the turkey very fine; that is, cold roast or boiled turkey. Put layers of turkey and oysters alternately. Season with cream, butter, pepper, salt, a little nutmeg, an onion, and strew breadcrumb and small pieces of butter on the top, and bake it. When the oysters are done, serve it.

Chicken-Patties.—Mince cold chicken, and stir it into a white sauce, made of milk thickened with cornflour, and flavored with pepper, salt, and butter. Line small patty-pans with puff-paste, bake first, then fill with the mixture, and set in a hot oven for a few minutes, to brown.

DESSERTS.

Apple, with Rice.—Peel six apples, core them, cut them in half, and place them in a flat stewpan, with half a pint of water, four ounces of lump-sugar, a few cloves, and a little cinnamon. Let them boil gently till they become quite soft, then remove them, and let the syrup boil away till reduced to a couple of tablespoonfuls, when you strain it over the apples. Put into a stewpan half a pound of rice and a quart of water; leave it on the fire till it boils.

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Drain off the water, and add one pint of milk, four ounces of white sugar, and the thin rind of a lemon. When the rice is thoroughly cooked, remove the lemon-rind, and work into it the yolks of three eggs; then put it in a heap on the dish in which it is to be served, place the apples on top, and cover the whole thoroughly with the whites of the eggs, beaten up into a stiff froth with one tablespoonful of lump-sugar. Sprinkle powdered sugar over, and bake half an hour in a cool oven.

To Stew Dried Peaches for Tarts.—Wash them well, and put them to soak for several hours, in milk-warm water sufficient to cover them. Put them to stew in the same water, and, when nearly done, throw off some of the water, leaving just enough for a rich juice, to which add sugar, orange-peel, and a few allspice. To one quart of fruit, put two quarts of water, and half a teaspoonful of ground allspice. Bake in pastry.

Victoria Pudding.—Boil two ounces of sago with six ounces of sugar in half a pint of water for three-quarters of an hour, add six ounces of fresh fruit, again boil for an hour, and then put it into a mold; let it stand until cold, when turn it out and pour a little syrup round the base. Milk may be eaten with it.

Brown-Bread Pudding.—Take half a pound of very stale bread, rubbed through a sieve, and add to a pint of milk, well flavored with vanilla, and in which three eggs have been thoroughly beaten; pour into a plain mold, steam for two hours and a half, and serve with custard-sauce.

CAKES.

Sally Lunns.—The following is the answer to "Martha's" inquiry: One pound of flour, two eggs, one ounce of butter, one teacupful of milk, and three teaspoonfuls of baking-powder; first mix the baking-powder and flour, then add the eggs, which must be well beaten; the milk must be warmed, and the butter dissolved in it; then mix all together to a rather stiff dough; cut it into four pieces, which must be made into the shape of buns, and flattened with the hand. Put them into the oven at once, and bake for about twenty minutes. When removed from the oven, paint them over with a little egg and milk; cut, butter, and serve them as you would crumpets.

Waffles.—One quart of sour milk, four eggs well beaten with this, and with three ounces of butter melted, half a teaspoonful of salt—all must be well beaten together; two teaspoonfuls of carbonate of soda, rubbed into six ounces of flour, then the whole made into a batter as quickly as possible, and baked on a griddle, about two tablespoonfuls to each waffle. They should be exceedingly light. Instead of sour milk, half a teaspoonful of baking-powder may be used, and sweet milk. The use of the sour milk and the soda—an acid and an alkali—is to produce fermentation; and, as these are already mixed in the baking-powder, the result is similar.

Monkey-Cake.—To about a quartern of dough, add three or four eggs well beaten, half a pound of butter, and the same quantity of moist sugar, with three-quarters of a pound of currants. Mix all thoroughly together and bake in a hot oven. This makes an excellent cake.

Jumbles.—One and a half pounds of flour; one pound of sugar; three-quarters of a pound of butter; four eggs, leaving out two of the whites; and a glass of rose or peach water. Roll them thin in fine powdered sugar.

Small Cakes.—Beat half a pound of butter to a cream, add one pound of flour, half a pound of sifted sugar, a glass of brandy, and five eggs. Cut with a wineglass and bake.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FERNS.—The best mode of skeletonizing ferns is as follows: Soak the leaves in rain-water till they are decomposed, or allow them to stand in the sun, immersed in rain-water, for about a fortnight; if pulpy and decomposed, proceed as follows: Put a card under each leaf and float it, then with a camel's-hair brush remove the skin, turn the leaf upside-down into a basin of clean water, and remove the skin on the other side, and brush the fleshy part out lengthwise, taking care not to break the veins. A quicker way is to dissolve three ounces of soda in one quart of boiling water, add one and a half ounces of slack-lime, boil ten minutes, pour off the clear solution, bring it to the boil again, put in the leaves, and boil briskly for an hour, adding hot water as it boils down. Rub a leaf between the fingers under the water, and when the pulp comes off easily the leaves are done. To bleach after skeletonizing: Mix one drachm of chloride of lime with one pint of water, adding a little acetic acid. Steep the leaves in this for ten minutes, but not long enough to get brittle. They should be white when finished. Put them in clean water and float them on cardboard till dry.

CLEANLINESS NEXT TO GODLINESS.—No one can be really healthy who lives in a place full of foul smells and impure air. Our sense of smell was given us, in great measure, to teach us what is unwholesome and should be avoided. Dust and dirt bring sickness along with them, and, especially in towns, constant war must be waged against them. You cannot be said to "clean" a room when you merely move the dirt from one part to another; yet this is what is constantly done in flapping furniture over with a *dry* duster: a *damp* one, to which the dirt will stick, should be used, if you wish to make a place really clean. If, however, this would spoil your things, then, at least, wipe them with a dry cloth, from which the dust may afterward be shaken into a proper place.

HOW TO CLEAN PAMPAS-GRASS.—A correspondent asks us this question. In reply, we would say: Lay the sprays in a bath full of water, either cold or tepid; then take a piece of yellow soap in the hand, dip it in water, and gently and lightly work it up from the stem to the point, turning the grass with the other hand gradually. The soap must not be rubbed up and down, or it will break the delicate branches, but just passed upward. This will cleanse the grass. Then take it out, rinse it thoroughly and carefully in clean water; put it in a cloth, and delicately press it; lastly, lay it in the sun, or shake it softly before a fire. Only, care is required. The grass then reassumes its beautiful white glistening appearance.

THE DANGER OF BAD PLUMBING is the subject of a recent article in a medical journal. The writer says that so many plumbers are inefficient, and plumbing so often gets out of order, that it is dangerous to have wash-basins, etc., in a bed-room, or next to it. He advises a return to the old-fashioned system of putting these things in the rear of the house, where, if the plumbing gets out of order, and sewer-gas escapes, no one can be harmed. To sleep, he says, in an infected room, is almost certain death.

MANY WHITE GROS-GRAINS have black watered stripes, or else there are white figures brocaded on a black ground, alternating with plain white stripes.

FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

FIG. 1.—VISITING-DRESS, OF DARK-BROWN CORDED SILK. The skirt is laid in many narrow plaits, with side-panels of rich watered silk. The dolman is of brown corded silk.

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lined with dark-green satin, and trimmed with fur. Bonnet of dark-green velvet, with upright quill-feathers.

FIG. II.—WALKING-DRESS, OF GREEN CASHMERE. The underskirt is of dark-green velvet; the cashmere is draped and quite long in front, and falls plainly at the back, over a large tournure. The bodice is of green velvet, like the skirt, with vest and sleeves of the cashmere; the vest hooks underneath green velvet sides. Hat of dark-green velvet, trimmed with ribbon the shade of the cashmere.

FIG. III.—CARRIAGE-DRESS, OF DARK-BLUE POPLIN. The plaited underskirt is plain; the overskirt is made quite full, is edged with a band of beaver-fur, and is looped on the hips. The mantle is of beaver-fur, has broad tabs at the back, with "wings" on the sleeves, and the whole is edged with balls of beaver-fur. Felt hat, trimmed with blue velvet, and feathers the color of the beaver.

FIG. IV.—WALKING-DRESS, OF WINE-COLORED WOOLEN GOODS, with raised spots dotted over it. The underskirt is of plain silk; the woolen material is plaited to the bodice, and slightly draped at the back to show the silk underskirt; a band of velvet ornaments the front of the skirt, as well as forms a ceinture around the bodice, the collar, and a lappel on the left side of the front of the bodice. Hat of black felt, with a soft crown of silk, and trimmed with loops of spotted foulard and a stiff aigrette.

FIG. V.—WALKING-DRESS, OF CHESTNUT-BROWN ROUGH WOOLEN MATERIAL. The skirt is plain in front, with panels of the same color, striped crosswise by a plush stripe; at the back, it hangs quite plain over a large tournure. The bodice has folds of the striped plush material, with a velvet vest; velvet bow-and-ends on the left side. Large felt hat, trimmed with chestnut-colored ribbon.

FIG. VI.—WALKING-DRESS, OF DARK-BLUE WOOLEN MATERIAL. The underskirt is of blue, striped with dull-red lines, and is laid in full plaits at the back; the overskirt is of plain dark-blue, fancifully draped on right side in front, and lightly looped on the left side at the back. The bodice is laid in plaits from the shoulders to the waist, and has a jabot, collar, and cuffs of dark-blue canvas, striped with red. Blue felt hat, faced with dull-red velvet, and trimmed with blue feathers.

FIG. VII.—VISITE, OF SNUFF-BROWN BOUCLÉ-CLOTH, made with full habit-basque at the back, and square ends at the sides and front. The revers, sleeve-bordering, and cape are of brown Astrakhan-cloth.

FIG. VIII.—MUFF, OF GRAY ASTRAKHAN-FUR, trimmed with cords and tassels.

FIG. IX.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF GRAY CAMEL'S-HAIR AND BLACK VELVET. The underskirt of velvet is laid in full plaits. The gray cashmere tunic is plain, long, draped high on the hips, and falls in straight lines at the back. The jacket-bodice opens in front over a black velvet vest, and is in full habit-plaits at the back. Black velvet collar and cuffs.

FIG. X.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF BLUE SURAH. The overskirt is lightly looped over a skirt of the same material, trimmed with three gathered flounces. The bodice has basque slit on the hips, is very slightly pulled at the back, and has a vest of the same material loosely confined under a broad belt fastened with a mother-of-pearl buckle.

FIG. XI.—LACE SLEEVE FOR AN EVENING-DRESS, trimmed with ribbon. This sleeve is pretty in either black or white lace, according to the gown it is to be worn with, and the ribbon should, of course, correspond with the color of the dress. A pair of such sleeves is valuable to replace the ordinary sleeve of the gown for more dressy occasions, and help to give variety to the wardrobe.

FIG. XII.—WALKING-COSTUME, OF STRIPED BOUCLÉ-CLOTH. The underskirt is laid in broad plaits. The overdress falls in a long point in front, shows the plaits at the side, falls in long drapery at the back, where it is slightly looped. The short wrap is laid in full plaits in front, is turned under at the arms, and is trimmed with a band of black velvet. The collar and bows are also of black velvet. Gray felt hat, with black and gray feathers.

FIG. XIII.—FRONT OF MOURNING-JACKET, MADE OF DICK-PATTERNED WOOLEN, trimmed with crêpe. The jacket fastens slantwise in front. Collar and pointed cuffs of crêpe.

FIG. XIV.—BOA, OF MINK-FUR, finished with tassels of the same.

FIG. XV.—WALKING-DRESS, OF MYRTLE-GREEN CLOTH. The foundation is of dark-green silk, and the skirt is edged with a kilt-plaiting of silk. The skirt is trimmed with two bands of fancy block-trimming. The pointed bodice opens over a vest made of the block-trimming, and has bretelles of dark-green velvet, which pass just over the shoulder.

FIG. XVI.—BACK OF MOURNING-JACKET. The back fits closely to the figure, and has a seam down the centre.

FIG. XVII.—BOA, OF SILVER-FOX FUR, finished with tassels at the ends.

FIG. XVIII.—HAT, OF GRAY FELT, trimmed with a band of gray Astrakhan and with gray stiff feathers.

FIG. XIX.—BONNET, OF BROWN VELVET, edged with a band of gray chinchilla, and trimmed with large bows of brown satin ribbon.

FIG. XX.—BONNET, OF BLACK VELVET, trimmed very high in front, with loops of black satin ribbon and two dark-red birds.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Woolen fabrics are still preferred above all others for ordinary wear. In fact, silk and velvet are unknown in many wardrobes. In many cases, two varieties of woolen goods are combined in one dress, plain and striped or barred goods both being employed.

The colors remain much the same as those of the past winter, and no one color can be said to be absolutely the most fashionable.

Velvet and silk stripes, plaids, and crossbars, wide, narrow, and pin-stripes, are all popular, in combination with plain material. Whole suits are often made of the pin or very narrow striped material—a vest, with cuffs, collar, and revers, being of some plain goods.

There is but very little change in the manner of making dresses. Basques with vests and revers are still worn. Long full draperies are generally preferred, though some tall slender persons adapt the shorter drapings. Jacket-bodices slope away below the waist, to show a waistcoat. Soft surah and crêpe-de-Chine are still used for full vests. Collars are very high; some few are made to turn over, but are still high. Sleeves are made much looser above the elbow. Darts are made somewhat higher than they were formerly. The shoulder-seams are still short. All bodices are much whaleboned, to give the tailor-made appearance to them. Basques are usually short on the hips. Buttons on dresses are of small or medium size, but very large on all wraps.

Cloaks and all wraps are made long for ordinary useful wear, but the shorter mantle or visite is considered more dressy. Fur is largely used for the trimming of all wraps.

Bonnets and hats are still worn very high, the trimming usually narrow and massed in front on the bonnets; but more latitude is given to hats, where the trimming is still high, but can be worn on the sides.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

RUE DES PETITS CHAMPS.

One of the prettiest of the new hats of the season, so far, is the "Bolero," which is very becoming, and has the merit of unexaggerated form and height. It is a reproduction of the hat worn by Spanish dancers, the crown being higher than in the original, but the broad turned-up brim all around being preserved. It comes in felt, in all the different dark shades that are

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now fashionable, the only trimming being a large cockade of faille ribbon, or of faille intermixed with velvet, which is placed at the left side of the crown. The wide reversed brim, which gives the hat something of the compact becomingness of the turban hat, is sometimes covered with velvet, or dotted with jet nail-heads of the same color as the felt. An attempt is now being made to introduce the large poke-bonnet for winter-wear; but I hardly think that the effort will succeed. If it does, the bonnets of that shape will be bigger and more clumsy and cumbrous than ever—an inevitable reaction from the tiny capote that has been in favor for so long. There is also talk of reviving the long-disused bonnet-cap, a ruche of white tulle placed around the inside of the brim of a moderate-sized or very large bonnet. Elderly ladies who can remember what a nuisance these ruches used to be—continually getting soiled, and requiring renewal—will hardly hail the report of their reintroduction with delight.

The new materials of the season are very rich and handsome, and are proportionately expensive. Heavy faille or bengaline, figured or striped with plush or with velvet, contest the palm with figured or plaid velvet—or, more magnificent still, with velvet figured with large scattered flowers in uncut velvet, these flowers being outlined with gold thread One pattern shows large overlapping velvet blocks on a satin ground. Another has waved lines of velvet, a quarter of an inch wide, on a heavy corded silk ground. There are materials in two-inch wide stripes, alternately of satin and velvet, or satin and plush, or velvet and plush, the latter style being extremely rich in effect. All these are in solid colors. Then there are velvets plaided with uncut velvet in two shades of the same color as the groundwork; and striped velvet, with narrow stripes imitating gold embroidery sunk in the velvet; and stamped-velvet stripes, alternating with satin stripes figured with plush or velvet. For wraps, are shown velvets in subdued cashmere colors, the hues being very delicate and artistic, and the prevailing tints being dull-blue and faded-rose. In the striped materials just described, the solid colors are all in subdued tones—garnet, seal-brown, heliotrope, and dark-gray being the fashionable shades of the season. These stuffs are very expensive—costing, even in Paris, from five dollars to fifteen dollars per yard. But there will not be a great quantity of these costly fabrics employed in any one toilette. They will be used for the plain underskirt, and the short overskirt or panier-drapery and sash at the back will be composed of plain material matching the groundwork, as will also be the corsage. Cashmere, striped or figured with velvet or with plush, is shown for less dressy costumes, and is far less expensive.

Corsages for demi-toilette are a good deal worn cut open at the neck in a deep point, both in front and at the back, the material being drawn back in flat folds from this opening, which is filled in either with folds of a contrasting material, or with rows of lace set transversely over silk matching the dress in hue. Sometimes, these pointed openings are filled in with jet, a broad band of jet passementerie encircling the throat. This band fastens at the side of the neck, the juncture of the two ends being concealed by a jet ornament. Side-panels are more in vogue than ever, and are now woven in various stuffs expressly for skirt-adornment. Some of these are in heavy-patterned Spanish lace; others are in white faille with a stripe of exquisitely-tinted flowers in their natural hues, brocaded down the centre; and others still are finely embroidered by hand with colored crystal beads, or with jet beads and bugles on black satin. Jackets in every form and of all sorts of material are immensely popular. A pretty Spanish jacket for morning-wear is in mignonette-green velvet, and opens over a full skirt-front in gold-yellow crape. A band of velvet confines this skirt-front at the waist. Heliotrope and silver-gray are very fashionable colors for dinner and reception-dresses, either in satin, or in satin and velvet, with some admixture of silk-muslin of precisely the same tint. Silk-muslin is a good deal used for veiling the front of ball-dresses, instead of lace.

A charming novelty in jewelry is the philopœna bracelet. It is composed of a slender gold bangle or porte-bonheur, from which is suspended an almond in chased dead-gold, slightly open at the side, so as to show within the double kernel, represented by two garnets, or two carbuncles, or formed of red enamel. The philopœna almond is supposed to bring good-luck, and takes the place of the former novelty in that line—the trefoil—which superseded, in its turn, the ugly and inartistic pig. Trefoils are still worn as brooches, either in gold or in precious stones. One of the handsomest that I have seen was formed of three pear-shaped cabochon emeralds, with the centre and the stem composed of small diamonds. Three pear-shaped pearls were set as a brooch, in this way, as a wedding-present to the Princess Maria-Josepha of Saxony from a Parisian lady of rank.

The most fashionable flower for house or table decoration, this season, is the "hydrangea." It is employed in large masses in one of its three colors—blue, pink, or white—no admixture of color being permitted. Very wide surah scarfs, in a delicate contrasting hue, are used to envelop the tub or vase containing the flowers, which must be set close together and show as little of the foliage as possible. White surah is used with the pink hydrangea, pale-blue with the white, and pale-pink with the blue. This style of floral decoration is exceedingly tasteful, as well as effective.

Fans are to be a good deal reduced in size, so far as those decorated with hand-painting on silk or satin are concerned. Duvelleroy, the greatest fan-mounter of Paris, has decreed twelve inches as the width of a fan-leaf of that nature. Gauze fans are still shown of very large dimensions.

The latest craze amongst the Parisian fashionables is for light-yellow kid boots for street-wear. This new foot-covering has no good quality to recommend it, as it is perishable, is unbecoming to the foot—of which it increases the apparent size—and looks ill with dark dresses. It is a passing fancy which will disappear before the wet and muddy pavements of winter.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—GIRL'S COAT, OF DARK-GREEN CLOTH. It is long and plain, and fastened across from top to the bottom by brandebourgs. The collar is of dark-green velvet. Cream-colored felt hat, trimmed with dark-green velvet and feathers.

FIG. II.—GIRL'S COAT, OF ROUGH GRAY CLOTH. It is plain in front, and laid in large plaits at the back; it is trimmed down each side of the front, around the neck and the bottom of the skirt, with a band of gray Astrakhan-cloth. The toque is of gray cloth, trimmed with a narrow band of Astrakhan-cloth and balls of Astrakhan.

FIG. III.—GIRL'S COSTUME, OF DARK-BLUE SERGE. The underskirt is laid in large box-plaits. The tunic is full and draped on the hips. The jacket is of dark-blue cloth, with a shoulder-cape lined with dark-red satin, both cape and jacket being trimmed with mink-fur. Hat of dark-blue felt, trimmed with a large rosette of dark-red ribbon.

FIG. IV.—GIRL'S TOQUE, OF NASTURTIUM-BROWN VELVET, puckered into a wavy crown, and encircled with a band of shaded gray raccoon. Gilt clasp, crescent-shaped. Upright cluster of stiff brown feathers, veined with gold.

FIG. V.—SEAL-SKIN TOQUE, with small imitation fox-heads and a cluster of brown ribbon in front.

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Painted by Achille Jacquet. Engraved & Printed by Illman Brothers

MEADOW SWEET.

Engraved expressly for Peterson's Magazine

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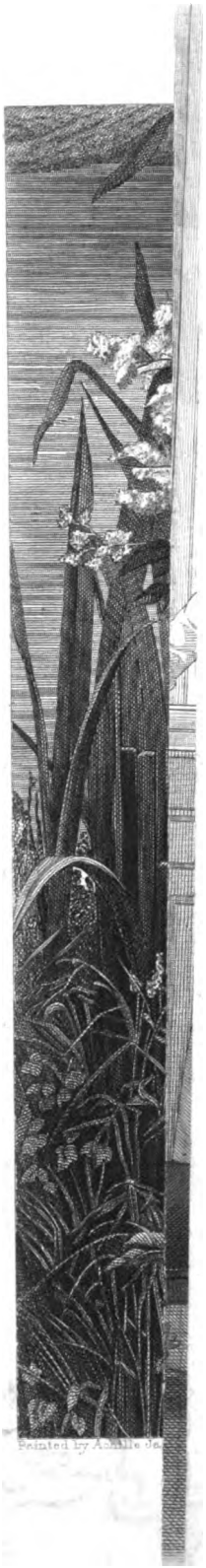

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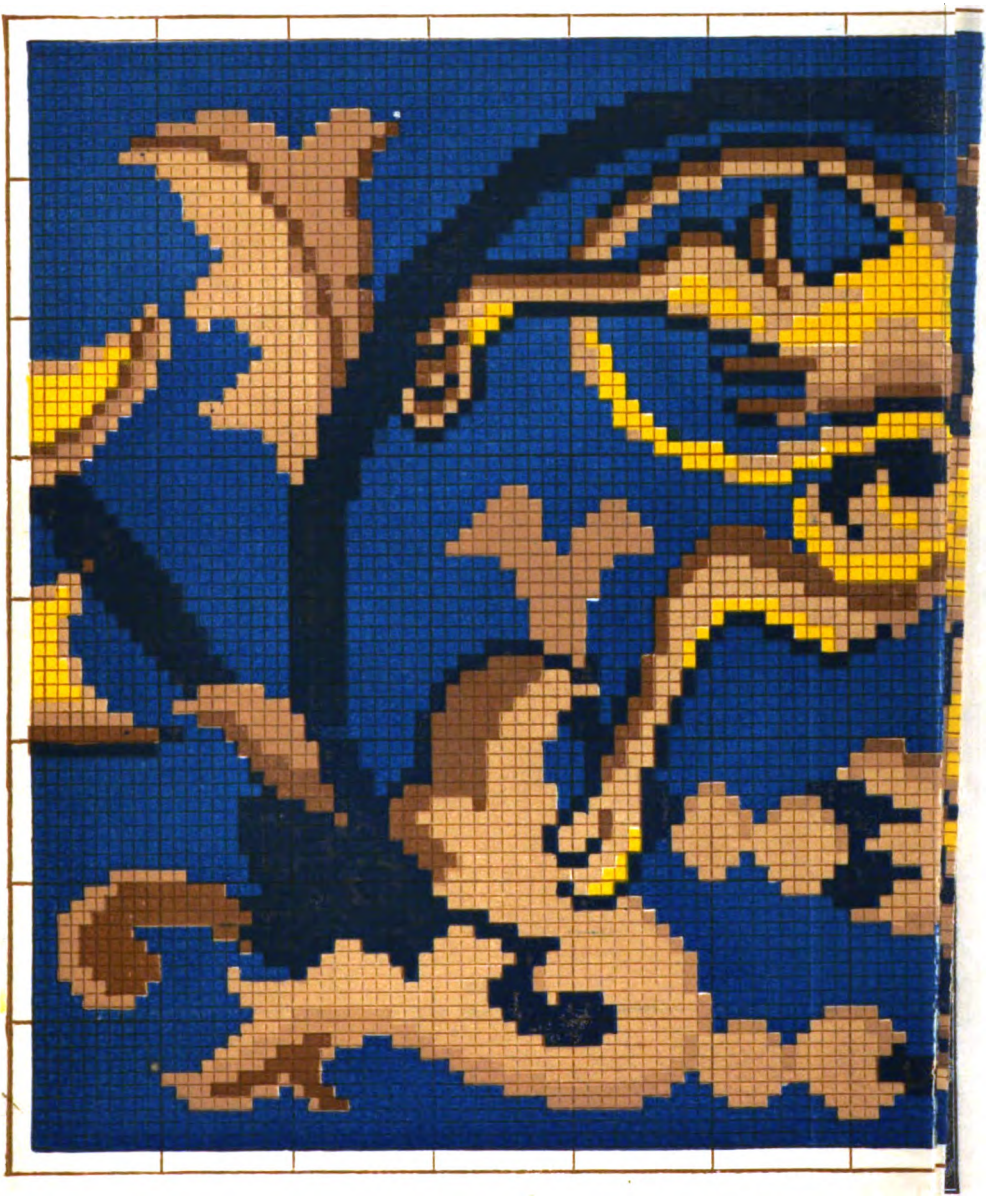

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THE "EIDELWEISS." [See the Story.]

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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER. TOQUES.

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FUR MANTLE. BONNET. SLEEVE.

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PLUSH CAP. MOURNING-JACKET. HAT.

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HOUSE-DRESS: FRONT AND BACK

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HOUSE-DRESSES.

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BORDER FOR TABLE-COVER.

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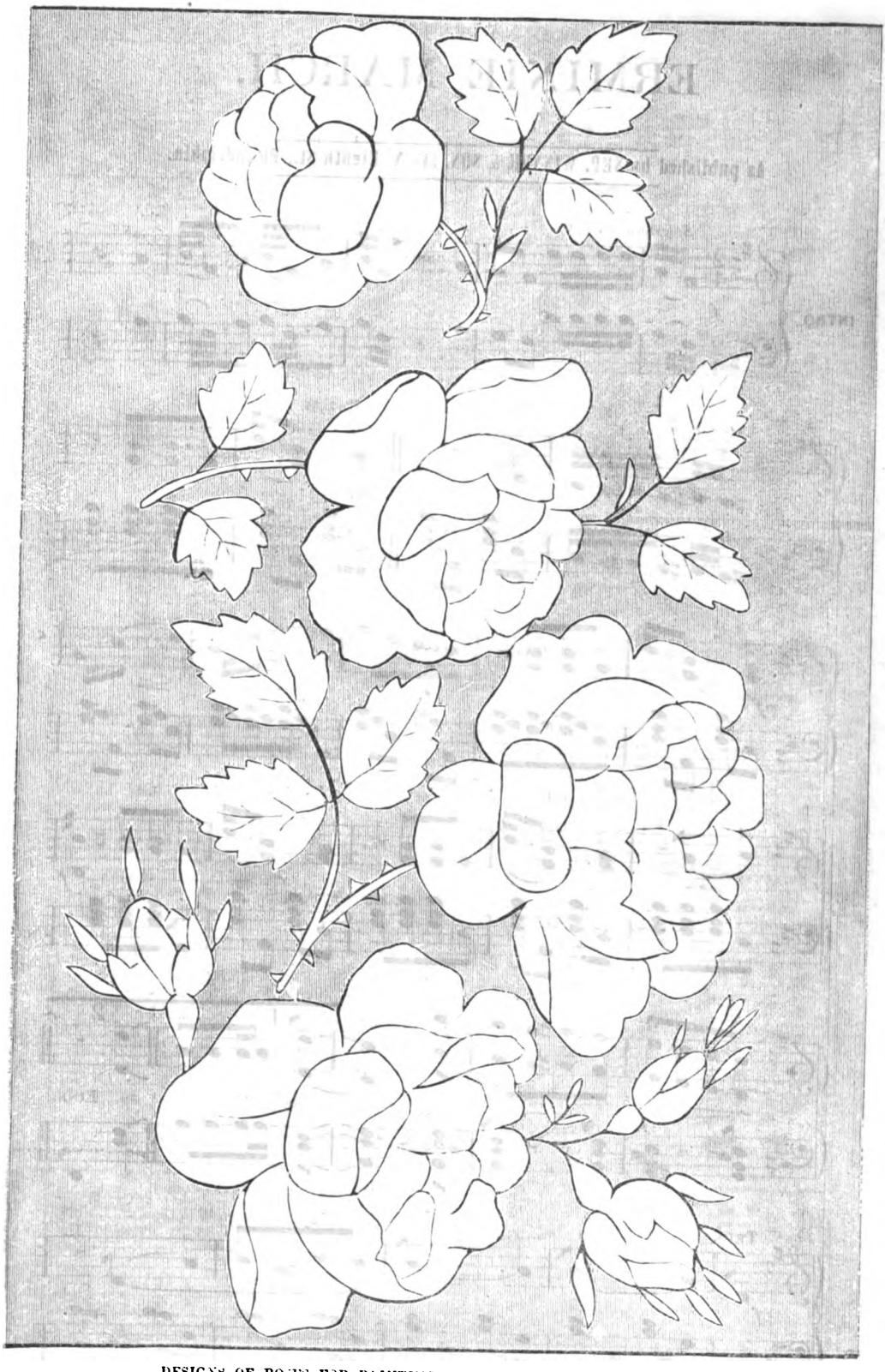

DESIGNS OF ROSES FOR PAINTING, OUTLINE-WORK, OR APPLIQUÉ.

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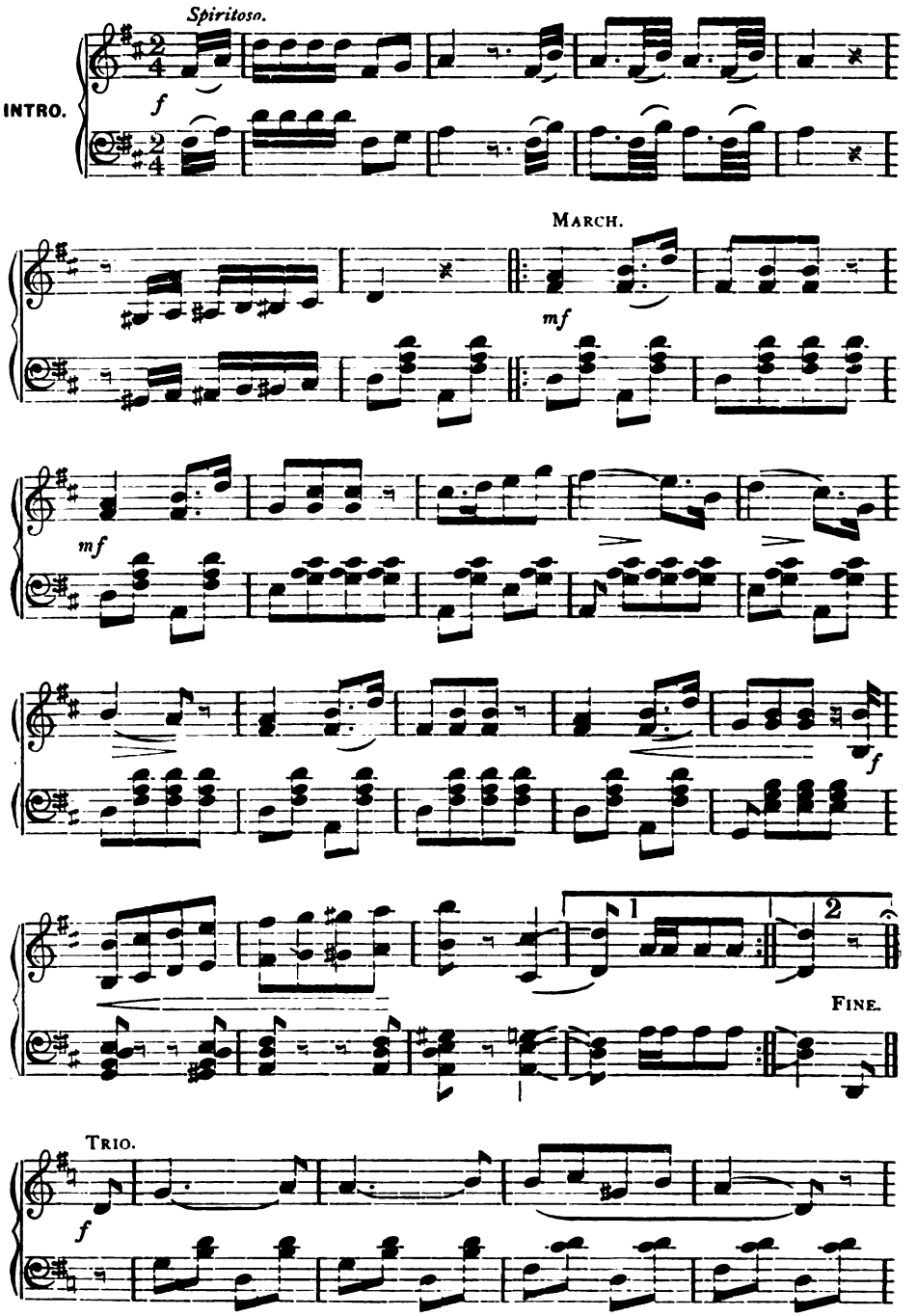

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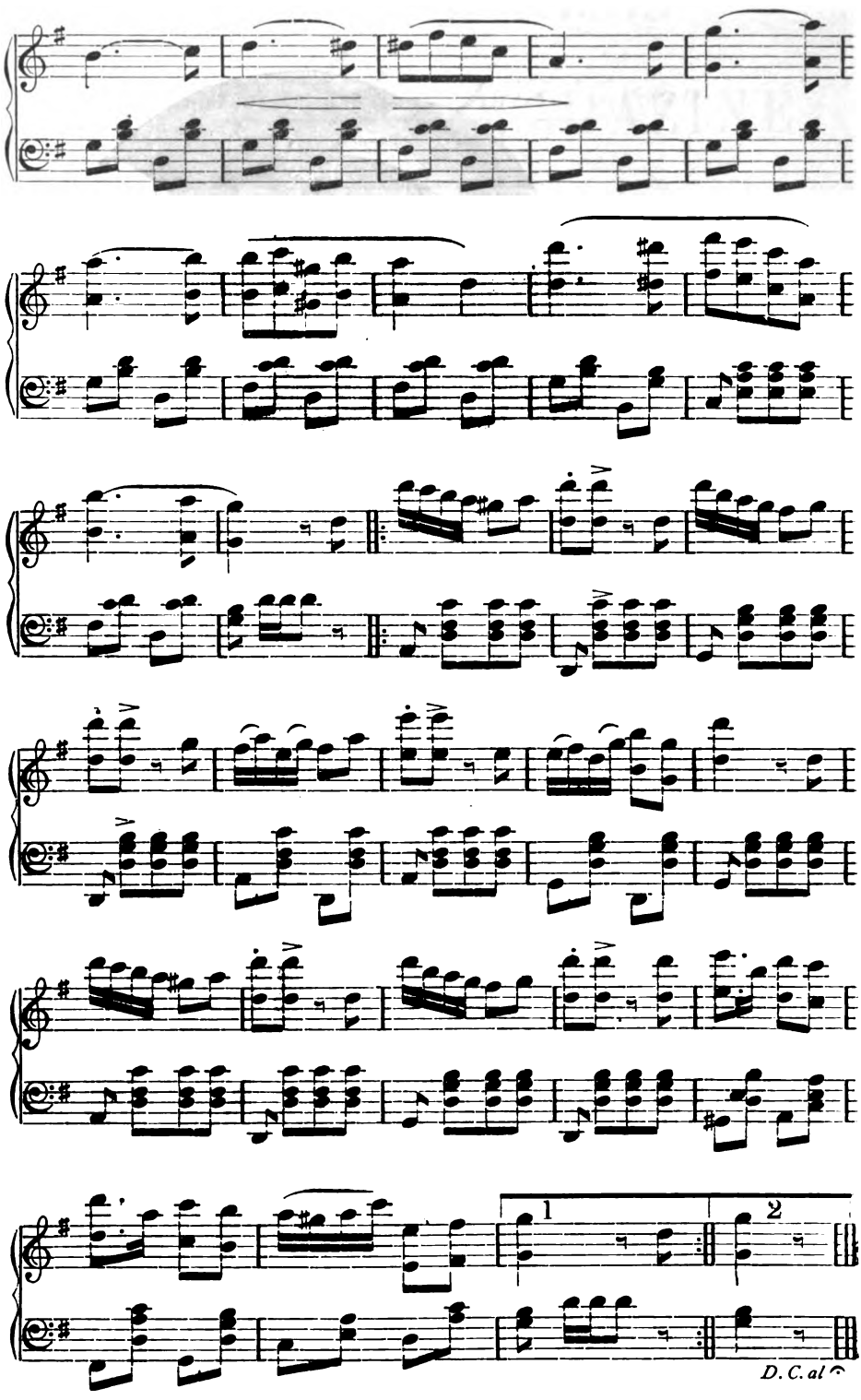

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WALKING-DRESS.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XC. PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER, 1886. No. 6.

ETHEL'S CHRISTMAS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "COBWEBS," "MRS. MILLION," ETC.

THE winter was at its worst. Ethel had come back to her humble attic, utterly worn out in body, and hopelessly despairing in mind and heart. Her walk through the slushy streets of the great manufacturing town, and across the bridge, exposed to the full fury of the winter blast, and through the snow-piled lanes to the cottage in the suburbs, where she lived, had exhausted what strength she had, especially as nothing in the way of food had passed her lips since morning.

Wearily throwing off her hat and cloak, she sank into a chair, too tired, for the moment, even to prepare her cup of tea, which, with some dry bread, was to be her only meal. The chair was a common splint one, and the other furniture of the room was as poor. Yet this now friendless orphan had once lived in luxury, been an only child, a petted darling, the heiress of a millionaire.

Her summers, ever since she left school, had been passed partly at her father's country-seat and partly at Saratoga or Newport. Later, she had been a favorite at the English court, and a belle in London society; for her father, a banker, having retired from business, had gone abroad to live.

A noted fashionable artist had painted her, in profile, as Diana, with the crescent moon behind; and the picture, when exhibited at the Royal Academy, had been the talk of the town. "Sir Frederick Leighton," exclaiming an art-critic, "could not have done better." In every way, fortune favored her. But, one day, her father had come home to his almost princely mansion on Park Lane, so weary-looking that Ethel knew, at once, that something was the matter. No opportunity, however, came to ask, until dinner was over, and the staid butler had retired. Then she leaned forward and said:

"Papa, dear, what is it?"

The answer had come wearily:

"Ruin—hopeless ruin."

At the words, he fell from his chair in a fit of apoplexy, and died before the doctor, hastily summoned from almost next door, could arrive.

What need to dwell on what followed? The harpies of the law swooped down on everything, and, before a month, Ethel was homeless and penniless. She took her ruined fortunes to a

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great northern city, the centre of mighty iron-interests, where certain circumstances, not necessary to mention here, offered, as she thought, an opening to her.

She had, at first, had a hope, but this was now gone. During her prosperity, more than one title had been laid at her feet; but she had rejected all, and selected a younger son instead. He was good-looking, brave, and frank—qualities that quickly won her heart; and, on his part, he was passionately in love with Ethel. He could not be accused of mercenary motives, having a competent fortune inherited from his mother. He was in the Guards; and, when they were ordered to Egypt, had to obey the call of duty. The separation was the first real sorrow that Ethel had ever experienced. When her father's misfortune came, his family, that had been so eager for the match, studiously avoided her. But she said to herself: "He, at least, will be true." Soon after, came the news of his death, in one of those terrible battles, when Lord Wolseley was striving to relieve Gordon. Thus left alone, in a strange land, deserted by all her fair-weather friends, her little stock of money exhausted, Ethel had no resource but to seek some means of livelihood; and she sought it, as we have said, away from London and her false and heartless friends.

Alas, her disappointment was as bitter as it was immediate: the post she sought for, that of a governess, was filled; and no other employment presented itself. She tried everything, but in vain. She advertised for a position as teacher: she made personal application in stores for a saleswoman's place: but either there were no vacancies, or recommendations were asked, which, as she had never lived out before, she could not give. Finally, when her small store of money was nearly gone, she hired herself out, in despair, to work with others, in one of those great shops that deal in cheap wearing-apparel—the cheapness, ah me! representing the heart's-blood and lives of the workwomen. But she had no choice. It was that or starvation.

She was fortunate, she thought, in finding an attic, in a tumbledown cottage on the outskirts of the city, and so escaping the close feverish atmosphere of a lodging, in some narrow foul alley, up half a dozen pairs of stairs. It was such a relief, such a luxury, to escape from the hot confined garret, in which she and others worked, to the delicious coolness, the almost Sabbath quiet, of these summer evenings out of town.

Often, she looked at her companions, and wondered how soon she would grow as pale and haggard as they were. Now and then, one would stop sewing for a moment, and rise to stretch her arms as a relief from her long-continued constrained position; but the inexorable voice of the task-master would remind the offender that her wages would be "docked" for every minute she

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thus wasted. To escape from all this, from sundown to sunrise at least, and breathe the pure air of the country, was oh! such a boon.

But, when winter came on, and Ethel had to trudge, as to-night, through slush in the city and snow-drifts out of it, she began to think that she had made a mistake. And every day she felt herself growing weaker, until, to-night, she nearly fainted, when only half-way home.

"Is there never to be a change?" she said. "Will it never end? How dreadful to be without even hope. Oh! for one of the dear old days again."

She leaned her head on her hand, in a despairing, half-dazed way, and began to think of the past.

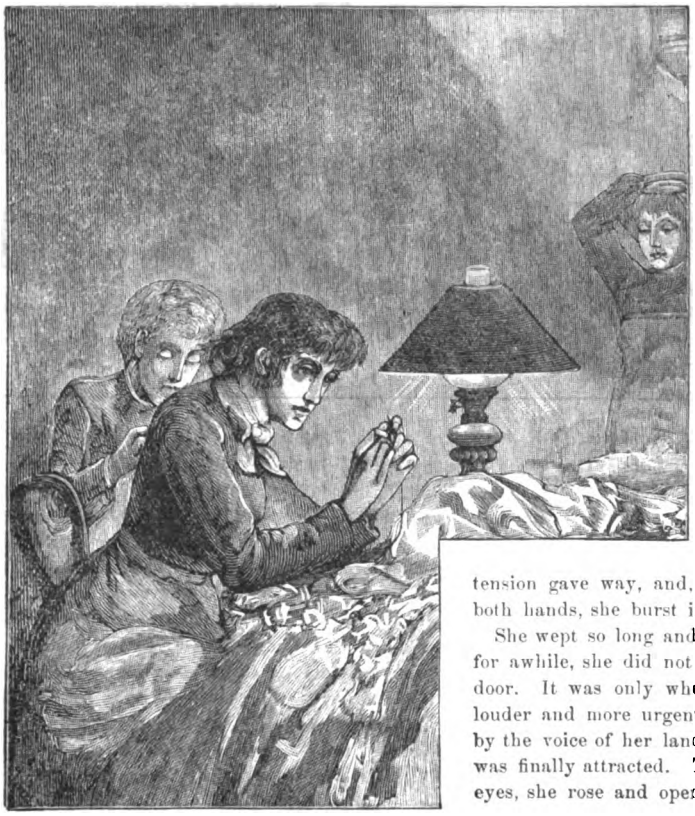
"Ah! if he had only lived," she said. "Harry! Harry! why can't you come back to me? Oh! this terrible, terrible death, that separates those who love."

Her attic-window commanded a view, in the distance, of the bridge over the turbid and wintry stream, by which she had come home, and of the city beyond, with its lurid furnace-fires. She had often gazed at it, and said to herself that only one object in the whole landscape ever spoke of hope: and that was the massive square tower of the grand old church, telling of God and heaven, and a future life of peace and bliss. Yet even this, with its black and almost sullen look to-night, no longer inspired these sentiments: and she felt almost ready to cry out in despair that there was no righteous Judge, after all; no pity in the Infinite Mind for sufferers; but only a world given over to cruelty and wrong; only blank hopeless despair.

Suddenly, as she thus mused, the moon was seen to rise. Listlessly she watched it at first. But, as it rose and rose, high above the dark furnaces, triumphant over their red flame and dusky smoke, she became conscious of a sudden feeling of hope, of an elasticity of spirits not known for long months. Clasping her hands, she cried: "God reigns, after all—He is not deaf—I have been wicked and ungrateful," and, raising her eyes above, she prayed: "Father in heaven, teach me to bear all uncomplainingly, and rely on Thy aid in Thine own time."

And then, all at once, she remembered what day it was.

"It is Christmas-eve," she cried, "that brings good-will and peace. How could I have had so little faith, remembering the blessed morrow?"



At the same moment, the chimes in the great tower began to play: the sound coming and going, like ærial music, through the frosty atmosphere.

"It is the angels singing," she said to herself, in a hushed whisper, in the reaction and enthusiasm of the moment. "Peace and good-will, peace to the God-willing—oh! can it be an answer to my prayer?" But then the overstrained tension gave way, and, covering her eyes with both hands, she burst into half-hysterical tears.

She wept so long and so uncontrollably, that, for awhile, she did not hear a knocking at the door. It was only when the knocking became louder and more urgent, and was supplemented by the voice of her landlady, that her attention was finally attracted. Then, hastily wiping her eyes, she rose and opened the door.

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The landlady stood there, holding in her hand one of those envelopes which so many of us have learned to associate, as telegrams, with messengers of woe. In happier days, Ethel had never seen one without trembling, and she began to tremble now: though what more of evil news could she hear, she asked herself.

"Don't, don't," cried the landlady. "It can't be anything wrong, for such a nice gentleman is waiting downstairs for the answer; and he wouldn't look so happy if the news were bad."

Ethel tore open, with trembling fingers, the envelope; and this is what she read:

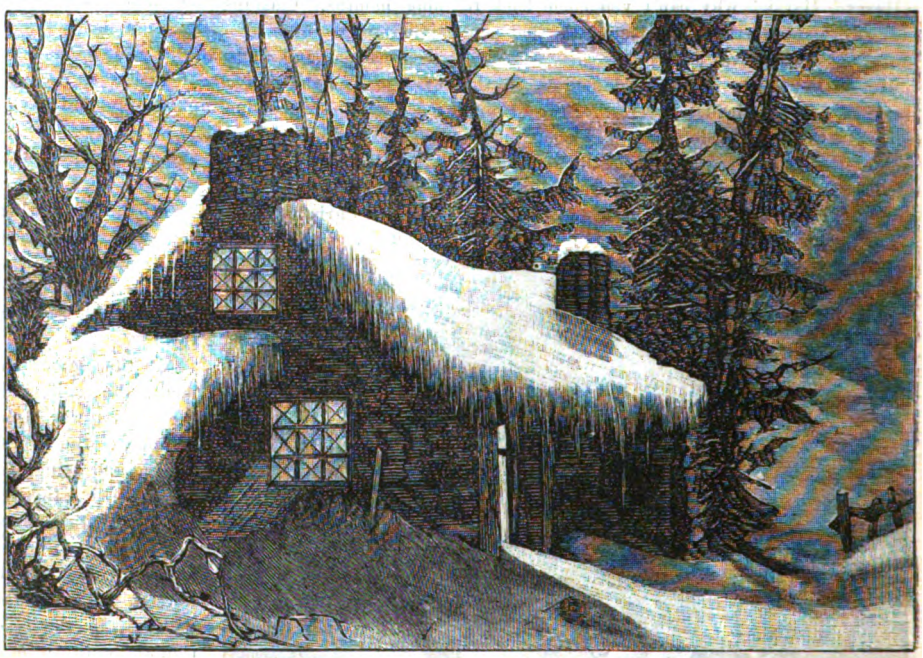
"I am well. I was captured, and, though sorely wounded, not killed. After many months, I succeeded in making my escape. I have been seeking you for months. Oh, why did you hide yourself from me? I am coming out at once to see you."

HENRY DESPENCER.

Alive? The dead come back? From the words of the telegram, not only alive, but not far off. Oh, could there be—could it be—no mistake? Was it not all some deluding dream? The news was too good to be true.

The telegram fell to the floor. She pushed back her hair, and looked at her landlady in such a wild half-insane way.

"Don't, don't," the latter cried again, and sprang to support Ethel, who now tottered and



fell back. "You must not faint. Oh, help! help! she is dying," cried the woman.

There was a rush of steps up the narrow rickety stairs, and, the next instant, the half-unconscious Ethel was lying in her lover's arms.

"Is it—is it really you, dear?" she murmured, after awhile, reviving under his passionate appeal quite as much as with the water with which the landlady was bathing her face. "Oh, it can't be true! It is too much happiness."

"That I should find you in such a place as this," was his answer, as the landlady, realizing something of the truth, discreetly retired, "and literally, literally starving. Great God, is there justice—"

"Hush," whispered Ethel. "Don't—don't speak that way: it hurts me. I thought so once. But I have been rebuked. Ah, it is all over now. God is so good! What a happy, happy Christmas this will be!"

Later on, after Ethel had made some tea, at her lover's entreaty, which beverage he insisted on sharing with her, he told her how he had been captured, and detained a prisoner, and how finally he had escaped, and how he had not heard of her father's death until arriving in London.

"My companions," he said, "saw me fall, by a thrust from a spear; but, being overpowered and forced to retreat, they were compelled to leave my dead body, as they thought, behind.

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You see, we had formed into a square, as we always did when attacked; but the rush of the Arabs was so terrible, and their number so overwhelming, that they soon broke through it. You can have no conception, dear, how the savages fought. Life seemed to be of no value to them. They poured down on our fixed bayonets, with their wild cries, firing their guns and hurling their spears; and, though our repeating-rifles mowed them down like grain before the scythe, others as fanatical rushed in to fill their places, until the dead were piled in heaps before us. At last, by sheer force of number and this reckless disregard of life, they broke into our square; and, after that, the fight became a hand-to-hand encounter, every man for himself—no order, no discipline, possible. I found myself at bay, with four Arabs assailing me. The foremost seemed to be a chief: for he was shouting to the others all the while. I had picked up some Arabic in the campaign, and could understand most of what he said. 'Cut down the infidel!' he cried. 'Houris wait for you in Paradise, if you fall.' My comrades saw my strait, but could not help me. Each man had more than enough to defend himself; and, when I finally fell before a spear-thrust, they naturally supposed I was dead: and so reported, when their little remnant eventually fought its way to a sand-hill, where the pursuit was stopped."

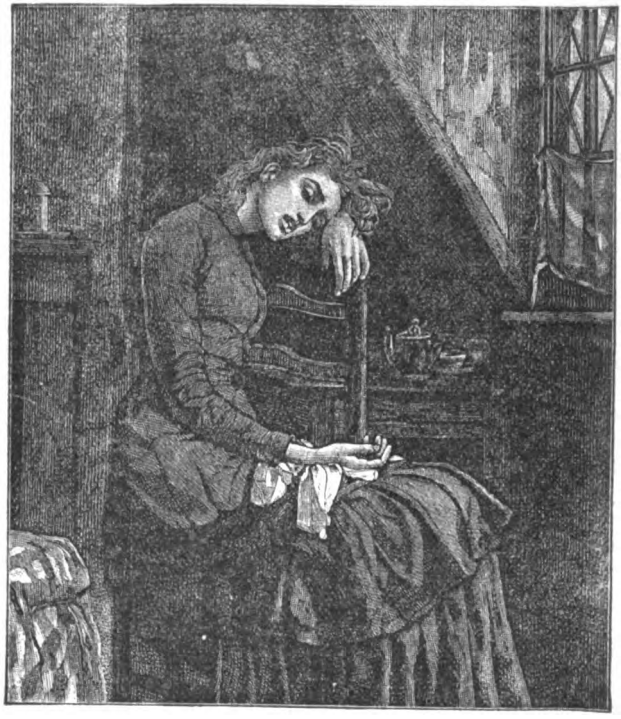
All this while, Ethel sat with clasped hands, regarding him earnestly, the color coming and going in her face, at his description.

"But I was not dead," he said. "Though sorely wounded, I was able to speak when the enemy, as was their custom, came to pillage the slain. My little stock of Arabic stood me in good stead now. The chief, who had urged his followers in the heat of the fight to slay me, was now more mercifully inclined, and ordered that my life should be spared. 'He is the prisoner of my spear,' he said. 'I may make a good Moslem of him yet.' In consequence of this, I was carried into the desert, and there nursed until I was quite recovered. Then my real trouble began. I was told that I must renounce Christianity, or be impaled. My answer was that I did not fear to die, but would never be a renegade."

"Oh, you brave soul," cried Ethel, her eyes flashing with pride in her hero; and, stooping, she kissed his hand.

"At last, they carried me before the Mahdi," continued the speaker; "but I made the same answer. The very next day was fixed for my execution. But, fortunately, before this, I had been able to open a negotiation with one of my captor's servants—an Egyptian from the Nile—to assist me in escaping: and, that very night, he came to me and said that the preparation was complete. To make a long story short, dear, we got off, and, though pursued, managed to hide ourselves in the desert, and finally to reach the Nile, after which to descend to Cairo was comparatively easy.

"I was eager to see you. I had telegraphed from Cairo, to contradict the report of my loss. But oh! darling, what was my despair, on reaching England, to hear of your father's death, and that you had disappeared soon after, leaving no trace behind. In vain, for weeks, I employed detectives, and took every other means of tracing you. It was only yesterday that I got upon a clue. I hurried here at once; went to the place where you worked; talked with your dreadful task-master—great heaven! that such a man



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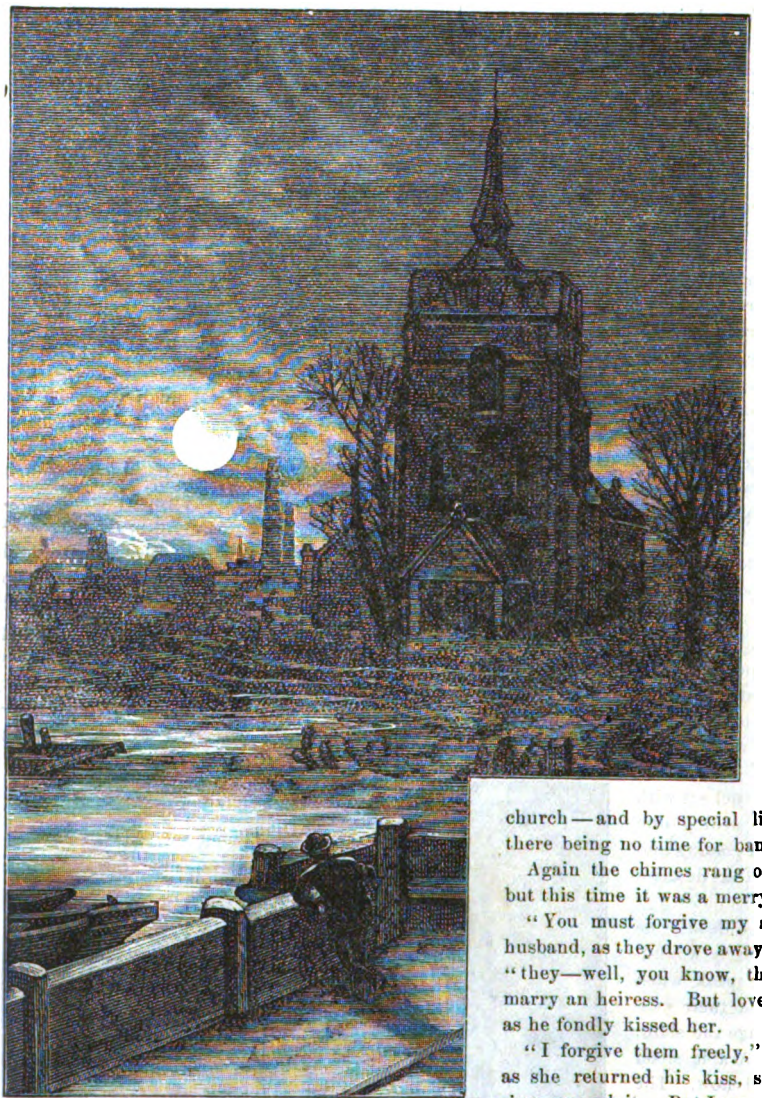

should be allowed to live—and, assured that I had found you at last, wrote that note, as if a telegram, fearing that, otherwise, my unannounced presence might overcome you. Perhaps, after all, it was a mistake: it nearly killed you."

"But with joy, dear,' she murmured, nestling to him. "Ah, if I had not been prepared for the good news, in that way or some other, the shock, I fear, would have been too much for me. I had known so little of hope, that the revulsion, if too quick, would—would—"

"Thank God, that is all over," said her lover, stopping her with a kiss; "and don't let us even think of it. Dear, you will be mine immediately, yes, without any foolish delay? To-morrow—"

"Not to-morrow," she answered, blushing and drawing slightly away, "but very soon. To-morrow is Christmas: and we must devote that to God, who has been so good, so mercifully good." Happy tears rose to her eyes, and choked her words, as she spoke.

Nevertheless, many days did not pass before there was a wedding. At the urgent request of Ethel, it took place at the old church—and by special license, of course, there being no time for banns.

Again the chimes rang out a silvery peal, but this time it was a merry wedding-march.

"You must forgive my sisters," said her husband, as they drove away from the church: "they—well, you know, they wanted me to marry an heiress. But love is better, dear," as he fondly kissed her.

"I forgive them freely," answered Ethel, as she returned his kiss, shyly, "especially since you ask it. But I am glad you told them not to come to the wedding, as they offered: I could hardly have stood that. It will take some time to make me forget it all."

"I don't wonder," was his reply. "And, remember, I don't defend them. But, darling, they have nothing to do with our real happiness. They will make fuss enough with you now. But it is to ourselves we must look."

And they did look to each other, and to each other alone, as all married couples should. And Ethel has led, in consequence, such a rounded and perfect existence, that, to this day she blesses God, as she looks back, on the past, for that HAPPY CHRISTMAS.

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THE ETIQUETTE OF THE "WHITE HOUSE."

BY J. Q. THROCKMORTON.

LADY WASHINGTON.

THE meeting of Congress, in December, is always the signal for the revival of social festivity at Washington, and especially of the public receptions and state-dinners at the White House. Few sights are so pretty as one of these receptions, with a bevy of young girls assisting to "receive," as has been the fashion, more or less, ever since Mrs. Madison's time. The state-dinners, too, are very elegant affairs. An account of how these receptions and dinners originated, and of the general etiquette governing them, will, we think, prove interesting.

When General Washington was elected the first President of the United States, no precedents existed in regard to the etiquette he should observe. In this dilemma, Colonel Humphreys, who had been one of his favorite aids during the war, and who had subsequently been Secretary of Legation to France, was made a sort of master of ceremonies, and the matter left almost entirely to his discretion. The Colonel's taste, according to the historian Hildreth, had always been aristocratic, and had been developed still further in that direction by his residence abroad. He believed, too, that authority, in order to be respected, must be surrounded with pomp and show. The consequence was, that, at first, the etiquette at the Executive Mansion was modeled, more or less, after that of the royal courts of St. James and Versailles.

During the old Confederation, the President of the Continental Congress was accustomed to keep, so to speak, open house: members of Congress coming to dinner, practically, whenever they pleased. "The latch-string," to quote an old saying, "was always left out." This free and easy way of acting, Colonel Humphreys stopped at once. Invitations were carefully restricted, being confined, as a rule, to foreign Ministers, Senators, Representatives, and other high officials. A good deal of state was affected. At the first public ball at which the President appeared, a raised dais, or elevated seat, was prepared, where Washington and his wife sat, and before which the dancers were expected to pass, and make a low obeisance, prior to taking their places on the floor. Washington's carriage was gilded, something like that of Louis XVI. There was even talk of titles. John Adams, the Vice-President, who had been much abroad on diplomatic missions, and had become accustomed to rank and display, was said to favor this idea very strongly; an assertion borne out, according to Hildreth, not only by his equipage, but also by his generally ostentatious manner of living.

The President, it was determined, was not to return visits. Nor did Lady Washington, as his wife came now to be called, return them, except to old friends, and then in her private capacity. Levees also were established. But invitations to them were restricted, and nobody was admitted unless in full dress. Lady Washington always sat, never rising to receive anybody; but the General stood. Originally the guests were arranged in a circle, as at St. James's, around which the President passed, addressing a word or two to each person, but never shaking hands. The company assembled early, leaving before half-past ten. At the state-dinners, the President talked but little, speaking only when he had really something to say, and then very deliberately. Lady Washington had more general conversation. The hour for these dinners was much earlier than is now the fashion.

A word here about Lady Washington. A quiet dignity, as is shown by Stuart's portrait, at the head of this article, was her chief characteristic. It is a mistake to call her aristocratic. Her

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MRS. JOHN ADAMS.

manners, perhaps, were a trifle stately, but at heart she was kindness itself. Like all the women of that day, even the wealthiest, she was much given to domestic occupation, and her accession to her high position did not alter her usual mode of life. Her knitting-needles were hardly ever out of her hands. It is a tradition that her dresses were often woven by her own servants, in looms at Mt. Vernon, for every house then had its loom. Her husband, at his first inauguration, wore, as is well known, a suit of cloth, the product of his own farm. Once, Lady Washington exhibited two dresses which she herself had made, out of cotton cloth, striped with silk: the silk stripes, as she told her friend, "coming from the ravelings of brown silk stockings and old crimson chair-covers."

The wife of John Adams, the second President, followed, with scrupulous exactness, the example of Lady Washington. Not fond herself of society, however, she was glad to escape from official trammel, and was more at home and happier at Quincy than at the Federal capital. She was the first wife of a President to live in the White House: but she resided there only a few months: the Government not having moved to Washington from Philadelphia until in the last year of her husband's term. She was a woman of the highest type—intellectual, self-sacrificing, reliant, energetic. Her letters to her husband, written during the War of Independence, and afterward, while he was in Europe in the diplomatic service, reveal a lofty patriotism that recalls some antique Roman matron.

Jefferson was a widower, so that he had no wife to help him to entertain; but he had, also, a strong feeling against the levee, which he considered anti-republican, and which he therefore abolished. He still, however, gave dinners, and very elegant ones. But, when Mr. Madison succeeded him, the old etiquette came back again, though in a modified shape. The exclusive levee was not restored, indeed: a public reception was instituted in its place; and this has come down, substantially unaltered, to our own time. The change is attributable entirely to his wife. Mr. Madison had married, while in Congress, a bright energetic woman: who, though originally a member of the sect of Friends, was a born leader of society. She always had a kind word for everybody: never forgot a face she had once seen; was genial, sympathetic, and full of tact. She filled the White House with young girls, as guests, the prettiest and liveliest she could find, and so made it a centre of attraction. Her receptions soon became celebrated. One, held just after the treaty of Ghent, was so notable, that people talked of it for a generation afterward. We give a portrait of her when she was in her prime. These three ladies fixed the "Etiquette of the White House." It has not been altered since.

It was while Mrs. Madison presided at the White House that the War of 1812 took place, when the British captured and burned Washington. The story has often been told how she remained at the Executive Mansion after her husband had left, and saved Stuart's celebrated full-length portrait of Washington. The picture was not cut out of the frame, however, as the gossip of the day said. She had the gilt frame

MRS. MADISON.

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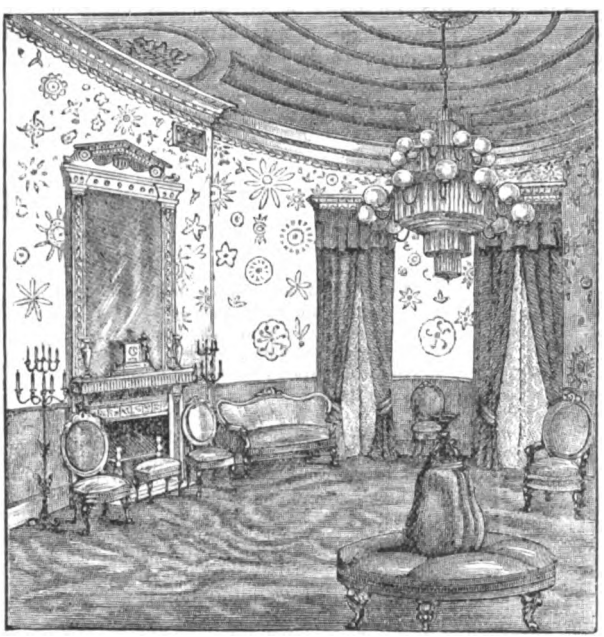
broken with an axe, and the canvas removed from the stretcher by taking out the tacks, so that the portrait came forth uninjured, and could be rolled up and so carried safely away. A letter from her is extant describing her flight afterward: the public buildings in flames behind her, and the ammunition at the Navy Yard exploding constantly. Fortunately, a storm came up and prevented the spread of the conflagration —otherwise, the city might have been destroyed.

The White House receptions, such as we now see them, and such as they have been since Mrs. Madison's time, are not confined to a few privileged persons, as at first, but are open to every citizen. Washington Irving, in his half-humorous way, sketches one at which he was present, in Mrs. Madison's day. "It was a crowded collection of great and little men," he writes, "of ugly old women and beautiful young ones." And he describes Mrs. Madison herself as "a fine portly dame, who has a smile and a pleasant word for everybody." James Fenimore Cooper tells of one at which he was present, a few years later, at which "a cartman, who had left his horse in the street, came in, in his workingday-dress." The crowds at these receptions continue enormous; everybody nearly who visits Washington attends one. At Mrs. Cleveland's first general reception, held last June, not less than six thousand persons were present. On this occasion, she and her husband stood together in the Blue Room, and the guests advanced in line, each in turn. A bow, a smile, a shake of the hand, and the visitor passed on: then another came, and then another, the procession lasting until one o'clock at night—or, rather, into the morning. This is the formula at all such receptions, though few are so crowded or continue so late. An English lady of rank was recently quite scandalized on finding her maid in line just before her, the maid being received as courteously as "my lady" herself. This could not have happened at St. James's, and it shocked her conventional ideas proportionally.

The early Presidents never dined out. General Grant was the first, we believe, to break this rule. He dined with members of his Cabinet, with Judges of the Supreme Court, and even with personal friends. President Arthur, also, went out very frequently. The prevailing etiquette, however, is to dine only with the family of a Cabinet-officer. The dinners given at the White House to the Diplomatic Corps, to the Judges of the Supreme Court, and to Senators and Representatives—"state-dinners," as they are called—are very elaborate affairs. There is a profusion of flowers, both on the table and about the room; the meal is served à-la-Russe; and the dishes are the choicest that a French chef can produce. Luncheon-parties for ladies are sometimes given, forty or fifty guests being invited, the wives of Congressmen and other eminent persons alternating with Washington residents. These luncheons resemble dinners in almost every respect, except that the guests are all of the fair sex and the meal is served earlier in the day. Both at these luncheons and at the state-dinners, a beautiful bouquet is placed at every lady's plate. The table-service—comprising the great central plâteau, the silver, and the china—is quite costly.



THE BLUE ROOM AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

The receptions, as we have already said, are held in the Blue Room. This apartment is a very beautiful one, oval in form, forty feet long by thirty feet wide, furnished in blue, from which the room takes its name. The ornamentation is all in this color, and the furniture is covered with damask that matches. There is a large chandelier in the centre, crystal and gilt—a very showy affair. Heavy curtains drape the windows. Over

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the mantelpieces are large mirrors, with gilt molding and greenish-blue ornamentation. We give an engraving of this room. It occupies the centre of the south front, where the semi-circular projection is. It has to the west of it the Red Room, where the President's wife receives informal calls, and to the east of it the Green Room, out of which the visitor passes into the East Room, which runs the whole depth of the house. The state dining-room, nearly as large as the East Room, is at the other extremity, the west end of the house, and next to the conservatory.

As we have said, the etiquette of the White House has remained substantially the same since the days of Mrs. Madison. But its gayeties have fluctuated very considerably, according to circumstances. Some of the wives of the Presidents were invalids, and unable to entertain at all. Some of the Presidents were widowers. Others were bachelors. Of the more recent occupants of the Executive chair, Mr. Garfield died so soon after his inauguration that Mrs. Garfield never had an opportunity to act as mistress of the White House. Mr. Arthur was a widower; but his sister, Mrs. McElroy, did the honors for him; and few have filled the post with equal tact and intelligence, and ease and grace of manner.

We close this article with a portrait of Mrs. Cleveland. Numerous engravings of her have appeared, and almost as many different photographs; but none of them does justice to the spirit and intelligence of her countenance. This, however, was to be expected. Mrs. Cleveland is altogether the youngest woman who has ever presided at the White House, and faces as fresh as hers cannot be reproduced fairly, in either photograph or engraving. It requires the delicate tints, the subtle lines. of the portrait-painter to do justice to the complexion and expression of such countenances. We have had a special drawing made of her face, and by our own artist; but even it, though better than most, falls short, in our opinion. No one knows how charming Mrs. Cleveland looks, who has not seen her features light up as she talks and smiles, who has not, in fact, conversed with her.

MRS. CLEVELAND.

I WONDER.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

I WONDER if, when I wander out
  Through the realm of eternal space,
And leave behind this world of ours,
  With its light and love and grace:
When my soul goes forth to the dim unknown,
  Like a rudderless ship at sea,
And gropes and struggles to grasp the shore
  Of the mystical great "to be":
I wonder if I shall ever look back
  To this old world I have known,
With longing eyes and an aching heart,
  For what is forever gone?

I wonder if, when I clasp the hands
  Of the loved of long ago
Who crossed the stream in the weird gone past·
  And, surely, I shall know
Their forms and faces, and hear the sound
  Of their voices, ne'er forgot—
I wonder if I shall still turn back
  And long for what I have not?
Long for those who are left behind
  To suffer and toil and strive
In the cold world's troublous atmosphere,
  For the sake of being alive?

I wonder if, when it is over at last
  And I stand in the pure new life,
I shall ever remember this old, old world,
  With its sin and sorrow and strife?
Shall I think of the flush on the sunset hills,
  Of the stars in the pale-blue sky,
Of the mighty ocean, beating the shore
  When the raging tide runs high?
Will the doubt and dread forever be fled,
  That trouble life here below?
Will the love and the longing be satisfied?
  Ah, very soon I shall know!

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MARIAN'S FASHIONABLE FRIENDS.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

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CHAPTER XI.

To escape from the house was now Marian's only thought. But how do it without encountering the crowd? She rushed across the library, and took refuge in the room beyond. Then she heard Hamilton go downstairs. The very sound of his footsteps filled her with sickening horror. She had the feeling of undeserved degradation which every honest woman must experience when an insult for the first time comes near her. Was it possible that she had ever for an instant dreamed she cared for him?

Hamilton passed on down into the dining-room, in which people still lingered, though the departures were rapidly taking place—not so rapidly, however, but what the history of the tableau had crept generally about. Mrs. Ventnor and May Livingston had been mindful of that, and the gossiping propensities of the remaining witnesses made them as eager to spread the tale as the jealousy of the one or the malice of the other.

As Hamilton stood drinking, Miss Livingston walked straight up to him, acting on Mrs. Ventnor's suggestion. "Philip," she said, "mamma desires me to ask you a question. After what has happened, she feels that, as your relative and your hostess, you owe her an explanation."

"Oh, now, don't let's have a row," he rejoined, sullenly.

"The Livingston side of the house never indulges in anything of the sort," said May. "Mamma merely wishes to know if you are engaged to Miss Newkirk. If you are, of course we must excuse her, no matter what may be our opinion of her conduct."

Hamilton hesitated; a half-defined feeling of defiance and some instinct of manly honor inclined him to overwhelm her by an affirmative response—he heard a laugh from Louise Ventnor which May echoed.

"He's caught, I think," Mrs. Ventnor said, half aloud; "May, I do believe he will be forced to say it just from some mistaken idea of chivalry—of course the young lady counted on that!"

"I'm not engaged to her—never dreamed of being," he growled.

The confederates hastened away without another word; Hamilton drained a second glass of wine, muttered a few oaths, and then left the house.

Marian had roused herself from her misery to remember again the necessity for departure, and to wonder how she could accomplish it unobserved. She went back into the library and met Miss Livingston, who had just come upstairs accompanied by Mrs. Ventnor, while one of the Warner girls hovered in the background.

"Miss Newkirk," said May, "mamma has sent me to ask you to please make no further scene. Of course, if you could tell us you were engaged to Mr. Hamilton—"

"How do you know I am not?" Marian broke in, goaded to frenzy.

"Because he says so," sneered May; "I suppose you will hardly try to contradict his assertion. I have ordered your carriage."

Presently Marian perceived that she was alone—then a servant announced the carriage. She managed to find her wraps and get downstairs—was conscious of curious eyes as she passed along the hall—knew that some Christian man offered her his arm in the face of these dastardly persecutors, and led her out.

Marian reached home more dead than alive; and, during the next hour, she passed through a whirlwind of shame and anguish from which she thought she could never escape sane.

A servant knocked at the door, and delivered a message—Mrs. Rushton desired to see Miss Newkirk instantly. Marian knew, from this, that the story had already been told for her.

Violet was lying on a couch when her guest entered; she lifted herself with a cry of horror in which there was no affectation—she had just been reading a note from Mrs. Livingston, written of course at the daughter's suggestion; she was too angry to have any pity.

"I have heard," she exclaimed; "there is nothing for you to explain—what could you say? You must go home, for your own sake—you are ruined. And you might have married Frothingham! He is coming back to-night, and meant to ask you, I am sure. He has telegraphed that the business on which he went—some claim before Congress—had been postponed for a fortnight, and that he wants to know if you will be at

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home. Oh, every awful thing happens at once, as if I had not enough to bear already; and that 'Morning Star' stock gone down to zero, with no possibility of its ever coming up!"

Marian heard, and realized that, among her other troubles, was this money-loss, which she knew not how to meet.

"I will begin to pack," she said, in a dull stupefied fashion. "I will begin at once."

"How could you be so mad?" groaned Violet, moved out of her selfish distress by that face and voice of unutterable misery.

Marian roused herself a little, and said slowly: "Mr. Hamilton asked me to go into the conservatory—it seemed no harm. Then he began to say he—he loved me. He put his arm around me, and, before I could get away, those people came in. I believe it was all planned—"

"I shouldn't in the least wonder. But you are ruined, all the same," interrupted Violet, not knowing whether to rave at the girl, or cry over her trouble. "Come in," she added, impatiently, in answer to a knock.

Her maid appeared with a card. Violet glanced at it and shrieked.

"Frothingham is here," she said. "Oh, good heavens! And I suppose he knows all. I will go and see him. You go to your room."

Marian dragged herself away, and Mrs. Rushton hurried down.

"Well, well, here I am!" wheezed Mr. Frothingham, as Violet entered. "Got back at noon, as I said I would: safe and sound. How's Miss Marian?"

"Oh, the most unfortunate thing has happened—"

"There, there! I've just come from the club, and have heard all about it. Old Hexam was in full blast. I asked him if he could pay the two thousand dollars he owed me—that stopped him in short order."

Violet stared in amazement.

"Then you—" she began, but could get no further.

"Am I the sort of man to give in?" he puffed. "Didn't you ever have a man's arm around your waist, before you were married? Not that I believe the stuff. Some of that Ventnor woman's lies, or May Livingston's—she's as bad."

"Oh, yes, yes: I–I'm sure you're right," stammered Mrs. Rushton, fairly incoherent from wonder.

"Then tell Marian I'm here, and what for: I mean to marry her. Let me see who'll gossip! May Livingston, eh? Let her look out. Her brother's name is on my books. The Ventnor, hey? 'Gad! I'll fight her. I'll mash 'em all flatter than fleas: they shall know that at once."

If he had been actuated even by generosity, his conduct would have shown magnificent; but Violet knew that it proceeded from sheer selfishness and obstinacy. He wanted Marian as a Turk would an odalisque; he was capable of shutting her up like one. Violet shuddered at his twinkling eyes, his sensual mouth, his figure misshapen by corpulency.

"Go and tell Marian," he repeated.

She went, at last, half reluctantly. She found the girl seated by a window. Some of her things were lying about, but she had not begun packing.

"You lucky, lucky creature!" cried Mrs. Rushton: for, whatever her opinion, she was not going to advise Marian against the marriage. "That blessed man—he's heard everything; but he wants to marry you."

"I can't—oh, I can't!" groaned Marian, wringing her hands.

"Can't?" cried Violet. "Can't? Can you bear disgrace—hiding in the country? Why, even your friends there will be sure to hear the story, unless it is stopped at once; and he can do that—and only he." She said all this in breathless haste. "Marian, Marian," don't be an idiot. Think, think, of his millions—and to triumph over them all—you, so proud and determined."

Marian resisted for a long while. "What, marry that sensual old man?" she said to herself. "Death would be better." Every instinct of her nature revolted against it. "He is loathsome—absolutely loathsome—to me," she cried. "Oh, is there no other way?" But Mrs. Rushton was inexorable. She repeated again that Marian's character was gone forever, unless she married Mr. Frothingham. "He alone," she reiterated, "can save you." She did not know of the other fact: that Marian's whole fortune was now gone, and that she would not be able to pay the margins of her stock to-morrow. But the poor girl knew it only too well. Only too well, also, did she know that Mr. Frothingham held her mortgages, and that she was in his power pecuniarily as well as in this other matter. Yet she shuddered when she recalled his leering eyes, his sensual lips. The very thought of his arm around her waist made her blood run cold: it was as if some slimy snake enfolded her.

"Oh, death rather," she cried aloud, instinctively.

"Well, death," coolly replied Violet, "if you will, but not dishonor. Come: be sensible. There is but one thing left to do: be brave and do it."

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At length, Marian resisted no longer; she gave in, worn out. She allowed Mrs. Rushton to arrange her dress and lead her to the drawing-room. Violet preceded her, having remembered Marian's explanation, and resolving to tell it for her to Mr. Frothingham.

"You were right," she said. "Hamilton told her he loved her; she ran away: the rest is pure invention. She will see you."

"I knew it," wheezed old Frothingham, "I knew it."

Marian entered, the next moment—dazed, and hardly knowing what she did. When she could see and hear, he was sitting by her on the sofa—they were alone. She tried to listen to him, to fix her mind on her wealth and triumph; and all the while those words which Meredith had spoken rang in her ears: "God bless you, Marian. God grant that you never live to repent this morning's work."

At last, Frothingham called Mrs. Rushton in.

"Let me present Mrs. Frothingham," he said; and Marian, still in a daze, was kissed and congratulated. She knew, in a sort of way, she had accepted, though she could not remember her words.

He was gone, finally. Face-to-face with her wretchedness, she sat dumb and tearless. Violet was saying:

"Lucky, lucky girl. You'll go to Europe. You'll be a famous beauty; perhaps a widow and a duchess, before you are thirty. Well, well; the drama will end beautifully. May Livingston will go mad at your success."

CHAPTER XII.

Mrs. Rushton had engagements for the evening, and she declared it her duty to fulfill them; besides, she thought that Marian's engagement could not be too soon and too widely published.

And Marian was thankful to be left to solitude and sleep: though the latter blessing refused to come for hours, in spite of the mental and bodily fatigue which stung her brain and made the very marrow of her bones ache.

Mr. Frothingham was not a man to let the grass grow under his feet; and, whatever he did, he prided himself on doing thoroughly. He had not exaggerated his power to put, as he said, "the screws" on May Livingston's brother; and he proceeded to essay the inquisitorial process that very evening, with entire success.

Mrs. Ventnor had agreed to call for May, and take her to a reception, as Mrs. Livingston would not be able to go, after the fatigue of the day. May had been in the most rampant spirit when the pair parted; hence, Mrs. Ventnor was astounded, on calling at the house a few hours later, to be told that Miss Livingston was too ill to go out, and desired to see her, for a few moments, upstairs.

May's brother, in fact, had been to see her, after his interview with Frothingham, and had frankly informed her that the elderly Adonis could ruin him in his business, if he chose. "His action," the brother said, "will be governed solely, he declares, by your conduct to his betrothed wife—Miss Newkirk." And, as May Livingston loved her brother best of all created things, she had to give in. Not even to gratify her malice and hatred, could she sacrifice him.

Mrs. Ventnor listened and wondered, and, where Frothingham was concerned, indulged in a plainness of speech which even some very fine fashionable ladies can display on occasion.

"The shameless, disgusting, beastly old Jew," she cried: these being among the mildest and most presentable of the epithets which she lavished on Miss Newkirk's future husband. "The lack of delicacy toward the girl, to drag her name in. Going to marry her—the fool! the triple idiot!"

"And as proud about it as an old peacock," rejoined May. "And, besides the money Walter owes him, he is such a power in 'the street.' I have had to promise to—to— Oh, I think I shall go crazy outright."

"Never mind, dear," said Mrs. Ventnor. "Your holding your peace won't stop the truth spreading. It has been too well ventilated already."

"Oh, oh—that's not the worst," groaned May. "He insists that I shall go and see her—be friendly—say that Philip was tipsy, and—"

She stopped to sob again, and Mrs. Ventnor indulged in more abuse of Mr. Frothingham.

"Well, well!" she cried, at last. "We shall see whether, with all his money, he can rule society completely—Louise Ventnor will have a word to say about that. He may set her down as ready to fight. I tell you, that girl shall be in the Sunday papers. Before she's a week older, she'll be glad to hide her head wherever she can. She won't show it among us!"

She took her wrath off to the reception, leaving May somewhat comforted by her energy, and she herself as ready for the fray as King Richard or an ancient Amazon.

As she came out of the dressing-room, to go downstairs, she met Mr. Frothingham himself. He walked puffing and chuckling up to her, with an assurance which she rewarded by a "mot" as sharp as a dagger, and was turning her back on

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him; but he kept by her side, and asked amiably after her husband.

"I dare say you will find him at some scientific meeting, if you are anxious about his health," she retorted.

"Ha! ha! that's a good joke—me at an S. M.! What neat things you always do say. But I can't go just yet—I wanted to ask you a question—"

"Pray reserve your compliments and your questions for Miss Newkirk," she interrupted, curtly. "Oh, I forgot to congratulate you on your chivalry—what a knight-errant you are!"

She did not, in the least, care how much she insulted or enraged him, for he could neither help nor hurt her. But, before she could say anything further, he went composedly on, resuming where he had left off.

"I want to know about hiring a villa near Prague. So few Americans go there. But you can tell me all about it, for you spent three months in the environs, I have heard, when you were in Europe two years ago."

Through all her rouge, Louise Ventnor's face grew ghastly white, with odd dark blotches starting up here and there, from beneath the powder on forehead and chin. He had hit her an awful blow. He had pressed his cruel finger, like a searing iron, on one of her most carefully guarded secrets. She turned so sick and faint, that she was forced to sit down.

"So tell me all about it," he added, coolly, staring full at her with his gimlet-like eyes, while his horrible chuckle rang like a knell in her ears. "You see, though some people think I must be a fool, because I'm a bit vain, I'm enough of an old fox never to jump in the dark, as a good many other folks do. I want to know just what a villa costs, and—"

She stopped him by a gesture. She could only falter feebly:

"You—you are mistaken. I never was in Prague."

"I'm never mistaken," he replied, sternly. "I was there, and saw you, with my own eyes. The people could swear to your photograph, if I sent one, and"—now his chuckle died in a grating whisper, and his little green eyes shot out sparks of fire—"and I will, if you fight me!"

She was too utterly subdued to do more than stammer out: "I—I don't understand you."

"Don't you? Well, you shall. You must just talk about what happened to-day—you meant to—but what you'll say must be a little different from what you intended."

She started up in a rage, which, for a second, mastered her fright.

"You dare!" she cried; but she could get no further. He raised his menacing finger, and the gesture warned her of her peril.

"Yes, I dare—but you don't!" he retorted, as she dropped back into her seat. "You'll say that Philip Hamilton was drunk! That's the word—not 'intoxicated.' Drunk! He tried to make love to Miss Newkirk in the conservatory; she was frightened, and attempted to get away; you went there because you knew the state he was in, and were aware that Miss Newkirk did'nt perceive it; and you knew, from long acquaintance, what a brute he is after drinking—"

"I won't!" she gasped out, breaking in.

"Good-night," he said, chuckling again and turning away. "Any message for Ventnor? I'm going to the S. M. to see him."

But she laid her hand on his arm, and abjectly promised what he wanted. She had to fulfill her pledge, too; for he followed her about, all the evening, and listened to every word she said.

In the course of the evening, Violet Rushton floated in, magnificent as the Queen of Sheba, and radiant as some creature exempt from the cares of common mortality. She also spread her version of the tale, and, as it was the same as Mrs. Ventnor's, a good deal was gained for Marian Newkirk. A good deal was done; but, if either Mrs. Rushton or Mr. Frothingham thought the scandal was killed, they knew less of the hydra-headed monster's tenacity of life than was to be expected from their experience of the world.

When Marian rose, the next morning, it was with the consciousness that her destiny was settled. The wealth and luxury she had so ardently craved were gained at last, though the price she must pay for them was so terrible that she dared not dwell upon the thought.

But it was too late to shrink back. Indeed, there could be no shrinking. Any hesitation would have been social ruin and oblivion. She was obliged to face this galling fact, and to get courage, from it, to go on. She was glad, however, to think that May Livingston and her followers would be furious at her triumph.

She recalled Philip Hamilton only with a sensation of utter disgust, wondering and ashamed that she could have been duped; all she asked was to escape his presence and his memory.

CHAPTER XIII.

She breakfasted with her hostess, in the latter's dressing-room. Mrs. Rushton wished to make certain that the night had not left the girl weak and faltering, and felt a glow of satisfaction in breaking her usual habit and breakfasting out of bed; and she dignified it by the name of a sacrifice in the cause of duty.

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She found Marian apparently calm and self-possessed—as rational and reasonable as the most worldly duenna could have asked. But, with the delightful inconsistency of mortals, she decided that this was a proof Marian possessed no more heart than a stone.

"Not a shred of feeling," she said to herself; "not the shadow of a shade. I wish old Frothingham joy of his bargain. Upon my word, they are well matched. I don't know which is the more selfish of the two. I needn't waste sympathy on either."

Mrs. Rushton was prepared, nevertheless, to stand by the girl in public, and fight her battle valiantly, if any must be fought. Her sympathy, also, was really enlisted; but, all the same, when she contemplated Marian's good-luck—coming, too, after such unparalleled stupidity and obstinacy—so far from admitting, in her secret heart, that pity was required, she felt a certain irritation that fate had chosen to aid her guest so potently.

In the course of the morning, Mr. Frothingham appeared—pompous, sententious, egotistical, and, worst of all, demonstratively affectionate. But the news he brought of his interviews on the previous evening was so satisfactory, that it gave Marian strength to endure—indeed, occupied her mind sufficiently to keep her from fully realizing what a terrible effort it was to bear his society in this new relationship.

However, as succeeding days arrived, she had ample opportunity to discover this fact, in its full magnitude; and each repetition rendered the task more wearing and difficult. All her old disgust came back, and stronger than ever. Nor did Mrs. Rushton, meantime, find her work, in helping Frothingham crush the scandal, an easy one. In spite of the great step gained by his keen generalship in the outset, the scandal went on, and plenty of people believed the worst.

May Livingston called as soon as possible, sending up a card for Miss Newkirk as well as for the mistress of the mansion. Violet held the bits of pasteboard out to Marian in high glee.

"What a blow to poor May, to be forced to eat the dust like this," she cried. "Now, be merciful, my dear. What I mean is: behave just as if nothing had happened. Her coming is triumph enough: sweetness and vivacity are your rôle."

But Marian, somewhat to her own surprise, found that she did not want any proof of triumph. She even shrank from the meeting.

"I can't go down; I don't wish to see her," she exclaimed.

"Nonsense, child. You mustn't give way to any such feeling. It would be bad policy, as well as bad taste, to show anger or coldness."

"It isn't that at all. I can't explain. Somehow, I can't bear to see her humiliated," Marian said. And, as Violet stared in frank unbelief, she added: "I thought I wanted to; but it seems—oh! as if it would be humiliating myself too. Indeed—indeed, I can't see her yet. Please make some good excuse for me—please."

So Violet went down, convinced of Marian's earnestness, yet puzzled by this new revelation of character. After all, Marian was better, in many respects, than any of that fashionable set. Mrs. Rushton saw the visitor alone, presented Marian's excuse for her non-appearance, and brought back an exceedingly earnest one from Miss Livingston. She was very sorry for her display of ill-temper, the girl said; she had not perceived the state Philip was in. Of course, Miss Newkirk was to be pitied, not blamed, she added: in conclusion, she sent her cordial congratulation on the engagement.

"The hardest thing May ever did," Mrs. Rushton said. "She looked as if she had been ill a week. I could have been sorry for her, only she is so diabolically malicious. But never mind: her fangs are effectually extracted."

The same day, when she came home from a visit to some house at which she met Mrs. Ventnor, she brought an apology from her.

"Only she did it much better than poor May," said Violet. "That woman really is very clever. She knew that I knew that she knew that I knew our blessed Frothingham had circumvented her. But not a sign did she give. And, my dear, she says you always possessed a peculiar attraction for her: you merit your new position."

And Marian tried her best to show the enjoyment expected of her, and could only secretly shudder when, later, Violet detailed the scene for Mr. Frothingham's benefit.

But the pair, as I said, had to learn that their task was far from being as easy as it looked at first. Sunday came, and two papers actually gave hint of the catastrophe at the concert: which enraged Frothingham the more, because he was powerless to punish the offenders, and frightened Mrs. Rushton sorely, though she kept the disaster from Marian.

Of course, there had been numerous visitors. Marian had seen them, and been smiled on and congratulated. Still, the curiosity with which she felt herself regarded made her shrink in a way that she had not expected.

Violet, however, noticed that certain of her most important friends did not come, or else did not ask for Miss Newkirk; and, if they saw her,

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showed, through all their stately courtesy, that they were disapproving and dissatisfied. To brave the affair out, she gave a ladies' luncheon. But there were several excuses, in quarters where she had most desired acceptance; and several others of her intimates frankly told her that, for the present, even their friendship for her could not induce them to take any decided step in Miss Newkirk's favor."

Marian's first appearance out, after the engagement, caused her infinite pain. She saw that she was stared at, whispered about; she fancied that unmarried girls avoided her; she thought that even the manners of the men were free and abrupt. Meantime, Louise Ventnor hovered about her, with a honeyed sweetness that was suspicious, and Marian actually heard the great Mrs. Hylaper say to Violet:

"Really, my dear, your friend is unfortunate in her choice of intimates. Mrs. Ventnor is not the woman for her to select, just now, as her favorite companion."

The days went on; but the scandal, so far from dying, somehow grew and gained strength. Who could be spreading it? Violet had no doubt that May Livingston and Mrs. Ventnor found underhanded means to fan the flame. Even their assertion that they knew all was right did not deceive her.

Each day, some freshly-exaggerated account reached Mrs. Rushton's ears. The meetings at Mrs. Whitney's had now got out, and were talked of; and that lady was declared to be a lodging-house keeper. As she was not "in society," and not generally known, there were found plenty to believe the story. No tale was too improbable to find supporters. Violet began to grow discouraged. She wished heartily that Marian were married and gone. Still, she had the magnanimity not to persecute the girl.

Life, all this while, was like a hideous nightmare to our heroine. Her success was only an additional misery. How was she to endure existence with that dreadful old man? Could any degree of wealth, station, or power compensate for its weariness? Every day, he became more loathsome to her.

"It will all be different when you are married," Violet said, divining the girl's feelings. "You will find you'll get used to it. Besides, after the knot is tied, a man becomes less wearisome: he goes to his club, or other pet amusement: the last woman in the world, whose society he seeks, is his own wife."

And now the crowning dread came. Mr. Frothingham began to insist on an early date being set for the marriage; and Marian knew that Mrs. Rushton was right when she declared that, on every account, there should be as little delay as possible.

So the day was named. It was less than five weeks off. Mrs. Rushton was in great doubt as to the arrangements for the wedding. If the pair were married privately, the world would say that Mr. Frothingham was ashamed of his bargain; while a grand affair might involve mortifying refusals, and certainly would cause great expense, which Marian now had to admit she was unable to meet. However, the bridegroom-elect settled the latter difficulty; Mrs. Rushton was to send him the bills, though he grumbled and grunted when she told him their probable amount: and, to her horror and disgust, spoke of the matter before Marian herself. But the latter listened in silence, merely wincing a little: it was only another proof of his utter lack of delicacy, she reflected.

Outside, matters began to smile; and so did Violet Rushton. She had almost to go on her knees to gain what she wanted. But she succeeded, by her infinite power of persuasion, in securing the knot of magnates whom she needed to give éclat to the breakfast; and, having made this fact widely known, declared that only a few invitations would be issued, an announcement which, of course, made people desire to come.

The getting suitable bridesmaids was a serious difficulty. But Mr. Frothingham gave her carte blanche, and she was able to buy two prominent society-girls, for whom she had to pay a large price; and the millionaire's power procured a couple more, equally eligible, he having a hold on their fathers.

And all these details came to Marian's knowledge, and she was forced to submit. Verily, she felt that she was being humiliated beyond words.

CHAPTER XIV.

It was not to be supposed that Philip Hamilton had patiently borne his share of the unpleasant notoriety, and, though he could only sneer when men talked to him, he did it in a way to deepen the slander. Some women actually treated him as he deserved; but not many. Still, he was so accustomed to entire immunity, whatever his action, that even these sparse signs of censure rendered him furious. He was bitterly punishing Mrs. Ventnor by keeping aloof from her; and he swore to find means to punish Marian and her future husband.

Before the engagement was three weeks old, he had hit upon a plan which his boundless vanity convinced him would succeed. He must manage to see Marian, he said to himself, and

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ask her to marry him. She would certainly consent. What with the remains of his former influence, what with the lure of his worldly position, he could, he fancied, induce her to break her engagement. That publicly known, and the old man beyond recall, he would jilt her; and so be revenged on them, all round.

So he went to the house, one day, when he knew that Mrs. Rushton was out. No order had been given to refuse him admittance, and, as the servant said that Miss Newkirk was in the library, he quietly entered unannounced.

Marian was roused from a dismal reverie, by the opening of the door. She looked up, and saw Hamilton standing before her. There was no spell now for her, however, in his remarkable personal beauty; no magnetism in the light of his eyes, appealingly as he fastened them on her.

She sat, for an instant, motionless with horror and disgust; then she rose, and was leaving the room in silence. But Hamilton stepped before her, saying in the softest tones of his voice:

"Listen, first, Marian—grant me so much! I am free—free! The news only reached me an hour ago. Do you hear? I am free! Oh, Marian, Marian, will you marry me?"

"Leave this room," she said, drawing herself up to her full height, and pointing to the door. "You insulted me once before—but this is worse—"

"You can't be so hard, so unforgiving," he interrupted. "You know how I love you! And you did care for me—you did."

"Never!" she answered. "I was ambitious and vain. Your position dazzled me. Then, too, I thought you a gentleman. I was bitterly enough punished for my vanity and folly. But, thank God! I never loved you—never. I haven't to bear that shame. Go!" And again she pointed toward the door. He fairly retreated before the scorn in her face. He was acute enough to know that his plan was worse than a failure: it had given her an additional triumph over him. He left the house, with dire rage in his heart: and, as he descended the steps, Mr. Frothingham drove up.

Hamilton went close to the carriage, looked deliberately at his enemy, and laughed aloud. Frothingham panted and wheezed in suffocating wrath, as he glared with all his might in return; but he was prudent, even in the height of his passion: he knew that he should stand no chance in a personal encounter, and he had no mind to risk a duel or the disgrace of shrinking from one.

"I haven't had an opportunity to congratulate you," said Hamilton, "but I do now. I have just been calling on your fiancée. Really, she's a very pretty girl, and does credit to your taste. Good-bye, Frothy—ta, ta, old man!"

Hamilton passed slowly on, and, as soon as he had recovered enough, Mr. Frothingham entered the house, boiling with rage, which of course he proceeded to expend on Marian; for she was now in his power, and a woman, and she could neither knock him down nor challenge him.

He burst into the library, like a bomb, shouting:

"What does this mean? Oh, you treacherous underhanded creature! You dared to receive that man—you—you—"

He stopped, not from any wish to check his explosion, but simply because he was so choked he could not get further. Marian stood and looked at him in disgust, not unmixed with shame for herself.

"Mr. Hamilton came in unannounced," was all she said.

"Why didn't you go out? What business had you to stay?" he cried. He was so confident that she would not dare retreat from her bargain, that he had no hesitation in affording her a fine sample of the language and treatment she might expect in the future. "You didn't want to; you wished to moon and be sentimental. And you think I'll stand it? No, no—you'll find I'm not to be trifled with, miss! After all I've done—saved your reputation—'gad, I expect I shall even have to pay for your wedding-clothes!"

At this, and this only, Marian winced; for alas! it was too true.

When he paused, at last, from lack of breath, she said, however:

"Mr. Hamilton came to ask me to marry him."

"That's a lie!" shouted Frothingham. "You can't fool me. It's a lie—a lie!"

"Sir!" said Marian, "be good enough to go! I sent one coward away. Now I send you!"

Her dignity, her imposing air, calmed him all at once. He saw she was in earnest, and he tried to apologize and expostulate, but in vain; and, as Mrs. Rushton entered at this juncture, she was appealed to: Mr. Frothingham trying to explain the state of affairs in the way most creditable to himself.

"Just make her see that I had reason to be angry," he puffed, at the end of his explanation. "The fellow insulted me."

"There is no necessity for more words," said Marian. "I refused to marry that other coward: and, I repeat, I refuse to marry you, a still meaner one."

"Marian, Marian," groaned Mrs. Rushton. "Don't. No wonder you are angry. But don't lose your reason—"

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"I have found it," she interrupted. "I have found it, at last. I have been silly, mad, wicked, heaven knows. But I have learned my lesson at last—I will never marry that man!"

She swept out of the room, and shut herself in her chamber. Mrs. Rushton would have followed her, but Mr. Frothingham entreated her to stay and listen to still further explanation. Finally, he persuaded her to play mediator. She believed, with him, that, after reflection, Marian must inevitably yield.

But Marian did not, though Violet used every argument. "I will think of it till to-morrow," was all she said. During the night, it seemed to Marian that she walked straight through Purgatory. But she could not marry Mr. Frothingham, and consign herself to a worse state, was her final decision. Her better nature, you see, was asserting itself at last.

She announced this to Violet in the morning, and listened unmoved to the latter's renewed attempt to shake her resolve.

"I urge you for your own sake," Violet said. "It is your one salvation, as I have told you before. Goodness knows, you can punish the brute enough when once married to him!"

But when, after having exhausted every expostulation, Marian still was firm, Violet took refuge in anger. She went away, and presently sent in a penciled note:

"I am obliged to go out. Mr. Frothingham will be here at two. When I return, all must be settled, or we cannot meet again."

Marian had packed her trunks on the previous night. She knew that Mrs. Whitney had got back from Albany, where she had gone before the scene at the concert. She could go to her. So she gave her orders quietly, sent for an expressman to fetch her luggage, and wrote a letter of affectionate thanks to Violet, bidding her farewell.

She did not suffer. She did not even feel. It seemed to her that she was gradually turning to stone. She could only wonder, vaguely, how she was to bear her shame and degradation. She knew that the vile slander would reach her village. Moreover, how to live was a puzzle, for the payment of her debts would leave her penniless; and Mr. Frothingham was her creditor, and would show no mercy, as she well knew.

But she should have leisure enough to think of all things, she said. Indeed, any effort was useless now, for the carriage she had ordered was at the door. In silence she went downstairs, and drove to Mrs. Whitney's.

As she entered the parlor, her friend came forward to receive her, with her usual kindness, and in an instant Marian saw that another visitor was present. She turned sick with misery and pain when she recognized, in this third person, Robert Meredith.

Mrs. Whitney speedily left them alone. Marian's note had told her enough of what had happened, so that she had been able to inform Meredith that the engagement was broken off.

"You did not mean to come and see me," Marian heard herself say, trying for any words that would rise.

"I should have done so, after what Mrs. Whitney told me," he replied; "but certainly not while I thought you engaged to be married."

"Oh, that is all over," she exclaimed, laughing nervously, just to keep back her tears.

"Don't, please!" he said.

She looked up. In his eyes, she saw that he knew all her dreary story.

"So you've heard the gossip?" she said, trying to be brave. "Well, I'm glad. I needn't try now to play a part. Oh, Robert, I am punished. If you wanted me to be so, you can rest satisfied."

"I did not want it," he answered. "But I am glad that anything has saved you from a life of suffering."

She began to cry, and, once started, her tears did not stop easily. But he was very kind and gentle, though he gave no sign of affection. When she could talk, at last, he said:

"If there is anything I can do, I wish you would tell me—just as if I were your brother—I shall be so glad."

A brother! That was all he wished to be to her now. Well, she did not deserve even so much. She struggled hard against her pride, which, broken as it was, rebelled bitterly at seeking consolation and advice from the man whom she had so undervalued and trifled with. But her better nature asserted itself, and gradually she told him everything.

He was so generous and sympathetic, that finally, almost before she knew it, she was speaking of her money-difficulties, even telling about the mortgages.

"You have promised to treat me as a brother," he said now. "You must let me arrange these matters. It is not a woman's work."

"But—but—"

"Wait! I don't want to put you under any obligation. I merely wish to avoid sacrificing your property. Depend on it, this Mr. Frothingham is, by all accounts, a sharp money-lender. Perhaps, however, he is not so smart as he thinks."

"I don't seem to care. I can work. I shall

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be glad to," she exclaimed. "Let the property go. That sounds as silly as all the rest, I suppose; but I shall be glad of some occupation."

"Everybody is the better for it," he replied, composedly; "and really I think, for a year or two, as well as I can judge from your hasty account, that you will have to support yourself. Later, perhaps, matters may right themselves."

She was so worn out, that, after giving all the comfort he could, he left her; and she felt, as he bade her good-bye, that her one real lover was gone forever.

CHAPTER XV.

EIGHTEEN months had passed. Marian Newkirk was quite forgotten in the brilliant circles where, for a brief space, she had gained a notoriety so undesirable: where she had seen her ambitious dreams die out, in smoke so black and ashes so bitter, that she thought she could never breathe freely again, or get rid of the acrid flavor on her lips.

She had spent this period in a quiet village in Massachusetts, employed as accountant in a manufactory owned by one of Mr. Whitney's friends; and had found a pleasant home with a relative of Robert Meredith's.

Those eighteen months had held much unhappiness. But they had left her patient and wiser. A new blow had lately struck her, in the midst of her growing content. Robert's cousin had told her that she believed he was engaged to be married; and, while the news was still fresh, Robert himself descended upon them.

"I came to see how you get on," he said to Marian, as soon as they were alone, "and to bring you still more good news about your affairs. I have got mortgages for you on better terms, and have paid off Ford & James, now that their mortgages are due. In a few years, your property, I hope, will free itself."

So, after she had thanked him, she felt it imperative to offer her congratulation on the tidings which she had heard.

"Engaged?" he rejoined, laughing. "That is news. Really, I didn't know it."

"Why, your cousin—"

"Was mistaken," he interrupted. "Am I going to be married? Marian, you, and you only, can decide."

She looked up in wonder. But, when she saw the expression of his face, she blushed and trembled and looked down. In a moment more, she was in his arms. Later, he said to her:

"Don't think I waited because I wanted you to have a lesson. I only did it because I was afraid, if you consented to marry me then, there might be more a sense of duty than love."

"Of gratitude, you mean," she answered.

"None could be due where a man acted as I did, from the sheer selfish pleasure I had in being of use," he rejoined.

"Then we are even: for I'm going to marry you for the sheer selfish happiness of being your wife," she said, laughing and crying at once.

And a good wife she makes. Not perfect, by any means. Even the wisdom gained through suffering, and the contentment arising from satisfied love, do not help anybody up to that height. None of us are, or can be, perfect. But these two, Marian and her husband, are very happy.

If Marian had wanted revenge, she would have found no lack of it; for, before another year went by, Mrs. Rushton's pecuniary difficulty forced her to marry old Frothingham; while May Livingston, though she became Philip Hamilton's wife, was soon suing for a divorce, in the details of which Mrs. Ventnor was conspicuous.

CHRYSANTHEMUM.

BY CLARA THWAITES.

I BRING you the latest blossoms
  Which summer has given to me.
How white is her farewell token!
  How pure she would have us be!

She has spoken to me in fragrance,
  She has whispered to me in flowers,
In utterance sweet and tender,
  Through the long bright sunny hours.

She had blooms of the deepest splendor;
  But, amid her gorgeous host,
I think that her fair white blossoms
  Were cherished by her the most.

She sent the snowdrop and wind-flower
  To herald her happy reign,
And the hawthorn's crown of beauty
  Was a fall of snow again.

And I heard the lilies murmur,
  As they stood in their grace apart,
In the moonlight's quiet splendor:
  "How blest are the pure in heart!"

Oh! gaze at her latest blossoms,
  And ponder her gentle speech,
And the voice of the passing zephyrs
  Her lowliest thought shall teach.

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THE STORY OF HETTY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SECOND LIFE."

I FREQUENTLY am told by older housekeepers that I never will succeed in that part of a woman's business in the world, because I cannot bring my relation with servants and tradespeople down to a mere question of work and wages. I have a gnawing curiosity to get at the human being inside of John the baker or Jane the cook, to know about the few dollars in bank, each of which has cost such hard denial of self, or the lover that ran away, or the baby that died. In consequence, while other women look back on a wearisome and vague succession of featureless scullions in the region below-stairs, I remember a line of sentient comedies or pitiful tragedies which have been day by day played out there for me.

One of these, which involves a question that interests most women, had for its heroine a young girl named Hester Labberton, who came to me from Newark, New Jersey, as nurse for one of my children. She was the daughter of an Irish laborer, and, without being beautiful, had that indescribable air of distinction and high breeding, which nature, in a democratic freak, so often gives in this country to children of the very poorest. Her hands, feet, and ears were finely molded; her voice was low and clear; and she carried herself with that reserve and repose of manner which might befit a princess, but which were decidedly out of place when it was her "day in," and she took the cook's place in the kitchen. As for education, Hetty could read; but I am afraid she made her mark, if ever her signature was required. For the rest, she was a gentle, honest, inefficient creature, who won the baby's heart with her quiet lazy ways, and put her to sleep at night with lullabies indescribably sweet. I never have heard, on the stage or anywhere else, a voice so sympathetic as Hester's. On summer evenings, when the nursery-windows were open, a little group of passers-by would gather outside of the fence, as the low pathetic strains floated down, who would afterward go on their way subdued and quiet.

Very soon, I began to notice Ben Holt, the milk-man, with his cans, among the listeners; and, after a week or two, I found Ben, stiff in his checked Sunday-suit, with shirt-collar that threatened his ears, seated on the kitchen-steps under the walnut-tree, while Hester was stationed with rigorous propriety at her sewing inside, five yards distant. The daily measure of cream, too, suddenly grew enormously liberal; and "baby" was the recipient of divers huge apples and bunches of fresh lilac and snowball, which brought all spring and the country into the dusty street.

A little inquiry discovered that Ben was already a partner, in a small way, in his father's dairy, and the owner of a few "head" of his own. He hoped, in a year, to rent a small dairy-farm near Media, and to begin business on his own account. So much he had imparted to Hetty, in the jerky sentences and vast gaps of silence which constituted their conversation.

"And Ben is looking about for a wife to take charge of the dairy?" I surmised.

Hetty grew red and smiled quietly; she did not toss her chin, according to the custom of her order, but she said nothing.

"He appears to be an honest fellow, Hester?"

"Yes, ma'am: he's honest. He works hard, too," with the sigh of protest which even the mention of work drew from her.

"And sober?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am. He's a Good Templar."

"What is wrong, then, Hetty? I think you like him."

"Yes. But—"

That was all. Who would resolve a woman's "but" into reason, in such a case? Not another woman, surely.

Ben continued a faithful Sunday-evening wooer for a year. There was no superiority of intellect, on Hester's part, to make the marriage unsuitable. Ben was the shrewder and better-informed of the two, and was a steady reader of the county newspaper published by his own party and of "The Agriculturist" and "Dairyman's Journal."

In the spring of '69, we went to California, to remain two years. The house, of course, was closed and the servants discharged. I told Hester of the proposed change a month or two before, adding:

"If you intend to be married, Hetty, during the summer, why not now? This house is your home, and I should be glad for you to be married here."

She stood thinking intently, for a moment or two, and then said:

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"No, ma'am: I will go back to Newark. You are very kind."

The next morning, Ben Holt, leaving his wagon at the door, asked an interview, and presented himself in his muddy boots, woolen jacket, a can of cream in one hand, and his fur cap in the other. His face was red, but with honest tan, not blushes. He went straight to the point.

"I wish, ma'am, you could make Hetty Labberton hear reason. I've took Swift's pasture and the house, and I've got forty head. Next month, I'm goin' into business for myself, and father has give me this rowt. The house is a snug six-roomer, and I've fitted it up as genteel as any farmhouse on the Media pike; and, after all, she's bound to go back to Newark."

"Did she promise to marry you, Ben?"

"Well, no, ma'am," changing the milk-can from one hand to the other. "I can't say she did, for certain. But, great Cæsar! she knew what I meant well enough. And she can't do no better. I'm not a drinkin'-man, and I've forty head and as good a rowt as is in the city. Why, what's the girl want?"

I promised to speak to her, and, if possible, to find out what she wanted. My own opinion was that Ben, with his forty head and "rowt" and honest heart, was a very good gift of fate for Hetty: who, with all her daintiness, was absolutely good-for-nothing as helpmate for a workingman.

"Is it that you do not care for the man?" I asked her. "If that is the objection, tell him so frankly."

"I don't know, ma'am. I can't tell what I want. I like Ben better than any man I ever saw. But—"

She looked up with a sudden eagerness, not at me, but around the room in which we stood—at the pictures, the piano, the soft chairs.

"Don't laugh at me," she said, directly: "but I'd like to marry a gentleman. I don't want jewelry—Ben offered me a real gold bracelet, and I wouldn't wear it—but I'd like to have lace on my underclothes, and to lie back in a phaeton and drive to the park. I'm afraid you think I'm clear-gone with silliness."

She began now to cry, but not noisily. The tears slowly gathered in her large soft eyes and quietly fell.

"No," I said. "But, in justice to Ben, you must never drive in his milk-cart, as his wife, instead of your phaeton. You are right, to go back to Newark."

She did go back, and soon sent me word that she had found work, in a cotton-mill. I lost sight of her for a couple of years.

One day, shortly after our return from San Francisco, a card was brought up to me, with the name: "Brigham C. Bolter." I found a short burly man—a little overdressed—awaiting me. He was standing before the fire, as if impatient to be gone.

"I'll only detain you a minute, Mrs. Adams," he said. "Small matter of business. My name is Bolter: 'Bolter, Prime & Co.' You probably know the firm. No?" elevating his brows with a compassionate smile. "Well, some ladies do confine their knowledge to the home-matters; and I, myself, like that sort the best: your husband would know that Bolter, Prime & Co. are big cotton-manufacturers in Newark. You had a housemaid in your employ, some two years since—name of Labberton: Hester Labberton," consulting a note-book.

"A nurse: yes."

"You dismissed her, on suspicion of dishonesty?" fixing his auger-like gray eyes on mine.

"Most certainly not."

"There was some suspicion? Nothing definite, but—"

"Not a shadow of suspicion. I would trust in Hester Labberton's honesty as in my own."

He was evidently annoyed and disappointed. He turned over the leaves of his note-book rapidly, glancing up furtively at me.

"Ah-h!" smiling and nodding. "It was a shadow of another kind that made you glad to be rid of the young woman! She had followers? Was partial to firemen's balls, like other pretty girls of that class?" with a significant smile.

My indignation made me imprudent. Instead of quietly finding out who the man was, and what was his purpose, I answered him briefly and emphatically as to the girl's character, and rose to dismiss him. He went out with an insolent scowl.

A month later, Ben Holt asked to see me, after he had served the milk.

"Well, ma'am," he said, with an inane smile, "it's all up. She's married." He pulled out of his pocket a newspaper and opened it. "I just subscribed for a Newark weekly paper, after she went back. It sort of seemed to keep us acquainted, and here it is. She's married.'

He read slowly the brief notice, in a tone which betrayed some real feeling, and also much satisfaction at being able to read it with such a fine nasal inflection: "'Married on the 5th instant, by Reverend James Altoy, Jordan Bolter, Esq.—of the firm of Bolter, Prime & Co.—to Hester, daughter of Mr. William Labberton. No cards.' That's the mill she was working in,"

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added Ben, carefully folding up the paper and restoring it to his pocket. "Sim Woods, a chap from Newark I know, told me them Bolters was English weavers, as had pushed themselves into notice, and made a huge lot of money. Sim said they were a coarse lot, in spite of their grand houses. I reckon this Jordan's one of the younger brothers."

Ben did not seem in need of any comfort, but I offered it by suggesting that he should look about him now for a wife, adding that I really did not believe Hetty would have been a good manager in the dairy.

"Likely not, ma'am. She wasn't much of a hand for stirrin' round. Oh, there's lots of nice girls out about our way. But my Aunt Sarah's took hold of the business, and I dunno but I'm as well satisfied with her management as anybody's. How d'you like that half-Alderney cream?"

On reflection, I guessed that the younger member of this Bolter firm had been attracted by Hetty's pretty ways, and that the elder brother, to prevent the marriage, had come to me, hoping to discover something more to her discredit than the mere fact that she had been a servant, a surmise which I afterward found to be the truth.

Three or four years passed before I again encountered Hester. I had gone over to New York, on a visit, and, in one of Tiffany's upper rooms, I saw a delicate-looking woman, whose face seemed familiar to me. She had with her a beautiful child. Both were dressed with great richness, but extreme simplicity: they were loitering in front of the cases, evidently waiting to keep an appointment. Presently, a short heavily-built man came up the stairs. Turning to meet him, she saw me.

There was a quick delighted flash of recognition, and she hurried toward me, pulling her boy along with her.

"Do you not know me, Mrs. Adams?" she said. "I am Hetty—Hetty Labberton. How is the baby? She must be nearly grown now, though. This is my boy. Look up, Harry. And this is my husband." She put her hand on his arm, with a deprecating look of appeal into his face. "Mr. Bolter, this is Mrs. Adams. You know? I was— She was very kind to me."

Her husband bowed curtly, and then turned his back, muttering something about catching a train. As he hurried her away, he said, raising his voice that I might hear:

"I told you I'd have no more of this cursed folly. If you do not care for the shame to yourself, you shall not disgrace my son."

The next day, I received a note, written in a stiff formal hand.

"I hope you will forgive me," it ran, "for leaving you so abruptly yesterday. My husband has a dislike to the remembrance that his wife was once a servant. It is, perhaps, natural. But I never can forget your kindness, or cease to be grateful for it. Yours, Hester Bolter. I have the fine clothes and the carriage now, so I ought to be content. Is not my Harry a lovely baby?"

Now comes the strange part of my story. The next winter, being in need of a seamstress, I sent an advertisement to the morning paper which reaches that class of readers. Early the next day, a woman, closely veiled, answered the advertisement. When I had entered the room and closed the door, she stood up and threw aside the veil. It was Hester.

She told me her story rapidly, without a tear or sob. Her husband was one of the lower coarse-grained class of Englishmen, whose "women," whether wife or daughter, are but an upper class of servants. His success and fortune had not changed his natural brutality, but had only given him the means of partially hiding it. He drank heavily, and, when under the influence of liquor, abused his workmen, servants, everyone who came near him, even his wife and child, as I inferred, though she did not say it.

"When he was himself, he was very fond of me and Harry," she said. "He could not find clothes or jewelry expensive enough for us. But his brothers and their wives never forgave him for marrying a mill-hand and a servant. They taunted him with it, every day: they embittered him against me. They are ill-bred vulgar people, and they could not force their way into society in Newark. They said it was because of the disgrace I had brought on them. They worked on Jordan's mind until, in a fit of fury at them and me, last week, he sold out his share in the mills and went away. He has taken Harry with him."

"Where has he gone?"

"Back to England. He sailed on the Scythia. He took Harry with him." Here she broke down, with a sob.

"Hester, rouse yourself," I said. "He cannot keep your child from you. Why did you leave Newark? Did he not provide you with money? Your clothes, jewelry, the house—surely he did not leave you destitute?"

"I don't know. I left it all. He took the baby. I followed, on the next train to New York, but I could not find them. For two days I was looking for them, and then I heard he had sailed on the Scythia. He had Harry. One of the men at the steamship-office remembered the little boy with yellow hair."

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"Why not go back to Newark, and remain in the house, and claim your property?"

"I do not want anything. They can take it all. I only want my baby."

She had come back, in her delirium of grief, to the house which she remembered as a quiet and secure home. She remained with me for two or three months, filling, at her own wish, the duties of a seamstress. She was faithful and conscientious in her work, but I noticed that she gave an hour, every day, to the hard study of some school-books. She brought one to me, one evening, for explanation. It was a Latin grammar.

"I thought," she said, with a shy smile, "that, when Harry begins his schooling, he would need a little help at home. Teachers are so hard on little fellows."

"You think you will have your boy again?"

"Yes. I pray to God to give him back, all the time—all the time. He will surely hear me."

She went with me, very early one summer morning, to the market, to buy some fruit for preserving. It was a cool June dawn. The red sunrise dyed the sky behind the houses; the sparrows were twittering loudly in the green trees of the vacant squares; the roses, wet with dew, climbed up the porches of the workmen's houses which lined the street. The market was gay with the bright colors of the early vegetables, and along the pavement squatted negro women from Jersey and the Wissahickon, with baskets of fern, pitcher-plant, and bunches of lilac to sell.

Behind one of the stalls stood Ben Holt, sturdy and redder than ever, in his white long-sleeved apron, with his wife—a tough, sharp-eyed, neat little body—beside him. Ben had now a dairy-farm. In front of him was a rampart of white brass-bound tubs of delicious butter and baskets of eggs, with a cheval de frise of spring chickens overhead. I had forgotten Ben's interest in my companion, until, as I stopped to price his butter, I saw him staring dumbly at her.

"Hetty? Hester Labberton? Have you forgotten me?" he cried, all at once, holding out his fat hand.

Hester took it quickly. "No, I have never forgotten you, Ben," she said, with a queer speculative smile on her sad face. Her eye passed over the baskets and the tubs, and rested on watchful Mrs. Holt. Then she moved hastily on, with heightened color.

I asked the price of the butter. Ben took down a pair of chickens, and fingered them nervously.

"Is she a widow? She's in black," he said.

"No. Her husband and child are still living."

"She looks as if she wasn't much account to either of 'em," said Mrs. Ben, in a voice like a hand-saw. "Sickly, I reckon. Who is she, anyhow?"

"Never you mind her, Susan," said Ben, with decision. "'Tend to your eggs. There's two customers gone off for want of attention."

The next market-day, Ben stopped at the door, and left a basket of snowy eggs.

"They're for her breakfasts, ma'am," he said. "She looks dreadful poorly, and she used to be fond of a new-laid egg." He walked away and turned back again. "I gathered 'em myself, this mornin'. Susan didn't tech 'em."

"Poor Ben! I have no doubt Susan makes him very happy," said Hetty, with a smile, when I gave her the eggs. But I observed that she did not eat one of them.

Early in July, Hetty received a letter from her husband, dated in some obscure village in Yorkshire. He was there, ill, and suffering for attention. We knew afterward that the illness was the result of a prolonged debauch. He ordered her to come to him at once. Of the child, he said not a word.

She sailed the next day, found him still living, and nursed him faithfully for weeks. At the end of that time, he died, greatly to the purification of the moral air of the world.

She wrote to me, briefly stating the fact, adding: "I have found Harry at last, in a boarding-school in London."

A month or two later, she wrote again, though still briefly. Hester was not a person who would place a feeling or opinion on paper.

Her husband, it appeared, had managed to squander but a little of his large fortune. She had invested it in Consols, had bought a small cottage near Chester, and had established herself there with Harry, his governess and tutors. There was no science or accomplishment which he was not to possess.

"I will remain with him in England," she said, "because here neither his father's family nor my former condition is known, or can disgrace him in the future."

The false shame, which she never had known for herself, she felt keenly for her boy. Perhaps she never would have had it at all, but for the conduct of her husband's family.

Years afterward, being in England, I visited Mrs. Bolter, in her quiet home.

She was a delicate worn woman, with whitening hair drawn back from her gentle face. There were few books in the house, and no pictures; Hester never had known anything of literature or art. She worked now and then languidly at some embroidery.

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"It is very quiet here," she said: "of course, I do not go into society, and Harry is at Rugby. He does not write often. Boys have so much to do, nowadays—what with their books and boating and clubs of one kind and another. He is an affectionate boy, though, and always runs home at Christmas. But the greater part of the holidays he spends with his classmates, at their homes. I am quite willing he should do so. It is desirable that Harry should make social connection for himself, as I cannot give him any."

Before I left her, much to my surprise, she asked for Ben Holt, and listened with grave attention to my account of him.

"Yes," she said, thoughtfully, when I had ended; "he is, no doubt, very comfortable. With their cows and butter, their steady daily work, and the pleasant fields to look out upon when their day's work is done, he and his Susan ought to be very happy together."

And she smothered a sigh, as she took up her work.

"FAREWELL TO THE OLD HOME."

BY AGNES L. PRATT.

THE dear old home!
Where, through the years departed,
Full many a merry laugh was heard
From children happy-hearted.
No vacant seat;
But all, with cheerful faces,
Were gathered, in the years gone by,
In their accustomed places.

The years rolled on,
And one by one they faded.
The childish hands grew cold and still,
And grief the old home shaded.
Yet some were left;
But, ere long, these had wandered on,
Led by the world's beguiling,
Yet not forgetting quite the father's love,
The patient mother's smiling.

As time went by,
Death set his mystic symbol on the brow
Of one, and then another;
And from the old home's portals passed
The well-beloved brother.
Yet still the charm
That blessed this home above all others
Had never faded; for of love there still remained
The father's and the mother's.

But all must die.
And so, one day, the mother weary fainted
On the broad highway she had trod so long,
And went another journey, to the region sainted;
And, after that,
We, of the old home, missed the one departed,
And went our several ways in sadness,
And so weary-hearted.
And then, at last,
The father could not long survive the comrade of his living,
And soared away to meet her in the blessed home,
His soul unto the shadowy angel giving.
And the old home,
Left desolate, while they, the life of home, are sleeping,
Still stands, all lonely that their presence is not there,
Its hearth-fire brightly keeping.

And so, old home,
We say farewell to you and all your pleasures:
You have held here, within your time-worn walls,
For us, full many treasures.
And memory fond
Will ever linger sadly round the dear old places,
Peopling them oft with forms we once have loved
And dear familiar faces.

NON-FULFILLMENT.

BY IDA A. SPOOR.

A BURDEN fell upon my heart.
I cried: "I must not have it so:
I cannot bear this pain and woe;
I cannot have it for a part
Of my existence. Can it be
That this must overshadow me?"

"Father," I prayed, "if it is best,
Remove this burden—make me blest.
Oh, give me that for which I sigh:
It is the sweetest, dearest thing
That ever touched me. Let me try
To win this gift, it is so nigh.
Deliver me from this unrest,
Into my life this sunshine bring,
If it is best, if it is best."

The weary days went drifting by,
And yet the gift that seemed so nigh
Gleamed like a mirage in the sky;
And then I learned 'twas not for me.
"Dear Lord," I cried, with softened tears,
"It was not best that this should be
The mainspring of my future years.
Help me—oh, help me—now to take
My burden. Show me how to make
A blessing of this pain and woe,
A thankfulness that it is so."

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FIRST WEDDED, THEN WON.

BY LUCY H. HOOPER.

CHAPTER I.

"THERE remains to me always the river," said Guy de Noriolis, to himself, as he sat in contemplation before all his worldly wealth, which was spread out upon the table before him, and which consisted of three francs and six sous. He had come into possession of that sum just half an hour before, by pledging literally the last available article of his wardrobe—namely, his once elegant but much-worn overcoat.

When, some five years before, Guy Edmó Henri Louis, Count de Noriolis and Baron de Keriodec, had made his appearance in fashionable society in Paris, few persons who knew him would have predicted for his career so speedy and disastrous a termination. Just twentythree years of age—handsome, intelligent, gifted with artistic taste, and possessing a moderate fortune—he might have been counted among the chosen favorites of destiny. The bluest blood of France flowed in his veins, tempered by the cerulean current derived from his mother, who was an English lady of rank. He could claim kindred with one-half the great families of the Faubourg St. Germain, and with one-half the British peerage as well. He had received a warm welcome into the most brilliant circles of both France and England. He was a member of the most fashionable club in Paris; and that, as poor Gretchen says, "was his undoing."

There is still talk, in Parisian high-life, of the "great night" at the Cercle des Fou-Rieurs: a night which, by the way, came near bringing about the suppression of the club in question, by the police. That night, for Guy de Noriolis, knew no financial morrow. When he walked out into the cool freshness of the early dawn, from the gas-heated card-room of the club, after the last of a series of frenzied games at baccarat, each one more maddened than the last, he did not possess fifty francs in the world, that he could call his own.

If I were writing a three-volume novel, I might fill several chapters with an account of his many and desperate efforts to support himself. He painted charmingly in water-color, and had been one of the very few pupils that Louis Leloir had ever consented to take. But his pictures, highly praised as they had been in the day of his prosperity, were found to be worthless and unsalable so soon as he tried to dispose of them. He had been applauded as an amateur pianist; but he could not obtain an engagement to play at soirées, at a dollar an evening. He pawned his jewelry, his ivory-backed hair-brushes, his dressing-case with silver mounting, his onyx-and-turquoise-headed riding-whips, his small collection of choice classic authors in artistic binding. Next, his extra articles of clothing went, his overcoat last of all.

He took up the coins from the table, and slipped them into his waistcoat-pocket. "I will live till these are exhausted," he thought to himself, "and then—" He put on his hat, descended the dark flights of stairs from his garret, and sallied forth into the street.

It was a lovely day in May; and Paris, ever sensitive to change in the temperature, was thrilling and glowing, like a betrothed maiden beneath her lover's first kiss, in the life and beauty of the season. The trees in the Luxembourg garden showed, with their half-open leaflets, as though veiled in light-green gauze.

There was a suspicion of buds on the lilac-bushes, and a certainty of crocuses amid the grass. The usual groups of nursemaids and children, of loitering soldiers and lounging idlers, filled the seats and walks of the beautiful square. Overhead, the birds were twittering gayly; for they, too, were rejoicing in the charm of the springtime in Paris. Guy de Noriolis was conscious of the freshness and sweetness of everything about him. For a moment, he paused and contemplated the turf and the flowers, the laughing children and the fearless birds. "It is a pleasant world, after all," he said to himself. "I am sorry that I shall leave it so soon." And then he went his way to the cheap restaurant where he meant to break his fast. He had been living for weeks past upon bread and broth, and, on the strength of his new-formed resolution, as well as in view of his possessing sixty-six cents, he meant to indulge in the unwonted luxury of a dish of meat and potatoes. The little eating-house that he entered was one frequented by the students, both in art and medicine, that inhabit the Latin quarter. One of them, wishing to be polite, rose and laid before Guy that morning's "Figaro," which he had just finished perusing. It was accepted with thanks, and, to

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beguile the time till the meal was served, Guy began listlessly to glance through the columns.

Suddenly the following odd advertisement caught his eye:

"A gentleman, possessing an authentic title, of good family and of unsullied reputation, may hear of something to his advantage by calling upon Messrs. Durand & Laporte, notaries, No. 6 Rue de Hollande. N.B.—Sincerity and secrecy guaranteed."

M. Blasius Durand, head of the firm of Durand & Laporte, was a good deal surprised, that day, at receiving a visit from so noted a leader of fashion as Count Guy de Noriolis, in the character of a respondent to the advertisement in the "Figaro." He had heard, it is true, of the financial catastrophe which had hurled the brilliant and accomplished young society-hero into the outer darkness of poverty and obscurity; but he had had no idea of the completeness of the disaster; and it was some time before he could realize that it was the Count de Noriolis himself, and no impostor, that stood before him. But, in a few minutes—that is to say, after a series of questions—M. Durand became quite genial and confidential.

"I will not disguise from you, Count," he remarked in a low tone, drawing his hearer into a small inner room and closing the door as he spoke, "that the affair which we have now on hand is a difficult one to manage. We have had a good many applicants since that advertisement was inserted, three days ago. One was even a duke—but then there was a flaw in the title. Also a marquis; but he had once been in prison for swindling. There is no condemnation—no legal complication—in your case, I hope?"

"None. I made a fool of myself, and I am ruined; but my past is spotless." De Noriolis flushed scarlet as he spoke.

"No offense meant—none whatever, my dear sir. Only, you see, we are bound to protect our client's interest in every respect, and to make our investigation as thorough as possible. And, as there is question of a marriage, every precaution becomes doubly necessary. Now, before I enter into further detail, pray answer me one question: Are you prepared, in case all the information we shall obtain respecting you is fully satisfactory, to bestow your name and your hand upon a lady, to whom you shall pledge yourself to remain thereafter a mere acquaintance, and nothing more? Also, will you consent to adopt, as your own, her son, born of a previous and unfortunate union?"

"These are strange stipulations," said De Noriolis, his pride rising up in revolt against the proposed bargain, despite his penniless and desperate condition.

"Wait—you have not heard the whole. Our client, in return for the stipulated advantage, proposes to settle upon her husband the sum of fifty thousand francs per annum, and to place at his disposal a suite of apartments in her hotel. I would further state that not a shadow rests upon the character of the lady in question."

"Then she is old?"

"Just four-and-twenty."

"Of course, she is ugly—or vulgar?"

"She is beautiful, and she is accomplished."

"What, then, induces her to marry in so strange a fashion? For, by the terms she offers, she must be wealthy."

"She possesses a fortune of two millions of dollars. Ten millions of francs, as we would say here."

"Then she is an American?"

"Yes. Now I have told you all that I can impart to you, for the present. I must take time for the necessary inquiry about you; and, when we next meet, should you decide to accept my client's offer, I shall go more fully into detail. Call again this day week, at three o'clock, and, if all that I learn respecting you be satisfactory, we may enter into serious negotiation."

CHAPTER II.

ANOTHER week! Guy's heart sank within him, as he thought of another seven days of privation and hunger. Accept the offer? Why, what else could he do, poor fellow, but clutch at anything, which was not dishonorable, that would save him from the ooze of the river-bed, the nets of the corpse-hunters, the dripping slabs of the Morgue? But he merely said, with the high courage he had inherited from his Crusading ancestors:

"This day week, then—at three o'clock," and he turned to leave the office.

The little notary had marked the haggard lines of his countenance, and the despondent look that crept over his features when told of the week's delay.

"Stop a moment, Count," he said, pleasantly; "perhaps a little loan would be an accommodation to you just now; a small advance on your future income—don't you see?"

He drew out his pocket-book as he spoke, and laid notes for a hundred francs upon the table.

It was then that the old blood of the penniless noble showed itself. De Noriolis put aside, with a wan smile, the money he needed so much.

"No," he said; "for, should your client fail

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to approve of me, M. Durand, I could never repay your loan. I will not run the risk. But I thank you most heartily all the same."

As the door closed behind Guy's retreating figure, M. Durand gave a nod of approval.

"Ah, Madame Alice de Roincy," he said to himself, while folding and replacing the notes in his shabby little pocket-book, "you will make a great mistake if you fail to become the Countess de Noriolis. He has principles, has that young man. This is a queer affair altogether—the oddest that has come before my notice in these forty years. But I must hurry up my investigation, or else the future bridegroom will die of hunger before the wedding-day."

How Guy de Noriolis contrived to exist, during the time which elapsed between the day on which he had his first interview with M. Durand and that on which he received his summons to present himself again at the office on the Rue de Hollande, must ever remain a mystery. Perhaps that noblest of Parisian charities, that of "The Mouthful of Bread," so called, which consists in bestowing upon every applicant half a pound of good bread and a glass of water tinged with common wine, might have assisted in solving the riddle. Be that as it may, he looked even paler and more haggard, when he again stood before M. Durand, than on the occasion of his first visit.

"Do me the favor of taking a chair, Count," said the notary, in something of a more ceremonious and deferential manner than that which he had assumed on their previous interview.

The Count sat down in silence.

"Our inquiry respecting you," said the notary, after a pause, rubbing his fat hands, "has been perfectly satisfactory. Title, character, pedigree, are all indisputable. Our client is willing to accept you, as fulfilling her conditions, but she desires to have an interview with you before anything is positively decided. Step this way, if you please."

As he spoke, he ushered Guy into the inner room, of which we have before made mention. A lady, deeply veiled, was seated on the little sofa covered with slippery green leather, which was placed beside the window. She rose as the door was thrown open.

"Count Guy de Noriolis—Madame de Roincy," said M. Durand, with a wave of his hand. Then, after they had mutually bowed to each other, he added: "Now I shall go back to my business, and leave you, monsieur and madame, to settle yours."

As the door closed behind the retreating form of the notary, the lady he had called Madame de Roincy unfastened her heavy veil and flung it aside. The Count could not resist a slight start. He had expected to see an ordinary face, perhaps even a vulgar one. But it was a woman of no common type that confronted him. There was intellect in the broad low brow, the blue earnest eyes, the firm yet delicately-outlined mouth. It was the face of a young woman, but also that of one who had deeply suffered. Despite the bloom of the complexion, the soft azure of the eyes, the golden lustre of the hair, the first impression made upon the spectator was not that of beauty, but of endurance. Though almost a girl in years, one felt instinctively that some great sorrow had swept, like a tidal wave, over that bright young head, submerging it for a time, but happily not forever.

Guy, on his part, though still handsome and high-bred-looking, also bore on cheek and brow the traces of the terrible months through which he had lately passed. The olive complexion was colorless—almost livid in hue, indeed—the dark eyes were hollow and encircled with bistre-tinted shadow, and the whole countenance bore the stamp of a pain endured till despair had well-nigh replaced endurance.

There they stood, this pair so strangely brought together by misfortune. On either side, a vast calamity, an abyss of ruin, which the clasping hand of the one could alone enable the other to overleap.

The lady was the first to speak.

"We may as well be seated, Count," she said, for both had risen at first, "and discuss this matter at our leisure." She resumed her place upon the sofa, as she spoke, and motioned him to an armchair that stood near. "I have heard your story, and I have perused the record of the investigation made by order of my lawyer. You meet my requirement in all respects. But, before we proceed further in this matter—before you consent to give your hand and your name to the person who has sought your alliance in so strange a fashion, I desire that you—gentleman and honorable man as I have learned you to be—should hear from my own lips certain details respecting my past life, and a full explanation of my present conduct."

The Count bowed, but did not speak.

"I am, as I believe M. Durand has told you," she said, "an American by birth. My father—George Severne—was the inventor of the famous 'Severne Safety-Valve.' There is no need for me to describe to you the use and the application of his invention. It was simple and practical, and so came at once into general use wherever steam was employed in connection with ma-

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chinery; and he realized a large fortune from it. I was an only child, my mother having died when I was three days old. My father never married again. His maiden sister, who was his senior by some years, took charge of his household for him. As for me, I was sent to Paris to be educated. I was placed in a good school. There were kind friends of our family in Europe, who looked after me. Very often, I passed my vacation in traveling with these friends, or in visiting them at their summer country-seats. I grew up, therefore, with far fewer ties to home and to my one surviving parent than would otherwise have been the case.

"But, in truth," she went on, after a pause, "my father cared comparatively little about me. He had literally idolized my mother. She was a delicate exquisite little creature—a society-beauty, far younger than himself. He had loved her in secret for some years, when his sudden accession to wealth made it possible for him to hope to win her. He did win her; and, after a wedded life of barely a year, he lost her. I do not think that he ever found any real pleasure in life afterward. At all events, he always had a vague feeling of repulsion toward me, since my birth had caused my mother's death.

"It was arranged that, after my education had been completed, my father and my aunt should come to Paris to join me, and that we should thereafter spend a year in foreign travel. I was somewhat precocious in respect to my study, and I had completed my allotted school-course by the time I was seventeen. My father arrived in Paris in time to be present at my graduation. A few days later, he fell ill, though not at first alarmingly so. He was subject to attacks of gout, and his malady was merely a return of this old complaint. But he suffered terribly, and all my aunt's thought and time were absorbed in waiting upon him. Our projected journey was perforce postponed.

"In this emergency," she continued, "a highly-recommended governess—a Hungarian lady of rank, who had lost her fortune in some political crisis—was hastily engaged to act as my chaperone: at least, as long as my father's illness should last. Accordingly, under her guidance, I studied, practiced my accomplishments, and went out to walk or drive. One day, my governess—Madame d'Elida—proposed that we should go to Versailles, to visit the palace and to take a stroll in the park. I assented gladly; for the weather was lovely, and I was very weary of the dull life that I led at the hotel. While we were walking in the park, my companion was accosted by a handsome young officer, whom she presented to me as 'Captain de Roincy, the son of one of her most intimate friends.'"

She paused a moment again, and then resumed:

"Madame d'Elida's next proceeding was to persuade me to obtain permission from my father and aunt to go down to Versailles to spend a fortnight, saying that I looked ill, that change of air would do me good, and that Versailles, with its historical associations and its picture-galleries, was just the place in which to complete my study. Permission was readily granted, and we were soon installed in a handsome suite of rooms in the Hotel des Reservoirs. Madame d'Elida had many acquaintances in the old town, and we received frequent invitations to afternoon-receptions, afternoon-teas, soirées-musicales, and other such mildly-exciting forms of dissipation. To me, a girl fresh from the closely-guarded precinct of a Parisian school, it was all delightful. And the more so, from the fact that, wherever we went, we were sure to meet Captain de Roincy. His regiment was stationed in Versailles, and he was a general favorite in society. He came very often, too, to the hotel, ostensibly to call upon Madame d'Elida. But it was not very long before, taking advantage of my youth and inexperience, and with the full connivance of the unprincipled woman who had been engaged to watch over me, he became an avowed suitor for my hand."

CHAPTER III.

"To understand what followed, Count de Noriolis," she now said, and with some hesitation, "I want you to bear in mind my extreme youth, my total ignorance of the usage of French society as regards matrimonial engagement, and, above all, my utter lack of knowledge respecting the formality necessary to constitute a legal marriage in France. I was an infatuated foolish child, in the hands of a fascinating unscrupulous adventuress, and of a handsome, heartless, penniless adventurer. Let me pass briefly and quickly over this dark page in my history. Our stay at Versailles was prolonged, from time to time, at my own solicitation, prompted by my ardent wooer and by Madame d'Elida. Permission for my continued absence was readily obtained; for my father's health did not rally, as we had expected, after the first violent symptom of his malady had subsided; and he continued in so weak and suffering a condition that my presence would only have annoyed him and added to my aunt's care and embarrassment. So we remained at Versailles; and, when the final summons for our return to Paris arrived, I had been for nearly a fortnight the wife of Captain de Roincy.

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"I cannot pretend to describe the wiles, the arguments, the persuasions, that were used to hurry me into taking this momentous step. I was a mere child, as ignorant as a baby of the ways of the world, and I was, or fancied myself to be, very much in love with M. de Roincy. I can comprehend now the nefarious plot of which I was the victim. The whole affair was managed by Madame d'Elida for a consideration; that is to say, for a percentage on my fortune when I should receive it; for my father's great wealth and my own prospective heiresship were well known to the wicked creature who sold the poor child confided to her care with as little scruple as she would have felt in disposing of a pet poodle or a canary-bird."

All this while, the Count sat listening with ever-increasing interest.

"The marriage-ceremony was performed," she said, "in a little country-church near Versailles; the priest, a good old sleepy curé, being evidently convinced—if, indeed, he thought anything about the matter—that there was nothing unusual about the affair. The witnesses were Madame d'Elida and the maid she had engaged for me, in Versailles, to take the place of the one provided for me by my aunt, and whom she had persuaded me to dismiss on some trifling pretext. No idea that there was any possibility of the validity of my marriage being questioned ever crossed my brain. I knew nothing of the law of your country about such matters. The ceremony had been performed in strict accordance with the rules of the Catholic Church, and there had been the usual accompaniment of witnesses, and a register, and a certificate—and what more could be necessary? Nothing, that I knew of; but the man that I had married, and the woman that had furthered his plan, were versed in all the intricacy of French law, and knew well that the marriage-ceremony, in the eyes of that law, was but so much empty breath, and the marriage-certificate a mere scrap of waste paper, since no civil marriage, the only one that is recognized in this country as legal, had ever taken place."

By this time, the face of her hearer was full of pity. He leaned forward, eagerly, as he listened. She noticed it, and went on with emotion.

"I shall speak briefly of the events of the next few days," she said, with slightly faltering voice. "I remained at the Hotel des Reservoirs, while Madame d'Elida and M. de Roincy went to Paris, to avow the fact of my marriage and to gain for me my father's pardon. I little knew what power they meant to bring to bear, in order to bend that iron will and sway that resolute nature. But their purpose failed. The interview took place. My father, in a furious outburst of passion, refused to forgive me, or to make any provision for my maintenance. Then M. de Roincy declared his intention of deserting me, and of disavowing his marriage, unless he and I were at once received with open arms, full pardon, and a handsome settlement: in which case, he declared, he was ready to marry me according to the law. This blow was too much for my father, in his enfeebled state of health. He sank back insensible, the fatal visitors were dismissed, and he was carried to his bed. From that bed he never again arose. He lived for some days—long enough to execute a will, leaving all his vast fortune unconditionally to my Aunt Susan—and he died, I was told, without ever permitting my name to be mentioned in his presence.

"As for Captain de Roincy," she said, after another momentary pause, "I never saw him again. He lingered in Paris, trying vainly to obtain an interview with my aunt, and, on finally ascertaining, with full certainty, the contents of my father's will, he joined his regiment, then under orders for Algiers. He wrote me a brief letter, stating that he left me free to contract a new matrimonial engagement, since the old one was not in any shape binding upon either of us. And that was the last," drawing a deep breath, "that I ever heard of my husband of a fortnight. As for Madame d'Elida, she disappeared without a word or sign, only sending a messenger to Versailles for her trunks. I think she had rendered herself amenable to the law, in some way, for the part she had taken in bringing about my marriage, and was in a hurry to escape.

"I have tried to speak calmly and dispassionately, Count de Noriolis," said the speaker, now. "I have forced myself to confine my narrative to a bare recital of facts. But, as I look back to the days that succeeded my father's death, my heart glows with an indignation and throbs with an anguish that I cannot express. Picture me to yourself: a girl not yet eighteen, shamelessly duped and heartlessly deserted, with a father's curse weighing upon her soul, penniless, wretched, and abased—I, who had been the courted, pampered, prospective heiress of millions all my days. I had never been an idolized child—my dead mother's shadow had always interposed between me and my father's love—but, in all other respects, I had been brought up as befitted George Severne's only daughter. But fate was merciful to me at this juncture, for the typhoid fever had just made its appearance in an epidemic form in Versailles, and I was one of its

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first victims. For weeks I lay in a stupor, or raved in delirium; and I verily believe that the fierce fever, that clouded my brain for so long, was the only thing that saved me from insanity. Nor was I deserted in my illness. My Aunt Susan sent her old servant Martha, who had lived in her employ for over thirty years, down to Versailles to take charge of me. It was she who nursed me through that long terrible fever. It was from her hand that I received, from my aunt, the long letter that awaited my convalescence. In this missive, my aunt informed me that she could not yet pardon the deceit and disobedience of which I had been guilty, nor the disgrace that I had brought upon the family. 'But your father, with his last breath, besought me not to let you want,' she wrote, 'and I shall take care that you have the means of subsistence. Hereafter, if your life, in all its detail, shows your penitence and your submission, you may win my forgiveness. I cannot accord it to you now. The evil that you have wrought by your folly is too vast, the shame too poignant, for me to overlook it as yet.' She then proceeded to sketch out for me a plan for my future life. A small but sufficient income should be placed at my disposal, and I was to take up my abode in some French provincial city. Martha Ellis was to remain with me, to look after my household-affairs and to take general charge of me. 'But, if you choose to depart from the line that I have laid down for you, or if you hold any further communication with Madame d'Elida or Captain de Roincy,' wrote my aunt, 'all aid from me shall instantly and entirely cease. In the past, you may have been thoughtless and cruelly deceived. Such is my present opinion. But if, on the contrary, I find that you have been, instead of a weak child, a precociously wicked woman, I claim and hold the right to cast you off, as the consequence of such a discovery.'

"I accepted my aunt's condition without demur. I was too utterly crushed, both physically and mentally, too glad to purchase peace and watchful care on any terms, even to utter a word of remonstrance. As to Captain de Roincy, she need not have feared that I would ever consent to look again upon his face. My girlish love for the handsome elegant officer had turned into the fiercest hate. I regarded him as a cold-blooded wretch, to whose greed for my father's gold was owing my father's death. As soon as I was able to travel, we left Versailles for a little seashore-town in Normandy, called La Rochette—a spot unvisited by tourists and unfrequented by summer boarders. There, in the pure bracing ocean-air, I slowly regained my health and strength. There, my little son was born: and there, for six years past, I have lived a life of solitude and seclusion. My books, my painting, my piano, filled up the hours that were not devoted to the care of my child. Once every month, I received a short letter from my aunt—a few lines of grave approval and encouragement, but never a word of tenderness, never an allusion to our possible meeting in the future. I always realized fully, after reading my monthly epistle, that I was not forgiven.

"Thus passed my days—colorless, tranquil, uneventful—until one afternoon about six months ago. I had been out for a walk on the beach with my little George—for, my father being dead, I had ventured to give my son my father's name—and, on returning home, my faithful Martha met me at the door, in such a state of agitation that I knew at once that some momentous event had occurred. Without speaking, she led the way to my little parlor. There sat a lady, in deep mourning, who rose at my entrance, and threw back her heavy crape veil, revealing the features of my Aunt Susan. Her first words, as she caught me in her arms, were: 'Alice, you are free: Captain de Roincy is dead.' 'Thank heaven,' was my involuntary ejaculation. 'Yes, thank heaven,' was my aunt's grave response; 'and may heaven pardon him all his wickedness. I can say that, now that I hold the certificate of his decease, forwarded to me from the War Office. He died a soldier's death. And, now that he is gone, I claim my niece again. Let us forget the past, and only think of the future. I have come to be your guest, for a few days. We have much to talk over, and many plans to discuss. But first let me see your boy. Does he resemble his father?' 'Not in the least, I am happy to say, Aunt Susan.' And I brought in my fair-haired sturdy urchin, who, as it chanced, was the living image of myself. My aunt saw the likeness at once, and forthwith took little George to her heart. Ah, that was the first perfectly happy evening that I had known for so many years. But it came to an end at last. Wearied out with pleasurable emotion, I sought my own room, to weep as usual, and to pray; but the tears that night were tears of gladness, and my prayers were words of thanksgiving.

"My story is almost ended. The next morning, my aunt summoned me to her room for a private conversation. In her usual abrupt way, she began: 'I am, as you know, Alice, a person of simple tastes and retiring habit. Moreover, George Severne, before he died, deeply regretted his precipitate action in making the will

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which deprived you of his fortune. He would have repaired his injustice, had he been able; but death overtook him before his arrangement for making a second will could be completed. Before he breathed his last, I promised him that your future should be my care. But, before putting you into possession of his wealth, I was determined to learn what manner of woman you were. Your action seemed to prove that you were depraved and heartless; your youth and inexperience led me to hope that you had merely been the prey and the dupe of an adventurer and his accomplice. And I knew also that, if I put you into possession at once of your inheritance, Captain de Roincy would lay claim, under American law, to the wife that he had discarded by appealing to the matrimonial law of France. You have passed nobly through the ordeal, Alice: and, above all, your worthless husband is dead.'

"She then went on to say that she was prepared to sign a deed transferring to me four-fifths of my father's estate, upon the fulfillment of certain conditions which she was about to propose. The remaining fifth was to be hers through her lifetime, and would become mine after her death. The chief condition that she imposed upon me was that I should contract, within the year, a brilliant marriage. 'The Severne pride, Alice,' she said, 'revolts at your present position. You must find some man of title and good family who will agree to adopt your boy, and to bestow on him his name, upon becoming your husband.'

"I tried in vain to persuade my aunt to alter her determination. I had been so cruelly wronged, so bitterly deceived, by Captain de Roincy, that I loathed the very idea of a second marriage. But on that point she was inflexible. 'Choose,' she said, 'between an annual pittance and life-long seclusion at La Rochette, or compliance with my wish and a noble fortune. Besides, there is your son. Remember that it is his future that is at stake: for never shall one cent of the Severne estate descend to him, should you prove obstinately rebellious. And remember, Alice, that you owe to me some proof of obedience, as a compensation for your past disobedience. You married once, to please yourself—now marry a second time, to please me.'

"Count de Noriolis, you know how the matter was decided. I have so arranged affairs, with the aid of my lawyer, that my second marriage will be simply the exchange of an income for a name and title: a union firm as the law can make it, but linking hands only, and not hearts or lives. I offer you a settlement of ten thousand dollars a year, with a suite of apartments in the residence recently purchased by my aunt for me, and which will hereafter bear your name. In exchange, you will bestow upon me your name and title, and will adopt my son as your own. But, the last words of the marriage-ceremony once pronounced, the contract once signed before the mayor, we become strangers again—acquaintances, probably, in the near future, possibly friends hereafter, but nothing more. Are you prepared to accept this condition? Does it seem too onerous for an honorable gentleman to take into consideration? Or is there anything in my story that would cause you to shrink from bestowing upon me your ancient name? Speak."

Guy de Noriolis rose, and, advancing toward the fair agitated woman, who turned upon him a face white to the very lips with the painful emotion of her recital, made her a low ceremonious bow.

"Madame de Roincy," he said, in a grave formal tone, "the Count Guy Edmé Louis de Noriolis has the honor of asking your hand in marriage."

CHAPTER IV.

The Hotel de Noriolis showed to great advantage under the sparkling atmosphere of a bright September day.

It was one of the most elegant private residences of Paris. It was built, as many of the most sumptuous of these edifices are, around three sides of a paved square courtyard, with the fourth side, or that one toward the street, shut in with great iron gates. The carving of its façade was of white stone. There was a canopy, in glass and iron, above the principal doorway. A fountain sent up its slender thread of water in the centre of the court.

In this aristocratic abode, the Count and Countess de Noriolis had been installed, immediately after the solemnization of their marriage. The suite of apartments belonging to the Count occupied one of the three sides, the Countess being established in the opposite one. These suites were precisely alike, except that two rooms in that allotted to Guy had been even more sumptuously fitted up than the others: the one as a studio, and the other as a smoking-room. The main division of the house—that is to say, the side opposite the street—contained the drawing-rooms, reception-rooms, and large ball-room, with the grand dining-room, destined to be only used on state occasions.

Evidently, the Count de Noriolis was not amusing himself with his brush and palette, on that brilliant morning in early autumn. The Venetian shutters of the studio were closed, as

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if to exclude every ray of light from the interior. But behind one of the closely-shaded windows stood Guy himself, gazing down into the courtyard. At the doorway opposite was a low open Victoria, with coachman and footman in dark-blue livery. To the graceful carriage were harnessed two magnificent bays, that tossed their heads, and champed their bits, and rattled the silver mounting of their harness, in their impatience to be off. Presently, there was a stir at the doorway. The footman descended nimbly from his perch, and Madame de Noriolis, followed by her little son, came slowly forth. She stood for a moment on the doorstep, superintending the proper disposal of cushions and carriage-rugs, before taking her place in the vehicle. The jet embroidery on her black lace costume sparkled in the sunlight, and her fair face showed in added loveliness beneath her dainty little bonnet of jet and lace, shaded with a cluster of pale-pink feathers. She took her place, at last. George sprang in after her. The horses pranced and caracoled, for a moment, before consenting to go out through the gateway, and then the elegant equipage disappeared down the wide avenue, on its way to the Bois de Boulogne.

The unseen watcher at the window overhead drew back, with a knitted brow and sternly-curved lips, sighing deeply as she disappeared. For this daily glimpse of his wife was all that had ever been vouchsafed to him since she had parted from him, on the afternoon of their wedding-day. She had done this just inside the iron gates of the courtyard, with the brief cold words: "Farewell, Count. Your rooms are prepared for you, and I hope you will find your new home pleasant." Pleasant! Yes, it was pleasant for him to fare daintily, to be lodged sumptuously, to have horse and carriage and servant once more at his disposal —to be restored, in short, to all the elegance and luxury that he had once lost, as it then seemed, forever. Had anyone, in his day of poverty, predicted to him such a change, he would have fancied that the fulfillment of the prophecy would bring him perfect happiness. But there was a bitter ingredient mingled with his cup of daily blessing: a Tantalus longing for the happiness seen just beyond his reach and as unattainable as the stars. With all the strength and energy of a peculiarly concentrated and vigorous nature, Guy de Noriolis had come to love his wife. His heart had been deeply touched, at the very first, by the recital of her woe and wrong. Her beauty had charmed him even then. The wit and brightness of intellect displayed in the few brief interviews she had accorded him whilst the preliminaries of the marriage were in process of arrangement had finally completed the work of fascination. And there he was, dwelling beneath the same roof with her, the woman he now adored, linked to her by the strongest of legal ties, yet sundered from her as effectually as though the paved courtyard were an unfathomable abyss, or the slender fountain a sword of fire. Once, he had attempted to call upon her, after the fashion of an ordinary acquaintance; but the answer was returned, when he sent in his card, that "the Countess de Noriolis was not receiving," and he had never repeated the experiment. Once a day, however, as on this afternoon, he gave himself the scant satisfaction of seeing her step into her carriage, for her afternoon-drive; and the chill feeling of disappointment that he experienced when the day proved stormy, or when some trifling childish indisposition of George's detained her at home, taught him but too conclusively how entirely his new passion had taken possession of his being.

Since his restoration to wealth, he had led a very quiet life. The gay companions of his younger days looked in vain for the reappearance of the brilliant young Count de Noriolis amongst them. He had learned a lesson in those sad days in the garret on the Rue de l'Observatoire, and had come forth from the iron prison of poverty a graver and a wiser man. He devoted himself to his art, and, with the exception of a daily ride in the Bois, rarely left their hotel. He was content and happy, on those rides, if he could gain a smile and a bow from the fair-haired lady who had driven from his own door scarce half an hour before. Occasionally, he would give a gentleman's-dinner or a supper-party; but the guests at these entertainments were not his former society-friends, but noted artists or famous authors, prominent journalists or the rising statesmen of the day. He was rapidly gaining the reputation of being one of the seriously-intellectual men of Parisian society. Yet even this highest and finest form of social enjoyment failed, as did likewise his art, to wholly satisfy him, or to adequately fill his days. His thoughts dwelt pertinaciously on the blue eyes and soft voice of the woman who bore his name, and whom he loved so hopelessly. On this very autumn day, he turned from the window, with a steadfast purpose stirring at his heart.

"I can bear this no longer," he said to himself, passionately, as he paced the room. "I will not remain a pensioner on the bounty of the woman I love, while she denies me so much as the poor alms of a word or a look. I will leave Paris. I will go to America—anywhere where absence and work may bring forgetfulness."

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He flung open the shutter, as he spoke, and the sunlight and sweet breath of the delicious day streamed into the room. The sudden brightness illuminated the armor, the tapestry, the antique carved tables and cabinets, laden with specimens of old Venetian glass, medieval ivory carving, bronze statuettes from Pompeii and Velletri, and other artistic curiosities. But these dainty treasures, the selection and arrangement of which had formed a favorite pastime for his leisure-hour, did not win from him so much as a glance. He turned from them, and seating himself at his writing-table, began the following letter:

"My Dear Wife:

Suffer me to call you so for the first time, and also assuredly for the last. When you receive this letter, I shall have left Paris forever.

When I agreed to accept wealth and luxury at your hands, I did not realize how speedily the pain of my position would surpass all its advantages. An element unforeseen in our calculation has come to make me even more wretched than I was, in the midst of poverty and privation: for I love you, Alice—fervently, sincerely, and unchangeably. And I am going away, content to know that I leave with you the only advantage that our marriage could bestow upon you: the prestige of my name. I am proud and happy to think that you will still bear it.

You need feel no anxiety about my future: a small legacy, bequeathed to me within the last few months, will enable me to take the time necessary for the discovery of some position wherein my artistic acquirement will suffice for my support. Farewell. Forget that there exists in this world a man who has the right to call himself your husband. But remember always that, so long as I live, there is one being on this earth who tenderly and passionately loves you.

Guy de Noriolis."

He placed this brief missive in an envelope, sealed and directed it, and laid it in the blotting-book. He then passed into his bed-room, and began a leisurely review of the articles of clothing contained in the spacious wardrobe.

Whilst still engaged in this occupation, a knock was heard at the door, and, in response to Guy's call of "Come in," Martha Ellis entered.

"If you please, sir," she said, "the Countess would like to speak to you, for a moment."

Considerably surprised, Guy laid aside the overcoat which he had just been considering with a view to its fitness for a sea-voyage: and found himself, in a few minutes, in Alice's pretty boudoir.

She stood there, still in her out-door dress. A telegram lay open on the table before her. In a tone, broken and hurried by nervous agitation, she began:

"Count, I have a great favor to ask of you. I am summoned at once to my aunt. She is very ill—perhaps dying—and it is necessary that I should start immediately for the Isle of Wight, where she now is. The aid and companionship of Martha Ellis are indispensably necessary to me, both for the journey and in nursing my aunt, so I shall have no one to whom I can entrust my boy during the period of my absence. I cannot take him with me, as my aunt's malady is not specified in the telegram, and it may be some contagious fever. Will you take charge of George till my return?"

"Willingly, gladly," he answered, forcing himself to take, with undemonstrative calmness, the small gloved hand that she extended to him.

"And you will keep careful watch over him, will you not, remembering how anxious a mother I am, and that this is the first time I have ever been parted from him?"

"You forget, madame, that George is my adopted son," he answered, with a tinge of bitterness in his tone. "I shall guard him with all a father's care."

Alice flushed scarlet, and seemed about to speak; but, at that moment, the door was thrown open, and George himself came racing into the room. He ran up to Guy with a joyful shout, remembering various gifts of toys and bonbons he had received at different times from De Noriolis, who was very fond of children, and who had likewise a vague longing to win the affection of the noble-looking boy: who was not only Alice's son, but Alice's living image as well.

He raised George in his arms; and the little fellow, nothing loth, clung about his neck.

"Will you come with me, George," he said, "and pay me a long visit, in my rooms across the courtyard?"

"Yes, yes," cried the boy. "And you will show me pictures, and let me ride on the big dog—won't you?"

"Of course I will."

"Then come: let us go, right away."

"Kiss mamma good-bye first," said Guy. And, with George still in his arms, he advanced toward Alice.

The boy, with a merry shout, not in the least believing in the reality of the leavetaking, threw one arm about his mother's neck—whilst, with the other, he still clasped that of Guy. For one instant, the husband and wife stood thus united in that childish embrace. Alice was visibly

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embarrassed, and it was Guy that disentangled the clinging arms. He took her hand once more in his own.

"A pleasant journey to you, Countess," he said; "and I hope that you will find the invalid out of danger."

He raised, with respectful gallantry, the hand, that he still held, to his lips. In another moment, the door had closed behind him and his merry romping charge, leaving Alice preoccupied and thoughtful as a mother should naturally be, who parts for the first time with her only child.

CHAPTER V.

But, strange to say, it was not George's last caress that filled Alice's dream, as the train sped on its way toward Calais, but something in the tone and glance of Guy's adieu; while her hand, under the thin undressed kid of her traveling-glove, seemed to keep the imprint of her husband's fervent, lingering, farewell kiss.

For the first few days, all went well. Guy devoted himself to his little charge, and pleased himself by writing a daily letter to Alice respecting George's health and occupation: though he still pursued, at intervals, his preparation for a speedy departure. Alice wrote in reply, giving news of her aunt's slow progress toward convalescence, her illness having proved to be pneumonia of a very serious type. And thus, through the medium of the child, a certain degree of friendly communication sprang up between this pair, so strangely united and so widely dissevered.

But, some ten days after Alice's departure, little George was taken suddenly and alarmingly ill. The famous physician, summoned by Guy in all haste to the little sufferer's bedside, shook his head solemnly at the symptoms, and ended by pronouncing the dreaded word "diphtheria."

"You know, of course, Count, that there is great danger of infection," said the doctor, as he drew on his gloves, after writing a prescription. "I shall send in a trained professional nurse at once. It is fortunate, for her own sake, that the child's mother is absent."

"You need send in no nurse, Doctor," answered Guy. "I shall take charge of the boy myself."

"As you please; but you run great risk of taking the disease. I shall call again, in the course of the afternoon."

"And you consider the case really serious?"

"Very serious. Only extreme care and watchfulness will avail to save the little fellow's life, and even with these the result is very doubtful. You see, I am frank with you, Count. Good-morning." And the great physician hurried away, with a shrug of his shoulders as he thought of the young man's obstinacy in insisting upon nursing the child himself.

"No. Alice shall know nothing of her boy's illness till it has terminated one way or another," said Guy to himself, as he took his seat beside the sufferer's couch. "I will do my best to save her darling for her; and, if I am destined to fall a victim to the malady—why, then, perhaps, she may remember me sometimes with regret. And I need not go to America, if I am to depart on that far longer voyage with which Dr. Durant's last look threatened me."

Then succeeded a period in which the days and nights were only marked by the fluctuation in the sick child's condition. Guy never left George's bedside, the few hours of repose that he allowed himself being snatched at intervals on a sofa in the same room. He administered all the medicine, attended to the difficult operation of cleansing the throat, and forced, with kindly cruelty, the poor little sufferer to swallow the necessary restoratives and stimulants.

One night, while the boy still hovered between life and death, there came a wild clamorous knocking at the door, which Guy always kept locked for fear of intrusion from the servants, and their consequent infection. He opened the door; and there, pale and haggard with fatigue and alarm, stood Alice.

"My boy! My boy!" she cried. "Let me go to my child."

"You must not enter," answered Guy, authoritatively, holding the door with a firm grasp as he spoke.

"He is dead, then. Oh! he is dead!"

"No, he is neither dead nor dying. Trust him to me, Alice, for a little longer. But into this room you must not come as yet."

"And by what right do you forbid a mother to approach the sick-bed of her child?"

There was indignation in her tone and in the flash of her blue eyes. But Guy met both look and words with unshaken resolution and calm dignity.

"By what right?" he responded. "Because I am your husband; because I love you; because your life is inexpressibly dear to me."

The door was closed, and the bolt shot, before Alice had time to realize what he had said, or what he was about to do.

The next evening, Dr. Durant, on examining his little patient, said cheerily:

"Well, Count, all danger is at an end, and this little man has only to get well now as fast as

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possible. Under Providence, your watchful care has saved his life. You may let Madame de Noriolis see him now, for the membrane has disappeared from the throat, and all danger of infection is at an end. But you—what is the matter with you?"

"Let the boy be carried to his mother's rooms, Doctor," murmured Guy, with evident pain, sinking back upon the sofa as he spoke; "and then come and take a look at my throat. I have been ill for some hours, and I am growing worse every moment."

"Just as I feared," said the doctor to himself; "he is in for it now, and a bad case it is going to be. And who will nurse him as he nursed the boy. I wonder?"

Ah, who indeed? But, during the ensuing days, in the midst of his terrible suffering, in the room kept darkened by some inexplicable whim of the doctor's, Guy was conscious of a softer touch, a tenderer care, a more assiduous watchfulness, than he had deemed possible to one of those hired nurses to whose hands he fancied he had been consigned.

"My kind nurse," he whispered, one morning, when renewed application had given him some temporary relief, "will you not open the shutter a little, and let me see your face?"

There was a pause, a moment's hesitation, and then the dark-robed softly-draped woman glided noiselessly to the window, and drew aside the curtain. And there, in the pale autumnal sunlight, Alice stood revealed.

"Alice—you here—in this danger? Go—leave me at once—why did you ever come?" gasped the sufferer, in distress and agitation.

She came toward him, and knelt beside the bed, clasping his hand in her own.

"I will answer you in your own words, Guy—because I am your wife, and I love you!"

I think that this did more to restore the invalid to health than all the medicine of Dr. Durant.

Nor did Alice take the disease. Heaven was too kind to permit of that. From the hour that his wife avowed her love for him, Guy rapidly recovered; and, as soon as he and George were well enough to travel, they all went down to Cannes, where they spent the winter.

It was during their sojourn there that Alice showed Guy the letter which he had written to her, and had left in his portfolio, his valet having found it there during George's illness and having sent it to the Countess.

"You will not go to America now, I trust, Guy—will you?" she asked, playfully.

And Guy, drawing his newly-won treasure closer to his embrace, made answer: "Not without my wife."

All these things happened many years ago. George is a fine healthy boy now, and is at school in England. He ran a great risk of being spoiled at one time, since Guy and Alice were rather inclined to idolize him for having been the unconscious means of bringing them together. But the advent of Mademoiselle Suzanne de Noriolis, and of Master Guy Severne de Noriolis, has put a stop to any danger of that nature.

The beautiful Countess de Noriolis is a well-known star in Parisian society. But her fashionable friends complain that her husband and her children absorb much too large a portion of her time and her attention.

MY LITTLE PLAYMATE.

BY MARY MARTIN.

I'm thinking of a playmate
  Who made my childhood blest.
Within the quiet churchyard,
  She lies at peaceful rest.
Light as the winged zephyr,
  Free as the birds of air,
We roamed the hills and valleys
  When summer skies were fair.

Sweet little brown-eyed Effie,
  With heart so full of love,
She seemed to live for others—
  An angel from above.
O friend so true and faithful,
  O playmate kind and dear,
Blest with thy sunny presence,
  It seemed as heav'n were here.

At last, her feet grew weary,
  Along life's rugged way:
She sank in gentle slumber
  One lovely autumn day.
A strange unearthly beauty
  Across her features spread.
Then up the golden gateway
  On snowy wings she sped.

Where night-winds softly whisper,
  And stars their vigil keep,
And streamlets gently murmur,
  We laid her down to sleep.
While I life's storm have breasted
  Through all these weary years,
My playmate dear has rested
  Secure from grief and fears.

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"MEADOW-SWEET."

BY FLETCHER REEDE.

"WHO was that beautiful little child I saw, I wonder?" said young Ben Price to his mother, one day, when home from college, for vacation. "She was coming across the field, as if from the river, her arms laden with meadow-sweet. Her eyes were as brown as those of a thrush, and her smile was heaven itself, when she returned my salutation. If I ever marry, I should like to marry her, when she has grown up."

"Oh," said his mother, laughing, "there'll be no difficulty about that. There's a houseful of children of them, and all with such queer names. Mrs. Waldron will be only too glad to land such a fish as you."

"I hardly understand," replied Ben, modestly. "I know we are better off than most of the people here; but we're not such big fish, after all: at least, I'm not."

"But," retorted his mother, "Mrs. Waldron has eight blooming daughters, and that makes all the difference. Everything is relative, you know. For her, you'll be a very big fish, indeed. She has been," with another slight laugh, "a perennial bloomer in her day. She has decorated her home, so to speak, with eight charming specimens of the historical olive-plant, all so queerly named; for, having begun life with somewhat romantic ideas, and having christened her two eldest daughters 'Rose' and 'Violet,' she was determined afterward not to subside into prose; and has finished by naming the two youngest 'Polyanthus' and 'Marigold.' The one you saw must have been Polyanthus—as you say she had brown eyes."

Years passed, and the time had come when most, if not all, of the Waldron daughters were of an age to bear transplanting; and Mrs. Waldron was not the only mother who believed that Providence, in leaving, about this period, Ben Price sole heir to his deceased father and mother, had the most benevolent design upon the future welfare of her family.

"They say he is a most unexceptionable young man," said Mrs. Waldron, dropping in to see Mrs. Martha Bean, who lived just across the street, and who, having no daughters of her own, might be supposed to be a disinterested observer.

"His prospect is unexceptionable, at all events," responded Mrs. Bean.

"Yes," said Mrs. Waldron, with enthusiasm. "Old Mr. Price left several farms; and his mother had money of her own. He's a lawyer, besides, and quite a rising one: they do say, he'll be going to Congress by-and-bye. Some people seem born to good-luck, and I guess Ben Price is one of them."

"But he's all alone in the world," responded Mrs. Bean, a little sadly. "Lost his father and mother both in one year; and he's going to live in the cottage, instead of up at the big house."

"Yes. I s'pose he thinks he won't be so lonesome at the cottage," replied Mrs. Waldron. "But a lone man is lonesome anywhere. I never saw one yet that was fit to take care of himself. Just think of the state of his buttons and collars, let alone his stockings."

"Poor fellow!" said Mrs. Bean, full of sympathy. "I think I'll invite him in to tea, some night, and have cream-cakes."

"Well, I would," responded Mrs. Waldron, fervently; "and I'll send Rose or Violet or Daisy over to help you. You know, I can't invite him to my house—at least, not so soon—with all my daughters: people will talk so. Now, they say that Mrs. Deacon Wilder has had him there to tea, every Saturday night since he came to town, and that she sets him and Amelia to playing checkers, or popping corn in the kitchen, right after supper."

"Well, Amelia is a good girl," replied Mrs Bean, charitably.

"Oh, yes—good enough," said Mrs. Waldron, getting ready to leave. "But, as I often say to Crissy—you know, her name is Chrysanthemum, but, with so many, one can't help giving nicknames, although I never intended it—as I tell Crissy, Amelia Wilder was just cut out for an old maid; and it's a sin and a shame, besides being of no use, for her mother to try and make her anything else."

Mrs. Waldron, for her part, was fully convinced that Providence had no such plan in regard to her own daughters; and, when Mrs. Bean announced, one morning, that young Mr. Price was coming, the next night, to tea, she sent Miss Daisy over to entertain the guest—an act of simple neighborly kindness which the dutiful young lady was perfectly willing to perform.

Ben Price, although a handsome young man

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with a handsome fortune, was modest enough withal to be somewhat surprised at the attention which Milvale society seemed disposed to bestow upon him; but, as the surprise was of so pleasurable a nature, he accepted it without troubling himself as to the cause.

Having made the acquaintance of Miss Daisy Waldron, it followed naturally enough, in due course of time, that he should be presented to the remaining members of the household. He was a little dismayed by the number of them, and somewhat confused by their names; but he gradually recovered himself, and proceeded, with a precipitancy quite at variance with his usual leisurely habit, to fall most desperately in love with Polyanthus. But perhaps this was because he remembered her as his little "Meadow-Sweet," as he had been used to name her to his mother.

"Yes," said Mrs. Waldron, who confided all her hopes and fears, her joys and sorrows, to the friendly and sympathetic Mrs. Bean, "I never saw a clearer case of love at first sight. He has no eyes for anyone but Polly; and she such a child, too—only nineteen: though how anyone can see anything to choose between her and Marigold is more than I can tell, for they are as much alike as two flowers on the same stalk, only Polly's eyes are brown, like her hair, while Marigold's are blue."

"Has he said anything to you or to Mr. Waldron?" asked Mrs. Bean, somewhat awed by the abruptness of the disclosure and all that it involved.

"Oh, no," replied Mrs. Waldron. "He's no need to—he knows well enough—" And then she checked herself. If it were true that, in her secret heart, she rejoiced in the superior charms of her daughters, and triumphed privately in the discomfiture of Mrs. Wilder, she was not the woman to confess it.

There are some things which we are slow to acknowledge, even to ourselves.

As for Ben, he was greatly perplexed by Miss Polly's behavior, and his honest heart underwent such a succession of ups and downs—such palpitating hope and such depressing fear—that, unless it had been a very strong heart as well as a very loving one, it must have become very much bruised and battered. For Polly, although she looked at him with the softest glances in the world, was so shy that poor Ben could hardly get a word with her alone; and, the softer her glances, the more shy grew the fair Polly in her behavior. If he asked her to go to sleigh-ride, Marigold must go too; if he walked home with her from church, she was sure to be accompanied by Rose or Violet—it was not always easy to discriminate; and, if he tried Mrs. Deacon Wilder's plan of popping corn in the kitchen after supper, the situation became even more difficult, for Mrs. Waldron's cozy kitchen fairly swarmed with beautiful but distracting olive-plants.

Finally, one spring morning, Ben, in his desperation, wrote a letter, and, with the most careful instruction as to its destination, delivered it to James, his boy-of-all-work, awaiting, with beating heart, the result.

"My darling," he wrote, "you know that I love you. You must know it. Meet me to-night, under the old apple-tree at the end of the lane, and let me tell you so again, and let me hear you say that you love me—just a little—and do not tease me any longer. Your devoted

BEN."

James, with the best intention in the world, had an unfortunate facility for doing just what he was told not to do; but Ben had forgotten this peculiarity of his, or his heart would have thumped more vigorously than before, while James, with perverse alacrity, hurried away on his mission.

Polyanthus and Marigold sat on the steps together when the misguided James appeared.

"He has a letter," said Polly to herself. "I wonder if it is for me." She waited—she held her breath—yes—no, it was for Marigold; and Marigold, blushing, hurried away to read it, her first love-letter.

That night, Polly, looking from her window, saw Marigold, in the moonlight, standing under the old apple-tree; saw the petals, pink and white, falling on her hair: and then, from out the shadow, she saw Ben Price come forward and fold her in his arms. She saw all this, and then she turned away, sobbing:

"Oh, Ben! Ben! I thought your eyes were true; but they are false, false, and I never will forgive you—never, never!"

And Ben—poor Ben! When he lifted the gold-brown head that rested so confidingly on his shoulder, he saw that the eyes were blue and not brown, and he had not the heart to undeceive her.

The next Christmas Eve, they were married.

Mrs. Waldron, although forced to admit that she had been mistaken, was calm and resigned; but Polly was away up in the hill-district, teaching the winter school.

"It will look very strange, Polly," Marigold had said, "if you do not come to the wedding."

But Polly was not to be persuaded.

"No one will miss me," she said, "among so

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many: and, unless you mind it very much, I would rather be away."

Marigold's mind was not of the penetrating order, and Polly's refusal to bask in the sunshine of her new happiness she set down as a rather unpleasant exhibition of Polly's odd ways.

"Polly always was queer," she said to Ben, trying to explain her absence; and then, as Ben all at once tightened his hold on her hand, she grew very glad, in her complacent loving little heart, that she was not queer—for then, perhaps, Ben would not have loved her.

She became a happy wife and a happy mother. When the baby came, she smiled sweetly; and, when death—more tender, perchance, than a longer life could have been—followed soon after, she smiled again, the peace that passeth understanding crowning her young life with its joy unspeakable.

Again it was Christmas Eve.

From out the cloud-drifts that floated across the sky, the stars shone bright and clear in the tingling air as on that first Christmas Eve so long ago, when one, with silent golden finger, pointed east, to where a Baby lay asleep.

To Polyanthus, the Christmas stars seemed to be leading her straight across the fields to Ben Price's house; and she stood there, ankle-deep in the snow, looking in at the window.

The curtains were half drawn, and she could see the open fire burning brightly on the hearth, and Ben, in front of it, undressing the baby.

What a sturdy rosy-cheeked baby it was! with red-gold hair that curled closely around his head, and great blue eyes that looked up with wondering delight, while Ben, as best he could, only half remembering his own baby-days, told the story of Santa Claus and the reindeer.

She was quite sure that he was telling about Santa Claus, for presently he drew off the little red stockings, one after the other, and hung them up before the open fire, while the child clapped his chubby hands and beat a soft staccato upon the floor with rosy impatient feet.

Polyanthus pressed her face against the glass and smiled, while two big tears, warm against her cold cheeks, fell unheeded. Her smiles were for the baby; her frankincense and myrrh—her tears—were those for the baby too, or for herself, or perchance for Ben, whom she had resolutely refused to see for two, three years?

She had a soft place in her heart for the motherless little boy in there, and she had come all the way through the snow to put a Christmas-present in his stocking; but, as for Ben, fickle handsome Ben, the less she thought of him, the better.

After awhile, the blue eyes grew heavy with sleep, and Ben, lifting the sturdy little fellow on his shoulder, disappeared through the open doorway.

Polly heard him go up the stairway, saw a light shine out from the chamber-window, and then, knowing quite well that no one locked his door in Milvale, she turned the handle of the door softly and walked in.

It was warm and bright inside, and she stood, for a moment, before the open fire, warming her stiffened fingers. "Ben will not be down again to-night," she thought. And the little stockings needed mending. There were holes in the toes and holes in the heels. What restless little feet they were, to be sure: but she had foreseen this; and, drawing a thimble and a ball of yarn from her pocket, she curled herself up on the braided rug, and proceeded, with deft fingers, to mend the holes which those rosy impatient feet had made. It was not the first time she had mended the baby's stockings; but Ben either did not discover the holes, or conceived that the holes and the darning both came together in the same mysterious fashion—a fashion not to be comprehended by man's feeble intellect.

He was far from suspecting that Polly—brown-eyed wilful Polly—had any hand in the matter, or that the neat little garments, which now and then mysteriously replaced the worn ones, came from the same source.

As the clock struck ten, James came in from the kitchen, to smother the fire.

"Why, Miss Polly," he exclaimed, "you here, and trying to sew by that light? You'll just spoil your eyes. If Mister Price only knew—"

"Hush," said Polly. "I'll be through, before long. Just get me a candle and a fresh stick of wood, please. I'll take care of the fire to-night."

James was good-natured, if somewhat obtuse, and, as he was a devoted admirer of the fair Polly, he brought the candle and the fresh stick without question.

The clock in the corner ticked slowly; but Polly was too intent upon her work to notice the flight of time. Eleven o'clock, and now the stockings were finished. She replaced them in front of the fire, slipping in her little gifts with many a tender pat and caress.

Somehow, the little red stockings made Polly's heart more tender than usual, to-night. Perhaps because it was Christmas-night, and the peace and good-will of that blessed time so filled the world that even Polly, obdurate little maiden that she was, was touched, and old wrong and old sorrow were forgotten.

At any rate, as she glanced around and saw

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one of Ben's coats hanging on a chair, very much frayed about the wrists, and showing other mark of the absence of feminine care. She caught it up hastily and commenced repairing the damage which time and careless Ben had made.

The clock struck twelve. It was almost morning—Christmas-morning—and the fire was burning low; but Polly set the last stitch, with a strange happy feeling about her heart.

"'It is more blessed to give than to receive,'" she murmured, and her face grew very bright. Just then, she heard a footstep on the stairs, and Ben, who had been reading upstairs, came into the room. He was too much surprised to speak.

"Oh, Ben," Polly hastened to explain, in great confusion, "I only came—just because it was Christmas, and to put a present in the baby's stocking."

"And have you no Christmas-present for me? Oh, Polly!"

All the old love which he had tried so long to hide came now like a flood, breaking down all barriers, crowding out every other thought. He took her hands in his, and tried to look into her face. The clock struck one, and down the stairs came floating a baby-voice, calling: "Merry Chris'mas! Merry Chris'mas! Is Santa Claus comed, papa? I sought I heard him speakin'."

Polly looked up and smiled. The patter of the little feet was heard coming down the stairs.

"Shall it be 'Merry Christmas'?" said Ben. "'Merry Christmas' now and always, for you and me and baby Ben?"

Baby Ben stood in the doorway, rosy-cheeked and smiling, the golden hair making a bright halo around his head.

"Is Santa Claus comed?" he repeated, with childish insistency. "Tell me, papa." And, running across the room, he raised his tiny hands, and clasped them around his father's knee.

Polly stooped down and covered the little curlyhead with kisses; while Ben, who could afford to wait now—for he had read Polly's answer in her eyes—declared:

"Yes, baby Ben, Santa Claus has come—and Christmas, too." And, as he stooped to kiss Polly's glowing cheek, he whispered, softly and not irreverently: "'And a little child shall lead them.'"

The Hon. Benjamin Price—for the prediction has come true, and he is now a Member of Congress—has, to this day, a certain pet-name for his wife, on which hangs a story. It is a tale of love at first sight.

"Yes, dear," he says, as he tells her of it, "when I saw you, that first time, coming up from the river, I said I would marry you some day: and I did, you know, though after long years."

And this pet-name—the name he calls her by when they are alone together—is "MEADOW-SWEET."

THE SOUL'S DREAM.

BY LUCIEN ARNOLD.

I saw a fair fond mother stand
  Beside her sleeping baby's bed
And watch its little restless hand.
"It dreams bad dreams; but hush," she said.

And so stood still, nor waked it yet,
  Wishing it sweeter sleep had known;
But each fair cheek a teardrop wet,
  The little lips moved with a moan.

Then tenderly up to her breast
  The mother lifted the dear child:
Which, waking from its dream's unrest,
  Looked in her loving face and smiled.

Oh, that some power would watch this dream,
  This troubled dream of ours—some hand
Could wake us from the woes that seem
  So real, to smile in better land.

LOOK ON THE SUNNY SIDE.

BY SIDNEY GREY.

Look on the sunny side! Nothing should daunt us.
  Only have faith, and the guerdon is won.
Half the forebodings, the troubles, that haunt us
  Are but our fancy. Have faith: they are gone!

Look on the sunny side! If, in your terror,
  Spectres seem looming up—awful, unknown—
Face them with courage: you'll soon find your error.
  Go to them, touch them—the phantoms have flown.

Look on the sunny side! Strength will be given,
  If you but seek it. Press always ahead.
Mind not the tempest. Behind it, the heaven,
  Flooded with sunlight, awaits you instead.

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THE MILLIONAIRE'S DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1885, by Miss Ann Stephens, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 445.

CHAPTER XLVII.

THE marriage of Dorothea and Dayton had been arranged to come off in the spring; for, when the divorce was pronounced, Mr. Brooks had said:

"Her mother, by this conduct, has abdicated her right in the matter, and I see no reason, Dayton, why you should be kept waiting longer. You know that my consent was assured from the first."

The death of old Mr. Burritt, however, made it necessary to postpone the ceremony. The wedding of Rue and Hurst was to have taken place at the same time and place, in the pretty little Gothic church which had just been erected at Hollow Swamp; but Rue now declined to be married until her friend could be. "It would be impossible for me to be happy," she said, "when Dorothea is in such grief." The consequence was that both marriages were postponed until the autumn, when it was proposed to have the ceremony performed as quietly as possible. Mrs. Hilton sustained Rue in this decision. "I should have interposed my own authority," she said, when Hurst sought to persuade her to influence Rue to adhere to the original plan, "if the child had not determined for herself. She had come to love the old man almost as a father. It is due to his memory, and to her relation to him, that she should wait." Oracular words, which Hurst only understood later on.

Mr. Burritt was buried at Hollow Swamp, in the private graveyard attached to the old brown house, where so many generations of his ancestors reposed. It was a secluded spot, on the edge of the hill, not too far from the dwelling, surrounded by a stone wall and overshadowed by ancient pines. A simple cross was placed at the head of the grave, with the brief words: "The weary are at rest." Any monument more ostentatious would have been out of keeping, it was felt, with his character and the surroundings.

When the funeral was over, Mrs. Hilton and Rue returned to the cottage on the lake, which, a few weeks before, had been purchased by Mr. Brooks. The deed, however, had been made out to Mr. Burritt. "It shall be yours," said his son-in-law, "so long as you live; and, after that, I would like it to be Mrs. Hilton's, with the reversion to Rue, if you don't object." Accordingly, one of the first things the old man did, after the deed was executed, was to add a codicil to his will, bequeathing the property in this way.

"This will give Rue a place of refuge," said Mr. Brooks to Dayton, "in the event of anything happening to Hurst, and, meantime, will provide a home for Mrs. Hilton far more pleasant than Hollow Swamp can ever be now. My settling the cottage in this way will, however, lessen Dorothea's inheritance to that extent. But you don't object, do you?"

"Object? Did I not tell you, my dear sir, when I first asked you for Dorothea, that it was not her wealth I coveted?" replied the young man. "Surely, you don't disbelieve me?"

"Well, I don't think you'll starve," replied the other, laughingly. It was the first time he had laughed since Mr. Burritt's death. "You are in a position to know all about my affairs, and you know that, if I did not help to support my wife, as her lawyers asserted, it wasn't because of inability."

Dayton joined in the laugh, and was about to answer, when a card and letter were brought in by the servant-girl, who said: "And please, sir, the gentleman's waiting for an answer. Or, if you can't see him immediate, he says, he's down at the tavern in the village, and will meet you there." For this conversation occurred at the brown house, Mr. Brooks having returned at once, after escorting the ladies to Saratoga, pressing business of the company requiring his presence at Hollow Swamp.

He read the card, and recalled the name on it as that of one of the members of the law-firm which had been engaged by his late wife to procure the divorce. Then he opened the letter and perused that before he spoke. When he had finished reading it, he turned quietly to the girl.

"Tell the gentleman that I am particularly

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engaged," he said; "but, if this evening would suit him, at the hotel, he shall be waited on."

As soon as the door had closed on the maid, he turned to Dayton, saying:

"This is what I have been expecting for some time. It brings matters to a crisis. The truth will now come out. My visitor is a lawyer from Newport, who comes, he writes, authorized by my late wife, to have a settlement of her estate. The particulars he will enter into in a personal interview."

"But what a blow it will be for her!"

"Yes. I pity her from the bottom of my heart. She has used Dorothea shamefully; but, fortunately, that will not interfere with my child's happiness: and now, Maria must reap as she has sown. I want you, Dayton, to see this man for me, and let him know exactly how matters stand. It is impossible for me, under the circumstances, to meet him. Moreover, it would be, I think, in bad taste. You can offer, on my part, any reasonable allowance, for my poor wife must not be left to starve. I leave all that to your discretion."

When Dayton went down to the village-inn, he found the attorney impatiently walking up and down the piazza, looking in the direction of the brown house, from which he was told Mr. Brooks would come. On being accosted by Dayton, and told that the speaker was a substitute, he demurred at first. But, when informed that under no circumstances would Mr. Brooks meet him personally, he yielded reluctantly, and led the way to a private room which he had engaged for the interview.

"Ah, well," he said, when both he and Dayton were seated, "since you say you know all about this delicate affair, and are to be the son-in-law of Mr. Brooks, I shall treat you as his representative, and proceed to business at once. I came, as my letter notified Mr. Brooks, to have his late wife's property handed over to me—or, rather," with a cough and hem, "to such parties as I may designate."

"And who may they be?"

"Well, I should have had to tell Mr. Brooks—in fact, the paper he must sign will reveal all—and I may as well tell you. The property," with another embarrassed little cough, "is to be made over—by an ante-nuptial settlement, as we lawyers call it—to her future husband: for the lady proposes to marry again."

"May I ask the name of the fortunate man?"

"Well, it is Mr. Chapperton, a gentleman of the highest social position, as doubtless you know. I have the deed of settlement all ready here," taking a large parchment out of a green bag and adjusting a pair of gold eyeglasses on his nose, "Shall I read it to you?"

"Yes, I know Mr. Chapperton," replied Dayton; "or, rather, of him. I may tell you frankly I am not a bit surprised. Nor do I object to hearing the deed read. Only," speaking with provoking coolness, while a smile, which he was unable to repress, began to flicker around the corners of his mouth, "it seems to me it would be a waste of time."

"A waste of time?" The lawyer looked up at him sharply, not quite liking that cool provoking smile.

"Yes. For there is no property to deed away."

"No property?"

"Not a penny."

"Oh, that's nonsense," cried the lawyer. "Everybody knows that Mr. Brooks had nothing—that the wife had all. Why, the divorce was obtained on the ground that her husband did not support her. How did she live?"

"On the bounty of her husband; at least, for the last six months. It is he that has the fortune, not she."

The attorney dropped the deed on the table and stared at Dayton. He was not altogether the best specimen of his class: he was often suspected of very sharp practice; and he naturally supposed everybody to be, at heart, as great a rascal as himself.

"Look here, young man," he said, after a pause, "we are too smart to have any Chinee game played on us. If you and your father-in-law-to-be think to make away with this property, and so get your revenge for the divorce, you'll find," swinging his gold eyeglasses in the air with emphasis, "that we are too much for you."

"Look here, sir," retorted Dayton, repeating his phrase, and rising from the table angrily, "if you don't take back that insinuation this very minute, I'll knock you down."

"Ahem! ahem!" replied the other, starting back from his side of the table and turning pale to his very wig. "I—well—I didn't mean to be offensive. I was, perhaps, a little hasty. But, you see, this thing surprises me—seems incredible. I must beg of you to explain."

"The explanation is very easy," answered Dayton. "The oil-wells on the company's tract gave out, or nearly so, six months ago; and they have been worked at a loss ever since. In fact, the company would have shut down last fall, if my advice had been taken; but Mr. Brooks insisted on going on, hoping that things would turn out better, especially as the whole of his wife's own fortune was invested in the stock of

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the company: and, if it failed, she would be penniless."

"Yes, she has told us that, after she sold her land, she regretted it when she found oil was discovered, and insisted on the money she received being spent in buying shares in the company. She attributes to her own sagacity entirely the very large income she has been deriving from the wells. If she had listened to her husband's advice, she says—who told her not to risk all in one venture—she would not have been a quarter as rich."

"But she would have kept the money which she received from the land. Now she has nothing," dryly replied Dayton.

"But, I ask again, how has she been living?"

"On her husband's money."

"But where does he get money? He has nothing in the world, she tells us, but a miserable stony hillside-tract which her father gave him, and which he refused to sell, because old Mr. Burritt expressed an absurd sentimental wish that he'd hold on to it, as it had been in the family so long. You see, we know all about it."

"Not entirely," answered Dayton, more dryly than ever. "The 'miserable tract,' as you call it, turns out to be worth millions—"

The lawyer jumped up from his chair, in his astonishment, while the gold eyeglasses, which he had been twirling in his hand, fell with a clank to the floor.

"Millions?" he exclaimed, interrupting the young man.

"Yes," continued Dayton, unable to repress another smile. "You see, I was the one who first prospected for oil here. I always thought Mr. Brooks's tract more desirable than the other. But, as he declined to sell, and as his wife's tract also had indication, I advised the company to buy it, at least. Most of the original stockholders, when they found they could dispose of their shares to Mrs. Brooks at a heavy profit, sold, especially as a hint of my opinion had reached them. Things turned out as I had feared: the company had only struck a sort of pocket of oil, so to speak, which I saw would soon be exhausted. Up to this time—up to the day when the wells began to fail, I had said nothing to Mr Brooks about his tract being the better one probably. Nor had he the slightest suspicion of it. But, when I imparted to him my belief that the real reservoir of this oil-region could be reached from his land, and from his land only, he declined at first to bore any wells at all. It would, he said, look like being disloyal to his wife. It was only when the yield at the company's works fell off, so as to make ruin there certain, that he consented. The result confirmed my investigation. The yield on his tract is simply inexhaustible. It is on the proceeds of these new wells that Mrs. Brooks has been living—at least, since last fall."

The attorney had sunk into his chair, and was gazing, with gaping mouth, at the speaker. The blow was too much for him. "If this is all true," he said to himself, "where am I to get my fee for coming up here?"

Dayton suspected something of his hearer's rumination. He smiled again: he could not help it.

"Of course," he said, "in matters of business like this, no one's mere word is ever taken, and cannot be expected to be taken. You had better look into the matter yourself, and get experts to examine the land."

"But how came it," said the lawyer, rousing himself, and with a last effort at suspicion, "that Mrs. Brooks never heard of all this?"

"Simply because she refused to talk about business. All she wanted, she said, was her money, and not to be bothered. Besides, you must remember that, since last fall, when the new wells were first opened, she has never met her husband. Had she come here to Hollow Swamp, as she was often requested to, she would have seen for herself."

CHAPTER XLVIII.

The discomfited lawyer remained at Hollow Swamp for nearly a week, during which time he convinced himself, much against his wish, that all Dayton had said was true: and then, more crestfallen than he had ever been in his life before, set out to return home. But, on his way to Newport, he stopped at the city of New York, to see Chapperton, who was there at the Brevoort.

The latter was even more thunderstruck than the attorney, at the turn which events had taken. He saw the house of cards, which he had been so carefully constructing, tumbling to pieces in his hands. All his craft and subtlety had come to naught, simply from the want of the most ordinary precaution.

"What a fool I was," he said, "to take things for granted, in the way I did. Because Mrs. Brooks was spending money like a duchess, because everybody said she was enormously rich, because she herself assured me that it was she, and not her husband, who had the fortune, I, like the donkey that I have shown myself to be in this matter, went headlong on, when a day's run up to Hollow Swamp would have opened my eyes and saved me from the scandal

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that will now be sure to be set afloat. Everybody knew I was going to be married to Mrs. Brooks. I have joked about it myself, at the clubs. 'Gad, there is nothing left but to cut and run, in spite of what people will say if I do. My own income isn't enough for me, even as a bachelor. What would it be, with a wife? And such a wife! Faugh! I wonder now I could ever have thought of her, even with her supposed millions."

The whole town heard, two days after, that Chapperton had suddenly sailed for Europe, and, in less than a week, the reason was known to everybody. Some only remarked philosophically: "Poor devil, what else could he do?" Others were less complaisant. With shrugs of the shoulders, they said: "We always knew he was a fraud. He'll have to live by faro now, or tooting for hotels in Europe." A few spoke out more truly, even if more relentlessly. "It was the conduct of a scoundrel," were their words, "to desert the wretched creature. He ought to have stuck by her, since he got her into the scrape." One cynical old fellow, however, at the Union Club, was heard to wheeze out: "What are you making such a fuss about? Such things happen every day. Women are all fools. I lay any one of you ten to one that he picks up some rich widow abroad, and comes back here before Christmas, like Solomon in all his glory."

The news of her financial ruin, and of her desertion by Chapperton in consequence of it, was more than the weak intellect of Mrs. Brooks could withstand. She was in Newport when her lawyer brought her the intelligence; but she closed her house at once and went to a hotel in New York, leaving direction to sell the cottage immediately, at almost any price it would bring. For she still had enough pride left to reject the offer of the allowance, and she wanted the money that her house would bring, "to live on," she said, "till she could look about her." What she meant by "looking about her" she hardly knew. All she could think of, as yet, was the mortification of her downfall. How Mrs. Humphrey Vose would triumph! How would scores of others, whom she had treated superciliously in her brief reign at Saratoga! But what degraded her most in her own estimation, and yet angered her, was thinking of her husband. All at once, the scales fell from her eyes, and she saw, in its true light, not only her own base conduct, but his forbearance and loyalty. It was something in extenuation that she could feel even this. Had she been utterly unworthy, she would have felt no regret. But she looked back now on her brutality to her father, on her infatuation about wealth and position, on her conduct in the matter of divorce, with loathing at herself. It was this which made her reject the proffered allowance: and which, when Hurst came afterward, on behalf of her husband, to urge it on her again, made her decline to see him and change her hotel that very night, leaving no address. Like a hunted animal, she felt as if she must go away and die alone. She had sufficient pride left to revolt at meeting her husband or her daughter, or any emissary from either, or accepting the slightest favor from their hands. She would wake at night from dreams of her father, in which she had seen him dying, upbraiding her with his last breath. Of Chapperton, she could not think without clenching her hands in rage. She wondered how she could ever have been deceived by his honeyed words. Yet she despised herself for having listened to him, quite as much as she despised him for his poltroonery.

She changed her residence continually, as if fearing she would be discovered by her husband, and insulted—for that was the way she now put it—by offers of assistance. Yet her money was running short, and she did not know where to look for more, for the cottage was still unsold. Once or twice, in her change from lodging-house to lodging-house—she had ceased to go to hotels, as too expensive—she was refused admission, in the belief that there was "something queer" about her, as the landladies said. For her weak brain, after awhile, had begun to give way: she dressed oddly, she talked even more oddly; she was heard often muttering to herself.

At last, an idea possessed her to go to Hollow Swamp; of course, unannounced, and, if possible, incognito. She fancied that, as the hotel had been erected since she was there, and as the landlord did not know her, she might remain a day or two without her identity being discovered, especially if she were careful to eat in her room and not to go out until after sunset, and so avoid recognition. A strange desire took possession of her to visit her father's grave and implore his forgiveness. He was dead, and could not, in person, triumph over her; and the dead, she said, would surely have pity: yes, death, she remembered to have been told, made the living pardon all things.

She arrived by a night-train, and succeeded in establishing herself at the hotel at Hollow Swamp without recognition. The landlord, the servants, the guests, were strangers to her. She remained in her room all the following day, on the pretense of a severe headache. But, after sunset, she rose and dressed herself and went out, taking the direction of the old brown house.

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She had disguised herself in a large shawl, that effectually concealed her person; so that, if she met any old acquaintance, she would not be known. Her destination was the graveyard where her father lay buried; and, in order to reach it, and yet escape observation from the house, she took a long circuit, approaching it under shelter of a grove that came close up to it, on the side furthest from the house. Her poor weak brain, never very strong, had now utterly given way. She hardly knew what she did, much less what she intended to do. Only, there was left a certain cunning, which is generally the last spark of mind that survives when insanity sets in, and which now led her to resort to every means to avert discovery.

She reached the graveyard at last, and, looking cautiously around to see that no one observed her, opened the little gate and went in. The moon had just risen, and afforded sufficient light, notwithstanding the shadowing pines, to enable her to read the inscriptions on the headstones. She went straight to the newest of these, and, kneeling down, read that over her father's grave. "The weary are at rest," she said, repeating it slowly to herself. She put her hand to her brow and looked about her, in a dazed way. "The weary are at rest," she repeated. Somehow the words seemed to soothe her fevered brain. A wan smile came to her face; she looked up at the sky, and then again she said, in an awed whisper: "The weary are at rest." After this, she rose slowly to her feet, took one last look at the grave, and went forth from the little enclosure, carefully fastening the latch of the gate behind her. Then she paused for a moment, her eyes fixed on the brown house, which lay below, and from whose upper windows lights were beginning to glimmer, as if the inmates were retiring to rest. Once, she fancied that the shadow of a man's figure was seen on a curtain, and she said to herself that it was her husband's. She shook her head and turned away, with her back to the house. "The weary at rest," she muttered; "the weary at rest." Then the shadow of the grove closed upon her, as she passed into it, and after that she was seen no more alive.

For, when it was found, at the inn, that she did not get up in the morning; when knocking at her door evoked no answer; when, on the door being forced, it was seen that her bed had not been slept in: then the landlord, and the maid who had waited on her, recollecting a certain strangeness in manner, became alarmed, and began a search for her, first about the village, next in the surrounding woods, and finally in the lake that lay back of Hollow Swamp. Here, near the shore, half hidden by water-lilies, they found her body floating.

"She has been dead for hours," said the physician who was summoned. "Was drowned, I should say, last night."

But whether she stumbled into the water, or drowned herself, in her despair, was never known, and never will be known till that Great Day when all secrets shall be made clear as in flames of fire.

They buried her in the little graveyard, among her people; but, though a cross stands at the head of her grave, there is no inscription on it, except the dates of her birth and death.

CHAPTER XLIX.

THE tragedy of his wife's death, notwithstanding her brutality to her father, her injustice to himself, and her conduct toward her daughter, profoundly affected Mr. Brooks. He forgot, for awhile, all her faults, and only remembered her as the impassioned young girl who had fallen in love with him when he was friendless, in a strange country, and with the fates apparently everywhere adverse.

In this period of depression, the ministration of his daughter was as balm to his wounded heart, as was also that of Rue and Mrs. Hilton. The latter, in some strange way, seemed to him, all at once, to be connected with some far-away existence, some vague dream, as if he had known her in another world or life. When she had first come to Hollow Swamp, he had seen but little of her: in fact, nothing at all, except when occasionally they passed in the village-street. He had heard of her, and known of her, as the schoolmistress, and had now and then indirectly been of service to her. But he had never spoken to her until Dorothea had become intimate with her daughter, and this not until both girls had nearly grown up. The fact that Rue was nearly two years older than Dorothea, and was besides naturally more staid, had been a chief reason why he had looked so favorably on the friendship between the girls. "The quieter character of Rue will be of the greatest service," he had once said to his wife, "in the development of our daughter's own character." But, within the last eighteen months, since the tide of prosperity had set in at Hollow Swamp, he had seen a great deal of Rue, and incidentally something of Mrs. Hilton personally; and this had grown into intimacy, now that part of his time was spent at the cottage on the lake. During the sickness of old Mr. Burritt, the kindness and sympathy of Mrs. Hilton had been invaluable, and such

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only as a woman can give. Now that this terrible tragedy had occurred, her sympathy was even deeper. More than once, in alluding to Mr. Brooks's sorrow, tears had come into her eyes, until the impulsive Dorothea once said: "You dear, dear Mrs. Hilton—oh, if you had only been my mamma, papa would not have suffered so."

Another curious thing, in all this, was the striking likeness at times noticeable between Rue and Mr. Brooks. Generally, there was no resemblance, no two features being alike in either; but at times an expression would come into both countenances precisely similar. Dayton was the first to speak of it.

"There: did you see that look in Rue's face," he said, one day, to Dorothea, "and the smile that accompanied it? The two are exactly what I have noticed in your father's, many a time. One would think that, in some way, they had a common ancestor from whom it was derived, only one knows better."

"Yes," answered Dorothea. "But I thought it was a mere fancy of mine, and that nobody else saw it. Once or twice, I was on the point of speaking about it, only I supposed you would laugh at me. Of course, as both pa and Rue are English, they may, as you suggest, be far-away relations, though neither suspects it."

But, one day, when Mr. Brooks had suddenly looked up from a book which he had been vainly trying to read, he caught the eyes of Mrs. Hilton fixed on him, with a gaze so tender, yet so sorrowful, so peculiar, that he started. What had so often puzzled him burst on him now like a revelation. The eyes were so like the eyes of his dead wife, that, for an instant, he thought she had come back to life. The book he held fell to the rug, and he uttered a half-stifled cry.

Mrs. Hilton, totally unaware of what was passing in his mind, and yet alarmed at his agitation, rose hurriedly and went to his side.

"What is it?" she cried. "Are you ill? My dear friend—"

"It is nothing," replied Mr. Brooks, passing his hand over his brow. "I ought to be ashamed, to frighten you so. I half—half think I must have been dreaming."

"But what was it?" She spoke anxiously, with all a true woman's concern at suffering, all a true woman's desire to soothe and sympathize. "What did you dream?"

"You will laugh at me, if I tell you." He held out his hand to her, in token of his gratitude for her concern, but with a faint smile, as if she would think his wit going wrong if he told her. "I—I—well, I thought, when you looked at me so sympathizingly just now, that the eyes that pitied me were the eyes of my dead wife."

If Mrs. Hilton had been surprised at Mr. Brooks's manner a few moments before, he was astonished at hers now—at the effect his words produced. Mrs. Hilton, with a quick cry, covered both eyes with her hands and tottered back to the sofa, from which she had just risen. It was his turn now to approach her. He put his hand kindly on the hands that hid her eyes, and she, as if unable to resist any wish of his, dropped them, but looked up piteously and beseechingly at him; and again the eyes of his dead wife, or their doubles, looked into his.

"Again!" he said, more agitated than ever. "What can it mean? There was but one other person, that I ever knew, who had such eyes. In God's name, tell me, what does it mean?"

"It means," cried Mrs. Hilton, in a voice broken by sobs, "that I am that person. I am your first wife's sister. Oh, forgive me for having deceived you for so long. I kept out of your way at first—for years—till Rue had nearly grown up—till I was changed by age—till I fancied that nothing could ever make you suspect the truth. And now, even now, I would have had strength to keep the secret, if Mrs. Brooks had not died, and died so dreadfully. But, to see you suffering in this way, oh! it was more than I could bear"—the poor woman little knew the other secret she was unconsciously betraying—"you, my dearest friend, my benefactor, to whom I owe so much—"

At this, her hearer, whose amazement at first had been too much for words, broke in.

"Madge!" he cried. "My dear, dear wife's younger sister!"

"Yes, I am no 'Mrs. Hilton.' Oh! forgive me for the deception." She looked up at him with clasped hands, the tears running down her face. "I am Margaret Bycombe, as I have always been."

"And Rue?"

"Don't you see?"

"Rue is not your daughter?"

"Oh! don't you see? Rue is your own, own daughter, not mine."

Mr. Brooks put his hand to his forehead again, as if he was too dazed to comprehend it all.

"My—my daughter?"

"Yes. Dear Catherine's child, born just before she died, though you never knew it."

He sat down as if stupefied, his hand still on his brow, gaping speechlessly at her.

"Letters had not come from you for some

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time, and father began to think that you had repented of your marriage, and intended to throw us off altogether. He hinted as much to poor Kate one day, and after that she never held up her head again. How bitterly the dear good man repented his indiscretion. But the worst was to come. Rue was prematurely born, and at the cost of her mother's life. Before dying, Kate made me promise never to let you know until I was sure you had never intended deserting her, as father believed. I—I—never, for a moment, believed you could be so base. I told Kate so. I begged her to believe me rather than papa, who, buried in his books, never thought of evil till too late, and then always thought too badly of everything and everybody. But her trouble had affected the balance of her mind; she was not herself: and she insisted on my promising, which I did at last to quiet her. Don't, oh! don't think," she said, eagerly, "that she was unjust to you. It was not herself."

All this while, her hearer sat listening, his eager eyes fixed on her, but still with that half-dazed look. The story he heard shook his soul to its foundation, breaking up all that he had hitherto considered his life.

"No, it was not herself," he interjected now. "It could not have been. My poor, poor Catherine!"

"Father did not long survive sister," the speaker went on. "He always believed his ill-advised remark had hastened her death, and he repented bitterly of it. I am quite sure that remorse for it shortened his own days."

She almost broke down here at the remembrance of those days of sorrow. But, mastering her emotion, she proceeded with her narrative. We will not follow her further, word for word, but give only the substance of her tale. Finding herself an orphan, and with no ties in England, she resolved to come to America, and discover for herself whether Mr. Brooks had been faithful to her sister, though she had never doubted it. For this purpose, the birth of his child was concealed from him, according to her promise to her sister, and only that sister's death announced. What was the surprise of the younger sister, when she reached America, to hear that Mr. Brooks was about to marry again. This surprise was only equaled by her indignation. She began almost to believe her father had been right. Assuming the name of Mrs. Hilton, and giving out that Rue was her daughter, she fixed herself at Hollow Swamp, as we have seen earlier in our story, and was subsequently the school-mistress there. All this time, she studiously kept out of the way of Mr. Brooks. Above all things else, she now wished to avoid recognition. But gradually she began to learn the truth. That he had never loved Maria Burritt, she was long in discovering. That he married from pity, regarding his own life as hopelessly shipwrecked, she divined later. All this while, the self-sacrificing woman, as she knew only too well, loved him herself. She had loved him even before he had married her sister. In those long walks, those delightful conversations, which the sisters had shared together with him, she had become passionately attached to him, only to discover the fact when his declaration to her sister at once opened her eyes and shattered her happiness. Bravely she determined to keep her secret, and bravely she succeeded in doing it. Her sister, weaker in character, though not less lovable, would have failed in similar circumstances. But she triumphed.

"After all these years, to be able to tell the truth about Rue," she said. "Oh! it is such a relief. I wanted so often, lately, to do it; but I never could see my way clear."

Her hearer looked into her eyes, the eyes of his dead wife: and yet eyes, with all their resemblance, that had something in them stronger and nobler than the other's. He heaved a sigh and took her hands.

"Yes," he said, "after all these years."

They were her own words—echoed merely, as it were—and yet what a different meaning they had to him!

CHAPTER L.

In the autumn days, when the purple aster and golden-rod were blooming by the roadside, when the tented corn stood in rows in the fields, and when the wild-grapes were ripening on hedgebanks and at the edge of the woods, Rue and Dorothea were married at the pretty little Gothic church at Hollow Swamp.

Dorothea had heard of her relationship to Rue with more than her usual girlish enthusiasm.

"Oh, you dear, dear creature," she cried, embracing her and kissing her, and embracing her and kissing her again, "to think that you were my sister all this time, and I didn't know it! Yet, somehow, if I must speak out, I felt it, all along. I'm stupid, you know; but I knew that. At least, I felt that you were different from others: that there was some subtle tie between us. And now, my darling," and she kissed her rapturously again and again, and hugged her enthusiastically, "I know what it was. Oh! I am so glad to have a sister. I always wanted one. And, of all sisters that I might have had,

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you are just the dearest, and sweetest, and loveliest, and altogether the most perfect. What a duck of a girl you are! Ever so much wiser and better than I am. To think that, all these years, I did not know the truth."

"That you were entertaining angels unawares," said Rue, playfully.

"Yes, angels. You say it in a joke; but it is the truth, dear. If ever there was an angel, you are one. That is, except your aunt—not your mother, as I once thought—she is the real angel. Dear me, if I ever could hope to be as good and noble and saintly—yes, that's the word—as she is. Just imagine her keeping the secret of your birth through all these years, lest the revelation of it should complicate dear papa."

The Sunday-school girls, in white frocks, formed a lane on either side of the path leading up to the church-door, strewing flowers before the brides; and, afterward, there was a feast for them, quite in the English style. "For I have not forgot my native land," said Mr. Brooks, "and like some of its customs still—this one especially." The whole village—town it was now, almost—turned out in festal attire, and made a general holiday of the event.

Burnside was a conspicuous figure at the ceremony. He sported, on this occasion, a swallowtail coat that reached almost to his heels, and which had served him, for weddings and other important ceremonies, for something like forty years. It was such an affair as is now never seen except on the stage, and even there is generally considered a caricature. But it had been the height of fashion when he first bought it as a young man, and he still regarded it as unapproachable in style. It was blue in color, and had a velvet collar, and the buttons were gilt. With it, he wore a buff-colored vest. He was proud of telling his friends, as he told them to-day, and had been telling them all his lifetime, that he had once heard the great Daniel Webster—"a New Hampshire boy, like myself, gentlemen"—make a speech, in a blue coat and metal buttons similar to his own. "Blue and buff were the colors of our Revolutionary sires," he added, reverting to the Fourth-of-July oratorical style of his early manhood: "that time that tried men's souls: and it is a pity ter have give it up for the black cloth, that makes everybody look like undertakers."

Rather more than a year afterward, Mr. Brooks married, as might have been expected, his first wife's younger sister. It was not, however, a union of mere pity on his side, as had been his second marriage; although he had reason to suspect, even before his formal proposal, that he had been loved all her lifetime. On the contrary, the affection he felt for her was even more profound than that which he had felt for her sister; for she was altogether of a higher nature, and his own years had added to his capacity to appreciate this grander type of womanhood. In addition, the more he saw of her, the more he loved her. Shallow natures, in women, never grow on a true man: it is only the others that deepen their hold as time goes on. After the trials of their earlier lives—trials differing in each case, yet in each so serious—he and his wife have before them a sure prospect of happiness in their old age: for they entertain for each other a profound love, based on esteem, and they have wealth beyond their desire: and Rue and Dorothea worship them.

To both of these, the union was a source of unmixed delight. If they had any regret at getting married themselves, it was because marriage would take them away—"make life so lonely," as Dorothea said, "for dear papa and mamma." For Dorothea had now fallen into the habit of calling Mrs. Hilton—the latter was still known by that name to the public—"mamma," as Rue had always called her.

There is no place so busy or so pretty as Hollow Swamp—at least, so far as the business will allow. Everything that is possible is done by its proprietor to elevate the character of his workmen and their families. Recreation is mingled with labor. The cottages are models of comfort. Each cottage stands in its own bit of ground, a flower-garden in front, a vegetable-garden behind, and a bit of pastureland in the rear of all. We hear much, in these days, of the strained relation between employer and employed; but, at Hollow Swamp, this kind of talk is unknown: and, if ever anarchists should get a foothold in this country, it certainly will not be there.

Hurst and Rue reside in New York, in winter. Their salon there—partly literary, partly social—is well known to all. Their summers are spent at the villa on the lake, at Saratoga. Dorothea and Dayton reside at Hollow Swamp, Dayton being the chief superintendent there. It is at Hollow Swamp, also, that Mr. Brooks lives for most of the year. He has built a fine mansion, and surrounded it with beautiful grounds, and is known for his generous hospitality, as well as for his charity, far and wide. Between his two children, he makes no distinction, nor will he make any in the disposition of his estate after his death. Each, in that sense, will be a MILLIONAIRE'S DAUGHTER.

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THE "EIDELWEISS."

BY EMILY LENNOX.

THEY made a picturesque party, as they sat in the porch of the little inn high up among the Alps. They were all Americans, and were going over the Splügen Pass in their own hired conveyance, and had stopped here for their noonday meal. As they rode or walked, just as the whim suited them, they were attired accordingly: the gentlemen in knee-breeches, like the Alpine guides, the ladies in short skirts and stout boots, and carrying alpenstocks in their hands to give stability to their footing.

"The requisites necessary for a husband," said Miss Dell, "are refinement, tenderness, and moral strength."

"And personal bravery," Nan added, quickly. "I hate cowards just as much as I adore heroes. I think I could love a man just for his courage."

"Could you, now?" Burleigh asked, eagerly. "That doesn't seem very much to have."

"Every decent man has that," Tom said, with decision. "I shouldn't think a fellow worth considering, if he were a coward."

"But I want something extraordinary," Nan persisted. "I want a real palpable courage."

"Above proof," suggested Miss Dell, "like the knights of old, who got up little scenes just to show off their valor and prowess? I don't think much of that sort of thing. What does a man want with courage, except when it is called into action? If he begins to lug it around with him, it grows commonplace."

"I like a fellow who isn't afraid of anything at all," said Burleigh. "But I should never think of making any account of that; that is," he added, blushing like a boy, "if I didn't know you thought so much of it. Every man is brave, I suppose; that's a matter of course."

"The requisites necessary in a wife," Tom interposed, flipping off the ash of his cigar, "are amiability, gentleness, modesty. Since you have laid down the law, Anita, as to what a husband should be, I say what a wife should—"

"Hear, hear!" cried Nan. "As though every lady hadn't those qualities."

"Women are angels," Burleigh said, conclusively. "All they need is a little salt on their wings, so that we may catch them."

At this, Tom laughed so that several other travelers, at the far end of the porch, turned around and stared.

"Do take him away, Anita," Nan said, quickly. "Nothing will quiet him but luncheon."

"Yes, come, do," said Tom, springing up. "I've been waiting for that for a whole half-hour. I want some chamois-steak."

That afternoon, when they were at the very summit of the Alps, and had left the carriage for a walk, Burleigh turned to Nan, beside him.

"Did you mean what you said before luncheon?" he asked, wistfully.

"Mean what? I said a good many things."

"About falling in love with a brave man, a man who would do anything."

"Oh!"

"If I were to do something very remarkable, do you—do you think you could fall in love with me, Miss Nan?"

"That isn't a fair question," Nan said, coolly. "How can I tell?"

"That is not an answer," Burleigh retorted, in a disappointed tone. "But, if I thought you would make any account of it, I'd do anything."

"Why don't you try?" said Nan, saucily. "I should, at least, be interested in your performance."

She did not quite know what sort of a fellow he was. He was, indeed, an old college-chum of her brother; but she herself had never met him till he turned up unexpectedly at Milan, and had been asked to join their party by Tom: she saw, however, that he admired her, and, womanlike, she was only too ready to tease him.

Now he said:

"Do you see that eidelweiss, up on that cliff yonder? I am going to get it for you."

He pointed, as he spoke, to a specimen of that loveliest of all gentians, that rarest of Alpine flowers, which only grows in the most elevated region, and generally only in the most inaccessible place. High up, on the face of the almost perpendicular cliff, this one bloomed, in a spot that seemed absolutely secure from human intrusion.

"Oh, you shall not," said Nan, in real alarm. "You will slip—you will be killed."

"The greater the danger, the greater the glory," retorted Burleigh.

"No, no, no," cried Nan.

Her excited tone attracted the attention of the others, who looked back.

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"You must be crazy," Miss Dell exclaimed, when she heard what he proposed. "What on earth do you want to do it for?"

"For notoriety, I suppose," said Nan, scornfully, now beginning to get angry. "I thought he had better sense."

"Well, it's a mighty plucky thing to do, I tell you," said Tom. "I wouldn't want to do it, for the world."

By this time, however, Burleigh was out of hearing, having begun to scale the almost impossible cliff. Nan, no longer scornful-looking, drew apart, and, with hands clasping and unclasping nervously, watched his perilous ascent. Far away, for miles on miles, stretched the vast snowy solitude of the Alps; here and there, waterfalls tumbling down sheer precipices for thousands of feet; yonder, the great mountain-eagles, the lammer-geirs, circling and circling in the blue heavens above. Up and up went Burleigh, his eyes fixed aloft on the eidelweiss, now availing himself of some slight fissure to get a sure footing, now keeping himself from falling by holding on to the roots of some tough little shrub. And, all this while, Nan, watching him, grew paler and paler; and her heart was beating frightfully.

"What's the matter with her, Anita?" said Tom, jerking his head in his sister's direction.

"Has it never occurred to you that she is getting fond of Burleigh, dear?" For the speaker was Tom's fiancée. "They have been together so much on Como and Maggiore and elsewhere, since we left Milan, three weeks ago, you know."

Suddenly, when Burleigh had almost reached the flower—was, in fact, stretching out his hand to pluck it—a stone, on which one foot rested for a moment, gave way; he slipped, vainly tried to recover himself, and then fell—fell—fell.

Nan saw it all. She beheld him shoot down the cliff; heard the stones rattling after; and, above it all, recognized the horror-struck tones of Tom's voice shouting:

"Great heaven, he is killed!"

Then the vast amphitheatre of mountains seemed to swim around her: the sky, the road, her companions whirled and whirled past, in ever-eddying circles; she felt herself sinking to the earth: she lost consciousness.

Her first sensation, after this, was a feeling of dizziness, involved with an idea as if she was in some disembodied world; but, through the vagueness of it all, came a voice that she seemed to know, and which said:

"Aren't you going to speak to me? Will you forgive me for my folly?"

Was she dead, also? Had she and Burleigh met in the world of spirits? Oh, what had she to forgive? Was it not rather she—who had driven him to his mad exploit, and so murdered him—who ought to beg for forgiveness?

"You see, I was not killed," said the voice, speaking again. "I struck on a ledge, just below where I made that slip—not much of a place, but enough to give me footing—and, if you hadn't fainted so quickly, you'd have seen it. It did not take five minutes for me to get down safely—not as much time as it took Miss Dell to revive you—it was nothing to think of, after all, you know."

Then Nan—who, by this time, had fully recovered her consciousness—did a very odd thing: she burst out crying.

Burleigh stood aghast.

"Oh, how could you," she sobbed, "when you knew how terribly I felt? If you had really been killed," suddenly covering her face with her hands, "I should have always believed I murdered you."

"Murdered me?"

"Yes, by my foolish speech. It was that which drove you to it," incoherently; "which—which—"

Miss Dell, meanwhile, had put her hand on Tom's arm and drawn him away, saying:

"They are better alone for awhile, dear."

Burleigh stooped down, took a seat beside Nan, as she sat there, and put his arm around her.

"Darling," he said, "you know now how much I care for you. Do those tears mean—mean—"

Nan made no answer; but, burying her face on his shoulder, sobbed afresh. The action was significant—at least, so Burleigh thought—for he began to shower kisses and terms of endearment on her. Nor did she draw away.

"But I am so sorry I did not get the eidelweiss," he said, after awhile. "I've half a notion to try again. I hate to be balked."

"Oh—oh," cried Nan, clasping him for the first time, and actually clasping him so tightly that he almost choked, "don't think of it—it would kill me. If I had it, I should hate it; for—for—"

"What, dear?"

"It would always remind me—"

But what further she might have said was prevented by a rapturous kiss from Burleigh; and, the moment after, Tom and his fiancée were seen returning, around the corner of the road: and the carriage followed close after.

That autumn, at St. Thomas's, New York, there were two weddings at the same time: they were

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those of Nan to Burleigh, and Miss Dell to Tom; and all Fifth Avenue was there, with lines of carriages extending for several blocks.

"I wish, however, I had got the eidelweiss," said Burleigh, as he and his bride drove off together. "I'm a fellow—as you know, dear—that hates to be balked."

"You got me, which was a thousand times better," retorted Nan, saucily putting up her ripe rosy lips to be kissed: "and that ought to satisfy you for a lifetime, sir."

"So it shall," was the response.

But, for all that, Burleigh thinks he would never have won Nan but for THE EIDELWEISS.

IN ABSENCE: CHRISTMAS-EVE, 1886.

BY BELLE BREMER.

CHRISTMASTIDE: the mirth is high.
From it all, I sit apart;
It is night within the sky,
It is night within my heart.
In my brain, the fancies teem,
While the night-wind softly grieves,
And I cannot choose but dream—
Dream of other Christmas-Eves.

But the stars forever shine
Somewhere, in the darkest night;
And, through all this night of mine,
Memory's fair and fadeless light
Throws its calm and steady rays,
And a loving halo lends
To those other Christmas-days
And the thought of absent friends.

How the fancies come and go,
Weaving now a wondrous chain;
And I sit and watch it grow,
Half in gladness, half in pain.
Eyes of brown, I can't forget;
Eyes of true and tender blue;
Eyes that now with tears are wet,
I am thinking most of you.

While for them I softly call,
One by one they come and pass,
And their well-known footsteps fall,
Light as shadows on the grass.
For their presence so I yearn—
For each low and loving tone,
That I scarcely dare to turn,
Lest they leave me here alone.

Ah, I know I dream to-night
That my soul is fancy-led
By the dear illusive light
Of the days forever fled.
False illusion though it be,
If the true may never beam,
Still the vision give to me!
Wake me not from such a dream.

When before the holy shrine—
Sometimes, when you kneel to pray—
Breathe a prayer, oh, friends of mine,
For the one that's far away.
Should we never meet again,
If my face no more you see,
Softly say, although in vain,
"Ave Maria" once for me.

SHE BUILT BETTER THAN SHE KNEW.

BY S. S. GORBY.

No fairy-structure on the sand
In stately airy lightness grew;
But, on a solid rock and grand,
She built with gentle master-hand—
She built much better than she knew.

She built not on the yielding sod
Where flowers bloomed of every hue;
But, on the rock, eternal, broad,
She built a temple unto God—
She built much better than she knew.

She built much better than she knew.
While heavenward she turned her eyes,
Beyond the broad expanse, a view
Of beauty on her vision grew—
A glimpse of far-off Paradise.

She saw the far-off Paradise,
She heard sweet strains of music: and
She rested there, with dreamful eyes,
Just underneath the dreamy skies
That linger over Beulah's Land.

She rested there, in Beulah's Land,
Nor turned her eyes in vain regret;
She saw beyond a golden strand:
'Twas heaven's border, wide and grand,
Where God's eternal gates are set.

She rested there with dreamful eyes,
Where heaven's opened portals rise.
A moment, then, of sweet surprise—
A moment, and her spirit flies
Within the gates of Paradise.

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EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1—Is a visiting-dress, of brown silk broché and camel's-hair, with Turkish jacket of plush to match. The jacket fastens at the neck by a silver clasp. It is quite plain, and opens on a

No. 1.

vest of the broché. The front breadth of the skirt is of the broché. It is quite plain and not gored, the fullness at top being disposed in gathers or plaits which are sewed to the body. The sides and back of the skirt are of the plain camel's-hair goods, arranged in narrow plaits at sides and large ones at back. The skirt should be mounted on a foundation of alpaca or silesia, the front breadth being fastened securely to it, and the plaits of the sides and back kept in their places by tapes at intervals. The round body of this costume is of the camel's-hair, slightly fulled at the waist, and having the V-shaped opening of front filled in by a plaited vest of the broché.

No. 2.

This costume will be very stylish for a young lady of a slight figure, also suitable for a young miss of fourteen to sixteen years. One and a half yards of broché, eight yards of camel's-hair goods, double fold, one and three-quarter yards

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of plush for jacket, will be required for this costume.

No. 2—Is a home-toilette, of striped serge. There is first a foundation-skirt, perfectly plain, made of the stripe perpendicularly, while the

No. 3.

over-drapery is arranged using the goods crosswise, making the stripes run diagonally, as seen in the illustration. The left side is draped in plaits quite high, covering nearly the left gore of the foundation-skirt, draping across the front and falling in straight plaits at the right side and at the back. The round waist is cut surplice in front to cross over an inside vest of either plaited surah or velvet to match. Collar, cuffs, and waistband to match, of the same material as the vest. The waistband fastens with a broad silver buckle. The sleeves and waist are made with the stripes running lengthwise. Twelve to fourteen yards of material will be required, three-quarters of a yard of velvet for vest, collars, cuffs, etc., or a yard of surah if preferred. This costume in any dark color, brown, marine-blue, or myrtle-green being the most fashionable.

No. 3—Is a walking-costume for a young lady, made of any self-colored lady's-cloth or serge. The skirt is kilted all around in deep kilts and mounted upon a yoke across the front and sides, the kilts extending to the waist at the back. The apron-front is pointed and trimmed with a wide band of Astrakhan-cloth. A plain round waist is worn for the house and under the walking-jacket which we give. This jacket fits the figure, and is a plain coat-basque, with hollow plaits at the back and double-breasted in front, trimmed with the Astrakhan-cloth. Collar, cuffs, and pointed piece for the breast-front shaped as seen in the illustration. Small cap of Astrakhan, trimmed with silk cord and pompon to match, is worn with this costume. Our model calls for navy-blue cloth and black Astrakhan for trimming. Eight yards of fiftytwo-inch cloth, half to three-

No. 4.

quarters of a yard of Astrakhan, according to the width of the band of trimming, will be required for this costume, a quarter of a yard of Astrakhan for the cap.

No. 4—Is a pelisse, of cloth trimmed with either

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Astrakhan-cloth or fur. This garment is cut in the Princess shape, to fit the figure, having three kilt-plaits on each front, from the neck to the bottom of the skirt. The same fills in the back, three on each side, meeting in the middle of the back, giving room for the tournure. The fur or other trimming finishes the side-panels, ending just below the waist-line at the back, as may be seen in the illustration. The same trimming forms the collarette, cuffs, and a small muff. The garment buttons all the way down the front, and

No. 5.

is as long as the dress underneath, saving the ruffle which edges the underdress. Four to five yards of cloth, half to three-quarters of a yard of Astrakhan-cloth, double width, will be required.

No. 5—Is a simple but stylish costume for a young girl, of pin-striped or diagonal woolen goods, coarse in texture. The name and variety of this kind of goods are legion. The underskirt of this costume is kilted on a foundation-yoke, the kilts being held in place by tapes at intervals. The front of the underskirt is plain, and the over-drapery is kilted over it, from the waist to the bottom of the skirt, in four deep kilts, each side of the middle of the skirt. This over-

No. 6.

drapery has a band of plush or velvet above the hem. The sides are raised, and the back-drapery is slightly puffed. A plain short basque, pointed in front and with a short postillion-back,

No. 7.

entirely without other trimming than collar and cuffs of the velvet or plush, completes this

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costume. Ten to twelve yards of double-fold material will be required, and one yard of velvet cut on the bias for trimming.

No. 6.—For a little girl of seven to eight years, we have here a short jacket and skirt of tufted gray cloth. Straight collar, cuffs, and narrow front of velvet. A sash of surah silk is tied around the waist, under the edge of the jacket.

No. 7—Is a paletot for a little girl or boy of

No. 8.

four years. The material may be either of cloth, serge, velvet, or velveteen. The skirt is kilted in front, as seen, sides and back in large box-plaits. The skirt is mounted upon a plain waist, which buttons in front under the plaited plastron, which is made separate and adjusted with the collar. The trimming for the sides of this plastron and for the cuffs is to be either of Astrakhan-cloth or feather-trimming. The Astrakhan is much the more serviceable.

No. 8—Is a very stylish model of paletot for a boy of six to eight years; made of cloth, dark seal-brown, navy-blue, or light-gray. The back we give in the illustration; the front is simply a close double-breasted coat-front. The deep collar

No. 9.

is separate and adjustable. Pockets, cuffs, and collar all of fur or Astrakhan-cloth, either to match or of black.

No. 9.—For a little girl and boy of four to five years, we give models for simple paletots of velvet or plush, trimmed with fur or swansdown or even feather-trimming.

DESIGNS ON SUPPLEMENT.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We give, on the Supplement, in addition to the dress-pattern for a girl's paletot, three new and beautiful designs in embroidery, etc., etc.:

1.—Design for Mantel: Centrepiece and Side-Droop. This artistic design is an olive pattern, with leaves, etc., etc. The larger of the two designs is for the centre of the mantel; the smaller is for side-droop, to be repeated at either end. They may be worked in outline or Kensington stitch, or done in appliqué, as preferred. In the first case, work in two shades of sage-green silk. In the latter, cut out the olives, etc., in silk, and apply them on a ground of cloth or plush. Repeat the pattern for centre till long enough.

2.—Design for Blackberries. To be worked in either outline or Kensington stitch, as preferred.

3.—Design for Daisies, to be worked in either outline or Kensington.

Either of these last two designs may be used for a variety of purposes. They are exceedingly useful, therefore, on that account.

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GIRL'S WINTER PALETOT, WITH SUPPLEMENT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

The object of this department is to furnish, every month, in addition to the fashions elsewhere, the most recent and stylish novelty of its kind—a waist, a wrap, a jacket, a polonaise, a child's-dress, etc., etc.—and also a full-sized diagram-pattern, so that anyone, even without the aid of a mantua-maker, can cut out the article for herself. In this way, the subscriber gets, during the year, the twelve most stylish affairs that appear, and so is kept abreast of the progress of fashion, with the latest novelty always at command.

All these patterns are the newest out in Paris, which is the headquarters of taste in fashion: Berlin, London, and even Vienna, only imitating, and generally for the worse, the Parisian styles. While the patterns given in "Peterson" are of this kind, those of others are the patterns of second-rate dressmakers in Philadelphia and New York, or dry-goods dealers in those cities. If you wish to know what is the real fashion, you must seek it in "Peterson." We are not interested, as others are, in any dry-goods store or milliner-shop, and have no motive, therefore, for palming off old styles in stock. We aspire to lead the fashion, with real Paris styles. We have always done it, and shall always do so.

For this month, we give a Girl's Winter Paletot, for a girl of from eight to ten years of age. An engraving of it is annexed. Folded in with the number, is a Supplement, with full-size patterns of the several parts. They are four in number, viz:

1. Half of Front.
2. Half of Back.
3. Upper and Under Part of Sleeve.
4. Collar.

The letters show how the parts are joined together. The material may be cloth, velveteen, or plush. Trim it with a band of Astrakhan-fur.

If you wish a perfect fit, you should first cut out each part in paper, and fit the whole to the person that is to wear it: pinching here, or adding there, as necessary, for no two girls are exactly of the same size.

We also give, on the Supplement, some new and beautiful designs for the work-table, which are described elsewhere. These do not interfere, however, with the dress-pattern.

BORDER FOR TABLE-COVER.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give a design for a table-cover border, etc., etc. This very beautiful band is suitable also for a curtain-border, and is embroidered in satin-stitch and rope-stitch. The work is executed with two shades of old-gold silk on a foundation of garnet plush.

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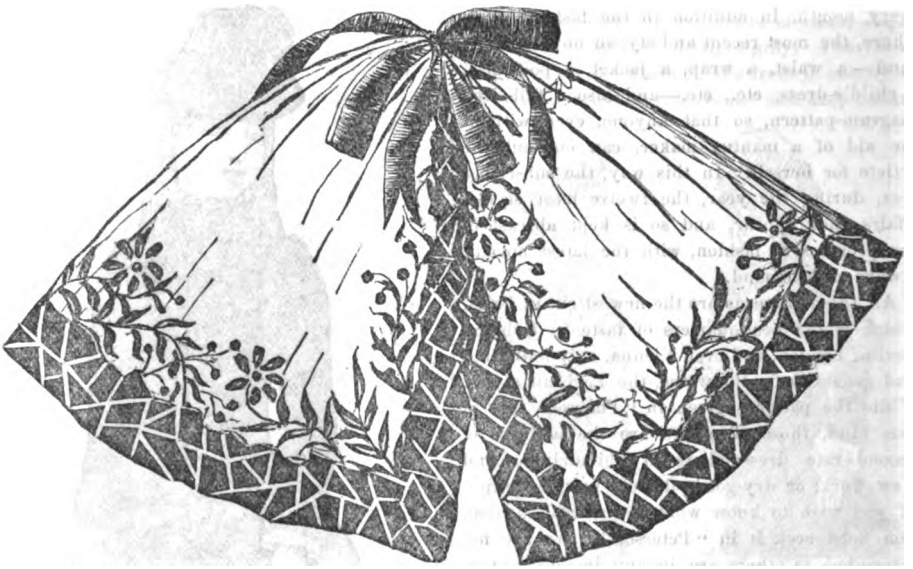
MIKADO SACHET.

BY MISS E. J. WELSH.



The Mikado sachet, which is so popular now, and of which we give an engraving here, is made of a Japanese-paper handkerchief, which can be purchased for a cent. The handkerchief is folded together, and a couple of layers of batting-cotton are cut a seam-width smaller than the folded handkerchief; sachet-powder is spread between these. The cotton is laid in the fold of the handkerchief, and the edges turned in and run together.

It is tied together in the centre with a yard of satin ribbon an inch wide, of a color that corresponds with the border. It is intended to hang on the corner of the headboard of a bedstead.

These sachets sell very readily at fairs. Some of the handkerchiefs are very pretty, others not so much so; a little taste can be used in selecting them for this purpose.

Pieces of silk or satin, embroidered in the design given, or in any other which may be fancied, make beautiful sachets of this style.

DESIGNS FOR ROSES.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give three designs of roses, for outline-work, or painting, or appliqué, or for a child to copy on paper.

It will be noticed that the designs are not continuous, but detached, as if the flowers were flung on the ground. Thus, instead of a whole design for the centre of a tidy, they can be utilized separately or for several purposes.

The pattern is transferred in the usual way, by placing carbon-paper on the material with the design above it, and then going over the design with a hard pencil, pressing firmly enough to get the outline.

Or place tissue-paper over the design, and trace it with ink mixed with a little white sugar; when dry, run this outline on to the material, and then tear away the paper. This is the easiest way. These directions apply to transferring all the patterns we give, whether here or on the Supplement, etc., etc.

For the centre of a tidy, in outline-work, the material may be brown sateen, and the outline-work done in three shades of maize-color. For the inside portion of the roses, use the darkest color, the lightest on the outside petals. The leaves may be either outlined or filled in with satin-stitch.

For appliqué, the design may be worked in white or pink silk. The work should be on a raised surface, satin-stitch, each petal of the rose worked singly. When the whole of the

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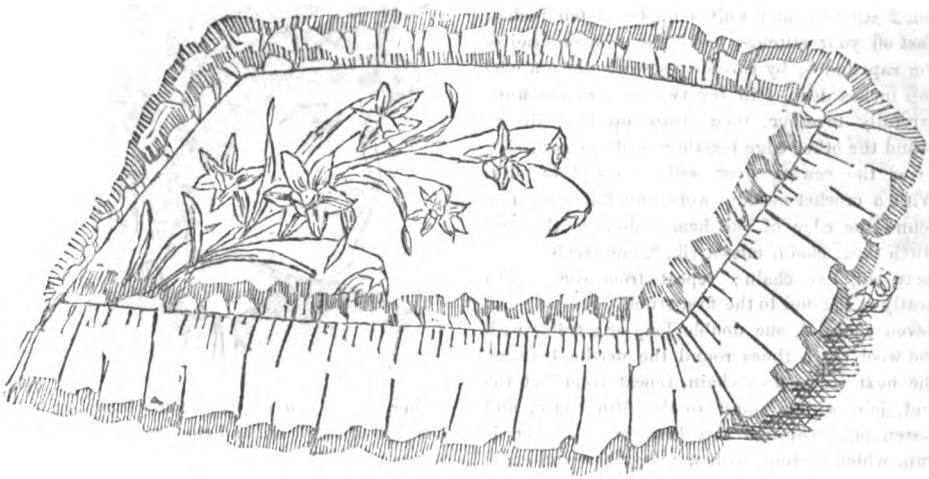
roses are worked, they should be gummed at the back, first nailing the material the wrong side upward on to a clean board. When dry, cut the roses round, and apply them with gum to plush or to cloth. The leaves to be worked with chenille.

PINCUSHION.

BY MISS E. J. WELSH.



The pincushion seen here represents a part of a toilet-set which is remarkably pretty, and something new in the art line.

The covering is made of light-blue pongee, and the jonquils which adorn it are done in the following manner:

The pattern is first stamped, as if to be embroidered; then it is painted with water-color paint, as a child would paint it—that is, just daubed on, without any attention paid to shading The natural color, of course, is necessary. The paint is mixed with gum-arabic-water. This brightens the color, and makes it cling to the material better.

After the painting is dry, the flowers and leaves should be outlined with silk as near the shade of them as possible. The veins and any lines that were in the pattern should be done in the same manner; the stem outline-stitch is used. The effect produced by this cannot be imagined until seen. A full ruching of the pongee finishes the edge of the cushion.

A scarf for the bureau is made of the pongee, with bunches of the jonquils scattered on it where they will show the most. The ends of it are raveled out and tied, to form a fringe. Large bottles are covered and decorated to match. A scarf made in this manner is very pretty to drape around a jar. Any flower can be treated in the same way. We have given many beautiful designs of flowers in our Supplement, which would answer admirably for this toilet-set.

COLORED BORDER FOR CURTAIN, ETC., ETC.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

The beautiful medieval pattern in cross-stitch which we give, printed in colors, in the front of the number, can be used for various purposes: for a curtain-border, border for table-cover, etc. If worked on large-sized canvas, a large stripe can be accomplished very quickly. Nothing can be richer than the colors given in our pattern, on dark-blue; but, if it is desirable for the curtain, table-cover, etc., to be of other colors—such as gray, écru, etc.—the colors of the pattern may be varied, according to pleasure. This is one of those expensive embellishments—requiring nearly a dozen separate printings—that no other magazine can afford. Such patterns cost thousands of dollars for one edition. We offer it as a Christmas-gift to our subscribers for 1886.

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CHILD'S SCOTCH CAP.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

This cap is knitted in brioche-stitch, and is the most simple way of making these useful caps. Use needles No. 8 and single zephyr. Cast on No. 2 stitches, and knit a depth of ten inches. Cast off your stitches, make the brim or head of the cap double by carefully sewing down a hem two inches deep, join the two sides of the work carefully together, then draw up the stitches round the other edge together, and set securely; cover the sewing over with a tassel of silk. With a crochet-needle, work the following row round the edge of the hem: Join to the first stitch three chain, miss a rib, *, one treble on the next rib, two chain; repeat from the *, join neatly at the end to the first stitch. Second row: Seven chain, *, one double long or a treble with the wool three times round the needle between the next treble, two chain, repeat from * at the end, join with a single to the fifth chain, and fasten off. Through this last row, a ribbon is run, which fastens with a pretty bow-and-ends.

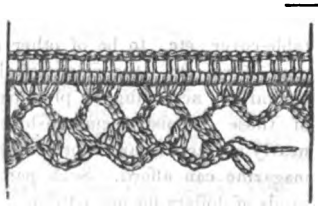
Another small bow of ribbon is placed on the other side of the brim, and the head-part is lined through with silk.

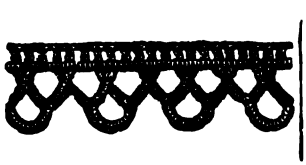
EMBROIDERED STRING-BOX.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

Any small wooden or cardboard box of suitable size can be converted into a receptacle to hold a ball of string. The sides are covered with a strip of cross-stitch embroidery, done on cardboard or Java canvas. The rims are covered with ruches of silk ribbon. The cover of the box is ornamented with a piece of colored cashmere or cretonne, embroidered in colors, and shaped into compartments or sections, separated by a silk cord. The string is led through a small acorn-shaped knot at the top of the box.

EDGINGS IN CROCHET.





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SHOPPING OR CARRIAGE BAG.

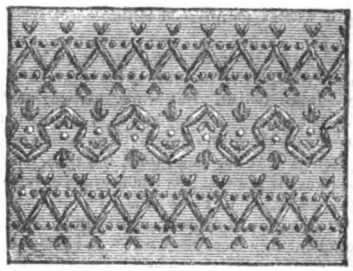
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

This pretty bag is made of plush or velvet. The bottom part is embroidered in colored silk, any simple pattern. The bottom of the bag is interlined with stiff canvas, and relined with silk or satin. The top, also, is lined with the same silk or satin, and made as a bag to draw with strings of cord, to which a tassel is added for each string.

BAND OF RUSSIAN EMBROIDERY.

BY MR JANE WEAVER.

For trimming children's frocks and aprons, this style of embroidery is most appropriate. Either red or blue French working-cotton is used for the work.



NAME FOR MARKING.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

"PETERSON" FOR 1887. MAGAZINE BETTER THAN EVER!—We call attention to the prospectus for 1887, on the last page of the cover. We claim there that "Peterson" is both *better and cheaper* than any magazine of its kind. Hence it has now, and has had for years, *the largest circulation of any lady's-book* in the United States. But, for 1887, it will be greatly improved. Among these improvements will be new type, more embellishments, etc., etc.

Remember that "Peterson" is the only magazine that really publishes, *all the time*, steel-engravings; and a steel-engraving is the finest and costliest of all engravings. Its stories, too, are the best published: no lady's-book has such contributors: and new writers, when of sufficient merit, are constantly being added, keeping "Peterson" always "ahead." In its fashion-department, it is conceded to be pre-eminent; its styles are the newest and most elegant, direct from Paris, always; and its superb colored plates are printed from steel, and colored by hand, the only ones of the kind in the United States! Where but one magazine is taken, "Peterson" should be it; and every family of refinement should take at least one magazine.

We continue to offer four kinds of clubs. For one kind, the premium is the unrivaled illustrated "Book of Beauty," or the large engraving, "Mother's Darling," whichever is preferred. For another kind, the premium is a copy of "Peterson" for 1887. For still larger clubs, there are more premiums, for which see the prospectus. No other magazine offers such inducements for getting up clubs. Only our immense circulation enables us to do it.

Now is the time to get up clubs. Every lady will subscribe for "Peterson," if its merits and cheapness are fairly put before her. *Be first in the field.* A specimen will be sent, gratis, if written for in good faith.

ONE OF THE LATEST ABSURD NOTIONS of dressmakers is to declare that putting on braid at the edge of a skirt ruins its appearance and fit. But, while this may do for those who do not mind how many gowns they wear out, it will not answer for those who have to think about economy in their clothes. At the same time, the skirt need not be bound round if the braid be doubled and hemmed on by the two edges, so that the doubled centre shall come exactly to the edge of the hem, and it will be found enough to protect the hem from mischief.

CHRISTMAS-GIFT TO SUBSCRIBERS.—We give, this month, a very beautiful design in cross-stitch, a style of embroidery very fashionable with our grandmothers, and that still holds its own, despite the many new stitches since introduced. We are continually being asked for these patterns. It is printed in colors at a very great cost, and is our Christmas-gift to our subscribers for 1886. No other magazine gives these expensive affairs: you must come to "Peterson" for them.

"BETTER THAN A NEW DRESS."—A lady writes to us: "I have twelve volumes of 'Peterson,' bound, on my centre-table; and it is a fine sight to begin with the oldest and look them all through: to notice the change both in fashion and in improvement of magazine. I could not do without mine as well as I could without my best dress. And that is saying a good deal, for a woman, is it not?"

AN EXTRA COPY OF THIS MAGAZINE will be sent, as a premium, for two subscribers at $2.00 each, or $4.00 in all. Or an extra copy will be sent for three subscribers at $1.75 each, or $5.25 in all. These offers are in answer to numerous inquirers, who wish to get up small clubs, and say they prefer an extra copy.

We have also reduced our club of four, with an extra copy, from $1.62½ each ($6.50 in all) to $1.60 each ($6 40 in all), so many of our friends complaining that the extra two and a half cents are such an inconvenient amount to collect. For our club of five, at $1.60 each ($8.00 in all), we give, remember, *two premiums*, the extra copy of the magazine, and either the superb illustrated "Book of Beauty," or the splendid large-size engraving (21 x 27), "Mother's Darling." If *only one premium* is asked for, however, for this club, a suitable deduction will be made from the eight dollars.

FRENCH FASHIONS IN JAPAN.—Western customs, which have been on the steady increase for some time past in the land of the "Mikado," whence we are taking so many "art" ideas, have received the final and much-coveted cachet at the hand of the Empress herself. The announcement has gone forth, from the Japanese Lord Chamberlain's Office, that European dress will in future be worn by the Empress and ladies of the Court on all ceremonial occasions. Henceforth, Worth's latest creations will exercise the minds of the almond-eyed beauties at Jeddo. We shall next expect to hear that they are subscribing for "Peterson." Already we have subscribers in the Sandwich Islands, Ceylon, Brazil, etc., etc.

"TAKEN IN BY TRASH."—A lady sends her subscription for 1887, saying: "I was induced, this year, to subscribe for something else, by its low price and extravagant promises; but it proved to be worthless. It is the last time I will be taken in by trash." We have scores of such letters. Experience is a dear teacher; but it does teach, after all.

ONE OF THE SECRETS of making bodices fit and look well is to have the armholes cut large enough. In truth, they are now of an immense size, and the larger they are the more comfort will be experienced in the dress-bodice; and it is really a matter of extreme convenience to be able to lift the arms with ease above the head.

THE JANUARY NUMBER will be ready by the twentyfifth of November, for mail subscribers. Specimens will be sent, gratis, to those wishing to get up clubs. Hurry up your clubs, therefore, so as to get that "prize" number as soon as it is off the press. It will be unusually magnificent.

IF YOUR LOCAL NEWS-AGENT says he can't supply odd numbers of "Peterson," write to us, and, for eighteen cents a number, we will send by mail, postage free, all the numbers you wish.

EITHER OF OUR OLD PREMIUMS—the "Golden Gift," the "Pearl of Price," or the "Forget-Me-Not"—will be sent in place of the "Book of Beauty," if preferred.

THE PRETTIEST PRESENT to make a wife, sweetheart, or sister, is a paid-up subscription to "Peterson" for 1887.

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THE "BOOK OF BEAUTY," AND OTHER PREMIUMS.—One of our beautiful premiums *to persons getting up clubs for "Peterson,"* for 1887, is the "Book of Beauty." This unrivaled gift-book is a volume of poetry, devoted to fair women, and illustrated with fine steel-portraits of celebrated beauties, etc., etc. It is bound in patent morocco, gilt, and will be an ornament for any centre-table. Every lady should have a copy of it. To earn a copy, it is only necessary to get up a club for "Peterson."

Another of our premiums is a fine large steel-engraving, size twentyone by twentyseven inches, called "Mother's Darling." To secure it, you have only to get up a club for "Peterson." Or both it and the "Book of Beauty" can be had by getting up one of our larger clubs.

Another of our premiums will be *an extra copy of the magazine for* 1887. Many persons will prefer this to any other premium. But it, and one or both of the other premiums, can be earned by getting up certain large clubs. See the Prospectus for all these.

In short, for 1887, "Peterson" will not only be more desirable than ever, but the premiums for getting up clubs will be more beautiful and costly. *Now is the time to get up clubs. Begin at once.*

CHRISTMAS CARDS SHOULD NEVER be thrown away. Properly arranged, they are capable of giving almost endless pleasure and gratification to children, and even to grown-up people. A nursery dado-rail, or even a dado itself, is a charming possession. The cards can be stuck on with very strong glue, and can then be varnished, particular care being taken to firmly adhere the sharp corners of the cards to the wall, while, if better work is required, a large screen covered with these cards is an enormous help in any nursery. We have known mothers to be greatly assisted, in the convalescent stages of measles and other infantile complaints, by the possession of such a screen, for the children will lie quietly looking at the pictures, which, with a little ingenuity, can be made into groundwork for endless stories, one's own fagged brain being helped greatly by a suggestive card, from which one can evolve a story that will satisfy even a convalescent.

"LIKE IT BETTER."—A lady sends us a club for next year, saying: "I like 'Peterson' better than any other magazine." Between one and two hundred thousand ladies think this also, if we may judge from our subscription-list; and tens of thousands more think it, who "borrow," instead of subscribing as they should do.

STRENGTH OF CHARACTER is of more worth than even intellect. It was Washington's great feature. It is the crowning glory of every good wife and mother—indeed, of every woman—and has more to do with her happiness than beauty or accomplishment.

THE HAIR IS STILL WORN combed upward to the top the head, and arranged there in knots, so as to look small but high. There is nothing at the back of the head. Some few adopt the loop of hair at the back of the neck. The front hair is arranged in small waved curls close to the head

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"THE BEST BOOK PUBLISHED."—A lady writes: "I have been a reader of 'Peterson' for the last fifteen years. I think it the best book ever published." We have hundreds of such letters.

YOUR EXAMPLE, be you great or small, young or old, will influence someone, either for good or ill. Never forget this.

A KIND WORD AND A SMILE cost nothing, yet how much happiness they give. Remember that!

SOME EIGHTY THOUSAND DOLLARS were spent on the steel-engravings, colored fashions, colored patterns, and other embellishments of this magazine in 1886. No other lady's-book spent even a quarter as much. What others give is generally third-rate, costing little or nothing. But, in "Peterson," everything is first-class.

"THE TIMES ARE BETTER."—A lady writes from New York State: "I can get you up a nice club this fall. The times are better than they were last winter." Yes, a hundred millions more wheat was raised, this year, than last; and the country is that much richer, in consequence. "A good time is coming."

EVERY WOMAN OF REFINEMENT should take "Peterson." It is no mere "catchpenny affair," as most of the so-called lady's-books are. Sterling merit, sustained all through the year, is its specialty.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

A House Party. By "Ouida." 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.*—This is a volume of the shorter stories of this popular author. We have always considered her shorter stories her best. Nothing she has written equals "The Dog of Flanders" or "A Leaf in a Storm," and "Don Gesualdo," one of three tales in the book before us, is quite worthy to rank with them. The other two in the volume—"A House Party" and "A Rainy June"—are not quite so good, though the latter is full of spirit and capitally hits off some peculiarities of the English.

Lady Valworth's Diamonds. By "The Duchess." 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.*—There are two stories in this volume, "Lady Valworth's Diamonds" and "The Haunted Chamber." Both are rather more sensational than the tales of this writer usually are, but they will not, we think, be any less popular on that account.

The Book of Eloquence. By Charles Dudley Warner. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.* This is a collection of extracts, in prose and verse, from the most famous orators and poets, and is intended to furnish exercises in declamation in colleges and schools. The name of the compiler is a guarantee of the merit of the book.

Transformed. By Florence Montgomery. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.*—The author of this strikingly interesting tale is already favorably known by her "Thrown Together," "Thwarted," etc. But this is altogether better than any of its predecessors.

The Little Master. By J. T. Trowbridge. Illustrated. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.*—Whatever this author writes is exceptionally well written, and hence few authors of books for the young are so popular. "The Little Master" would make a nice Christmas-present.

The Child's Book of Health. By Albert F. Blaisdell, M. D. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.*—This is written in the guise of easy lessons for schools, and gives, in simple language, the main facts about our bodily life.

Educational Psychology. By Louisa Parsons Hopkins. 1 *vol.*, 16*mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.*—A digest of a course of lectures given to a normal class in New Bedford. Its merit is so great that it is destined to be a text-book.

Simplicity and Fascination. By Anne Beale. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.*—A realistic story, in the style now so popular, the scene laid in England, and the narrative carried on with unflagging interest to the close.

Red Beauty. By William O. Stoddard. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.*—A story of Indian life, full of startling incidents and "hairbreadth escapes." Just the book that boys would delight in.

Grammar for Common Schools. By B. F. Tweed, A. M. 1 *vol.*, 16*mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.*—About the best little treatise on this subject that we have ever read.

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OUR ARM-CHAIR.

WHAT EVERYBODY SAYS OF "PETERSON."—The letters we receive, this year, in reference to this magazine, are even more eulogistic and numerous than ever before. Everybody writes that "Peterson" is the cheapest and best of the lady's-books. Says a new subscriber from Avon, Ill.: "I think it superior to any magazine I have ever read." One correspondent, from Bellville, Ohio, writes: "Speaking to my mother, the other day, of your magazine, she said she got up the first club that was ever raised in this place, thirty years ago, and has been having it ever since." A lady at Prairie Lea, Texas, writes: "I have taken your magazine, and think it the best published." Another writes, enclosing a subscription for 1887: "I did not take it, this year, and feel lost without it." Another says: "I have been a reader of your magazine for some years, and think it has no equal." A lady at Gladstone, Kansas, writes: "I think your magazine is the best I have ever seen." Another, sending a club, says: "One lady in my club has taken your magazine for fourteen years, and says she could not think of doing without it. I have, this year, three more names than usual, as you will see." Another writes: "I have taken your magazine for three years, and think it the best I have ever seen." From another, we have this: "I did not take 'Peterson,' this year; but I will never do without it again. I was not here, last winter, and neglected to renew; it was the first time in twelve years, and you cannot tell how I missed it." Says another: "Your magazine has been truly a friend in the house. Often, when wearied with family-care, I have, after reading one or two of its bright stories, felt like a new being." We quote these from hundreds of similar letters. Show them to your friends. No other magazine can exhibit such testimonials as "Peterson." The reason is, there is no deception about it. No expense is spared to make it the best of its kind. And for 1887 it will be better than ever. Look out for 1887!

THE CHEAP PAMPHLET-NOVELS sell for twenty cents each, yet they contain no more pages than a number of "Peterson," which retails for eighteen cents, or two cents less, and has its steel-engravings, colored fashions, colored patterns, and any number of illustrations extra. Nowhere can you get so much for so little money, as by subscribing for "Peterson."

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted in this magazine at reasonable prices "Peterson's Magazine" is the best advertising-medium in the United States; for it has the largest circulation of any lady's-book, and goes to every county, village, and crossroad. This can be said of no other monthly.

"ALL TAKE IT AGAIN THIS YEAR."—A correspondent at Hedley, Ky., writes: "I made a club up for this year, and they all wish to take it again." And she asks for a specimen-number for November to help her to enlarge her list. This is the way it is going this year. People are tired of taking "frauds" or "catchpennies."

THE CATALOGUE of T. B. Peterson & Brothers, 306 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa., is, perhaps, the largest and best of any catalogue of good novels to be found in the United States. The prices of the books, too, are very reasonable. Catalogues are sent, gratis, if written for, by return of mail.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper*

MEATS, ETC.

Fricassée of Rabbit.—Cut up a young rabbit into neat joints, and lay it in lukewarm water to draw out the blood; drain and put into a stewpan with one-quarter pound of streaky bacon, an onion stuck with two cloves, a little mace and parsley. Cover with water, and simmer for half an hour, skimming well; strain the stock, and take out the rabbit and bacon. Into another saucepan put a couple of ounces of butter, melt, and add a tablespoonful of flour. Moisten with stock, and stir until it boils. Trim the rabbit neatly, and put it with the bacon into the sauce; add some button-onions, and simmer until tender. Arrange the rabbit in a dish. Skim off all fat from the sauce; add to it the yolks of two eggs beaten up with a gill of cream, and let it almost come to the boil. Pour over the rabbit, and serve.

Chicken Pie.—Put into a saucepan one quart of water, an onion, a little chopped parsley, a little celery-seed, or, if attainable, a piece of celery, with pepper and salt; simmer for an hour; then put in a chicken, cut into convenient pieces, and stew until thoroughly cooked. Line a dish with good piecrust, then put in the chicken in layers, with slices of hard-boiled egg between each layer; add to the gravy a small piece of butter rolled in flour, and a quarter-pint of cream; let it just boil, and pour over the chicken; put on the top crust, and bake until the pastry is done.

Shoulder of Mutton and Oysters.—Take a shoulder of mutton that has been hung for several days in salt, bone and sprinkle it with pepper and pounded mace. Put a layer of oysters over it, roll it up tightly, and tie it into a neat shape. Put it into a saucepan with an onion and a few peppercorns. Add sufficient water to keep it from burning, and stew gently, with the lid on the stewpan, until tender. For sauce, stew some oysters in a little good gravy, thicken with flour and butter, and, when ready to serve, pour over the mutton.

Beef Scallops.—Fill some small tins or scallop-shells, two-thirds full, with minced beef, fat and lean together, with a little chopped onion, pepper, and salt to taste. Moisten with good gravy, and fill up the shells with finely-mashed potatoes, to which a little cream has been added. Put a piece of butter on the top, and brown in the oven.

VEGETABLES.

Fried Onions.—Chop each of four large onions across in four from point to stem, but not through them so as to separate the quarters from each other. Now slice them very thin. Salt them slightly, and fry brown in only enough boiling fat to grease them, otherwise they will not color brown. When done, put them in a small drainer, to drain away the fat, but to keep hot, and then serve alternately with mashed potatoes, round sausages, or steak, or hashed mutton.

Hominy Croquettes.—To a cupful of cold boiled hominy add a tablespoonful of melted butter, and stir together, moistening by degrees with a cupful of milk, and beating all together to a soft light paste; put in a teaspoonful of white sugar, and lastly a well-beaten egg. Roll into oval balls with floured hands, dip in beaten egg, and then in breadcrumb, and fry in hot lard.

Scalloped Potatoes.—Having boiled the potatoes, beat them fine in a wooden bowl, with some cream, butter, and a little salt. Put them in a dish, or into little loaves. Make them smooth on top. Sear with a knife, and lay thin slices of butter on the top of each. Put them into a Dutch oven, before the fire, to brown.

DESSERTS.

A Christmas Plum-Pudding that will keep twelve months, and be even better at the end of the time than a day or two after it was made. One pound of finely-chopped suet, one pound of breadcrumb, one-half pound of flour, one pound of washed and picked sultanas, and then slightly chopped, one pound of washed and stoned raisins, one-half pound of brown sugar, one pound of finely-chopped mixed peel (no citron), two ounces of freshly-ground allspice (not mixed spice), half of a small nutmeg grated (no currants);

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mix the nutmeg with the allspice, and then with the flour and breadcrumb; then the sugar, then the suet, then the candied peel, then the sultanas, and lastly the raisins. Mix one-quarter pound of molasses with one-half pint of milk, then mix the pudding with it, adding some milk if needed It must be a very stiff mass. Butter two or more pudding-basins or molds, then press in the mixture—taking care to well press it round the bottom of each basin, then fill both or all of them quite to the top; cover them with a paste made only of flour and water, letting each cover come over the rim of each basin. Then tie on the wetted and well-floured pudding-cloth, well tied under the rim of each basin, and then the four corners of the cloth brought up over the basin and tied in a knot on the top. Plunge the puddings into fast-boiling water, and keep them boiling for four hours. If the puddings are intended for keeping, take them up, merely untie the knot of the cloth on the top, not take it off, and keep the puddings in a current of air.

Persian Cream.—Dissolve gently one ounce of isinglass in one pint of new milk, and strain; then put in a clean saucepan, with three ounces of sugar broken small, and, when it boils, stir into it one-half pint of good cream; add this liquid, at first, by spoonful only to eight ounces of apricot or raspberry jam; mix them very smoothly, and stir the whole until it is nearly cold, that the jam may not sink to the bottom of the mold. When the liquid is put to the fruit, and has been stirred till nearly cold, whisk them briskly together; and, last of all, throw in, by very small portions at a time, the strained juice of a good lemon. Put it into a mold, and let it stand at least twelve hours in a cold place before turning out.

Hurry-Scurry Pudding—Cut some stale bread in slices rather more than half an inch thick, and soak them in milk, flavored with vanilla, or any essence that may be liked. Place the slices on a strainer, and then fry a bright golden-brown color. Arrange neatly in a dish, and pour over all some jam-sauce; or the slices can be served with powdered sugar instead of sauce. Any pieces of light bread can be employed in this way, only they should be all cut the same shape, to ensure a neat appearance.

CAKES.

Christmas Cake.—This cake is very dark and delicious. Dry slowly some flour, then brown it slowly, stirring all the time in a shallow pan on top of the stove. Let it cool, then sift it for use. It should be of an even tint, fawn-colored. Take of this flour one and a half pounds, and mix with it one tablespoonful of finely-pulverized charcoal, and sift it twice Take also six pounds of stoned raisins, five pounds of washed, picked, and dried currants, six bitter almonds pounded in a mortar, two pounds of blanched and chopped sweet almonds, one and one-half pounds of brown sugar, one and one-half pounds of butter, two pounds of citron, eight ounces each of candied orange and lemon peel, two ounces of powdered cinnamon, one large nutmeg, one-half ounce of powdered cloves, one-quarter ounce of powdered mace, two gills of brandy, one pint of black molasses, one teaspoonful of salt, one-half teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, juice and grated peel of two oranges and two lemons, nineteen eggs, four ounces of grated chocolate, cream the butter; add the yolks of eggs, well beaten, also the spice, brandy, salt, juice, and grated lemon and orange peel. Mix the chocolate with the flour and stir it in, reserving one gill. Add the whites of eggs, beaten till stiff; also the soda dissolved in a little water. Lastly, add the fruit and almonds, mixed well with the gill of flour. Mix all thoroughly, which is best done with the hands. Put into a large tin pan well papered, and bake at least four or five hours.

New-Year Cake.—Three pounds of flour, one and one-half pounds of granulated sugar, one pound of butter, two tablespoonfuls of carraway-seed. Mix the butter thoroughly through the flour, then add the other ingredients. Lastly, put a teaspoonful of soda in a pint of milk; then add it to the ingredients, mixing from fifteen to twenty minutes. Add to all a teaspoonful of salt. Roll thin, cut with a tin, and bake in a hot oven.

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

☞ Everything relating to this department should be addressed "Puzzle Editor," PETERSON'S MAGAZINE, P.-O. Box 328, Marblehead, Mass.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NOVEMBER NUMBER.

No. 289.

Washington.

No. 290.

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No. 291.

A book.

HOLIDAY-PASTIME

SMALL CHILDREN, grouped together, and dressed in a picturesque fashion, always make a pretty picture. The moral effect upon the juveniles is sure to be good, as the preliminary rehearsals and coaching, although often a trial of patience to the stage-manager, have the result of developing their intelligence and accustom them to prompt obedience. For quite little children, tableaux are certainly the easiest kind of amusement to get up, as their minds have only to be directed to posing.

The following account of some simple scenes, represented by a party varying in age from five to eight years, may be of service to anyone planning a similar performance, at this Christmas-time:

The end of the room used as a stage had a frame fitted, which was covered with coarse black tarletan. Curtains were draped on each side of the frame, and about fifteen inches in front of it. An odd spring-roller blind, of the width of the frame, was utilized as a curtain. Some wires were placed across in front of the tarletan, to prevent the blind falling on to it when running up and down. The audience, of course, sat in darkness, and the stage was lighted by six lamps with strong reflectors, placed high on the wall—three on each side and above each other, so that the light fell well on the faces.

The entertainment began with five tableaux from "Cinderella." The first scene was Cinderella by herself, in the kitchen, crouched on the floor by the fireplace, which was contrived by placing a cottage-piano across the stage. The instrument was draped with black paper-hanging, and had a narrow plank on the top slightly projecting to represent a mantelpiece. On this, were placed coffee-pots and other small kitchen-utensils. A fireplace was arranged with a charcoal-burner, which was completely hidden by surrounding logs of wood over and about some dogs, so that only the red glow was seen through. For scenic effect, there was a kettle on the fire; a wooden

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bench, with a knife; and a pumpkin, made of dull-yellow paper, fixed over a shape made of wire and muslin. For this scene, only a dim light was required, and two lamps were sufficient for it. In the next scene, a little girl, dressed as a witch, with a high steeple crowned hat, bunched-up skirt, shoes with large buckles, stood as if she had just emerged from the fireplace. She pointed her black hand at Cinderella, who still remained crouching upon the ground, slantwise to the audience, and with one hand raised in fright. The third scene represented the ball-room. All the kitchen-appurtenances were cleared away, a bright screen placed for a background, and all the lights full on. A little boy represented the prince. He was dressed in white tight-fitting tunic, slashed with pink silk, bands of silver-paper round the bottom of the tunic, white silk stockings coming above the knees. Cinderella had a long white skirt, with pale-green overtunic trimmed with gold, and long white hanging muslin sleeves. These two stationary figures were represented as if in the act of dancing a minuet. The prince held one of Cinderella's hands high in the air, and a pink silk cap in the other. In one hand, Cinderella held a large fan. A gavotte was softly played, during this scene. When the curtain rose again, Cinderella was perceived seated on a stool, rather sideway to the company, with her legs crossed, and trying on the slipper, and the prince kneeling in front of her on a low cushion. The two indignant-looking sisters were standing by, with large puffed white sleeves, and huge ruffles round their necks. The next scene was the wedding. The tallest girl was dressed as a bishop, with a gold mitre on her head, a beard, a scarlet cloak, a gold crozier in one hand, and the other held up straight in the air, as though blessing the bridal-party. The prince was in the act of putting the ring on Cinderella's finger.

OUR ARM-CHAIR.

They Come by Thousands.—The letters from friends and subscribers, praising "Peterson," come from thousands. From Gosport, Ind., a lady writes: "I think it the cheapest and best magazine published." Another, from Afton, Iowa, says: "It is the best ever printed: it cannot be excelled." Another, at Newark Valley, N. Y., writes: "I never mean to be without it: I prize it more than all others." Still another, at Lanesboro, N. C., says: "I like it better than any other published." Another, at Appleton City, Mo., writes: "I can't do without it." Another says: "I used to take your magazine, and since then have tried several others, but don't find any that satisfies me like 'Peterson.'" Another: "I think that 'Peterson' has been better than ever, last year: it has seemed just like an old friend—coming in, every month, with its lovely pictures and charming stories. I tell my brother, I shall always take 'Peterson,' as long as I live." Still another says: "I did not take 'Peterson,' last year; but I find I can't keep house without it."

EVERY-DAY ART.

Decorative Work at Home.—Picture-frames will often look as though they needed regilding, when all that is necessary to reviving them is to apply, with a soft brush, a mixture of white of eggs two ounces, and one ounce of chloride. King's-yellow and Indian yellow, if shadowed with burnt-amber and gamboge, or a mixture of lake and gamboge, makes on a surface a very good imitation of gilt. Defaced gilding, the fault being the dust that clings to it, will look bright and new by being coated with wet fuller's-earth, and, on this drying, receiving a washing of oxgall with a sponge. Often, china will exhibit the mere remains of gold ornament. To remove these marks, warm the ware, and, with a cloth at the end of a stick—for the protection of the fingers—apply a solution of two parts muriatic acid and one part nitric acid. The metallic colors which have come to the aid of amateur painters, and the powders of which are laid on by a prepared solution, are calculated largely to aid amateurs in carrying out room-decoration in flower-designs on valances, lambrequins, screens, and portières, as well as upon upholstery-covering. To paint with oil-color on linen, it should be stretched, and then warmed by passing over it a slightly-heated iron; then varnish with beeswax dissolved in turpentine, or with suitable size. The transparent pigment or oil-color used should be ground in turpentine—or the oil-color, instead, may be mixed with varnish.

To paint on terra-cotta, first size it, and mix with the water-color some Chinese-white; after the painting is finished, varnish.

To attach bronze-powder to glass, stoneware, or porcelain, scatter on any of these surfaces, with a brush, silicate-of-soda mixed with water; then throw on the powder from a bottle covered with gauze. Damaged bronze picture-frames may thus be restored. To trace a colored design on linen, varnish it with a thin coat of Canada balsam dissolved in turpentine, to which add a few drops of castor-oil. The varnish should not be very thick.

To imitate stained-glass, paint leads in black at back of glass; then, on opposite side, use transparent colors mixed with linseed-oil, paul-varnish, and turpentine; the addition of a little white-lead will cause the paint to work easier and impart greater depth. Mantelpieces of marble or other stone may be colored or gilded by first putting on a wash of virgin-white wax which has been melted with sufficient turpentine to make it freely flow, and then adding a little prepared sugar-of-lead, to make the oil-color dry flat. Water-color may also be used.

Good colors for staining are: Blue—alkaline indigo-dye. Red—dragon's-blood, in spirits-of-wine. Yellow—gamboge, in spirits-of-wine. Gold-color—sal-ammoniac, sulphate-of-zinc, and verdigris, equal parts. Green—sap-green, in spirits-of-potash. Brown—tincture-of-logwood. Crimson—alkanet-root, in turpentine. These colors may be used for veining, according to taste. Panel-painting may be executed with oil on plates of zinc, and then fitted to panels of dados or doors.

FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.

Fig. I.—Walking-Dress, of Dark-Green Cashmere. The long wrap is made of striped woolen, plain in front and over the arms, and cut to figure to the waist at the back. It falls in full plaits over the tournure, and is trimmed with fur. The hat is of black velvet, trimmed with large full bows of yellow ribbon and two stiff feathers.

Fig. II.—Visiting-Dress, of Red Camel's-Hair. The petticoat is of velveteen of a darker shade than the dress. The skirt is put on full around the bodice, and is draped in front diagonally. At the back, it falls in straight folds. The long bodice is made full in front. The skirt and cuffs are trimmed with fur, and a fur boa is worn around the neck. Hat of red velvet, trimmed with velvet and a stiff bird's-wing.

Fig. III.—Evening-Dress, of Yellow Silk. The skirt is short and laid in long box-plaits. At the back, it is quite full over the tournure. The front is trimmed with a wide panel of the silk, embroidered in light-brown. The very plain bodice has the same embroidery down the front, and is edged with large pearl beads.

Fig. IV.—Evening-Dress, of Light-Blue Surah. The skirt is laid in plaits at the sides and back. In front, it is

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plain, with a fall of deep white lace over it. The tunic is put on full to the bodice, is looped away from the lace with a bunch of white roses on the left side. At the right side, it is drawn further back, and falls in a puff behind. The bodice is plain, pointed back and front, and is trimmed with folds of the silk and knots of satin ribbon.

FIG. V.—WALKING-DRESS, OF BLACK FIGURED CLOTH. The bodice is cut long at the back over the tournure, then falls in straight full folds. In front, it is quite plain, but opens at the side over a velvet panel. The bodice in front is very long, plain, and pointed. The whole dress is trimmed with rosary-beads. Bonnet of black velvet, with large velvet bow.

FIG. VI.—MANTLE, OF SEALSKIN, cut to fit over the tournure, with long pointed ends in front. It is trimmed with a border of beaver-fur.

FIG. VII.—BONNET, OF ASTRAKHAN-CLOTH, trimmed with two red birds having black wings. The bows-and-strings are of red and black satin.

FIG. VIII.—SLEEVE FOR A SILK OR VELVET DRESS, FOR EVENING-WEAR. It is made rather wide at the armhole, reaches to below the elbow, and has a puffing of white lace down the back. On either side of the puffing, are small floss-silk balls. Jet trimming would be also very beautiful.

FIG. IX.—CAPE, OF BROWN PLUSH, with boa and muff of black mink or raccoon fur.

FIG. X.—JACKET, FOR MOURNING, OF HENRIETTA-CLOTH, trimmed with bands of English crêpe, and large buttons covered with crêpe. Bonnet of crêpe, edged with two rows of large dull jet beads.

FIG. XI.—BONNET, FOR A YOUNG GIRL, OF BROWN FELT, trimmed with brown velvet bows and feather.

FIGS. XII AND XIII.—FRONT AND BACK OF HOUSE-DRESS. The skirt is of dark-blue silk, mounted in wide plaits. The overdress is of fine soft woolen plaid, in dark-blue, dark-red, and yellow lines. It is draped on the left side under a rosette of dark-blue ribbon, and on the right side under a cluster of loops-and-ends. The bodice has a small postillion-basque at the back, a sharp point in front, and has collar, cuffs, and revers of the dark-blue silk.

FIG. XIV.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF BLACK BROCADE, suitable for either slight mourning, or it may be worn with perfect propriety by anyone out of mourning. The skirt falls in full straight lines at the back. The front is long and slightly draped, and opens on the left side over a petticoat of black Sicilienne. Jet ornaments catch the two sides together. The right side is caught up near the hips with a large jet ornament. The pointed bodice buttons over from the left shoulder down the front, and is trimmed with jet passementerie.

FIG. XV.—HOUSE-DRESS, FOR A YOUNG LADY. It is made of rich striped woolen goods. The underskirt is plain. The tunic is full, and draped high up at the sides. At the back, it falls straight, with a drapery in the middle. It is trimmed with revers of velvet, of one of the colors of the stripes. The jacket is quite open in front, over a plaited vest of the striped material, and has collar, cuffs, and revers of the velvet.

FIG. XVI.—WALKING-DRESS, OF GRAY CASHMERE. The overdress is bordered with a band of black Astrakhan-cloth. The jacket is of black Astrakhan. Gray felt hat.

GENERAL REMARKS.—All colors are worn that may suit the special fancy; and, in the plaids and stripes now so much used for underskirts, panels, etc., etc., three or four colors are usually combined. A brownish tan-color, called "Suède," on account of its likeness to the tan undressed gloves so long in favor, is one of the newest shades, and is combined with black in many of the French costumes. Two colors are nearly always employed in one dress. This, of course, gives great variety; but, unless carefully done, the result is not always elegant.

Cloth dresses are made with as little trimming as possible, on account of the great weight; and, for this reason, many women are returning to cashmere, camel's-hair, and other light woolen goods.

Draping and many plaits are confined principally to lighter material, for walking-dresses and for evening-dresses; but heavy brocade, rich velvet, etc., are made to fall in such folds as will exhibit their richness and beauty. It will be seen that either style is equally fashionable.

Figured velvet, stripes, brocade, rich jetted materials are all used in combination with plain goods, for underskirts, trains, panels, waistcoats, revers, etc., etc.

Bodices are elaborately trimmed in front, but are usually quite plain on the back; though, sometimes, there is a pointed trimming on the back. This style suits a large figure; but such a one should beware of too much fullness in the trimming of the bodice.

Bodices made in striped materials are cut with the stripe on the bias, so as to make points all the way down the back, where the stripes meet. This has the effect of lengthening and decreasing the apparent size of the figure.

Full sleeves are gradually making their appearance. Some are like the old "leg-of-mutton sleeve" of our grandmothers' time, while others are a "bishop sleeve," with a narrow band at the wrist. These new sleeves are small, however, and by no means conspicuous. Long cuffs to the sleeves are also worn, with the tiniest bit of fullness where the sleeve is joined to the cuff; and some of the newest dresses have a little puff on the sleeve where it is put in at the shoulder.

Open sleeves for wraps are popular, because new and easily put on; but they are not so comfortable for cold weather as the closer sleeve.

Trimmings are of all styles. Everything is used: for the great desire of the present day seems to be change and variety. Rosettes, loose and full—called "choux," or cabbage—are newer than bows of ribbon, and are used on dresses, bonnets, etc., etc.

Long wraps are the most comfortable in cold weather; the shorter visites, mantles, etc., etc., the most dressy and stylish; and both are equally worn. Over tailor-made gowns, jackets are added for colder weather.

The mantles that are used for dressy occasions have rather wide sleeves, are short at the back, so as to fall easily over the tournure and show the dress-skirt. Velvet, plush, and many figured materials are used for these mantles, and they are trimmed with lace, jet, fur, etc.

Bonnets and hats are still worn with very high trimming; but some of the newer ones flare a little more in front, though the close pointed style is still retained by most persons. The trimming is still narrow and pointed, and all kinds of bows are used for this trimming. Stiff wings and feathers are more used on bonnets than the curling tips so long fashionable; but, on the large turned-up hats, long ostrich-plumes curl and twist around them in a graceful style. Felt bonnets are very popular for winter, and are worn almost exclusively—except for dressy occasions, when either plain velvet, or velvet mixed with some tinsel material, is worn. Black and white bonnets are also popular. Jet is still much used.

The hair is still worn high, and arranged on the top of the head in soft puffs, etc., etc. In front, small curls are popular; or, if a bang is worn, it is the Russian style, with a point on the middle of the forehead.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

RUE DES PETITS CHAMPS.

The newest styles of the season, as shown at Worth's famous establishment—Worth, the "wizard of dress," as an enthusiastic French writer once said—are distinguished,

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so far as walking-dress is concerned, by an exquisite blending of grace and simplicity. To begin with the question of wraps, it seems now to be definitely settled that short jackets will be generally adopted for young-lady's-wear, the long paletot being still popular for older wearers for promenading, and for all ages for ball-wear. The short jackets are shown both in cloth and in velvet, and are made open in front, and closed at the waist over a full shirt-front of crape or cashmere, or else over a vest of Astrakhan-fur. In the latter case, the garment is bordered with a wide band of the fur. Navy-blue is the most fashionable color for the cloth jackets, the cloth of which they are composed having a rough surface. The crape shirt-front is in cream-white, and a slight admixture of gold in the passementerie that borders the jacket is repeated in the gold beads or pampilles that stud the crape. The fur trimming is more generally used on velvet jackets. Thus, a garment of that style in cinnamon-brown velvet is bordered with a wide band of black Astrakhan, narrow bands of the same fur continuing up the sides of the front—which is closed at the waist—and slope away over the bust, to show the vest of Astrakhan. A black velvet jacket, bordered in the same way with Astrakhan in the natural shades of gray, is very elegant. The short dressy dolman-shaped wraps are now composed of dark-brown or myrtle-green or black velvet, and are trimmed with rich passementerie, intermixed with gold on the green velvet, and wholly in jet on brown and black. The long cloaks are now made very plain for everyday-wear, or royally magnificent for ball-wraps. Cashmere in dark-prune and uncut figured beige velvet are used for the first-named. The cashmere cloaks are trimmed with ruffles of black lace, set on ladderwise up alternate breadths, and those in uncut velvet have bands of fur around the neck and sleeves. A very superb ball-wrap is in gold grounded cashmere-patterned brocade, bordered up the front with myrtle-green velvet, and having the upper part and sleeves composed of the same velvet, the lining being in quilted scarlet satin.

Walking-suits are now shown in soft-finished cloth and in vigogne, the favorite colors being silver-gray, dark-brown, and prune-color. A costume in silver-gray cloth has a long full tunic, draped at the back over a plain underskirt bordered with a wide band of Astrakhan-fur. The short tight-fitting jacket is sleeveless, and is bordered with a band of gray Astrakhan, the whole front of the wrap being composed of Astrakhan. This jacket is worn over a blouse-waist in white crape, finished at the wrists and throat with bands of gray and silver passementerie. Sometimes, the blouse-waist is composed of scarlet crape with similar trimming. The tunic is sloped forward in front, and terminates there at the waist in two long scarf-ends, turned over each other, and each finished with a large gray-and-silver tassel. Another very graceful and artistic walking-dress is in seal-brown vigogne and golden-brown Sicilienne. The vigogne overskirt reaches the edge of the hem in front, and is sloped upward at the sides, and looped at the back over a perfectly plain Sicilienne underskirt. The dress is cut Princess, and has a vest and sleeves of the Sicilienne, ornamented with gold passementerie. Over this is worn a dolman-shaped wrap, finished in front with long ends that turn over each other, and at the waist at the back with a wide band of gold-and-brown passementerie, simulating a belt, and seeming to confine the dolman to the figure. For visiting or reception wear, Worth is making costumes in satin and velvet. The skirt of one that I saw has a very short satin overskirt in front, the back being formed of long wide flat plaits, and the velvet underskirt being laid in plaits in front, and gathered at the sides half-way down its length. The corsage is in satin. A novelty in the make of this dress was that the drapery was all lined with black brocaded satin.

Ball-dresses are very bewildering, this year, being composed of a variety of materials, as well as of colors: these combinations requiring the skill and taste of Mr. Worth to make them effective and elegant as well. Thus, a train and corsage in sage-green faille will have a skirt-front in drapery of apricot crape, looped very high, so as to show a frontage and side-panels in pearl-gray satin, brocaded with large pale roses in their natural hue. The crape drapery is bordered with an elaborate fringe in colorless crystal. Some evening-dresses are in pale-tinted faille, elaborately embroidered by hand in flowers of the same hue as the dress, with foliage and tendrils in gold or silver thread and beads. This fine embroidery is usually quite as costly as lace. Velvet trains and corsages are worn with skirt-fronts in pale-colored satin, brocaded with large single flowers in their natural hue; and these skirt-fronts open at the sides, so as to show a plaiting of delicate-hued satin in some tint contrasting with the groundwork of the brocade.

The newest style of hat is on the "Bolero" shape, the brim covered with velvet or fur, and the crown in cloth or velvet, the material being drawn up, in front, in a high peak. The velvet hats are bordered with fur, and those in cloth with velvet. Sometimes, the velvet bordering is arranged to form the trimming in front of the crown, being drawn up very high, and kept in place by two long pins with large heads in cut steel. Another very elegant hat, made in black velvet, has an immensely wide brim in front and at the sides, and has the brim lined with velvet. It is turned up at one side, and slopes away to a very narrow dimension at the back. The high crown is covered with velvet laid in folds, and is striped with rows of narrow jet passementerie. Just above the turned-up side of the brim is set a bright-yellow bird and an oblong piece of white guipure lace, grouped together with seeming carelessness.

The newest fans are of moderate dimension, and are in black gauze, mounted on ebony sticks, the leaf and stick being alike set thickly with spangles of gold, or of silver, or of blue metal, or of red. The red spangles produce a peculiarly brilliant effect. For evening-wear, white crape with ivory sticks, spangled with gold or with silver, are shown, and also fans of pale-blue or pink or lilac feathers, with the mounting in bone stained to match precisely the hue of the feathers.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—GIRL'S COAT, OF DARK-BLUE CLOTH. The back of the bodice-part is cut long, and the skirt is attached to it in full plaits. The front is cut in one piece, and is trimmed with black Astrakhan-cloth. The collar and cuffs are also of black Astrakhan-cloth. Toque of dark-blue cloth, trimmed with stiff black feathers and a band of black Astrakhan-cloth.

FIG. II.—BOY'S SUIT, OF DARK-BROWN CLOTH. The trousers fit snugly, and the cutaway-coat is single-breasted. Brown felt hat.

FIG. III.—GIRL'S COSTUME, OF GRAY CLOTH. The skirt is laid in alternate wide box-plaits and narrow side-plaits. The deep basque-bodice is double-breasted, and trimmed with black horn buttons. The shoulder-cape is also trimmed with the same kind of buttons. Collar, pockets, and cuffs of black plush. Hat of gray felt, trimmed with black plush and gray feathers.

FIG. IV.—TOQUE, OF BROWN PLUSH, trimmed in front with gray stiff feathers and a gilt horseshoe.

FIG. V.—NEAPOLITAN TOQUE, of gay-striped material, with a gray Astrakhan trim.

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